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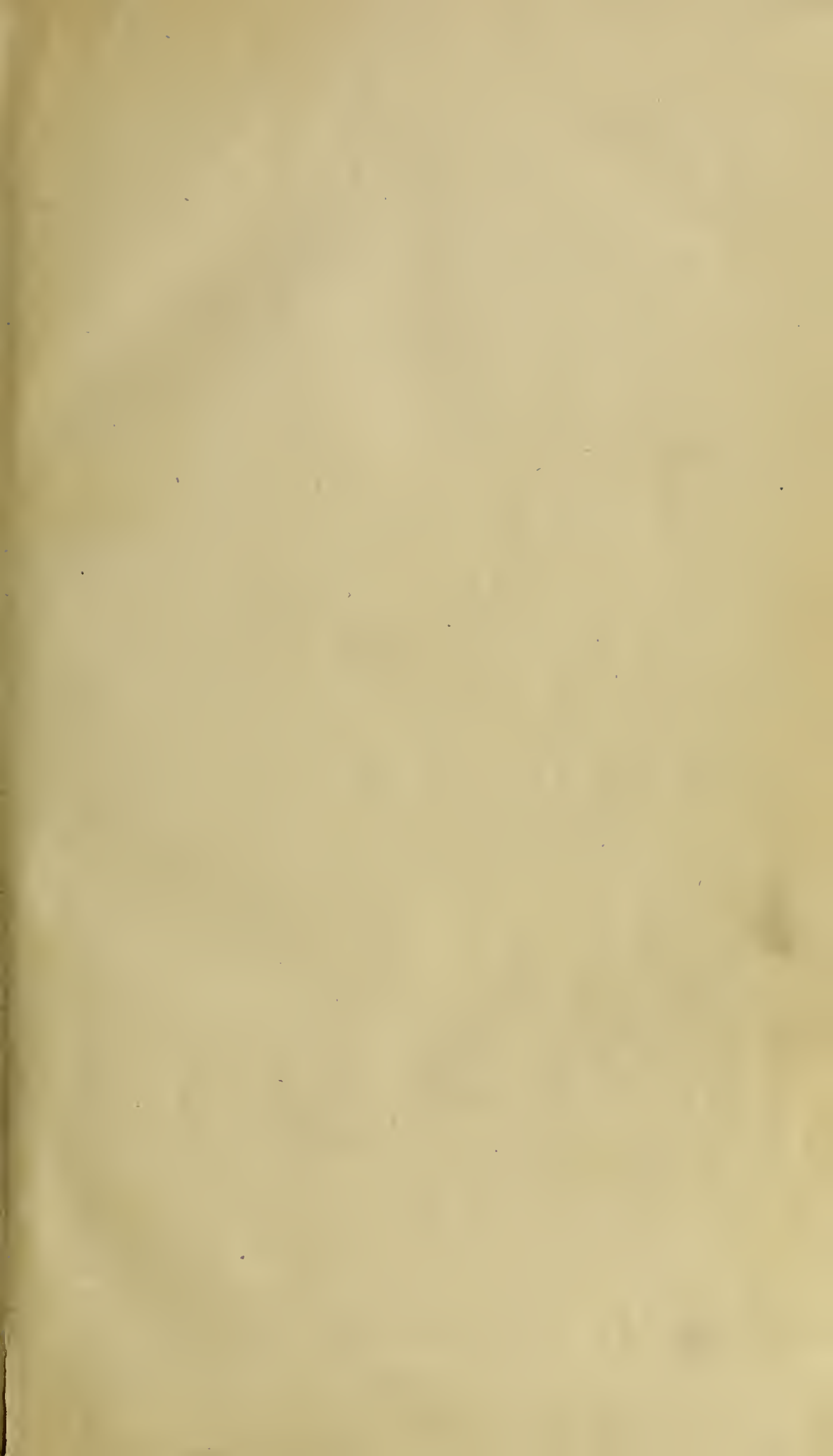


Thomas Bennett Barton.

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~~Wm. C. Patrick~~

Col. Wm. Patrick

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18.8.

Wm. C. Patrick, Esq.,
New York, N.Y.
at your place - New York City

This is to certify that
the above named person

A General and True

HISTORY

OF THE

LIVES and ACTIONS

Of the most FAMOUS

Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers, &c.

To which is added,

A Genuine Account of the *VOYAGES* and *PLUNDERS*
of the most Noted *PIRATES*.

Interpersed with several Remarkable

TRIALS

Of the most

NOTORIOUS MALEFACTORS,

AT THE

Sessions-House in the Old Baily, London.

Adorn'd with the Effigies, and other material Transactions of the most
remarkable Offenders, engraved on Copper-Plates.

By Capt. *CHARLES JOHNSON.*

—— *Little Villains oft' submit to Fate,
That Great Ones may enjoy the World in State.*

GARTH.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by R. WALKER, at the Sign of the *PRINTING-PRESS*, over-
against the *Swan-Tavern* in the *High-Street*.

MDCCXLII.

151,732

May 1873

YHARD CLERK
ENT TO
NOTAR 40YTD

THE INTRODUCTION.

WERE we to give our Readers an universal History of Robbers, of all Ranks and Degrees, from the Beginning of the World to this Time, our Scheme would be almost as extensive, as if we propos'd to write the History of all Nations: We should be oblig'd to look back as far as the most antient Records would guide us, and the greatest Names of Antiquity would claim a Place in our Memoirs. What was Nimrod but a successful Free-booter? and what were all the Founders of Monarchies, but Encroachers on the Properties of their Brethren and Neighbours? Alexander was a Plunderer of the first Magnitude; and all his extraordinary Exploits, with which we have been so long amused, and which we have been taught to speak of with so much Admiration, were only Robberies committed upon Men every Way better than himself. Cæsar, that other prodigious Name, was a Plunderer of his native Country, or (as the great Cowley has warmly and nobly express'd it) a Ravisher of his own Mother. What better can we call any of his Successors who have sacrific'd the Lives and Liberties of Thousands of their Fellow-Creatures to an extravagant Passion? Whether we name it Tyranny, Ambition, or only Greatness of Soul, 'tis much the same, while the Effects of it are so very terrible. Happy are we that we can produce, at least, no modern Instances of Robbers of this Kind from our own Histories!

But even in Great-Britain, where Property is better secur'd than any where else in the Universe, and where the Hands of the Prince (were he inclin'd to make a Prey of the People) are restrain'd; even here, I say, it is impossible to prevent Men of the lower Class from plundering their Fellow-Subjects. 'Twill be little to our Purpose to enquire how far this rapacious Disposition may spread itself; I mean, to name all the Degrees of Men that have been, or may be infected with it: 'Tis sufficient to observe, that little Villains are ofteneft convicted, and oblig'd (as Garth says) to submit to Fate; tho' a Story in this Collection will inform us, that it is not unprecedented for a very great Knight to be a very great Robber. The poorer Sort of People, to be sure, were disturb'd to see such a Man as Falstaff do what they might have some Excuse for: But what did Falstaff care, so long as he could laugh and be fat?

We would by no Means have our Readers expect an Account of all the Plunderers that have been dignified, unless they are willing to buy 500 Sheets, instead of an hundred, the Number we propose. If the Reason of this vast Disproportion should be demanded, we answer, A great Villain may commit more Depredations in a short Time, than a hundred little ones can in a long Course of Years, and consequently the Memoirs of such a Man must swell to a very large Bulk. Even Falstaff himself had been omitted, had not his Crimes been of

a publick Nature; but as Sir John condescended to be an humble High-wayman, rather than a State Offender, he very well merits a Place among his Brother Collectors.

As we shall not, in this Collection, venture to meddle with those that are above us, so neither shall we trouble our Heads with those that are without us. Our own Countrymen have taken great Care that Justice should never be idle, and that Biographers of the inferior Sort should never want Materials. We are daily sensible of the Improvements they make, and Tyburn once in six Weeks is oblig'd to groan under the Burden of their Iniquities.

Lives of particular Persons have been commonly esteem'd the most useful Pieces of History; they display human Nature more familiarly than general Histories, and the Impressions they leave are stronger. General History seems not so much the Concern of a private Man, who has nothing to govern but his own Passions, nor can he receive any extraordinary Advantage to himself from the greatest Acquaintance with it, unless he is Philosopher enough to apply the Convulsions and Revolutions of State to his own Appetites and Inclinations, and even then 'tis like going to Bristol by the Way of York, when he might otherwise accomplish his Journey in a fourth part of the Time.

We shall not pretend to determine whether Examples of virtuous Men labouring with Difficulties, or of vicious Persons who are at last brought to Justice, may be of most Use in this Age, (tho' we must confess, if the Advantage be given to the latter, 'tis a great Sign of our Degeneracy;) 'tis certain both may be of considerable Service, and 'tis as certain that Terror may have some Effect upon a Mind that is past all Sense of Honour and Virtue. The unhappy Wretches, indeed, whose Lives we are to give the Publick, have generally spent their Days in Rioting and Debauchery, which contain all the Ideas that their abandon'd Minds could form of Pleasure: But alas! what are these, when compared with the Pleasures of a good Conscience, which every honest Man enjoys! Add to this, that whatever they may pretend, and endeavour to appear, no reasonable Man can think that a Person under perpetual Apprehensions of Justice, (as all who are conscious of the most flagrant Crimes must be,) can enjoy a Moments delight even in the Way that they seek it, unless he may be said to enjoy himself when all his Senses are entirely drown'd in Liquor.

But it is not our Business to prescribe to our Readers, or if it were, they would attend to us just as much as they pleas'd: We shall take Care that every one who reads our Collection may be diverted, and that as many as will may be instructed; which is all we can promise, and, we believe, all that can be expected.

The Reader may depend upon having the most authentic Accounts of every High-wayman, &c. that can be

The I N T R O D U C T I O N.

any where procured, and of having those Accounts in a more agreeable Manner than they have ever yet appeared in. Our Reflections, when we make any, shall be just, and naturally arising from the Story, whether they are calculated to raise a Smile or a serious Thought; for Occasions of both Kinds will frequently offer themselves in a Work of this Nature. We have nothing more to say to our Male Readers in this Place, and therefore beg Leave to conclude with a Word or two to the Females; which is, that besides the Pleasure which they may find by perusing this Book in common with the Men, they may expect to feel the same Pity frequently reviv'd in their Breasts, which they, or some of their fair Predecessors, were formerly touched with, when several of our celebrated Heroes made their Exit.

Having premis'd so much, we shall now lay before the Reader a few of the most material Persons, whose Lives and Dying Speeches will be inserted in this Work.

THE Life of Sir Henry Morgan, a Pirate, who took Panama from the Spaniards.

The Life of Sir John Falstaff.

The Life of Capt. Avery, a Pirate; with a particular Account of his taking one of the Great Mogul's Ships.

The Exploits of John Cottington alias Mull Sack; with the Particulars of his robbing the Oxford Wagon, wherein he found four thousand Pounds in ready Cash.

The Adventures of Thomas Waters, with the pleasant Story of his robbing some Gypsies.

The Lives of Nan Holland and Tristram Savage; and the Manner of their robbing Dr. Trotter.

The Life of Jonathan Wilde, the noted Thief-taker.

The History of Jack Shephard.

The Life of Capt. George Lowther; with his Adventure at Mayo in the Gulph of Matique.

The Lives of Capt. Bartholomew Roberts, Capt. Edward England, and Capt. Edward Low, three famous Pirates.

The Life of Whitney the Butcher; with the Particulars of his robbing an old Usurer, and tying his Hands behind him, with his Face to the Horse's Tail.

The Life of the German Princess.

The Life of Thomas Savage.

The Life of Sawney Beane.

Some Account of Sawney Cunningham, and his Adventure with the Astrologer.

The Life of the Golden Farmer, and his merry Robbery of the Tinker.

The History of Col. Jack alias Jacques.

The Life of Capt. Hind, a Highwayman.

The History of Capt. Teach, a Pirate, commonly call'd Black Beard.

The Life of the famous Claude Du Vall, a Highwayman.

The Life of Sarah Malcolm, executed in Fleet-Street, for the Murder of Mrs. Duncomb, and two others.

The Lives of Edward Burnworth alias Frazier, William Lewitt, Thomas Berry, Emanuel Dickenson, Peter Levee and John Higgs, who were executed for the Murder of Thomas Ball in the Mint.

The Life of Lewis Howfart, a French Barber, executed in Spittlefields, for the inhuman Murder of his Wife.

The Life of Joseph Blake alias Blueskin, a House-breaker.

The History of the Waltham Blacks, and their Transactions, to the Death of Richard Parvin, Edward Elliot, Robert Kingshal, Henry Marshal, John and Edward Pine, and James Ansell alias Phillips, at Tyburn, whose Lives are also included.

The Lives of Hawkins and Sympton, famous for robbing the Bristol Mail.

The Lives of John Trippuck, the Golden Tinman, Robert Cane, Thomas Charnock and Richard Shephard.

The Life of James Filewood.

The Life of Gilder-Roy.

An Account of the Murder of the Reverend Mr. John Talbot.

The Lives of Capt. Uratz, and his Accomplices, Highwaymen, and Murderers of Thomas Thynn, Esq; in Pall-Mall.

The History of Moll Cutpurse, a Pick-pocket and Highway-woman.

The Trials of upwards of sixty Pirates, taken by his Majesty's Ship the Swallow.

The Life of Capt. John Phillips, a Pirate.

The Life of Capt. John Jaen, executed for the Murder of his Cabin Boy.



T H E



Cap^t. Hen. Morgan before Panama which he took from the Spaniards.



A General and True

H I S T O R Y

O F T H E

L I V E S and A C T I O N S

Of the most F A M O U S

Highwaymen, Murderers, Street-Robbers, &c.



WE begin this HISTORY with the Life of Sir Henry Morgan; who perhaps, distinguished himself in the Free-booting Way as much as any Man that ever engaged in it, and had as large a Share of personal Courage and Bravery.

This Gentleman was born in *Wales*, and descended of a very good Family there, as indeed are almost all of that Name. His Father was a rich Yeoman or Farmer; but young *Morgan* had no Inclinations to follow that Employment, and therefore left his Country, and went to seek his Fortune on the Seas, which he imagin'd would better suit his Temper. He was entertain'd in a certain Port where several Ships lay at Anchor, that were bound for the Isle of *Barbadoes*. With these Ships he resolv'd to go into the Service of one, who, according to what is commonly practis'd in those Parts by the *English* and other Nations, sold him as soon as he came on Shore. He served his Time at *Barbadoes*; and when he had obtain'd his Liberty, thence transferr'd himself unto the Island of *Jamaica*, there to seek new Fortunes. Here he found two Vessels of Pyrates that were ready to go to Sea. Being destitute of Employ, he put himself in one of these Ships, with Intent to follow the Exercises of that Sort of People. He learn'd in a little while their manner of Living; and so exactly, that, having perform'd three or four Voyages with some Profit and good Success, he agreed with some of his Comrades, who had gotten by the same Voyage a small Parcel of Money, to join Stocks and buy a Ship. The Vessel being bought, they unanimously chose him to be the Captain and Commander thereof.

With this Ship, soon after, he set forth from *Jamaica* to cruise upon the Coasts of *Campeche*; in which Voyage he had the Fortune to take several Ships, with which he return'd triumphant to the same Island. Here he found at the same Time an old Pirate, nam'd *Manfuelt*, who was then busied in equipping a considerable Fleet of Ships, with Design to land upon the Continent, and pillage whatever came

in his Way. *Manfuelt* seeing Captain *Morgan* return with so many Prizes, judg'd him from his Actions, to be of undaunted Courage; and hereupon was mov'd to chuse him for his Vice Admiral in that Expedition. Thus having fitted out fifteen Ships, between great and small, they set Sail from *Jamaica* with five hundred Men, both *Walloons* and *French*. With this Fleet they arriv'd not long after at the Isle of *St. Catherine*, situated nigh unto the Continent of *Costa Rica*, in twelve Degrees and a half, Northern Latitude, and distant thirty five Leagues from the River of *Chagre*, between North and South. Here they made their first Descent, landing most of their Men presently after.

Being now come to try their Arms and Fortune, they in a short Time forced the Garrison that kept the Island to surrender, and deliver into their Hands all the Forts and Castles belonging thereunto. All these they instantly demolished, reserving only one; wherein they placed an hundred Men of their own Party, and all the Slaves they had taken from the *Spaniards*. With the rest of their Men they march'd unto another small Island, adjoining so near unto that of *St. Catherine*, that with a Bridge they could get over. In a few Days they made a Bridge, and pass'd thither, conveying also over it all the Pieces of Ordinance which they had taken upon the great Island. Having ruin'd and destroy'd, with Fire and Sword, both the Islands, leaving what Orders were necessary at the Castle above-mention'd, they put forth to Sea again, with the *Spaniards* they had taken Prisoners. Yet these they set on Shore, not long after, upon the firm Land, nigh unto a Place call'd *Puerto Velo*. After this they began to cruise upon the Coasts of *Costa Rica*, till finally they came to the River of *Colla*, designing to rob and pillage all the Towns they could find in those Parts, and afterwards to pass unto the Village of *Nata*, to do the same.

The President or Governor of *Panama* having had Advice of the Arrival of these Pyrates, and the Hostilities they committed every where, thought it his Duty to set forth to their Encounter with a Body of Men. His coming caus'd the Pyrates to retire suddenly,

denly, with all Speed and Care: Especially seeing the whole Country alarm'd at their Arrival, and that their Designs were known, and consequently could be of no great Effect at that present. Hereupon they turned to the Isle of St. Catherine, to visit the hundred Men they left in Garrison there. The Governor of these Men was a certain Frenchman, named *le Sieur Simon*; who behaved himself very well in that Charge, while *Manfvelt* was absent: Inasmuch that he had put the great Island in a very good Posture of Defence; and the little one he had caused to be cultivated with many fertile Plantations, which were sufficient to revictual the whole Fleet with Provisions and Fruits, not only for present Refreshment, but also in case of a new Voyage. *Manfvelt's* Inclinations were very much bent to keep these two Islands in perpetual Possession, as being very commodious, and profitably situated for the Use of the Pyrates. Chiefly because they were so near the Spanish Dominions, and easily to be defended against them.

Hereupon *Manfvelt* determin'd to return to *Jamaica*, with Design to send some Recruits to the Isle of St. Catherine, that in case of any Invasion of the Spaniards, the Pyrates might be provided for a Defence. As soon as he arrived, he propounded his Mind and Intentions unto the Governor of that Island; but he lik'd not the Propositions of *Manfvelt*, fearing lest, by granting such Things, he should displease his Master the King of England. Besides that, by giving him the Men he desired, and other Necessaries for that Purpose, he must of Necessity diminish and weaken the Forces of that Island, whereof he was Governor. *Manfvelt* seeing the Unwillingness of the Governor of *Jamaica*, and that of his own Accord he could not compass what he desired, with the same Intent and Designs went unto the Island of *Tortuga*.

But there, before he could accomplish his Desires, or put in Execution what was intended, Death suddenly surpriz'd him, and put a Period to his wicked Life; all Things hereby remaining in Suspence, till the Occasion we shall hereafter relate, put them again into Motion.

Le Sieur Simon, who remained at the Isle of St. Catherine, in quality of Governor thereof, receiving no News from *Manfvelt* his Admiral, was greatly impatient and desirous to know what might be the Cause thereof. In the mean while, Don *John Perez de Guzman*, being newly come to the Government of *Costa Rica*, thought it no ways convenient for the Interest of the King of Spain, that that Island should remain in the Hands of the Pyrates. And hereupon he equipp'd a considerable Fleet, which he sent to the said Island to retake it. But before he came to use any great Violence, he writ a Letter to *le Sieur Simon*, wherein he gave him to understand, that if he would surrender the Island unto his Catholick Majesty, he should be very well rewarded; but in case of Refusal, severely punish'd when he had forced him to do it. *Le Sieur Simon* seeing no Appearance or Probability of being able to defend it alone, nor any Emolument that by so doing could accrue either to him or his People; after some small Resistance, deliver'd up the Island into the Hands of its true Lord and Master, under the same Articles they had obtain'd it from the Spaniards. Few Days after the Surrender of the Island, there arriv'd from *Jamaica* an English Ship, which the Governor of the said Island had sent under-hand, wherein was a good Supply of People, both Men and Women. The Spaniards from the Castle having spy'd this Ship, put forth English Colours, and perswaded *le Sieur Simon* to go on board, and conduct the said Ship into a Port they assign'd him. This he perform'd immediately with Dissimulation, whereby they were all made Prisoners. A certain Spanish Engineer hath published an exact

Account of the retaking of the Isle of St. Catherine by the Spaniards; which printed Paper, we have thought fit to insert in this Place.

A true and particular Relation of the Victory obtain'd by the Arms of his Catholick Majesty, against the English Pyrates, by the Direction and Valour of Don John Perez de Guzman, Knight of the Order of St. James, Governor and Captain General of Tierra Firme, and the Province of Veraguas.

THE Kingdom of *Tierra Firme*, which of itself is sufficiently strong to repulse and extirpate great Fleets, but more especially the Pyrates of *Jamaica*, had several Ways notice, under several Hands imparted to the Governor thereof, that fourteen English Vessels had cruized upon the Coasts belonging to his Catholick Majesty. The News came to *Panama*, that the English Pyrates of the said Fleet were arrived at *Puerto de Naos*, and had forced the Spanish Garrison of the Isle of St. Catherine, whose Governor was Don *Esleuan del Campo*; and that they had possessed themselves of the said Island, taking the Inhabitants Prisoners, and destroying all that ever they met. Moreover, about the same Time Don *John Perez de Guzman* received particular Information of these Robberies from the Relation of some Spaniards who escaped out of the Island, and whom he order'd to be convey'd unto *Puerto Velo*, who more distinctly told him, that the aforementioned Pyrates came into the Island the 2d Day of May, by Night, without being perceived by any body: And that the next Day, after some Disputes by Arms, they had taken the Fortresses, and made Prisoners of all the Inhabitants and Soldiers, not one excepted, unless those that by good Fortune had escaped their Hands. This being heard by Don *John*, he called a Council of War, wherein he declar'd the great Progress the said Pyrates had made in the Dominions of his Catholick Majesty.

Here likewise he propounded, That it was absolutely necessary to send some Forces to the Isle of St. Catharine, sufficient to retake it from the Pyrates; the Honour and Interest of his Majesty of Spain being very narrowly concerned herein. Otherwise the Pyrates, by such Conquests, might easily, in Course of Time, possess themselves of all the Countries therabouts. Unto these Reasons some were found, who made Answer, That the Pyrates, as not being able to subsist in the said Island, would of Necessity consume and waste themselves, and be forc'd to quit it, without any Necessity of retaking it, that consequently it was not worth while to engage in so many Expences and Troubles, as it might be foreseen this would cost.

Notwithstanding these Reasons to the contrary, Don *John*, as one who was an expert and valiant Soldier, gave Orders that a Quantity of Provision should be convey'd to *Puerto Velo*, for the Use and Service of the Militia. And neither to be idle or negligent in his Master's Affairs, he transported himself thither, with no small Danger of his Life. Here he arriv'd the 7th Day of July, with most Things necessary to the Expedition in Hand; where he found in the Port a good Ship, called *St. Vincent*, that belonged to the Company of Negroes. This Ship being of itself a strong Vessel, and well mounted with Guns, he mann'd and victuall'd very well, and sent unto the Isle of St. Catharine, constituting Captain *Joseph Sanchez Jimenez*, Major of the City of *Puerto Velo*, Commander thereof. The People he carried with him were two hundred, threescore, and ten Soldiers, and thirty seven Prisoners of the same Island: Besides thirty four Spaniards belonging to the Garrison of *Puerto Velo*, and twenty nine Mullatoes of *Panama*, twelve Indians very dextrous at shooting with Bows and

and Arrows, seven expert and able Gunners, two Lieutenants, two Pilots, one Surgeon, and one Religious Man of the Order of St. Francis for their Chaplain.

Don John soon after gave his Orders unto every one of the Officers, instructing them how they ought to behave themselves; telling them withal, that the Governor of *Cartagena* would assist them with more Men, Boats, and all Things else they should find necessary for that Enterprize; to which Effect he had already written to the said Governor. Having proceeded thus far, Don John commanded the Ship to weigh Anchor, and sail out of the Port. Then seeing a fair Wind to blow, he call'd before him all the People design'd for that Expedition, and made them a Speech, encouraging them to fight against the Enemies of their Country and Religion; but more especially against those inhuman Pyrates, who had heretofore committed so many horrid and cruel Actions against the Subjects of his Catholick Majesty: Withal promising unto every one of them most liberal Rewards; but especially unto such as should behave themselves as they ought in the Service of their King and Country. Thus Don John bid them farewell; and immediately the Ship weigh'd Anchor, and set sail under a favourable Gale of Wind. They soon arriv'd at *Cartagena*, and presented a Letter to the Governor of the said City from the noble and valiant Don John; who received it with Testimonies of great Affection to the Person of Don John, and his Majesty's Service. And seeing their resolute Courage to be conformable to his Desires and Expectations, he promised them his Assistance, which should be one Frigate, one Galcon, one Boat, and 126 Men, the one half but of his own Garrison, and the other half Mulattoes. Thus all of them being well provided with Necessaries, they set out from the Port of *Cartagena*, and in eight Days they arriv'd within Sight of the Isle of St. Catharine, towards the western Point thereof. And altho' the Wind was contrary, yet they reached the Port, and came to an Anchor within it; having lost one of their Boats by foul Weather, at the Rock call'd *Quita Signos*.

The Pyrates seeing the *Spanish* Ships come to an Anchor, gave them presently three Guns with Bullets; the which were soon answered in the same Manner. Hereupon the Major *Joseph Sanchez Ximenez* sent on Shore, unto the Pyrates, one of his Officers, to require them, in the Name of the Catholick King his Master, to surrender the Island, seeing they had taken it in the midst of Peace between the two Crowns of *Spain* and *England*; and that in case they would be obstinate, he would certainly put them all to the Sword. The Pyrates made answer, *That Island had once before belong'd to the Government and Dominions of the King of England; and that instead of surrendering it, they preferred to lose their Lives.*

Some Days after this, three Negroes from the Pyrates came swimming aboard the *Spanish* Admiral. These brought Intelligence, that all the Pyrates that were upon the Island were only threescore and twelve in Number; and that they were under a great Consternation, seeing such considerable Forces come against them. With this Intelligence the *Spaniards* resolv'd to land, and advance towards the Fortresses, which ceased not to fire as many great Guns against them, as they possibly could; and which were still answer'd in the same Manner on the other Side, till dark Night. Two Days after this, the Weather being very calm and clear, the *Spaniards* began to advance in the following Manner. The Ship named St. Vincent, which rid Admiral, discharg'd two whole Broadfides upon the Battery call'd the *Conception*. The Ship call'd St. Peter, that was Vice Admiral, discharg'd likewise her Guns against the other Battery nam'd St. James.

In the mean while, the *Spaniards* were landed in small Boats, directing their Course towards the Point of the Battery last mentioned, and from thence they march'd towards the Gate call'd *Cortadura*. The Lieutenant, *Francis de Caceres*, being desirous to view the Strength of the Enemy, with only fifteen Men, was compelled to retreat in all Haste, by Reason of the great Guns which play'd so furiously upon the Place where they stood. They shooting not only Pieces of Iron and small Bullets, but also the Organs of the Church; discharging in every Shot, threescore Pipes at a Time.

Notwithstanding this Heat of the Enemy, Captain Don *Joseph Ramirez de Leyva*, with threescore Men, made a strong Attack, wherein they fought on both Sides very desperately, till that at last he overcame, and forced the Pyrates to surrender the Fort he had taken in Hand.

On the other Side, Captain *John Galeno*, with fourscore and ten Men, pass'd over the Hills, to advance that Way towards the Castle of St. Teresa. In the mean while, the Major Don *Joseph Sanchez Ximenez*, as Commander in chief, with the rest of his Men, set forth from the Battery of St. James, passing the Port with four Boats, and landing in Despite of the Enemy. About this same Time, Captain *John Galeno* begun to advance with the Men he led to the afore-mention'd Fortress. So that the *Spaniards* made three Attacks on the Pyrates on three several Sides, at one and the same Time, with great Courage and Valour. The Pyrates upon this, seeing many of their Men already kill'd, and that they could in no manner subsist any longer, retreated towards *Cortadura*, where they surrender'd themselves, and likewise the whole Island, into the *Spaniards* Hands; who possessed themselves of all, and set up the *Spanish* Colours, as soon as they had render'd Thanks to Almighty God for the signal Victory they had obtained. The Number of dead were six Men of the Pyrates, with many wounded, and threescore and ten Prisoners. On the other Side was found only one Man kill'd, and four wounded.

There was found upon the Island eight hundred Pound of Powder, two hundred and fifty Pound of small Bullets, with many other military Provisions. Among the Prisoners were taken also two *Spaniards*, who had borne Arms under the *English* against his Catholick Majesty. These were order'd to be shot to Death the next Day, by the Command of the Major. In less than a Month after this, there arriv'd at the Isle an *English* Vessel, which being seen at a great Distance by the Major, he gave Orders to le *Sieur Simon*, who was a *Frenhman*, to go and visit the said Ship, and tell them that were on board, that the Island belong'd still to the *English*. He perform'd the Commands, and found in the said Ship only fourteen Men, one Woman, and her Daughter; who were all instantly made Prisoners.

The *English* Pyrates were all transported to *Puerto Velo*; excepting only three, who by Order of the Governor were carried to *Panama*, there to work in the Castle of St. *Jerom*. This Fortification is an excellent Piece of Workmanship, and very strong; being rais'd in the Middle of the Port, of a quadrangular Form, and of very hard Stone. Its Elevation or Height is of eighty eight geometrical Feet; the Walls being of fourteen, and the Courtines of seventy five Feet Diameter. It was built at the Expence of several private Persons, the Governor of the City furnishing the greatest Part of the Money; so that it did not cost his Catholick Majesty any Sum at all.

Captain *Morgan*, seeing his Predecessor and Admiral, *Manfvelt*, was dead, endeavour'd, by all the Means that were possible, to preserve and keep in perpetual

perpetual Possession, the Isle of *St. Catherine*, seated high unto that of *Cuba*. His principal Intent was to consecrate it as a Refuge and Sanctuary to the Pyrates of those Parts; putting it in a sufficient Condition of being a Receptacle or Store-house of their Preys and Robberies. Unto this Effect he left no Stone un-mov'd whereby to compass his Designs, writing for the same Purpose to several Merchants that liv'd in *Virginia* and *New England*, and persuading them to send him Provisions and other necessary Things, towards putting the said Island into such a Posture of Defence, as it might neither fear any external Dangers, nor be moved at any Suspensions of Invasion from any Side, that might attempt to disquiet it. At last, all his Thoughts and Cares proved ineffectual, by the *Spaniards* retaking the said Island. Yet notwithstanding, Captain *Morgan* retain'd his ancient Courage, which instantly put him on new Designs. Thus he equip'd at first a Ship, with Intention to gather an entire Fleet, both as great and as strong as he could compass. By Degrees he put the whole Matter in Execution, and gave Orders to every Member of his Fleet, that they should meet at a certain Port of *Cuba*. Here he determin'd to call a Council, and deliberate concerning what was best to be done, and what Place first they should fall upon. Leaving these new Preparations in this Condition, we shall here give our Readers some Account of the aforementioned Isle of *Cuba*, in whose Ports this Expedition was hatched.

A Description of the Island of CUBA.

THE Island of *Cuba* lieth from East to West, in the Situation of twenty to three and twenty Degrees, Northern Latitude; being in Length one hundred and fifty *German Leagues*, and about forty in Breadth. Its Fertility is equal to that of the Island of *Hispánida*. Besides which, it affordeth many Things proper for Trading and Commerce, such as Hides of several Beasts, particularly those that in *Europe* are call'd *Hides of Havana*. On all Sides it is surrounded with a great Number of small Islands, which go altogether under the Name of *Cayos*. Of these little Islands the Pyrates make as great Use, as of their own proper Ports of Refuge. Here most commonly they make their Meetings, and hold their Councils, how to assault more easily the *Spaniards*. It is thoroughly water'd on all Sides with the Streams of plentiful and pleasant Rivers, whose Entries form both secure and spacious Ports. Besides many other Harbours for Ships, which along the calm Shores and Coasts adorn many Parts of this rich and beautiful Island. All which contribute very much to its Happiness, by facilitating the Exercise of Trade; whereinto they invite both Natives and Foreigners.

The chiefest of these Ports are, *St. Jago*, *Bayamo*, *Santa Maria*, *Espirata Santa*, *Trinidad*, *Xagua*, *Cabo de Corrientes*, and others; all which are seated on the South side of the Island. On the Northern-side hereof are found these following: *La Havana*, *Puerto Matanzas*, *Santa Cruz*, *Matanzas*, *Baracoa*, and *Barracoa*.

This Island hath two principal Cities, by which the whole Country is govern'd, and to which all the Towns and Villages thereof are in Obedience. The first of these is nam'd *St. Jago*, or *St. James*, being seated on the South-side, and having under its Jurisdiction one half of the Island. The chief Magistrates hereof are a Bishop and a Governor, who command over the Villages and Towns belonging to the half above-mentioned. The chiefest of these are, on the Southern-side, *Espirata Santa*, *Puerto del Principe*, and *Bayamo*. On the North-sides it hath *Barracoa*, and the Town call'd *de los Cayos*. The greatest Part

of the Commerce driven at the aforementioned City of *St. Jago*, cometh from the *Canary Islands*, whither they transport great Quantities of Tobacco, Sugar, and Hides, which Sorts of Merchandize are drawn to the head City from the subordinate Towns and Villages. In former Times the City of *St. Jago* was miserably sack'd by the Pyrates of *Jamaica* and *Tortuga*, notwithstanding that it is defended by a considerable Castle.

The City and Port of *de la Havana*, lieth between the North and West Side of the Island. This is one of the most renown'd and strongest Places of all the *West Indies*. Its Jurisdiction extendeth over the other Half of the Island; the chiefest Places under it being *Santa Cruz*, on the Northern Side, and *La Trinidad* on the South. From hence is transported huge Quantities of Tobacco, which is sent in great Plenty to *New-Spain* and *Cuba Rica*, even as far as the *South Sea*: Besides many Ships, laden with this Commodity, that are consign'd into *Spain*, and other Parts of *Europe*, not only in the Leaf, but also in Rowls. This City is defended by three Castles, very great and strong; two of which lie towards the Port, and the other is seated upon a Hill, that commandeth the Town. 'Tis estimat'd to contain ten thousand Families, more or less; among which Number of People, the Merchants of this Place trade in *New-Spain*, *Campeche*, *Honduras*, and *Florida*. All the Ships that come from the Parts aforementioned, as also from *Caracas*, *Catagena*, and *Costa Rica*, are necessitated to take their Provisions in at *Havana*, wherewith to make their Voyage for *Spain*; this being the necessary and straight Course they ought to steer for the South of *Europe*, and other Parts. The Plate-Fleet of *Spain*, which the *Spaniards* call *Flota*, being Homeward-bound, toucheth here yearly, to take in the rest of their full Cargo; as Hides, Tobacco, and *Campeche* Wood.

Captain *Morgan* had been no longer than two Months in the above-mentioned Ports of the South of *Cuba*, when he had got together a Fleet of twelve Sail, between Ships and great Boats; wherein he had seven hundred fighting Men, Part of which were *English*, and Part *French*. They call'd a Council, and some were of Opinion 'twere convenient to assault the City of *Havana*, under the Covert of the Night; which Enterprize, they said, might easily be perform'd, especially if they could but take any few of the Ecclesiasticks, and make them Prisoners: Yea, that the City might be sack'd, before the Castles could put themselves in a Posture of Defence. Others propos'd, according to their several Opinions, other Attempts. Notwithstanding, the former Proposal was reject'd, because many of the Pyrates had been Prisoners at other Times in the said City; and these assur'd, nothing of Consequence could be done, unless with fifteen hundred Men. Moreover, that with all this Number of People they ought first to go to the Island of *los Pinos*, and land them in small Boats about *Matanzas*, fourteen Leagues distant from the aforesaid City, whereby to accomplish, by these Means, and order their Designs.

Finally, they saw no Possibility of gathering so great a Fleet; and hereupon with what they had, they concluded to attempt some other Place. Among the rest, was found, at last, one who propos'd, that they should go and assault the Town of *el Puerto del Principe*. This Proposition he endeavour'd to persuade, by saying, he knew that Place very well; and that being at a Distance from the Sea, it never was sack'd by any Pyrates: Whereby the Inhabitants were rich, as exercising their Trade for ready Money, with those of *Havana*, who kept here an established Commerce, which consisted chiefly in Hides. This Proposal

Proposal was presently admitted by Captain *Morgan*, and the chiefs of his Companions; and, hereupon, they gave Orders to every Captain to weigh Anchor, and set Sail, steering their Course towards that Coast that lieth nearest to *El Puerto del Principe*. Hereabouts is to be seen a Bay, nam'd, by the *Spaniards*, *El Puerto de Santa Maria*. Being arriv'd at this Bay, a certain *Spaniard*, who was Prisoner on board the Fleet, swam ashore by Night, and came to the Town of *El Puerto del Principe*, giving Account to the Inhabitants of the Design the Pyrates had against them. This he affirm'd to have over-heard in their Discourse, they thinking, at the same Time, he did not understand the *English* Tongue. The *Spaniards*, as soon as they received this fortunate Advice, began instantly to hide their Riches, and carry away what Moveables they could. The Governor, also, immediately rais'd all the People of the Town, both Freemen and Slaves, and, with part of them, took a Post, by which, of Necessity, the Pyrates were to pass. He commanded, likewise, many Trees to be cut down, and laid amidst the Ways, to hinder their Passage. In like manner, he plac'd several Ambuscades, which were strengthen'd with some Pieces of Cannon, to play upon them on their March. He gather'd, in all, about eight hundred Men, of which he distributed several into the aforementioned Ambuscades, and with the rest he besieg'd the Town; displaying them upon the Plain of a spacious Field, from whence they could see the coming of the Pyrates at Length.

Captain *Morgan*, with his Men, being now upon the March, found the Avenues and Passages to the Town impeneurable. Hereupon, they took their Way through the Wood, traversing it with great Difficulty, whereby they escap'd divers Ambuscades. Thus, at last, they came into the Plain aforementioned, which, from its Figure, is call'd by the *Spaniards*, *la Savana*, or *the Sheet*. The Governor seeing them come, made a Detachment of a Troop of Horse; which he sent to charge them in the Front, thinking to disperse them, and by putting them to Flight, pursue them with his main Body. But this Design succeeded not as it was intended; for the Pyrates march'd in very good Rank and File, at the Sound of their Drums, and with flying Colours. When they came nigh to the Horse, they drew into the Form of a Semicircle, and thus advanc'd towards the *Spaniards*, who charg'd them like valiant and courageous Soldiers, for a while: But seeing that the Pyrates were very dexterous at their Arms, and their Governor, with many of their Companions, kill'd, they began to retreat towards the Wood. Here they design'd to save themselves with more Advantage; but before they could reach it, the greatest Part of them were unfortunately killed by the Hands of the Pyrates. Thus they left the Victory to these new-come Enemies, who had no considerable Loss of Men in this Battle, and but very few wounded. However, the Skirmish continu'd for the Space of four Hours. They enter'd the Town, though not without great Resistance of such as were within, who defended themselves as long as possible; thinking, by their Defence, to hinder the Pillage. Hereupon, many seeing the Enemy within the Town, shut themselves up in their own Houses, and from thence made several Shot against the Pyrates; who perceiving the Mischief of this Disadvantage, presently began to threaten them; saying, *If you don't surrender voluntarily, you shall soon see the Town in a Flame, and your Wives and Children torn in Pieces before your Faces*. With these Menaces, the *Spaniards* submitted entirely to the Discretion of the Pyrates, believing they could not continue there long, and would soon be forc'd to dislodge.

As soon as the Pyrates had possess'd themselves of the Town, they enclos'd all the *Spaniards*, both Men, Women, Children, and Slaves, in several Churches, and gather'd all the Goods they could find by way of pillage. Afterwards they search'd the whole Country round about the Town, bringing in, Day by Day, many Goods and Prisoners, with much Provision. With this, they fell to banquetting among themselves, and making great Cheer after their customary Way, without remembering the poor Prisoners, whom they permitted to starve in the Churches for Hunger. In the mean Time, they ceas'd not to torment them daily after an inhuman Manner, thereby to make them confess where they had hid their Goods, Monies, and other Things; though little or nothing was left them. To this Effect they punish'd also the Women and little Children, giving them nothing to eat; whereby the greatest part perish'd.

When they could find no more to rob, and that Provisions began to grow scarce, they thought it convenient to depart, and seek new Fortunes in other Places. Hence they intimated to the Prisoners, *That they should find Monies to ransom themselves, else they should be all transported to Jamaica. Which being done, if they did not pay a second Ransom for the Town, they would turn every House into a Mass*. The *Spaniards* hearing these severe Menaces, nominated among themselves four Fellow-prisoners to go and seek for the abovemention'd Contributions. But the Pyrates, to the Intent they should return speedily with the Ransoms prescrib'd, tormented several in their Presence, before they departed, with all the Rigour imaginable. After a few Days, the *Spaniards* return'd from the Fatigue of their unreasonable Commission, telling Captain *Morgan*, *That they had run up and down, and searched all the neighbouring Woods and Places they most suspected, and yet had not been able to find any of their run Party, nor consequently any Fruit of their Embassy. But if* (said they) *you are pleas'd to have a little longer Patience with us, we shall certainly catch all that you demand to be paid within the Space of fifteen Days*. Captain *Morgan* was contented, as it should seem, to grant them this Petition; but, not long after, there came into the Town seven or eight Pyrates, who had been ranging in the Woods and Fields, and got thereabouts some considerable Booty: These brought, among other Prisoners, a certain Negroe, whom they had taken with Letters about him. Captain *Morgan* having perus'd them, found they were from the Governor of *St. Jago*; being written to some of the Prisoners. Wherein he told them, *They shou'd not make too much Haste to pay any Ransom for their Town or Persons, or any other Pretext; but, on the contrary, they should put off the Pyrates as well as they could with Excuses and Delays; expecting to be reliev'd by him within a short Time, when he would certainly come to their Aid*. This Intelligence being heard by Captain *Morgan*, he immediately gave Orders that all they had robb'd should be carried on board the Ships; and, withal, he intimated to the *Spaniards*, that the very next Day they should pay their Ransoms: Forasmuch as he would not wait one Moment longer, but reduce the whole Town to Ashes, in case they fail'd to perform the Sum he demanded.

With this Intimation, Captain *Morgan* made no mention to the *Spaniards* of the Letters he had intercepted. Whereupon, they made him answer, *That it was totally impossible for them to give such a Sum of Money in so short a Space of Time; seeing their Fellow-Townsmen were not to be found in all the Country thereabouts*. Captain *Morgan* knew full well their Intentions, and, withal, thought it not convenient to remain there any longer Time. Hence

he demanded of them only five hundred Oxen, or Cows, together with sufficient Salt wherewith to salt them.

Hereunto he added only this Condition, that they should carry them on board his Ships; which they promised to do. Thus he departed with all his Men, taking with him only six of the principal Prisoners, as Pledges of what he intended. The next Day the *Spaniards* brought the Cattle and Salt unto the Ships, and required the Prisoners. But Captain *Morgan* refused to deliver them, till such Time as they had helped his Men to kill and salt the Beeves. This was likewise performed in great Haste, he not caring to stay there any longer, lest he should be surprized by the Forces that were gathering against him. Having received all on board his Vessels, he set at Liberty the Prisoners he had kept at Hostages of his Demands. While these Things were in Agitation, there happen'd to arise some Diffentions between the *Englishmen* and *French*. The Occasion of their Discord was, as followeth: A certain *Frenchman* being employed in killing and salting one of the Beeves, an *English* Pyrate came to him, and took away the Marrow-bones he had taken out of the Ox; which sort of Meat these People esteem very much. Hereupon they challenged one another. Being come to the Place of Duel, the *Englishman* drew his Sword treacherously against the *Frenchman*, wounding him in the Back, before he had put himself in a just Posture of Defence; whereby he suddenly fell dead upon the Place. The other *Frenchmen* desirous to revenge this base Action, made an Insurrection against the *English*. But Captain *Morgan* soon extinguished this Flame, by commanding the Criminal to be bound in Chains, and thus carry'd to *Jamaica*; promising to them all, he would see Justice done upon him. For although it were permitted unto him to challenge his Adversary, yet was it not lawful to kill him treacherously, as he did.

As soon as all Things were in a readiness, and on board the Ships, and likewise the Prisoners set at Liberty, they sailed from thence, directing their Course to a certain Island, where Captain *Morgan* intended to make a Dividend of what they had purchased in that Voyage. Being arrived at the Place assigned, they found nigh the value of fifty Thousand Pieces of Eight, both in Money and Goods. The Sum being known, it caused a general Resentment und Grief, to see such a small Purchase; which was not sufficient to pay their Debts at *Jamaica*. Hereupon, Captain *Morgan* propounded to them, that they should think upon some other Enterprize and Pillage, before they returned Home. But the *Frenchmen* not being able to agree with the *English*, separated from their Company, leaving Captain *Morgan* alone with those of his own Nation; notwithstanding all the Perswasions he used to reduce them to continue in his Company. Thus they parted with all external signs of Friendship; Captain *Morgan* reiterating his Promises to them, that he would see Justice done upon the Criminal before mentioned. This he performed; for being arrived at *Jamaica*, he caused him to be hanged; which was the Satisfaction the *French* Pyrates could expect.

Some, perhaps, may think, that the *French* having deserted Captain *Morgan*, the *English* alone could not have been sufficient to perform such great Actions as before their Division. But Captain *Morgan*, who always communicated Vigour with his Words, infused such Spirits into his Men, as were able to put every one of them instantly upon new Designs; They being all perswaded by his Reasons, that the sole Execution of his Orders would be a certain Means of obtaining great Riches. This Perswasion had such Influence upon their Minds, that

with inimitable Courage, they all resolved to follow him. The same likewise did a certain Pyrate of *Campeche*; who, on this Occasion, joined with Captain *Morgan*, to seek new Fortunes under his Conduct, and greater Advantages than he had found before. Thus Sir *Henry*, in a few Days, gather'd a Fleet of Nine Sail, between Ships and great Boats; wherein he had four hundred and threescore military Men.

After that all Things were in a good Posture of Readiness, they put forth to Sea, Captain *Morgan* imparting the Design he had in his Mind, to no Body for that Present. He only told them on several Occasions, that he held it as indubitable, that he should make a good Fortune by that Voyage, if strange Occurrences alter'd not the Course of his Designs. They directed their Course towards the *Continent*; where they arrived in a few Days upon the Coast of *Costa Rica*, with all their Fleet entire. No sooner had they discovered Land, but the Commodore declared his Intentions to the Captains, and presently after unto all the rest of the Company. He told them, he intended in that Expedition to Plunder *Puerto Velo*, and that he would perform it by Night, being resolved to put the whole City to the Sack, not the least Corner escaping his Diligence. Moreover, to encourage them, he added, that this Enterprize could not fail to succeed well, seeing he had kept it secret in his Mind, without revealing it to any Body, so that they could not have Notice of his coming. Unto this Proposition some made Answer, by alledging, they had not a sufficient Number of Men wherewith to assault so strong and great a City. But Captain *Morgan* replied, *If our Number is small, our Hearts are great, And the fewer Persons we are the more Union and better Shares we shall have in the Spoil.* Hereupon, being stimulated with the Ambition of those vast Riches they promised themselves from their good Success, they unanimously concluded to venture upon that Design. But now, to the Intent our Reader may better comprehend the incomparable Boldness of this Exploit, it may be necessary to say something before-hand of the City of *Puerto Velo*.

The City which beareth this Name in *America*, is seated in the Province of *Costa Rica*, under the Altitude of ten Degrees northern Latitude, at the distance of fourteen Leagues from the *Gulf of Darien*, and eight westwards, from the Port called *Nombre de Dios*. It is judged to be the strongest Place that the King of *Spain* possesseth in all the *West-Indies*, excepting two, that is to say, *Havana* and *Cartagena*. Here are two Castles, almost inexpugnable, that defend the City, they being situated at the Entry of the Port, so that no Ship nor Boat can pass without permission. The Garrison consisteth of three hundred Soldiers, and the Town is constantly inhabited by four hundred Families, more or less. The Merchants dwell not here, but only reside for a while, when the *Galleons* come or go from *Spain*, by Reason of the Unhealthiness of the Air, occasioned by certain Vapours that exhale from the Mountains. Notwithstanding this, their chief Warehouses are at *Puerto Velo*, tho' their Habitations are all the Year long at *Panama*. From whence they bring the Plate upon Mules, at such Times as the Fair beginneth; and when the Ships, belonging to the *Company of Negroes*, arrive here to sell Slaves.

Captain *Morgan*, who knew very well all the Advantages of this City, as also all the neighbouring Coasts, arrived in the Dusk of the Evening, at the Place call'd *Puerto de Naos*, distant ten Leagues towards the West of *Puerto Velo*. Being come to this Place, they mounted the River in their Ships, as far as another Harbour, call'd *Puerto Pontin*; where they came to an Anchor. Here they put themselves immediately into Boats

Boats and Canoes, leaving in the Ships only a few Men to keep them, and conduct them the next Day unto the Port. About Midnight they came to a certain Place call'd *Estera longa Lemos*, where they all went on Shore, and marched by Land to the first Watch of the City, They had in their Company a certain *Englishman*, who had been formerly a Prisoner in those Parts, and who now served them for a Guide. Unto him and three or four more, they gave Commission to take the Centinel, if possible, or kill him upon the Place. Accordingly, they laid Hands on him, and apprehended him with such Cunning, that he had no Time to give Warning with his Mucket, or make any other Noise. Thus they brought him, with his Hands bound, to Captain *Morgan*, who asked him, *How Things went in the City, and what Forces they had*; with many other Circumstances, which he was desirous to know. After every Question, they made him a thousand Menaces to kill him, in Case he declared not the Truth. Thus they began to advance towards the City, carrying always the same Centinel bound, before them. Having marched about one Quarter of a League, they came to the Castle that is nigh to the City; which presently they closely surrounded, so that no person could get either in or out of the said Fortrefs.

Being thus posted under the Walls of the Castle, Captain *Morgan* commanded the Centinel, whom they had taken prisoner, to speak to those that were within, and charge them to surrender, and deliver themselves up to his Discretion; threatening that otherwise they should be all cut in pieces, without giving Quarter to any one. But they would hearken to none of these Threats, beginning instantly to fire; which gave Notice to the City, and suddenly alarmed the Garrison. Yet notwithstanding the Governor and Soldiers of the said Castle made as great Resistance as could be performed, they were constrained to surrender to the Pirates. These no sooner had taken possession of the Castle, but they resolved to be as good as their Word, in putting the *Spaniards* to the Sword, thereby to strike a Terror to the rest of the City. Hereupon, having shut up all the Soldiers and Officers, as prisoners, into one Room, they instantly set fire to the powder (whereof they found a great Quantity) and blew up the whole Castle into the Air, with all the *Spaniards* that were within. This being done, they pursued the Course of their Victory, falling upon the City, which, as yet, was not in Order to receive them. Many of the Inhabitants cast their Jewels and Monies, and other valuable Things, into Wells and Cisterns, or hid them in other places under Ground, to prevent, as much as were possible, their being totally robb'd. One party of the Pirates, being assigned to this purpose, ran immediately to the Cloysters, and took as many religious Men and Women as they could find. The Governor of the City, not being able to rally the Citizens, through the huge Confusion of the Town, retir'd to one of the Castles remaining, and from thence began to fire incessantly at the Pirates. But these were not in the least negligent, either to assault him or defend themselves with all the Courage imaginable. Thus it was observable, that amidst the Horror of the Assault, they made very few shot in vain. For aiming, with great Dexterity at the Mouths of the Guns, the *Spaniards* were certain to lose one or two Men every time they charged each Gun a-new.

The Assault of this Castle where the Governor was, continu'd very furious on both Sides, from Break of Day till Noon; and even then the Case was very dubious which party should conquer, or be conquer'd. At last, the Pirates, perceiving they had lost many Men, and, as yet, advanc'd but little towards the gaining either this or the other Castles

remaining, thought to make use of Fire-balls, which they threw with their Hands; designing, if possible, to burn the Doors of the Castle. But going about to put this in Execution, the *Spaniards*, from the Walls, let fall a great Quantity of Stones, and earthen Pots full of Powder, and other combustible Matter, which forc'd them to desist from that Attempt. Captain *Morgan*, seeing this generous Defence made by the *Spaniards*, began to despair of the whole Success of the Enterprize. Hereupon, many faint and calm Meditations came into his Mind; neither could he determine which Way to turn himself in that Distress of Affairs. Being involv'd in these Thoughts, he was suddenly animated to continue the Assault, by seeing the *English* Colours put forth at one of the lesser Castles, which was just then enter'd by his Men. A Troop of these immediately came to meet him, proclaiming Victory with loud Shouts of Joy. This instantly put him upon new Resolutions, of making fresh Efforts to take the rest of the Castles that stood out against him: Especially seeing the chiefest Citizens were fled to them, and had convey'd thither great part of their Riches, with all the Plate belonging to the Churches, and other Things dedicated to divine Service.

To bring about this, therefore, he order'd ten or twelve Ladders to be made in all possible Haste, so broad, that three or four Men at once might ascend by them. These being finish'd, he commanded all the religious Men and Women, whom he had taken Prisoners, to fix them against the Walls of the Castle. Thus much he had before-hand threaten'd the Governor to perform, in case he deliver'd not the Castle. But the Answer of that gallant Commander was, *That he would never surrender himself alive*. The Captain's Knowledge of the Superstition of these People, furnished him with this fine Stratagem; for he was persuaded himself that the Governor would not employ his utmost Forces, seeing religious Women, and Ecclesiastical Persons, expos'd in the Front of the Soldiers to the greatest Dangers. Thus the Ladders, as we have said, were put into the Hands of religious Persons of both Sexes; and these were forced, at the Head of the Companies, to raise and apply them to the Walls. However, Captain *Morgan* was fully deceiv'd in his Judgment of this Design: For the Governor, who acted like a brave and courageous Soldier, and who had little of the religious Temper of his Country, refused not, in Performance of his Duty, to use his utmost Endeavours to destroy whosoever came near the Walls. The religious Men and Women ceas'd not to cry to him, and beg of him, by all the Saints of Heaven, that he would deliver the Castle, and thereby spare both his and their own Lives. But nothing could prevail with the Resolution and Fierceness that had possess'd the Governor's Mind. Thus many of the religious Men and Nuns were kill'd before they could fix the Ladders; which, at last, being done, though with great Loss of the said Brethren and Sisters, the Pirates mounted them in great Numbers, and with no less Valour; having Fire-balls in their Hands, and earthen Pots full of Powder: All which Things, being now at the Top of the Walls, they kindled, and cast in among the *Spaniards*.

This Effort of the Pirates was very bold and successful; insomuch, as the *Spaniards* could no longer resist nor defend the Castle, which was now enter'd: Whereupon, they all threw down their Arms, and craved Quarter for their Lives; only the Governor of the City would neither admit nor crave Mercy, but continued to kill many of the Pirates with his own Hands, and not a few of his own Soldiers, because they did not stand to their Arms. And though the Pirates asked him if he would have Quarter, yet he constantly

constantly answer'd, *By no Means: I had rather die as a valiant Soldier, than be hang'd as a Coward.* They endeavour'd, as much as they cou'd, to take him Prisoner: But he defended himself so obstinately, that they were forced to kill him, notwithstanding all the Cries and Tears of his own Wife and Daughter, who begg'd of him, upon their Knees, to demand Quarter, and save his Life. When the Pyrates had possess'd themselves of the Castle, which was about Night, they enclos'd therein all the Prisoners they had taken, placing the Women and Men by themselves, with some Guards upon them. All the wounded were put into a certain Apartment by itself, to the Intent their own Complaints might be the Cure of their Diseases; for no other was afforded them.

This being done, they fell to eating and drinking, after their usual Manner; that is to say, committing in both these Things all manner of Debauchery and Excess. These two Vices were immediately follow'd by many insolent Actions of Rape and Adultery, committed upon abundance of very honest Women, as well married as Virgins; who being threaten'd with the Sword, were constrain'd to submit their Bodies to the Violence of those lewd and wicked Men. After such a Manner they deliver'd themselves up to all Sorts of Debauchery of this Kind, that if there had been found only fifteen courageous Men, they might easily have retaken the City, and kill'd all the Pyrates. The next Day, having plunder'd all they could find, they began to examine some of the Prisoners, who had been perswaded by their Companions to say they were the richest of the Town; charging them feverely, to discover where they had hidden their Riches and Goods. But not being able to extort any Thing out of them, as they were not the right Persons that possess'd any Wealth, they at last resolv'd to torture them. This they perform'd with such Cruelty, that many of them died upon the Rack, or presently afterwards. Soon after this, the President of Panama had News brought him of the Pillage and Ruin of *Puerto Velo*. This Intelligence caus'd him to employ all his Care and Industry to raise Forces, with Design to pursue and cast out the Pyrates from thence. But these car'd little for what extraordinary Means the President us'd, as having their Ship nigh at Hand, and being determin'd to set fire to the City, and retreat. They had now been at *Puerto Velo* fifteen Days, in which Space of Time they had lost many of their Men, both by the Unhealthiness of the Country, and the extravagant Debaucheries they had committed.

Hereupon, they prepar'd for a Departure, carrying on board their Ships all the Pillage they had gotten. But, above all, they provided the Fleet with sufficient Victuals for the Voyage. While these Things were getting ready, Captain *Morgan* sent an Injunction to the Prisoners that they should pay him a Ransom for the City, or else he would by Fire consume it to Ashes, and blow up all the Castles into the Air: Withal, he commanded them to send speedily two Persons, to seek and procure the Sum he demanded, which amounted to one hundred thousand Pieces of Eight. To this Effect, two Men were sent to the President of Panama, who gave him an Account of all these Tragedies. The President, having now a Body of Men in Readiness, set forth immediately toward *Puerto Velo*, to encounter the Pyrates before their Retreat: But these People, hearing of his coming, instead of flying away, went to meet him at a narrow Passage, through which, of Necessity, he was to pass. Here they plac'd an hundred Men very well arm'd, who, at the first Encounter, put to Flight a good Party of those of Panama. This Accident oblig'd the President to retire, for that Time, as not

being yet in a Posture of Strength to proceed any farther. Presently after this Rencontre, he sent a Message to Captain *Morgan*, to tell him, *That in case he departed not suddenly with all his Forces from Puerto Velo, he ought to expect no Quarter for himself nor his Companions, when he should take them, as he hoped soon to do.* Captain *Morgan*, who fear'd not his Threats, as knowing he had a secure Retreat in his Ships, which were nigh at Hand, made him answer, *That he would not deliver up the Castles, before he had received the Contribution-money he had demanded; and that in case it were not paid down, he would certainly burn the whole City, and then leave it; demolishing, before-hand, the Castles, and killing the Prisoners.*

The Governor of Panama perceiv'd by this Answer, that no Means would serve to mollify the Hearts of the Pyrates, nor reduce them to Reason. Hereupon he determin'd to leave them; as also those of the City, whom he came to relieve, involved in the Difficulties of making the best Agreement they could with their Enemies. Thus in a few Days more, the miserable Citizens gathered the Contribution wherein they were fined, and brought the entire Sum of one hundred thousand Pieces of Eight to the Pyrates, for a Ransom out of the cruel Captivity they were fallen into.

The President of Panama, confess'd that these Transactions put him into an extreme Admiration, considering that four hundred Men had been able to take such a great City, with so many strong Castles; especially seeing they had no Pieces of Cannon, nor other great Guns, wherewith to raise Batteries against them. And what was more, knowing that the Citizens of *Puerto Velo* had always been in great Repute for good Soldiers themselves, and who had never wanted Courage in their own Defence. This Astonishment was so great, that it occasioned him, in order to be satisfied herein, to send a Messenger to Captain *Morgan*, desiring him to send him some small Pattern of those Arms wherewith he had taken so suddenly such a great City. Captain *Morgan* received this Messenger very kindly, and treated him with great Civility. Which being done, he gave him a Pistol and a few small Bullets of Lead, to carry back to the President; his Master telling him, withal, *That he desired him to accept that slender Specimen of the Arms, wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and keep them for a Twelvemonth; after which Time, he assur'd him he would come to Panama and fetch them away.* The Governor of Panama return'd the Preamble very soon to Captain *Morgan*, giving him Thanks for the Favour of lending him such Weapons as he needed not, and withal lent him a Ring of Gold, with this Message, *That he desired him not to give himself the Trouble of coming to Panama, for he did certify unto him, that he should not speed so well there as he had done at Puerto Velo.*

After these Transactions, Captain *Morgan* (having provided his Fleet with all Necessaries, and taken with him the best Guns of the Castles, nailing up the rest which he could not carry away) set sail from *Puerto Velo* with all his Ships. With these he arriv'd in a few Days, at the Island of *Cuba*, where he fought out a Place wherein with all Quiet and Repose, he might make the Dividend of the Spoil they had gotten. They found in ready Money, two hundred and fifty thousand Pieces of Eight, besides Variety of Merchandizes; such as Cloth, Linnen, Silks, and other Goods. With this rich Purchase they sail'd again from thence to their common Place of Rendezvous, *Jamaica*. Being arriv'd there, they pass'd some Time in all Sorts of Vices and Debauchery, according to their common Practice, spending with huge Prodigality, what others had gained with no small

small Labour and Toil, tho' they, indeed, came to the Possession of it as easily as they parted with it.

Not long after the Arrival of the Pirates at *Jamaica*, when they had stayed there precisely that short Time they needed to lavish away all the Riches above-mention'd, they concluded upon another Enterprize, wherein to seek new Fortunes. To this Effect the Captain gave Orders to all the Commanders of his Ships, to meet together at the Island called *de la Vaca*, or *Cow-Isle*, seated on the South-side of the Isle of *Hispaniola*; as hath been mentioned above. As soon as they came to this Place, there flocked to them great Numbers of other Pirates, both *French* and *English*, by Reason the Name of Captain *Morgan* was now rendered Famous in all the neighbouring Countries, for the great Enterprizes he had perform'd. There was at that present Time, at *Jamaica*, an *English* Ship newly come from *New-England*, well mounted with thirty six Guns. This Vessel, likewise, by Order of the Governor of *Jamaica*, came to join with *Morgan* to strengthen his Fleet, and give him greater Courage to attempt Things of great Consequence. With this supply Captain *Morgan* judged himself sufficiently strong, as having the Addition of a Ship of such Port; for it was really the greatest of his Fleet. Notwithstanding this, there being in the same Place another great Vessel, that carried twenty four iron Guns, and twelve of Brass, belonging to the *French*, Captain *Morgan* endeavoured as much as he could, to join this Ship in like Manner to his own. But the *French* not daring to repose any Trust in the *English*, of whose Actions they were not a little jealous, denied absolutely to consent to any such Thing.

The *French* Pirates belonging to this great Ship, had accidentally met at Sea an *English* Vessel; and being then under an extreme Necessity of Victuals, they had taken some Provisions out of the *English* Ship, without paying for them; as having, peradventure, no ready Money on Board: Only they had given them Bills of Exchange, for *Jamaica* and *Toruga*, to receive Money there for what they had taken. Captain *Morgan* having Notice of this Accident, and perceiving he could not prevail with the *French* Captain to follow him in that Expedition, he resolved to lay hold on this Occasion, as a Pretext to ruin the *French*, and seek his own Revenge. Hereupon, he invited, with a masterly Disimulation, the *French* Commander, and several of his Men, to dine with him, on board the great Ship that was come from *Jamaica*, as was said before. Being come hither, he made them all Prisoners, pretending the Injury aforemention'd done to the *English* Vessel, in taking away some few Provisions without Pay.

This unjust Action of Captain *Morgan* was soon followed by divine Punishment, as we may very rationally conceive. The Manner we shall instantly relate. Presently after he had taken the *French* Prisoners above-said, he called a Council, to deliberate what Place they should first pitch upon, in the Course of this new Expedition. At this Council it was determin'd to go to the Isle of *Savona*, there to wait for the *Fleta*, which was then expected from *Spain*, and take any of the *Spanish* Vessels that might chance to straggle from the rest. This Resolution being taken, they began on board the great Ship to feast one another, for Joy of their new Voyage and happy Council, as they hoped it would prove. In testimony hereof, they drank many Healths, and discharged many Guns, as the common Sign of Mirth among Seamen us'd to be. Most of the Men being drunk, by what Accident is not known, the Ship suddenly was blown up into the Air, with three hundred and fifty *Englishmen*, besides the *French* Prisoners above-mention'd, that were in Hold. Of all

which Number, there escap'd only thirty Men, who were in the great Cabin, at some Distance from the main Force of the Gunpowder. Many more, 'tis thought, might have escap'd, had they not been so much overtaken with Wine.

The Loss of such a great Ship was no inconsiderable Affliction, as well as Surprise, to the *English*: They knew not whom to blame; but at last the Accusation was laid upon the *French* Prisoners, whom they suspected to have fir'd the Gunpowder of the Ship wherein they were, out of Design to revenge themselves, though with the Loss of their own Lives. Hereupon, they sought to be reveng'd on the *French* a-new, and accumulate fresh Accusations to the former, whereby to seize the Ship, and all that was in it. With this Design they forg'd another Pretext against the said Ship, by saying the *French* design'd to commit Piracy upon the *English*. The Grounds of this Accusation were given them by a Commission from the Governor of *Barracoa*, found on board the *French* Vessel; wherein were these Words: *That the said Governor did permit the French to trade in all Spanish Ports, &c.—As also to cruise upon the English Pirates in what Place soever they could find them, because of the Multitude of Hostilities they had committed against the Subjects of his Catholick Majesty, in Time of Peace betwixt the two Crowns.* This Commission for Trade was interpreted by the *English* as an express Order to exercise Piracy and War against 'em, notwithstanding it was only a bare License for coming into the *Spanish* Ports; for the Cloak of which Permission, were those Words inserted, *That they should cruise upon the English.* And though the *French* sufficiently expounded the true Sense of the said Commission, yet they could not clear themselves to Capt. *Morgan*, nor his prejudic'd Council; but in Revenge for the supposed Injury, the Ship and Men were seiz'd, and sent to *Jamaica*. Here they also endeavour'd to obtain Justice, and the Restitution of their Ship, by all the Means possible: But all in vain, for, instead of Justice, they were a long Time detain'd in Prison, and threatened with Hanging.

Eight Days after the Loss of the said Ship, Capt. *Morgan* commanded the Bodies of the miserable Wretches who were blown up, to be searched for, as they floated upon the Waters of the Sea; not to give them Christian Burial, but for the Sake of their Cloaths, &c. If any had Gold Rings on their Fingers, they were cut off, and their Bodies left to the Monsters of the Sea. At last they set Sail for the Isle of *Savona*, the place of Rendezvous, consisting in all of fifteen Vessels, carrying nine hundred and sixty Men, Capt. *Morgan* commanding the biggest, having but fourteen Guns. In a few Days after, they arriv'd at the Cape *Cabo de Lobos*, on the South-side of the Isle of *Hispaniola*, between the Capes of *Tiburon* and *Punta de Espada*; from hence they could not pass, (there being contrary Winds three Weeks) notwithstanding all the Endeavours Capt. *Morgan* us'd. They doubled the Cape, and soon spoke with an *English* Vessel, buying for ready Money such Provisions they stood most in Need of.

Captain *Morgan* proceeded in the Course of his Voyage, till he came to the Port of *Ocoa*. Here he landed some of his Men, sending them into the Woods to seek Water, and what Provisions they could find; the better to spare such as he had already on board his Fleet. They killed many Beasts, and among other Animals some Horses. But the *Spaniards* being not well satisfy'd at their Hunting, attempted to lay a Stratagem for the Pirates. To this Purpose they order'd three or four hundred Men to come from the City of *Santo Domingo*, not far distant from this Port, desiring them to hunt in all

the Parts thereabouts adjoining to the Sea, to the intent if any Pirates should return, they might find no subsistence. Within a few Days the same Pirates returned, with Design to hunt; but, finding nothing to kill, about fifty of them straggled farther into the Woods. The *Spaniards*, who watch'd all their Motions, gather'd a great Herd of Cows, and set two or three Men to keep 'em; which the Pirates espying, kill'd a sufficient Number; and tho' the *Spaniards* could see 'em at a Distance, yet they would not spoil their Sport for the present: But as soon as they attempted to carry them off, they set upon 'em with all imaginable Fury, crying, *Mata, mata*; that is, *Kill, Kill*; obliging the Pirates to quit the Prey, and retreat to their Ships as fast as they could. This was perform'd in good Order, retiring gradually; and when they had a favourable Opportunity, by discharging full Volleys of Shot upon the *Spaniards*, kill'd many, tho' not without some Loss on their own Side.

The rest of the *Spaniards*, seeing what Damage their Companions had sustained, endeavour'd to save themselves by Flight, and carry off the Dead and Wounded. The Pirates, perceiving the *Spaniards* to run, pursu'd them immediately to the Woods, killing the greatest Part of those that were remaining. The next Day Capt. *Morgan*, enrag'd, went with two hundred Men into the Woods to seek for the rest of the *Spaniards*; but finding no-body, he revenged their Death, by burning the Houses of the poor and miserable Rusticks, inhabiting scatteringly about those Fields and Woods. Having done this, he return'd to his Ships, well-pleas'd he had done the Enemy such considerable Damage; which was always his most ardent Desire.

The huge Impatience wherewith Capt. *Morgan* had waited so long for some of his Ships, which were not arriv'd, made him resolve to sail without them, and steer his Course for the Isle of *Savona*, the Place he had always design'd for. Being arriv'd there, and not finding any of his Ships as yet come, he was more impatient than before, fearing they might be lost, or that he must proceed without 'em: Nevertheless, he waited their Arrival some Days longer. In the Interim, having no great Plenty of Provisions, he sent a Crew of one hundred and fifty Men to the Isle of *Hispaniola*, to pillage some Towns nigh the City of *Santo Domingo*: But the *Spaniards* having had Intelligence of their coming, were now so vigilant, and in so good a Posture of Defence, that the Pirates thought it not convenient to assault them; chusing rather to return empty-handed into Capt. *Morgan's* Presence, than perish in that desperate Enterprize.

The Captain, at last, seeing the other Ships did not come, made a Review of his People, finding only five hundred Men, or thereabouts; and but eight Ships out of fifteen, and the greatest Part of those were very small. Thus, having hitherto resolved to cruize upon the Coasts of *Caraccas*, and plunder all the Towns and Villages he could meet, finding himself at present with such small Forces, he chang'd his Resolution, by the Advice of a *French* Captain belonging to his Fleet.

This *Frenchman* had serv'd *Lolonois*, his Countryman, in like Enterprizes, and was at the taking of *Maracaibo*; whereby he knew all the Entries, Passages, Forces, and Means, how to put in Execution the same again in the Company of Captain *Morgan*; to whom, having made a full Relation of all, the Captain concluded to sack it again a second Time, as being himself persuaded, with all his Men, of the Facility of what the *Frenchman* propounded. Hereupon, they weigh'd Anchor, and steer'd their Course towards *Curacao*. Being come within Sight of that Island, they landed at another, which is nigh to it,

and is call'd *Ruba*, seated about 12 Leagues from *Curacao*, towards the West. This Island is defended by a slender Garrison, and is inhabited by *Indians*, who are subject to the Crown of *Spain*, and speak *Spanish*, by reason of the *Roman Catholic* Religion, which is here cultivated by some few Priests, that are sent from Time to Time from the neighbouring Continent,

The Inhabitants of this Isle exercise certain Commerce, or Trade, with the Pirates that go and come this Way. These buy, of the Islanders, Sheep, Lambs, and Kids; which they exchange with them for Linnen, Thread, and other Things of this Kind. The Country is very dry and barren, the whole Substance thereof consisting in those three Things above-mention'd, and in a small Quantity of Wheat, which is of no bad Quality. This Isle produceth a great Number of venomous Insects, such as Vipers, Spiders, and others; these last are so pernicious here that if any Man is bitten by them, he dies mad. And the Manner of recovering such Persons, is to tie them very fast, both Hands and Feet, and in this Condition to leave them for the Space of four and twenty Hours, without eating or drinking the least Thing imaginable. Captain *Morgan*, as was said, having cast Anchor before this Island, bought of the Inhabitants a great many Sheep, Lambs, and also Wood, which he needed for all his Fleet. Having been there two Days, he set sail again, in the Night-time, to the Intent they might not see what Course he steer'd.

The next Day they arriv'd at the Sea of *Maracaibo*, taking always great Care of not being seen from *Pigilia*; for which Reason they anchor'd out of Sight of the Watch-Tower. Night being come, they set sail again towards the Land, and the next Morning, by Break of Day, found themselves directly over-against the Bar of the Lake above-mention'd. The *Spaniards* had here lately built a strong Fort, from whence they now fir'd continually against the Pirates, while they were putting their Men into Boats for them to land. The Dispute continu'd very hot on both Sides, being manag'd with a great deal of Courage and Valour from Morning till dark Night. Evening being come, Captain *Morgan*, in the Obscurity thereof, drew nigh to the Fort; which having examin'd, he found no Body in it, the *Spaniards* having deserted it not long before. They left behind them a Match kindled, nigh to a Train of Gunpowder, wherewith they design'd to blow up the Pirates, and the whole Fortrefs, as soon as they were out of it. This Design had taken Effect, had the Pirates fail'd to discover it the Space of one Quarter of an Hour. But Captain *Morgan* prevented the Mischief, by snatching away the Match with all Speed; whereby he sav'd both his own and his Companions Lives. They found here a great Quantity of Gunpowder, wherewith he furnish'd his Fleet; and afterwards demolish'd part of the Walls, nailing up sixteen Pieces of Ordnance, which carried from twelve to four and twenty Pounds of Bullet. Here they found, also, a great Number of Muskets, and other military Provisions.

The next Day they commanded the Ships to enter the Bar; among which they divided the Gunpowder, Muskets, and other Things they found in the Fort. These Things being done, they embark'd again, to continue their Course towards *Maracaibo*: But the Waters were very low, so that they could not pass a certain Bank that lies at the Entry of the Lake. Hereupon, they were compell'd to put themselves into Canoes and small Boats, with which they arriv'd the next Day before *Maracaibo*, having no other Defence but some small Pieces, which they could carry in the said Boats. Being landed, they ran immediately to the

the Fort call'd *de la Barra*; which they found in like Manner as the preceding, without any Person in it: For all the Garrison and Inhabitants were fled before them into the Woods, leaving also the Town without any People, unless a few miserable poor Folk, who had nothing to lose.

As soon as they had entered the Town, the Pirates searched every Corner thereof, to see if they could find any People that were hidden, who might offend them at unawares. Not finding any Body, every Party, according as they came out of their several Ships, chose what Houses they pleased to themselves, in the best Manner they could find. The Church was deputed for the common *Corps de Garde*, where they lived after a military Manner, committing many insolent Actions. The next Day after their Arrival, they sent a Troop of one hundred Men to seek for the Inhabitants and their Goods. These returned the next Day following, bringing with them the Number of thirty Persons, Men, Women, and Children; and fifty Mules laden with several Sorts of Merchandize. All these miserable Prisoners were put to the Rack, to make them confess where the rest of the Inhabitants were, and their Goods. Amongst other Tortures then used, one was to stretch their Limbs with Cords, and at the same Time, beat them with Sticks and other Instruments. Others had burning Matches plac'd betwixt their Fingers, and were thus burnt alive; others had slender Cords, or Matches, twisted about their Heads, till their Eyes burst out of the Skull. Thus all Sorts of inhuman Cruelties were executed upon those innocent People. Those who would not confess, or who had nothing to declare, died under the Hands of these tyrannical Men; whose Tortures and Racks continu'd for the Space of three whole Weeks: In which Time they ceas'd not to send out, daily, Parties of Men, to seek for more People to torment and rob; they never returning Home without Booty and new Riches.

Captain *Morgan*, having now gotten, by Degrees, into his Hands about one hundred of the chiefest Families, with all their Goods, at last resolv'd to go to *Gibraltar*. With this Design, he equipp'd his Fleet, providing it very sufficiently with all necessary Things.

He put, likewise, on board, all the Prisoners, and thus weighing Anchor; set sail for the said Place, with Resolution to hazard the Battle. They had sent before them some Prisoners to *Gibraltar*, to denounce to the Inhabitants that they should surrender; otherwise Captain *Morgan* would certainly put them all to the Sword, without giving Quarter to any Person he should find alive. Not long after, he arriv'd with his Fleet before *Gibraltar*, whose Inhabitants receiv'd him with continual shooting of great Cannon-bullets. But the Pirates, instead of fainting hereat, ceas'd not to encourage one another, saying, *We must make one Meal upon bitter Things, before we come to taste the Sweetness of the Sugar this Place affordeth.*

The next Day, very early in the Morning, they landed all their Men; and, being guided by the *Frenchman* abovemention'd, they march'd towards the Town, not by the common Way, but crossing through the Woods; by which Way the *Spaniards* scarce thought they wou'd have come. For, at the Beginning of their March, they made Appearance as if they intended to come by the next and open Way that led to the Town, hereby the better to deceive the *Spaniards*. But these remembering, as yet, full well what Hostilities had been committed upon them by Pirates before, thought it not safe to expect another Brunt; and hereupon they all fled out of the Town as fast as they could, carrying with them all their Goods and Riches, as also all the Gun-powder; having nail'd up all the great Guns,

inasmuch that the Pirates found not one Person in the whole City, excepting one only poor and innocent Man, who was born a Fool. This Man they asked whither the Inhabitants were fled, and where they had absconded their Goods. Unto all which Questions and the like, he constantly made Answer, *I know nothing, I know nothing.* But they presently put him to the Rack, and tortur'd him with Cords; which Torments forced him to cry out, *Do not torture me any more, but come with me, and I will shew you my Goods and my Riches.* They were periwaded, as it should seem, that he was some rich Person, who had disguis'd himself under those Cloaths so poor, as also that innocent Tongue: Hereupon, they went along with him; and he conducted them to a poor and miserable Cottage, wherein he had a few Earthen Dishes, and other Things of little or no Value; and amongst these, three Pieces of Eight, which he had conceal'd with some other Trumpery, under Ground. After this, they asked him his Name, and he readily made Answer, *My Name is Don Sebastian Sanchez, and I am Brother to the Governor of Maracaibo.* This foolish Answer, it must be conceived, these Men, tho' never so inhuman, took for a certain Truth. For no sooner had they heard it, but they put him again upon the Rack; lifting him up on high with Cords, and tying huge Weights to his Feet and Neck. Besides which cruel and stretching Torment, they burnt him alive, applying Palm-Leaves burning to his Face. Under these Miseries he died in half an Hour. After his Death, they cut the Cords wherewith they had stretch'd him, and dragg'd him forth into the adjoining Woods, where they left him without Burial.

The same Day they sent out a Party of Pirates to seek for the Inhabitants, upon whom they might employ their inhuman Cruelties. These brought back with them an honest Peasant, with two Daughters of his, whom they had taken Prisoners, and whom they intended to torture, as they used to do with others, in case they shew'd not the Places where the Inhabitants had absconded themselves. The Peasant knew some of the said Places, and hereupon, seeing himself threatened with the Rack, went with the Pirates to shew them. But the *Spaniards*, perceiving their Enemies to range every where up and down the Woods, were already fled from thence much farther off, into the thickest parts of the said Woods; where they built themselves Huts, to preserve from the Violence of the Weather, those few Goods they had carried with them. The Pirates judg'd themselves to be deceived by the Peasant; and thereupon, to revenge their Wrath upon him, notwithstanding all the Excuses he could make, and his humble Supplications for his Life, they hang'd him upon a Tree.

After this, they divided into several Parties, and went to search the Plantations. For they knew the *Spaniards* that had hid themselves, could not live upon what they found in the Woods, without coming now and then to seek Provisions at their own Country-Houses. Here they found a certain Slave, to whom they promis'd Mountains of Gold; and that they would give him his Liberty by transporting him to *Jamaica*, in case he would shew them the Places where the Inhabitants of *Gibraltar* lay hidden. This Fellow conducted him to a Party of *Spaniards*, whom they instantly made all Prisoners, commanding the said Slave to kill some of them before the Eyes of the rest; to the Intent that by this perpetrated Crime, he might never be able to leave their wicked Company. The Negro; according to their Orders, committed many Murders and base Actions upon the *Spaniards*, and followed the unfortunate Traces of the Pirates; who, after the Space of eight Days, returned to *Gibraltar* with many Prisoners;

Prisoners, and some Mules laden with Riches. They examined every Prisoner by himself, (who were in all about two hundred and fifty Persons) where they had concealed the rest of their Goods, and if they knew of their fellow Townsmen. Such as would not confess, were tormented after a most cruel and inhuman Manner. Among the rest, there happened to be a certain *Portuguese*, who, by the Information of a Negro, was reported, though falsely, to be very rich. This Man was commanded to produce his Riches. But his Answer was, that he had no more than one hundred Pieces of Eight in the whole World, and that these had been stolen from him two Days before, by a Servant of his. Which Words, tho' he sealed them with many Oaths and Protestations, would not satisfy these Wretches: Whereupon, they dragg'd him to the Rack, without any regard to his Age, as being threescore Years old, stretch'd him with Cords, and broke both his Arms behind his Shoulders.

This Cruelty went not alone: For he not being able or willing to make any other Declaration than the above said, they put him to another sort of Torment, that was worse, and more barbarous than the Preceding. They tied him with small Cords, by his two Thumbs and great Toes, to four Stakes that were fix'd in the Ground at a convenient Distance, the whole Weight of his Body being pendent in the Air upon those Cords. Then they thrash'd him upon the Cords with great Sticks, and all their Strength, so that the Body of this miserable Man was ready to perish at every Stroke, under the Severity of those horrible Pains. Not satisfied, as yet, with this cruel Torture, they took a Stone which weigh'd about two hundred Pound, and laid it upon his Belly, as if they intended to press him to Death. At which Time they also kindled Palm-Leaves, and applied the Flame to the Face of this unfortunate *Portuguese*, burning with them the whole Skin, Beard, and Hair. At last, these cruel Tyrants, seeing that neither with these Tortures, nor others, they could get any Thing out of him, they untied the Cords, and carried him, being almost half dead, to the Church, where was their *Corps du Garde*. Here they tied him anew, to one of the Pillars of the Place, leaving him in that Condition, without giving him any thing either to eat or drink for some Days, unless very sparingly, and so little as would scarce sustain Life.

Four or five Days being past, he desired that one of the Prisoners might have the Liberty to come to him, by whose Means he promised he would endeavour to raise some Money to satisfy their Demands. The Prisoner whom he required, was brought unto him; and he ordered him to promise the Pirates five hundred Pieces of Eight for his Ransom. But they were both deaf and obstinate at such a small Sum, and, instead of accepting it, beat him cruelly with Cudgels, saying to him, *Old Fellow, instead of five hundred, you must say, five hundred thousand Pieces of Eight; otherwise you shall here end your Life.* Finally, after a thousand Protestations that he was but a miserable Man, and kept a poor Tavern for his Living, he agreed with them for the Sum of one thousand Pieces of Eight. These he raised in a few Days, and having paid them to the Pirates, got his Liberty; altho' so horribly maimed in his Body, that 'tis scarce to be believed he could survive many Weeks after.

Several other Tortures besides these, were exercised upon others, which this *Portuguese* endured not. Some were hang'd up by the Testicles, or by their privy Members, and left in that Condition till they fell unto the Ground, those private Parts being torn from their Bodies. If with this they were minded to shew themselves merciful to those Wretches, thus lacerated in the most tender Parts of their Bodies, their Mercy was to run them through and through

with their Swords; and by this Means rid them soon of their Pains and Lives. Otherwise, if this were not done, they used to lay four or five Days under the Agonies of Death. Others were crucified by these Tyrants, and with kindled Matches were burnt between the Joints of their Fingers and Toes. Others had their Feet put into the Fire, and thus were left to be roasted alive, At last, having used both these and other Cruelties with the *Whitemen*, they began to practise the same over again with the Negro's their Slaves; who were treated with no less Inhumanity than their Masters.

Among these Slaves was found one, who promised Captain *Morgan*, to conduct him to a certain River belonging to the Lake, where he should find a Ship and four Boats richly laden with Goods, that belonged to the Inhabitants of *Maraicabo*. The same Slave discovered, likewise, the Place where the Governor of *Gibraltar* lay hidden, together with the greatest Part of the Women of the Town. But all this he revealed purely on account of the Menaces wherewith they threatened him, in case he told not what he knew. Captain *Morgan* sent away presently two hundred Men in two *Salties*, or great Boats, towards the River abovementioned, to seek for what the Slave had discovered. But he himself, with two hundred and fifty more, undertook to go and take the Governor. This Gentlemen was retired to a small Island, seated in the Middle of the River, where he had built a little Fort, after the best Manner he could, for his Defence. But hearing that Captain *Morgan* came in Person with great Forces to seek him, he retired farther off, to the Top of a Mountain not much distant from that Place; to which there was no Ascent, but by a very narrow Passage. This Place was even so streight, that whosoever pretended to gain the ascent, must of Necessity cause his Men to pass one by one. Captain *Morgan* spent two Days, before he could arrive at the little Island abovementioned. From thence he design'd to proceed to the Mountain where the Governor was posted, had he not been told of the Impossibility he should find in the Ascent; not only for the Narrowness of the Path that led to the Top, but also because the Governor was very well provided with all Sorts of Ammunition above. Besides that, there was fallen an huge Rain, whereby all the Baggage belonging to the Pirates, and their Gunpowder, was wet. By this Rain also they had lost many of their Men, at the Passage over a River that was overflowed. Here perished likewise, some Women and Children, and many Mules laden with Plate and other Goods; all which they had taken in the Fields from the fugitive Inhabitants: So that all Things were in a very bad Condition with Captain *Morgan*, and the Bodies of his Men exceedingly harass'd, as ought to be infer'd from this Relation. Whereby, if the *Spaniards* in that Juncture of Time had but had a Troop of fifty Men, well arm'd with Pikes or Spears, they might have entirely destroy'd the Pirates, without any possible Resistance on their Side. But the Fears which the *Spaniards* had conceiv'd from the Beginning, were so great, that only hearing the Leaves on the Trees to stir, they often fancied them to be Pirates. Finally, Captain *Morgan* and his People, having upon this March sometimes waded up to their Middles in Water, for the Space of half or whole Miles together, they at last escap'd, for the greatest part. But of the Women and Children, that they brought home Prisoners, the major Part died.

Thus, 12 Days after they set forth to seek the Governor, they return'd to *Gibraltar* with a great Number of Prisoners. Two Days after arriv'd, also, the two *Salties* that went to the River, bringing with them four Boats and some Prisoners. But as to the greatest

greatest part of the Merchandize that was in the said Boats, they found them not, the *Spaniards* having unladed and secur'd them, as having Intelligence before-hand of the coming of the Pirates. Whereupon, they design'd also, when the Merchandize was all taken out, to burn the Boats. Yet the *Spaniards* made not so much Haste as was requisite, to unlade the said Vessels, so that they left both in the Ship and Boats great Parcels of Goods, which, they being fled from thence, the Pirates seiz'd, and brought thereof a considerable Booty to *Gibraltar*. Thus, after they had been in possession of the Place five entire Weeks, and committed there an infinite Number of Murders, Robberies, Rapes, and such like Infolencies, they concluded upon their Departure; but, before this could be perform'd, for the last Proof of their Tyranny, they gave Orders to some Prisoners to go forth into the Woods and Fields, and collect a Ranfom for the Town, otherwise they would certainly burn every House down to the Ground. Those poor afflicted Men went forth as they were sent; and after they had search'd every Corner of the adjoining Fields and Woods, they return'd to Captain *Morgan*, telling him, that they had scarce been able to find any Body; but that unto such as they had found, they had propos'd his Demands; to which they had made Answer, that the Governor had prohibited them to give any Ranfom for not burning the Town: Yet, notwithstanding any Prohibition to the contrary, they beseech'd him to have a little Patience, and, among themselves, they would collect to the Sum of five thousand Pieces of Eight: And for the rest, they would give him some of their own Townsmen as Hostages, whom he might carry with him to *Maracaibo*, till such Time as he had receiv'd full Satisfaction.

Captain *Morgan*, having now been a long Time absent from *Maracaibo*, and knowing the *Spaniards* had had sufficient Time wherein to fortify themselves, and hinder his Departure out of the Lake, granted them their Proposition abovemention'd; and, without, made as much Haste as he could to set Things in Order for his Departure. He gave Liberty to all the Prisoners, having before-hand put them every one to the Ranfom; yet he detain'd all the Slaves with him. They deliver'd to him four Persons, that were agreed upon for Hostages, till they could pay what Sums of Money more he was to receive from them: And they desir'd to have the Slave of whom we made mention above, intending to punish him according to his Deserts. But Captain *Morgan* would not deliver him, being perswaded they would burn him alive. At last, they weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail with all the Haile they cou'd, directing their Course towards *Maracaibo*. Here they arriv'd in four Days, and found all Things in the same Posture they had left them in when they departed. Yet here they receiv'd News, from the Information of a poor distress'd old Man, who was sick, and whom alone they found in the Town, that three *Spanish* Men of War were arriv'd at the Entry of the Lake, and there waited for the Return of the Pirates out of those Parts. Moreover, that the Castle at the Entry thereof was again put into a good Posture of Defence, being well provided with great Guns and Men, and all Sorts of Ammunition.

This Relation of the old Man could not chuse but cause some Disturbance in the Mind of Captain *Morgan*, who now was careful how to get away through those narrow Passages of the Entry of the Lake. Hereupon he sent one of his Boats, the swiftest he had, to view the Entry, and see if Things were as they had been related. The next Day the Boat came back, confirming what was said, and assuring him, they likewise viewed the Ships so nigh, that they had been in

great Danger of the Shot they had made at them. Hereunto they added, that the biggest Ship was mounted with forty Guns, the Second with thirty, and the smallest with four and twenty. These Forces were much beyond those of Captain *Morgan*; and consequently they caus'd a general Consternation among the Pirates, whose biggest Vessel had not above fourteen small Guns. Every one judged that Captain *Morgan* desponded in his Mind, and was destitute of all manner of Hopes, considering the Difficulty of passing safely with his little Fleet amidst those great Ships and the Fort, and the Necessity he was otherwise under of perishing. How to escape any other Way than this, either by Sea or by Land, they saw no Opportunity nor Convenience. Only they could have wish'd that those three Ships had rather come over the Lake to seek them at *Maracaibo*, than to remain at the Mouth of the Streight where they were; for at that Passage they must of Necessity fear the Ruin of their Fleet, which consisted only, for the greatest part of Boats.

Hereupon, being necessitated to act as well as he cou'd, Captain *Morgan* resum'd new Courage, and resolv'd to shew himself, as yet, undaunted with these Terrors. To this Intent, he boldly sent a *Spaniard* to the Admiral of those three Ships, demanding of him a considerable Tribute or Ranfom, for not putting the City of *Maracaibo* to the Flames. This Man (who doubtless was receiv'd by the *Spaniards* with great Admiration of the Confidence and Boldness of our Pirates) return'd two Days after, bringing to Captain *Morgan* a Letter from the said Admiral, whose Contents were as followeth.

A Letter of *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, Admiral of the *Spanish* Fleet, to Captain *Morgan*, Commander of the Pirates.

HAVING understood by all our Friends and Neighbours, the unexpected News, that you have dared to attempt and commit Hostilities in the Countries, Cities, Towns, and Villages, belonging to the Dominions of his Catholick Majesty, my sovereign Lord and Master, I let you understand by these Lines, that I am come to this Place, according to my Obligation, nigh to that Castle which you took out of the Hands of a Parcel of Cowards; where I have put Things into a very good Posture of Defence, and mounted again the Artillery which you had nailed and dismounted. My Intent is, to dispute with you your Passage out of the Lake, and follow and pursue you every where, to the End you may see the Performance of my Duty. Notwithstanding, if you will be contented to surrender with Humility all the Treasure you have taken, together with the Slaves and all other Prisoners, I will let you freely pass, without Trouble or Molestation; upon Condition that you retire home presently to your own Country. But in case that you make any Resistance or Opposition against me, and refuse the Conditions that I proffer to you, I assure you I'll command Boats to come from *Caracas*, wherein I'll put my Troops, and, coming to *Maracaibo*, will cause you utterly to perish, by putting you and every Man to the Sword. This is my last and absolute Resolution. Be prudent, therefore, and do not abuse my Bounty with Ingratitude. I have with me very good Soldiers, who desire nothing more ardently than to revenge themselves on you and your People, for all the cruel and base infamous Actions you have committed upon the *Spanish* Nation in America.

From on board the Royal Ship named *Magdalen*, lying at Anchor at the Lake of *Maracaibo*.

Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa.

As soon as Captain *Morgan* had received this Letter, he called all his Men together in the Market-place of *Maracaibo*; and after reading the Contents thereof, both in *French* and *English*, he asked their Advice and Resolutions upon the whole Matter, and whether they had rather surrender all they had purchas'd, to obtain their Liberty, than fight like Men to keep what they were possess'd of.

They answered all unanimously, They had rather fight, and spill the last Drop of Blood they had in their Veins, than surrender so easily the Booty they had gotten with so much Danger of their Lives. Among the Company, one was found who resolutely spoke thus to Captain *Morgan*: *Take you Care for the rest, and I will undertake to destroy the biggest of those Ships with only twelve Men. The manner shall be, by making a Brulot or Fire-ship of that Vessel we took in the River of Gibraltar: And to the Intent she may not be known for a Fire-ship, we will fill her Decks with Logs of Wood, standing with Hats and Montera Caps, to deceive their Sight with the Representation of Men. The same we will do at the Port-holes that serve for the Guns, which shall be filled with counterfeit Cannon. At the Stern we will hang out the English Colours, and persuade the Enemy she is one of our best Men of War, and comes to fight them.* This Proposition being heard by the *Junta*, was admitted and approved of by every one; nevertheless their Fears were not quite dispersed.

For, notwithstanding what had been concluded there, they endeavoured the next Day to see if they could come to accommodation with *Don Alonso*. To this Effect Captain *Morgan* sent him two Persons, with these following Propositions. First, *That he would quit Maracaibo, without doing any Damage to the Town, or exacting any Ransom for the firing thereof.* Secondly, *That he would set at Liberty one half of the Slaves, and likewise all other Prisoners, without Ransom.* Thirdly, *That he would send home freely the four chief Inhabitants of Gibraltar, whom he had in his Custody, as Hostages for the Contributions those People had promised to pay him.* These Propositions from the Pirates being understood by *Don Alonso*, were instantly rejected every one, as being dishonourable for him to grant. Neither would he hear a Word more of any Accommodation; but sent back this Message: *That in case they surrendered not themselves voluntarily into his Hands, within the space of two Days, under the Conditions which he had offered them by his Letter, he would immediately come and force them to do it.*

No sooner had Captain *Morgan* received this Message from *Don Alonso*, than he put all Things in order to fight, resolving to get out of the Lake by main Force, and without surrendering any Thing. In the first Place, he commanded all the Slaves and Prisoners to be tied and guarded very well. After this, they gathered all the Pitch, Tar, and Brimstone, they could find in the whole Town, therewith to prepare the Fire-ship abovementioned. Likewise, they made several Inventions of Powder and Brimstone, with great Quantities of Palm-Leaves, very well anointed with Tar. They cover'd, also, their counterfeit Cannon very dexterously, laying under every Piece thereof many Pounds of Gunpowder. Besides which, they cut down many Out-works belonging to the Ship, to the end the Gunpowder might exert its Strength the better. Thus they broke open, also, new Port-holes; where, instead of Guns, they plac'd little Drums, of which the Negroes make Use. Finally, the Decks were handsomely beset with many Pieces of Wood, dress'd up in the Shape of Men, with Hats, or Montera's; and likewise arm'd with Swords, Muskets, and Baneliers.

The *Brulot*, or Fire-ship, being thus fitted to their

Purpose, they prepar'd themselves to go to the Entry of the Port. All the Prisoners were put into one great Boat, and in another of the biggest they plac'd all the Women, Plate, Jewels, and other rich Things which they had. Into others they put all the Bales of Goods and Merchandize, and other Things of greatest Bulk. Each of these Boats had twelve Men on board, very well arm'd. The *Brulot* had Orders to go before the rest of the Vessels, and presently to fall foul with the great Ship. All Things being in a Readiness, Captain *Morgan* exacted an Oath of all his Comrades, whereby they protested to defend themselves against the *Spaniards*, even to the last Drop of Blood, without demanding Quarter at any Rate; promising them, withal, that whosoever thus behav'd himself, should be very well rewarded.

With this Disposition of Mind, and courageous Resolution, they set Sail to seek the *Spaniards*, and found their Fleet riding at Anchor in the Middle of the Entry of the Lake. Captain *Morgan*, it being now late, and almost dark, commanded all his Vessels to come to an Anchor, with Design to fight from thence even all Night, if they should provoke him thereto. He gave Orders that a careful and vigilant Watch should be kept on board every Vessel till the Morning, they being almost within Shot, as well as within sight of the Enemy. The Dawning of the Day being come, they weigh'd Anchors, and set Sail again, steering their Course directly towards the *Spaniards*; who observing them to move, did instantly the same. The Fire-ship, sailing before the rest, fell presently upon the great Ship, and grappled to her Sides in a short Time; which being perceiv'd by the *Spaniards* to be a Fire-ship, they attempted to escape the Danger by putting her off, but in vain, and too late: For the Flame suddenly seiz'd her Timber and Tackling, and, in a short Space consum'd all the Stern, the Fore-part sinking into the Sea, whereby she perish'd. The second *Spanish* Ship, perceiving the Admiral to burn, not by Accident, but by the Industry of the Enemy, escap'd towards the Castle, where the *Spaniards* themselves caus'd her to sink; chusing this Way of losing their Ship, rather than to fall into the Hands of the Pirates, which they now held for inevitable. The third, as having no Opportunity nor Time to escape, was taken by the Pirates. The Seamen that sunk the second Ship nigh to the Castle, perceiving that the Pirates came towards them, to take what Remains they could find of their Shipwreck (for some part of the Hulk was extant above Water) set fire in like Manner to this Vessel, to the End the Pirates might enjoy nothing of that Spoil. The first Ship being set on Fire, some of the Persons that were in her swam towards the Shore. These the Pirates would have taken up in their Boats, but they would neither ask nor admit of any Quarter; chusing rather to lose their Lives, than receive them from the Hands of their Pursuers, for such Reasons as we shall relate hereafter.

The Pirates were so extremely elevated, by this signal Victory, obtain'd in so short a Time, and with so great Inequality of Forces, that they conceiv'd greater Pride in their Minds than they had before; and, thereupon, they all presently ran ashore, intending to take the Castle. This they found very well provided both with Men, great Cannon, and Ammunition; they having no other Arms than Muskets, and a few Fire-balls, in their Hands. Their own Artillery they thought incapable, for its Smallness, of making any considerable Breach of the Walls. Thus they spent the rest of that Day, firing at the Garrison with their Muskets, till the Dusk of the Evening; at which Time they attempted to advance nearer to the Walls, with Intent to throw ^{up} Fire-balls. But the *Spaniards*, resolving to sel^l and r

Lives as dearly as they cou'd, continu'd firing so furiously at them, that they thought it not convenient to approach any nearer, nor persist any longer in the Dispute. Thus having experienc'd the Obstinacy of the Enemy, and seeing thirty of their own Men already dead, and as many more wounded, they retired to their Ships.

The *Spaniards*, believing the Pirates would return the next Day to renew the Attack, as also to make use of their own Cannon against the Castle, labour'd very hard all Night, to put all Things in Order for their coming; but, more particularly, they employ'd themselves that Night in digging down and making plain some little Hills and eminent Places, from whence, possibly, the Castle might be offended.

Captain *Morgan*, however, intended not to come ashore again, but busy'd himself the next Day in taking Prisoners some of the Men who still swam alive upon the Waters, hoping to get Part of the Riches that were lost in the two Ships that perish'd. Among the rest, he took a certain Pilot, who was a Stranger, and who belong'd to the lesser Ship of the two, with whom he held much Discourse, enquiring of him several Things; in particular, what Number of People had been in these three Ships; whether they expected any more Ships to come; from what Port they set forth the last Time, when they came to seek them out. His Answer to all these Questions, was as followeth, which he deliver'd in the *Spanish* Tongue: "Noble Sir, be pleas'd to pardon and spare me, and permit no Evil to be done to me, as being a Stranger to the Nation I have serv'd, and I shall sincerely inform you of all that pass'd till our Arrival at this Lake. We were sent by Orders from the Supreme Council of State in *Spain*, being six Men of War well equipp'd, into these Seas, with Instructions to cruize upon the *English* Pirates, and root them out from these Parts by destroying as many of them as we cou'd.

"These Orders were given, by reason of the News brought to the Court of *Spain* of the Loss and Ruin of *Puerto Velo*, and other Places. Of all which Damages and Hostilities committed here by the *English*, very dismal Lamentations have oftentimes penetrated the Ears of the Catholick King and Council, to whom belongs the Care and Preservation of this new World. And tho' the *Spanish* Court hath many Times, by their Ambassadors, sent Complaints hereof to the King of *England*; yet it hath been the constant Answer of his Majesty of *Great Britain*, That he never gave any Letters Patents nor Commissions for the acting any Hostility whatsoever against the Subjects of the King of *Spain*. Hereupon; the Catholick King, being resolv'd to revenge his Subjects, and punish those Proceedings; commanded six Men of War to be equipp'd; which he sent into these Parts under the Command of *Don Augustin de Bustos*, who was constituted Admiral of the said Fleet. He commanded the biggest Ship thereof, nam'd *Nestra Senora de la Soledad*, mounted with eight and forty great Guns, and eight small ones. The Vice-Admiral was *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, who commanded the second Ship call'd *la Concepcion*, which carried forty-four great Guns, and eight small ones. Besides which Vessels, there were also four more; whereof the first was nam'd *The Magdalen*, and was mounted with thirty-six great Guns, and twelve small ones, having on board two hundred and fifty Men. The second was call'd *St. Lewis*, with twenty-six great Guns, twelve small ones, and two hundred Men. The third was call'd *la Marquesa*, which carried sixteen great Guns, eight small ones, and one hundred and

"fifty Men. The fourth and last, *Nestra Sennora del Carmen*, with eighteen great Guns, eight small ones; and likewise one hundred and fifty Men.

"We were now arriv'd at *Cartagena*, when the two greatest Ships receiv'd Orders to return to *Spain*, as being judg'd too big for cruizing upon these Coasts. With the four Ships remaining, *Don Alonso del Campo y Espinosa*, departed from thence towards *Campeche*, to seek out the *English*. We arrived at the Port of the said City, where being surprized by a huge Storm that blew from the North, we lost one of our four Ships; it being that which I nam'd in the Place among the rest, From hence we set Sail for the Isle of *Hispaniola*; in sight of which we came within few Days, and directed our Course to the Port of *Santo Domingo*. Here we received Intelligence, that there had passed that Way a Fleet from *Jamaica*, and that some Men thereof having landed at a Place call'd *Alta Gracia*, the Inhabitants had taken one of them Prisoner, who confessed their whole Design was to go and pillage the City of *Caracas*. With this News *Don Alonso* instantly weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail from thence, crossing over to the Continent, till we came in sight of *Caracas*. Here we found not the *English*; but happened to meet with a Boat, which inform'd us they were in the Lake of *Maracaibo*, and that the Fleet consisted of seven small Ships and one Boat.

"Upon this Intelligence we arriv'd here; and coming nigh unto the Entry of the Lake, we shot off a Gun to demand a Pilot from the Shore. Those on Land perceiving that we were *Spaniards*, came willingly unto us with a Pilot, and told us that the *English* had taken the City of *Maracaibo*, and that they were at present at the Pillage of *Gibraltar*. *Don Alonso*, having understood this News, made a handsome Speech to all his Soldiers and Mariners, encouraging them to perform their Duty and withal promising to divide among them all they should take from the *English*. After this, he gave Order that the Guns which he had taken out of the Ship that was lost, should be put into the Castle, and there mounted for its Defence, with two Pieces more out of his own Ship, of eighteen Pounds each. The Pilot, conducted us into the Port, and *Don Alonso* commanded the People that were on Shore to come into his Presence; to whom he gave Orders to repossest the Castle, and re-enforce it with one hundred Men more than it had been before its being taken by the *English*. Not long after, we received News that you were returned from *Gibraltar* to *Maracaibo*; to which Place *Don Alonso* wrote you a Letter; giving you Account of his Arrival and Design, and withal exhorting you to restore all that you had taken. This you refused to do; whereupon, he renewed his Promises and Intentions to his Soldiers and Seamen, and having given a very good Supper to all his People, he perswaded them neither to take nor give any Quarter to the *English* in the approaching Action. This was the Occasion of so many being drowned, who dared not to crave any Quarter for their Lives, as knowing their own Intentions of giving none. Two Days before you came against us, a certain Negro came on board *Don Alonso's* Ship, who spoke thus to him: Sir, be pleas'd to have great Care of yourself; for the *English* have prepared a Fireship, with Design to burn your Fleet. But *Don Alonso* would not believe this Intelligence, his Answer being, How can that be? Can they have Wit enough to build a Fireship? Or what Instruments have they to do it withal?"

The Pilot abovementioned, having related so distinctly

tinently all the aforeſaid Things to Captain *Morgan*, was very well uſed by him, and, after ſome kind Proffers made him, remained in his Service. He diſcovered moreover to the Captain, that in the Ship that was ſunk, there was a great Quantity of Plate, even to the Value of forty thouſand Pieces of Eight; and that it was certainly the Occaſion they had oftentimes ſeen the *Spaniards* in Boats about the ſaid Ship. Hereupon, Captain *Morgan* ordered that one of his Ships ſhould remain there, to watch all Occaſions of getting out of the ſaid Veſſel what Plate they could. In the mean While, he himſelf, with all his Fleet, returned to *Maracaibo*, where he reſtited the great Ship he had taken of the three afore-mentioned. And now, being well accommodated, he choſe it for himſelf, giving his own Bottom to one of his Captains.

After this, he ſent again a Meſſenger to the Admiral, who was eſcaped on Shore and got into the Cattle, demanding of him a Tribute or Ranſom, for the Town of *Maracaibo*, to preſerve it from Fire; which being denied, he threatened entirely to conſume and deſtroy it. The *Spaniards*, conſidering how unfortunate they had been all along with thoſe Pirates, and not knowing after what manner to get rid of them, concluded among themſelves to pay the ſaid Ranſom, although *Don Alonſo* would not conſent to it.

Hereupon, they ſent to Captain *Morgan* to aſk what Sum he demanded. He answered them, that he would have thirty thouſand Pieces of Eight, and five hundred Beeves, to the Intent his Fleet might be well victualled with Fleſh. This Ranſom being paid he promiſed them to give no further Trouble to the Priſoners, nor to cauſe any Ruin or Damage to the Town. Finally, they agreed with him upon the Sum of twenty thouſand Pieces of Eight, beſides the five hundred Beeves. The Cattle the *Spaniards* brought in the next Day, together with one part of the Money: And while the Pirates were buſied in ſalting the Fleſh, they returned with the reſt of the whole Sum of twenty thouſand Pieces of Eight, for which they had agreed.

But Captain *Morgan* would not deliver, for that Preſent, the Priſoners, as he had promiſed to do, by Reaſon he feared the Shot of the Artillery of the Cattle at his going forth of the Lake. Hereupon, he told them he intended not to deliver them, till ſuch Time as he was out of that Danger; hoping by this Means to obtain a free Paſſage. Thus he ſet Sail with all his Fleet in queſt of that Ship which he had left behind, to ſeek for the Plate of the Veſſel that was burnt. He found her upon the Place, with the Sum of fifteen thouſand Pieces of Eight, which they had purchaſed out of the Wreck; beſides many other Pieces of Plate, as Hilts of Swords, and other Things of that kind. Alſo a great Quantity of Pieces of Eight, that were melted and run together by the Force of the Fire of the ſaid Ship.

Captain *Morgan* ſcarce thought himſelf ſecure, neither could he contrive how to ſhun the Damages the ſaid Cattle might cauſe to his Fleet. Hereupon he told the Priſoners, that it was neceſſary they ſhould agree with the Governor to open the Paſſage with Security for his Fleet; to which Point if he ſhould not conſent, he would certainly hang them all up in his Ships. After this Warning, the Priſoners met together to agree on the Perſons they ſhould depute to the ſaid Governor *Don Alonſo*; and they aſſigned ſome few among them for that Embaſſy. Theſe went to him, beſeeching and ſupplicating the Admiral that he would have Compaſſion and Pity on thoſe afflicted Priſoners who were as yet, together with their Wives and Children, in the Hands of Captain *Morgan*. And that to this End he would be pleaſed

to give his Word to let the whole Fleet of Pirates freely paſs, without any Moleſtation: Forasmuch as this would be the only Remedy of ſaving both the Lives of them that came with this Petition, as alſo of thoſe who remained behind in Captivity; all being equally menaced with the Sword and Gallows, in caſe he granted not this humble Requeſt. But *Don Alonſo* gave them for Answer, a ſharp Reprehenſion of their Cowardice, telling them, *If you had been as loyal to your King in hindring the Entry of theſe Pirates, as I ſhall be in oppoſing their going out, you had never cauſed theſe Troubles neither to yourſelves nor to our whole Nation; which hath ſuffered ſo much through your Pufflaminity. In a Word, I ſhall never grant your Requeſt; but ſhall endeavour to maintain that Reſpect which is due to my King, according to my Duty.*

Thus the *Spaniards* returned to their fellow Priſoners, with much Conſolation of Mind, and no hopes of obtaining their Requeſt; telling to Captain *Morgan* what Answer they had received. His Reply was, *If Don Alonſo will not let me paſs, I will find Means how to do it without him.* Hereupon, he began preſently to make a Dividend of all the Booty they had taken in that Voyage; fearing leſt he might not have an Opportunity of doing it in another Place, if any Tempeſt ſhould ariſe, and ſeparate the Ships: As alſo being jealous that any of the Commanders might run away with the beſt Part of the Spoil; which then lay much more in one Veſſel than another. Thus they all brought in, according to their Laws, and declared what they had, having before-hand made an Oath not to conceal the leaſt Thing from the Publick. The Accounts being caſt up, they found the Value of two hundred and fifty thouſand Pieces of Eight, in Money and Jewels, beſides the huge Quantity of Merchandizes and Slaves. The Dividend of which Purchase was made to every Ship or Boat, according to their proper Share.

The Diviſion being made, the Queſtion ſtill remained on Foot, how they ſhould paſs the Caſtle, and get out of the Lake: At laſt, they agreed to make Uſe of a Stratagem, of no ill Invention, which was as followed. On the Day that preceded the Night wherein they determined to get forth, they embark'd many of their Men in Canoes, and rowed towards the Shore, as if they deſigned to land them. Here they concealed themſelves, under the Branches of Trees that hung over the Coaſt, for a while, till they had laid themſelves down along in the Boats. Then the Canoes returned to the Ships, with the only Appearance of two or three Men rowing them back, all the reſt being concealed at the Bottom of the Canoes. Thus much only could be perceived from the Caſtle; and this Action of falſe landing of Men, for ſo we may call it, was repeated that Day ſeveral Times. Hereby the *Spaniards* were brought into Perſwaſion, that the Pirates intended to force the Caſtle by ſcaling it, as ſoon as Night ſhould come. This Fear cauſed them to place moſt of their great Guns on that Side which looks towards the Land, together with the main Force of their Arms leaving the contrary Side, belonging to the Sea, almoſt deſtitute of Strength and Defence.

Night being come, they weighed Anchor, and by the Light of the Moon, without ſetting ſail, committed themſelves to the ebbing Tide, which gently brought them down the River, till they were nigh to the Caſtle. Being now almoſt againſt it, they ſpread their Sails with all the Haſte they could poſſibly make. The *Spaniards* perceiving them to eſcape, tranſported with all Speed their Guns from the other Side of the Caſtle, and began to fire very furiouſly at the Pirates. But theſe, having a favourable Wind, were almoſt paſt the Danger, before thoſe of the

the Castle could put Things into convenient order of Offence: So that the Pirates lost not many of their Men, nor received any considerable Damage in their Ships. Being now out of the Reach of the Guns, Captain *Morgan* sent a Canoe to the Castle with some of the Prisoners: and the Governor thereof gave them a Boat that every one might return to his own House. Notwithstanding this, he detained the Hostages he had from *Gibraltar*, by reason those of that Town were not as yet come to pay the rest of the Ransom for not firing the Place. Just as he departed, Captain *Morgan* ordered seven great Guns with Bullets, to be fired against the Castle, as it were to take his Leave of them. But they answered not so much as with a Musket-shot.

The next Day after their Departure, they were surprized with a great Tempest, which forced them to cast Anchor in the Depth of five or six fathom Water. But the Storm increased so much, that they were compelled to weigh again, and put out to Sea, where they were in great Danger of being lost. For if on either side they should have been cast on Shore, either to fall into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, or of the *Indians*, they would certainly have obtained no Mercy. At last, the Tempest being spent, the Wind ceased; which caused much Content and Joy in the whole Fleet.

While Captain *Morgan* made his Fortune by pillaging the Towns abovementioned, the rest of his Companions who separated from his Fleet at Cape de Lobos, to take the Ship of which were spoken before, endured much Misery, and was very unfortunate in all their Attempts. For being arrived at the Isle of *Savona*, they found not Captain *Morgan* there, nor any one of their Companions. Neither had they the good Fortune to find a Letter, which the Captain, at his Departure, left behind him in a certain Place, where in all Probability they would meet with it. Thus, not knowing what Course to steer, they at last concluded to pillage some Town or other, whereby to repair their Fortune. They were in all about four hundred Men, divided into four Ships and one Boat. Being ready to set forth, they constituted an Admiral among themselves, by whom they might be directed in the whole Affair. To this Effect they chose a certain Person, who had behaved himself very courageously at the taking of *Puerto Velo*, and whose Name was Captain *Hansel*. This Commander resolved to attempt the taking of the Town of *Commana*, seated upon the Continent of *Caracas*, nigh threecore Leagues from the West Side of the Isle de *la Trinidad*. Being arrived there, they landed their Men, and killed some few *Indians* that were near to the Coast. But approaching to the Town, the *Spaniards*, having in their Company many *Indians*, disputed with them the Entry so briskly, that, with great Loss, and in great Confusion, they were forced to retire towards their Ships. At last, they arrived at *Jamaica*, where the rest of their Companions, who came with Captain *Morgan*, continu'd to mock and jeer them for their ill Success at *Commana*; often saying to them, *Let us see what Money you brought from Commana, and if it be as good Silver as that which we bring from Maracaibo.*

But lest we should weary our Readers with a too long Account of the Depredations of one Man, we shall be more concise in the remaining Part of this Narrative, and reduce the great Number of Adventures that still remain to be related, into as little Room as possible.

Not long after Captain *Morgan's* Arrival at *Jamaica*, he found that Debauchery and Excess had reduced the greatest Part of his Officers to the same State of Indigency they were often in before. This was a Motive sufficient to engage him in new Ad-

ventures; and tho' his Crew was pretty well dispersed about the Country, he found no Difficulty in getting them together again by Letters.

The Place of Rendezvous was Port *Coullion*, a French Town, over against the Island de *la Vaca*. Here he called a Council, who agreed to send four Ships and one Boat, mann'd with four hundred Men, over to the Continent, to rifle some of the neighbouring Villages for bread Provisions; while others of them hunted in the Woods, killed and salted a great Number of wild Beasts; and the rest were employed in refitting all their Vessels.

The four Ships were beclamed near the Mouth of the River de *la Hacha*, for some Days, in which Time they were perceiv'd by the *Spaniards*, who hid their Goods, and prepared to retire themselves on Occasion. Here they took a good Ship laden with and the next Morning landed in spite of the Maiz, while the Men where endeavouring to escape, Resistance made by the *Spaniards*, whom they pursued a long Way, torturing those they took, in a grievous Manner, to make them discover their Wealth, which some of them did; so that in fifteen Days they amass'd a great Quantity of Plate and other moveable Goods. This, however, did not content them; for they sent into the Woods for more of the Inhabitants, whom they oblig'd, with those they had already taken, to pay four thousand Bushels of Maiz for a Ransom, and to prevent their burning the whole Town.

The Return of these Ships to the Fleet, after an Absence of five Weeks, was the Occasion of great Joy. Having equally divided the Maiz and Flesh, they steered their Course for Cape *Tiburón*, being in all thirty seven Sail, with two thousand fighting Men on board, besides Mariners and Boys. *Morgan's* own Ship mounted twenty two great Guns, and six small ones, all Brass; the rest carried some twenty, some eighteen, some sixteen, the smallest four; besides a great Quantity of Ammunition. For the better Management of this Fleet, he divided it into two Squadrons, constituting a Vice-Admiral to command one, with proper Officers under him, as in his own Division. He then summoned together all the Captains, gave them Letters-Patent, to commit all manner of Hostilities against the *Spaniards*, as Enemies of the *English* Nation, and made them sign Articles, in which it was stipulated, that he himself should have a hundredth Part of what was taken; every Captain the Share of eight Men, besides his own; the Surgeon two hundred Pieces of Eight, for his Chest of Medicines; and every Carpenter one hundred Ditto, above common Salary. The Rewards were as follows: For the Loss of both Legs, one thousand five hundred Pieces of Eight, or fifteen Slaves; for the Loss of both Hands, one thousand eight hundred Pieces of Eight, or eighteen Slaves; for one Leg or one Hand, six hundred Pieces, or six Slaves; for an Eye, one hundred Pieces, or one Slave. To him that should first enter any Castle, or otherwise signalize himself, the Reward was fifty Pieces of Eight. All these extraordinary Recompences were to be paid out of the first Spoil.

From Cape *Tiburón* they sailed for St. Catharine's, at that Time in the Possession of the *Spaniards*, where they anchored one Morning before Sun-rising, and landed one thousand Men, with which the Captain marched to the usual Residence of the Governor, but found the Garrison retired to the lesser Island, which joins to the great one by a Bridge, and is almost impregnable. The *Spaniards* upon perceiving them, fired so furiously, that they hindered their advancing thither all that Day, so that they were obliged to lie on the Ground, where they suffered a great Deal from the violent Rains that fell that Night, being almost Naked, and withal very hungry. In this

Distress the next Day, they even eat a distempered old Horse that they found in the Fields, which was but a small Relief among so many.

In the Midst of this Fatigue, Captain *Morgan* ordered a Canoe to be rigg'd, and a Flag of Truce to be hung out to the *Spaniards*, threatening withal, that if they did not surrender in a few Hours, he would put them all to the Sword. To answer this Message, the Governor desired to call a Council, which being granted, after it was over, he sent two Canoes with white Colours to treat Captain *Morgan*, sending two Hostages in the mean Time to the Governor.

The Plenipotentiaries agreed that *Morgan* should have the Island; but then, to save the Governor's Credit, he was to enter the Fort by Attack in the Night, so that he might seem to take it by Surprise; his Ships at the same Time making a formal Assault by Sea. It was further concluded, that the Governor should be taken Prisoner, and that no devilish mischievous Bullets should be us'd during the whole Engagement. All this was punctually observ'd on both Sides.

The Pirates having taken the Island, their next War was with the Poultry, Cattle, and other Necessaries for the Belly. Several Days were spent in feasting, and a great many Houses pull'd down to make Fuel of the Timber. The Prisoners were about four hundred and fifty Persons; one hundred and ninety of whom were Soldiers. In the Island were nine Fortresses well mounted and provided: the Store-house was furnish'd with above thirty thousand lb. of Powder, besides other Ammunition of all Sorts; which was all carry'd on board the Pirate-Ships, and the great Guns stopp'd and nail'd.

Four Ships were now sent with Guides to take the Castle of *Chagre*, under the Command of one *Brodelle*. This Castle is situated on a high Mountain, at the Entry of the River, surrounded with Pallisades, or wooder Walls fill'd with Earth. On the Land-Side it has four Bastions, and on the Sea-side is wholly inaccessible. Notwithstanding all this Danger, these resolute Fellows landed, hazarded an Assault, and were beaten back the first Time with some Loss.

In the Heat of the Action one of the Pirates was wounded with an Arrow, which he instantly pull'd out, wrapp'd some Cotton about it, and discharg'd it from his Musquet. This Arrow fell upon a House thrach'd with Palm-Leaves, and the Cotton, being kindled by the Powder, set it on Fire, which the *Spaniards* did not perceive till it burnt to a great Quantity of Powder, blew it up, and caus'd a prodigious Conflagration.

This Accident gave the Pirates an Opportunity to set the Pallisades on Fire also, while the *Spaniards* were labouring to extinguish the other. It was not long now before a great many Breaches were made; which the *Spaniards* defended very bravely, till at last the Pirates got Possession of one defended by the Governor himself, and from thence proceeded to the Castle, which they were also soon Masters of. The Governor was kill'd with a Musquet-shot, and many of his Men jump'd into the Sea, to avoid being taken by these Fellows, of whom they entertain'd terrible Apprehensions: So that at last the Prisoners amounted to no more than thirty (and of these twenty were wounded) out of three hundred and fourteen Soldiers, which were in Garrison. The Pirates themselves lost an hundred Men, and had seventy wounded.

As soon as *Morgan* receiv'd the News of this Action, he left St. *Catherine's*, and came to *Chagre*, losing four Ships at the Entry of the River. He was received with great Joy, and having order'd a Garri-

son for the Place, and seiz'd all the Vessels that lay there, he departed towards *Panama*, at the Head of twelve hundred Men, with but a little Provisions, because he depended on his good Fortune.

They were nine Days upon the March before they saw *Panama*; during which Time they suffer'd greatly, for want of Food; the *Spaniards* having deserted all the Villages on a Rumour of their coming, and carry'd off with 'em all manner of Provisions. Sometimes a Pipe of Tobacco was all they liv'd on; one Day they eat Leather-Bags which they found; another Day Grass and Herbs: Cats, Dogs, Horses or Asses, were delicate Food. The ninth Day at Night they encamp'd near the City, expressing their Joy with the Sound of Drums and Trumpets, and feasting plentifully on a great Number of Cattle which they took in the Neighbourhood.

On the tenth Day, betimes, the Captain put his Men in Order; when one of his Guides advis'd him to shun the direct Road to the City, which Advice he follow'd, disappointing by that Means the *Spaniards* who lay in Ambulcade, and obliging them to draw together in a Body, and meet him openly. The Forces with which the Governor of *Panama* advanc'd, were two Squadrons, four Regiments of Foot, and a huge Number of wild Bulls driven by *Indians*.

The Pirates first spy'd the *Spaniards* from the Top of a little Hill, and were so terrify'd at their Number, that most of them dreaded the Event of a Battle: however, they all resolv'd to engage, and either conquer, or die on the Spot; as they could hope for no Quarter from People whom they had so much abus'd. In this Confidence they march'd on, and were receiv'd by the *Spaniards* with a Shout, and an Attack from their Horse; but the Field being quaggy, the Cavalry could not do the Service expected. A Party of two hundred Bucaniers, that march'd in the Front, gave them a Volley of Shot on their Knees, upon which the Battle kindled very warmly, with Advantage on the Side of the Pirates. This occasion'd the *Indians* to drive the Bulls upon their Backs, which put them into some Disorder; but the Beasts were soon dispers'd with the Noise of the Engagement.

At the End of two Hours the greatest part of the *Spanish* Horse was kill'd, and the rest fled: The Foot discharg'd their Musquets, threw them down, and follow'd the Example of the Horse. A great many, kill themselves, but were most of them taken and kill'd; among them several Monks and Priests. A Captain of the *Spaniards*, who was brought before *Morgan*, inform'd him of the whole Strength of the Place, both with respect to the Men and Fortifications; which induc'd the March towards the Town by another Way.

After numbring the dead Bodies, which amounted to six hundred *Spaniards*, and a pretty many Pirates, they advanc'd; but suffer'd much in the Attack from the great Guns planted at every Quarter: yet they continu'd to gain Ground in Spite of all Difficulties, and in three Hours time carry'd the City. Now they slew all that made the least Opposition, and every Thing they found was their own; but the Inhabitants had conceal'd their most valuable Effects. As soon as the Heat was over, *Morgan* assembled his Men, and order'd them to drink no Wine; telling them he was inform'd the *Spaniards* poison'd it all: Tho' the true Reason, 'tis thought, of this Injunction, was to prevent their being drunk, and so encouraging the *Spaniards* to rise, and put 'em all to the Sword.

The Captain commanded the City to be privately set on Fire in several of the most magnificent Parts; so that before Night this fine Place was almost all burnt, tho' no-body ever knew his Motives. Some
of

of his own People murmuring at this Procedure, he endeavour'd to fling the Odium on the *Spaniards*, who, 'twas well known, with several of the Pirates, did all in their Power to extinguish the Flames; but, the Houses being all of Cedar, their Labour was to no Purpose. The Monastries, Churches, Hospitals, &c. in this Place were very nobly built, and richly adorn'd, the Number of Houses was about seven Thousand, of which two Thousand were grand Structures: Most of the *e* were destroy'd, together with two hundred rich Ware-houses, and a great many Negroes, who hid themselves therein. After doing all this Mischief, the Pirates retir'd, and encamp'd in the Field in Posture of Defence; apprehending they should be attack'd again by the *Spaniards*, who were still much their Superiors in Number.

When they found themselves safe they return'd and plunder'd the Ruins, finding a great deal of Plate, and other Things that the Fire could not destroy. They then pursu'd the Inhabitants who were fled and took above two hundred of them Prisoners.

A Ship that had been sent to the *South-Sea*, now return'd, with three small Prizes, and informed the Captain that they had missed a Galeon richly laden, and but of small Strength: Their Debaucheries had been the Occasion of this Neglect, which now sufficiently troubled them; and *Morgan* could not forbear sending a Boat well arm'd after the Booty, but in vain. After this, four Boats more were sent out, with no other Success than the taking a few small Vessels; the Lading of some of which, indeed, was not inconsiderable. *Alonvoy* that had been sent to *Chagre*, return'd also about this Time, and brought News of a *Spanish* Ship that had been taken there in the Captain's Absence.

Thus while the Trade of Piracy went on at *Chagre*, *Morgan* continued at *Panama*, making daily Inroads in Parties, into all the adjacent Countries. The Riches hereof, were almost inestimable, as the Cruelties exercised were incredible. One miserable Wretch they found in the House of a Man of Quality, with a Pair of Taffety Breeches on, and a silver Key hanging to them. They ask'd him for the Cabinet which that Key belong'd to; and on his telling them he knew nothing of it, and had only put on the Breeches because he found them in his Masters House, they disjointed his Arms on the Rack, and twisted a Cord about his Forehead so hard, that his Eyes were ready to gush out; then they hung him up by the Testicles, and beat him violently in that Posture; afterwards they cut off his Nose and Ears, and sing'd his Face with burning Straw. When they found he could not speak, and consequently make no Confession, they ordered a Negro to run him thro' with a Lance.

Priests and religious People were used the worst of all, and no Sex nor Condition was spared; except such Women as submitted to their Lust. A Lady of good Quality was brought before the Captain, young and very beautiful: He ordered her to be lodg'd by herself, and attended with great Respect; notwithstanding she begged to be put with the other Prisoners, because she suspected he had a Design upon her Chastity. This civil Treatment continued several Days; so that she began to entertain a more

favourable Opinion of the Captain, than she had been taught before: But the Scene soon changed again, when, upon her obstinately refusing to comply with his lascivious Desires, she was ordered to be strip'd almost naked, put into a nasty Cellar, and almost starv'd to Death; so that the Pirates commiserated her Condition, and the Captain was oblig'd to charge her with holding Correspondence with the *Spaniards*, to defend himself from the Resentment of his own Company.

We must not, however, omit one Act of Justice. When the Prisoners were all put to the Ransom, this Lady informed the Captain, that she had sent two Monks for the Sum required, which they had receiv'd, and converted to their own Use. This Fact was enquired into, and found true; whereupon the Lady was discharg'd, and the Monks taken and punish'd according to their Deserts. Such an extraordinary Example of Constancy and Virtue, could not fail of having some Effect, even upon *Morgan* himself, in the midst of his Barbarities.

A Plot among some of the Pirates was now discovered to *Morgan*, their Design was to have run away with a Ship, and set up for themselves in the *South-Sea*: To prevent this, their Masts were cut down and burnt. The Captain also ordered all the Artillery of the City to be spoil'd, and commanded all the Prisoners to procure a certain Sum for their Ransom, within three Days; threatening to transport such as fail'd to *Jamaica*. The Misery of these unhappy Wretches was very great, so that, what with the fear of Slavery, and want of Provisions, nothing was to be heard but Cries and Lamentations.

When the Pirates left *Panama*, they had with them one hundred seventy five Beasts of Carriage, laden with Gold, Silver, and other valuable Goods. Upon the Road they took more Prisoners, and such as could not pay their Ransoms, were actually transported. At about half Way to *Chagre*, all the Company were searched, to see that they had concealed nothing contrary to their Articles; the Captain suffering the Enquiry to begin with himself. They found all Things in good Order at *Chagre*, till dividing the Booty put them into Confusion, several of the Company taxing *Morgan* to his Face with keeping the best Jewels to himself; for they thought it impossible that no more than two hundred Pieces of Eight per Head shou'd arise from so much as they had taken.

Morgan, finding he began to grow obnoxious to the whole Company, stole away privately with two or three Ships from *St. Catharine's*, which he designed to have fortify'd and kept for himself: But he was soon stop'd in his Purpose, by the Arrival of a new Governor to *Jamaica*, who sent the old one Home to give an Account of his Actions. Some of the Pirates were now taken and executed; and the Vigilance and Severity of this Gentleman put a final Period to the Depredations of Captain *Morgan*, and to all the Account that we have ever receiv'd concerning him.

We make no doubt but the surprizing Variety of Adventures contained in this Life, will sufficiently compleat the Whole; 'twou'd have been very easy to have made it as much longer, and yet have related nothing but authentic Facts.

The LIFE of Capt. PHILLIP STAFFORD

CAPTAIN *Stafford* was born about the Year 1622. at a small Village in *Berkshire*, about seven Miles from *Newberry*. His Father was a Sort of a Gentleman-Farmer, having about fifty Pounds a-Year of his own Estate; upon which, by the Help of his Industry, he lived in a very comfortable Manner. Our *Philip* was an only Child, which made the Farmer very careful to bring him up as handsomely as he was able. He sent him to School first in the Country, afterwards to the Free-School at *Reading*; at both which Places his Improvements was as considerable as could be expected from one of his Age; and indeed might have been much greater, had his Application been equal to the Sprightliness of his Wit, and common Vivacity of his Temper. These Qualifications, however, shewed themselves more to Advantage in the other Parts of his Life, than they did in a sedentary Course of Study: His Conversation, even almost in his Childhood, was very agreeable, as his Resentment was generally fatal to those of his own Age and Stature. Never a Lad in all the Parishes round, but would shudder at the Name of *Philip Stafford*, and if he was not always the best Scholar, he was indisputably the Head Boy in every School he went to.

His Father design'd him for the Heir of his Industry, as well as of his Estate; and therefore put him out to no Trade; but when the Time generally allotted for the Education of young Men of a moderate Fortune, was expired, he took him Home to the Plow, and, as soon as he conceived him equal to the Burthen, gave him the whole Management of his Affairs. *Phil.* was a tolerable good Farmer, but a much better Ringer, Wrestler, and Back-Sword-Player; in all which Exercises he was looked upon as the Hero of the whole Country. The excellent Mr. *Waller* tells us in one of his Poems, that if *Julius Cæsar* had been born in the Country, of obscure Parents,

*He who subdu'd the World had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green.*

We may reverse these Lines, with respect to young *Stafford*, and venture to affirm, that a very little Assistance would have help'd such a promising Genius to have made a considerable Figure in some exalted Station.

He had imbib'd in his Infancy such Principles of Religion and Loyalty, as are common to Men in his Father's Circumstances; these were strengthened by the Company he afterwards kept, and the manly Amusements he daily followed; so that when the Civil War broke out, between King *Charles I.* and his Parliament, *Stafford* was one of the first of his County that voluntarily entered into the Service of his Sovereign. He continued in the Army, through the whole Series of that unnatural Rebellion; and we have no Reason to doubt but he behaved with a great deal of Bravery, though his Actions are buried and lost in the universal Confusion of the Times. We have

not only all the other Particulars of his Life, which are recorded, to support such a Presumption, but the Military Honours he received, are an undeniable Proof, that he distinguished himself on some extraordinary Occasion; for the Title of Captain, which he afterwards bore, was really conferred on him, while he was in the Service.

Every one is acquainted with the dismal Catastrophe of those unhappy Troubles. As soon as the King was dead, and the Rebels had got all into the Hands, the Royalists were obliged to shift from Place to Place all over the Nation; and to use all the cautionary Means they could invent, to secure themselves. The small Patrimony of Mr. *Stafford* was sequestered among the many larger Estates of Gentlemen, who had continued in their Duty to the last; and he found himself in no Capacity of getting a moderate Subsistence. What was to be done in such a Situation as this? He looked every Way and could see no Prospect of an honest Livelihood. This at last determined him in the Course which he immediately fell into, and which intitles him to a Place in this Collection. The Resolution he set out with, was, to raise Contributions among the Enemies of his Master only, whom he vow'd never to spare in any Thing wherein he had an Opportunity of doing any Damage either to their Persons or Estates.

We shall now view our Captain in his new Character, and proceed to a Relation of the most remarkable and diverting Adventures, that are recorded of him, without proposing any particular Method, which it would be impossible to follow.

An antient rich Republican, who was pretty deep in the Iniquity of the Times, had married a beautiful young Lady of large Fortune, the Daughter of a worthy Cavalier his Relation, by whose Death the Damsel fell into his tenacious Hands. He had profan'd the sacred Ordinance of *Wedlock*, purely to keep the Substance of his deceased Kinsman to himself, and to gratify the lecherous Remains of his carnal Appetite. Who could blame a Woman of Taste for being dissatisfy'd in such Circumstances? *Stafford* had known her Father, and did not at all question getting the Lady's Favour, if he could but once get into her Company. In order to this, he puts on the Habit of the Party, and gets himself recommended to the old Saint for a Servant: He acted his part so well, that he was hired without much Difficulty, and in a very little while, had won the Heart of his Master; so that he was admitted to converse freely with both him and Madam: The last was all he wanted, and it was not long before he found an Opportunity of disclosing his Mind to her, who was as sensible of the ill Usage she had met with, as *Stafford* could desire her. In short, our Gentleman was now supplied with all the Money she could squeeze from her venerable Picture of Mortality, and enjoy'd besides, every other Favour, which a jolly personal Man could expect from a beautiful young Woman full of Desires. They took every Opportunity of being in each other's Company,

Company, and the good Grace this Affair was carried on with, made the old Gentleman imagine, if at any Time he found them together unexpectedly, that they only met to converse on spiritual Subjects, for the mutual Edification of each other. This Amour in Time brought the Lady heartily to despise her Husband, and to take a Pride in imposing upon his Credulity, and even upon his Senes; *Stafford* and she formed such a Plot of the latter kind, as, I believe, can hardly be paralleled, which they executed in the following Manner:

Our Cornuto lived in some Splendor, like the rest of the Saints, who at this Time had the Management of Affairs. He had a handsome well-built House, and a very decent Garden, enclosed with an high Wall, and planted, among other Things, with Variety of Fruit-Trees. At the furthest Reefs of this Plot was a wide-spreading Pear-Tree, and it was now the Time of Year that the Pears were ripe. *Cornuto* and his dear Half were one Evening walking in the Garden, 'till they came to this Pear-Tree, when the Lady all of a sudden were seiz'd with a violent Longing for some of the Fruit: The compassionate old Gentleman would have help'd her, if he could, but there was not a Bough in his Reach, which *Madam* knew before. There was no other Way to get the Pears than by calling *Stafford*; accordingly, *Stafford* was called, and he immediately mounted up into the Tree. He was no sooner there, than he began to lift up his Eyes, and bless himself! *Dear Sir*, says he, *if you will do such Things, be so good as to go a little out of my Sight: One would think you should have a little more Regard to yourself, than to enjoy your Spouse before the Face of a Servant: Good God! are you in such a Hurry that you can't stay 'till you get back to the House? You have a good Bed and private Chambers there — Besides, one would think the Nights are long enough to satisfy your Desires in. —* The poor Woman seem'd to be in a strange Surprise to hear *Stafford* run on at this unaccountable Rate. *Is the Fellow in a Dream?* quoth she, *What is it you mean by enjoying one another, and satisfying our Desires? Are we not both sitting upon the Grass-Plot, and looking at you? Come down, pray now, and let us know what you are talking about. —* Accordingly *Stafford* came down, and the old Gentleman began to be very merry with him! *Well* *Stafford* says he, *do you see me carress your Mistress now? Not just now, reply'd* *Stafford*, *but I'll be burn'd alive, if I did not see you do it about three Minutes ago, upon this very Place; or else the Pear-Tree is enchanted, and made it seem so. —* Enchanted! says the old Gentleman, *Fetch me a Ladder, and I'll examine this Enchantment.* Away goes *Stafford*, fetches a Ladder, sets it up against the Tree, and the old Man very orderly ascends: He was scarcely got up before our Wag had boarded *Madam* in earnest, and the poor Cuckold was struck with Admiration: *And are you really doing nothing now?* says he. — *Doing!* *Madam* replied in a seeming Passion, *what should we be doing of? I hope you don't think me such a Fool, as to let you see it, if I had a Mind to make you a Cuckold! Verily*, says he, *it appears to me, that* *Stafford* *has at this Time got thee in his Arms; but it must be the Tree then.* After this, he sat very contentedly, 'till the Pastime was over, and then came as contentedly down, wondering at what he had beheld. *Madam* propos'd to have the Tree cut down immediately, that it might no more exhibit such wicked Sights, and *Stafford* was ordered to proceed to the Execution.

After this abominable Pear-Tree was reduced to Ashes, *Stafford* continued in the Family a considerable Time, without the least Suspicion on the Side of his Master, or the least Indifference on the Side of his Mistress: Favours were heaped upon him

by both Parties for his good Services, and *Madam* and he were every Day merry with the Story above related.

An Heir was born to the old Gentleman's Estate, whom he look'd upon as the Fruit of his own Labour, and our two Lovers were sufficiently pleas'd with the good Man's Credulity. But *Stafford*, after all, was no whining Inamorato; though *Madam* was heartily in love with his Person, 'twas her Wealth that kept him so long in her Arms: He began to look upon the whole Sex with an equal Eye, and waited only for an Opportunity to make a good Booty, and seek his Fortune upon other Ground. The Part of a Gallant no Man performed better, nor imitated that of a Lover more naturally than *Stafford*: He had besides all that was graceful and engaging in his Behaviour, as well as his Person. The Ascendant, which by these Means he had gained over the Soul of the young Gentlewoman, soon made him Master of all her Secrets: He learn'd that there was in the House a Casket of Jewels to the Value of fifteen hundred Pounds, and where it was deposited; nay, she had gone so far as to shew him this Treasure, one Day when her dear *Moiety* was gone out, and made him at the same Time a Present of a very pretty Diamond which she thought would not be miss'd. She had moreover given him the History of every Jewel, told which belonged to her Grandmother, which to her Aunt, and which the old Man had got by Sequestration, and made her a Present of. It is believed by the Country Wenches, that if they give a Gipsy any Piece of Money out of their Pocket, she will be sure to get the whole quickly after. *Stafford* in this Affair was a real Gipsy, and he accounted the whole Casket his own, from the very Moment she had dealt thus openly with him: He looked upon the Ring which she had given him, as a sort of Earnest; and waited only for a proper Opportunity to receive the whole Sum in Gros.

It was, however, necessary to take a pretty Deal of Precaution, in order to put such a Design as this in Execution: The whole Plot must be regularly laid in such a Manner, as that no Imputation of the Felony might light upon him. All this could not conveniently be done, without an Associate, and every one was not to be trusted in such an Affair. It was some Time therefore before he could bring every Thing to look favourably upon his Project. At last he met with a proper Tool, who had been an old School-Fellow of his; a Fellow abandoned to all Sense of Honour and Honesty, and who was always ready to execute the blackest Design; yet at the same Time so easily impos'd upon, that it was no difficult Matter for such a Man as *Stafford* to reap all the Advantage of his Villainy. His Name was *Tom* *Pretty*, and being the Son of a French Refugee, he boasted, that he was descended from an Admiral of France, who was very famous in some War about a hundred Years before. This he would assert with a most consummate Assurance, and if any one ask'd him the Name of his Grandfather the Admiral, he would as confidently tell them a Name that was never seen in the French History; affirming with a thousand Imprecations, that he won Fights that were never heard of, in Years when all Europe were at Peace. *Tom* was a Hatter by Trade, and by his Effrontery, had got pretty good Business among a Company of young Gentlemen, who loved a Song better than they judg'd of it; for he pretended to be a great Master of Vocal Musick. He pretended, I say, to be so; for in Reality, though he had a Voice as strong as an Ass, he had no more Harmony in it, than the said unfortunate Animal, whom he also resembled in several other Respects; particularly in being a Beast of Burden. In the Theory of Musick he had so little Skill, that he

had never learn'd his Notes, and when the Scholastic Word *Gammut* has been mention'd in his Company, he has been heard very gravely to ask, what *Gammer* they were talking of. Besides this, he would frequently vapour with a very great Air, and swear, that there was never a Man in *England* of his Inches, that could match him. When he has been affronted by a Fellow much less than himself, in such Manner as no Man of Spirit would have born; his usual Method of coming off, was, by Saying he was asham'd to set his Wit to such an undersiz'd Braggadoccio. If the Man happened to be full-siz'd, he was certainly troubled either with the Gout, or the Gravel. In a Word, *Thomas Pretty* was a second *Falstaff* for Boasting and Cowardice, tho' for Wit and Contrivance he was many Degrees behind that antient corpulent Knight.

This Digression on the Character of *Tom*, will be pardoned, when the Reader shall find by-and-by, that it was very-necessary, in order to give his Actions their true Colour. In writing the Life of any Man, 'tis one Half of the Work to draw a just Picture: To make *Tom's* Picture compleat, I should have added, That he was continually talking of Favours, which he had received from the Ladies, though in Reality, he was despised by the whole Sex.

This Man, by neglecting his Business, and spending his Money, on Purpose to tell his Adventures, and let others hear him sing, being now reduced to Extremity, *Stafford* thought him the best Instrument he could make use of, provided he could employ him in the Work, when there was little Danger; otherwise he very much suspected his Courage. He had procured a Key to the Door where the Jewels were lodged, and he took an Opportunity to convey them out at a Window to *Pretty*, leaving the Casement open, with all the visible Marks of its having been forced without Side. He took Care also to have a Ladder left under the Window, and to have so much Noise made as might confirm the Suspicion of a *Scalado*, in the Morning when the Loss was discovered. The Master and Mistress, while this was done, lodg'd in a Summer-House in the Garden, which they frequently did during the pleasant Time of the Year. *Stafford* was the first who gave the Alarm in the Morning, and all the rest of the Servants remembered the Noise, and saw the Ladder. There was not much Suspicion of any of the Servants, and of *Stafford* there was the least of all, as he had always behaved in such an extraordinary Manner; so that our good Couple quickly gave up their Jewels for lost.

The Captain staid long enough in the House after this, to prevent their thinking he went away with any other View, than that of getting a better Place, and he took Care, during this Time, to serve his loving Mistress to the utmost of his Strength and Ability. The Jewels were all sold in a very private Manner, almost to their full Value, and *Pretty* received a Gratuity sufficient to retain him in the Captain's Service, with whom he afterwards joined in several Adventures.

Stafford was very careful to get a little Love, as well as Money in every Place he came to; and therefore he always paid a particular Regard to the Ladies. He knew a proper Application to them was the best Means of robbing their Husbands in every Sense of the Word; for there are few Women who will not sacrifice every Thing to a Man who has obtained what we commonly call the last Favour, which is also commonly the first Favour they grant. The Captain, however, met with one who was an Exception to this general Rule. She was young, and very handsome, but withal an unreasonable Coquet, though she had been married two Years. Our Hero found Means at

a Ball to declare his Passion, which indeed, this once, was almost real. But what a Surprize was it to one who had hitherto found his Perion a sufficient Recommendation, when he heard a Woman talk of his making her a Present of an hundred Guineas, and continue deaf to all other Proposals, tho' he had several Times the Pleasure of her Company! He got acquainted with the Husband, went daily to see him, eyed the Lady, sigh'd, writ Billets, and, as often as he could, spoke his Mind; but still an hundred Guineas were demanded. *Stafford*, in spite of his Readiness upon all other Occasions, was very much to seek in this: An hundred Guineas was a great Deal of Money to give for a Mistress, Abundance too much for a Gentleman of his Trade, without a Prospect of doubling the Sum by the Bargain. At last a lucky Thought came into his Head: He had been now a pretty while intimate with her Husband, and by his Appearance and Expences, given him Room to think he was a Gentleman of Fortune; he desired him, therefore, one Day to lend him an hundred Guineas upon his Word, in order to his making up a five hundred Pound Sum for a Purchase, which he was about: This he easily obtain'd, by producing Bank Notes for the four hundred Pounds more, which he really had remaining from the Sale of the Jewels. The hundred Guineas being procured, he soon got the Lady's Good-Will, and a Day was appointed to make him happy, when the Husband was to be out of the Way, and several to be invited to a small Collation, to prevent any Suspicion.

The Day being come, *Stafford* takes the hundred Guineas with him, and goes to the House while they were all at Dinner: He pulls out the Bag; *Madam*, says he, *your Husband lent me an hundred Guineas a few Weeks ago; and having the Money by me, I took this Opportunity to bring it you, which is the same Thing, as though I gave it him, provided these Gentlemen and Ladies will be Witnesses of the Payment.* The Company all promised to take Notice, and *Madam*, not knowing any Thing of her Husband's Affair, and supposing it was the Money agreed on, which he presented in this Manner only to impose merrily upon the Company, received it with all the good Humour imaginable. When the rest of the Guests were gone, *Stafford*, who easily enough found Excuse for staying late, obtain'd all his Desires, and got the Favour repeated several Times into the Bargain.

In a little Time the good Man came Home, and the Captain took the first Opportunity to pay him a Visit, when he told him, that he had given the Money to his Wife such a Day, while he was absent. The Woman, to be sure, looked at him, but durst say no more than just to acknowledge the Receipt, with which her Husband was very well contented. *Stafford* had now all he wished for, and he took Care to get this Adventure whispered all over the Neighbourhood.

How odd soever it may seem for a professed Cheat as *Stafford* now certainly was, to part with an hundred Guineas, which he had once got Possession of, every one who is acquainted with Intriguing will confess, that such a masterly Stroke as this, was worth two hundred of any Man's Money in *England*, especially, if he was so full as *Stafford* was at the Time when this was acted. The Captain, through the whole Course of these Memoirs, will appear a perfect Gallant: All the End he propos'd to himself in getting Money, was the indulging his Appetites; and is it any Wonder that a Libertine, with four or five hundred Guineas at Command, should fling away one hundred for the sake of enjoying a beautiful Woman, and outwitting an artful Coquette at the same Time? Besides, 'tis very probable he was unwilling just

just now to lose his Credit in the Country where he at present quartered, having perhaps some greater Advantage in View, than this would have been, had he thought good to embrace it.

But we must not do by poor *Tom*. Pretty as *Butler* did by his Bear and Fiddle, just excite the Reader's Curiosity, and then say no more about him. We have already given you his Character, and we now proceed to one of his Adventures. *Stafford* could never kiss the Mistress, but *Tom*. would endeavour to do the same to the Maid; 'tis true he generally met with little Success; but then he always boasted of a great Deal. While he talk'd of nothing above a Servant, the Captain took no Notice of the Matter but when the Adventure above recited was in Hand, our Bully pretended he had received the last Favour from a Lady whom *Stafford*, though not to his Man's Knowledge had before addressed to no Purpose. The Captain had so good an Opinion of the Gentlewoman's Chastity and Sincerity, that he suspected the Truth of *Tom's* Assertion; and therefore communicated the Affair to *Iris* (for so we chuse to call her.) She at first resented the Affront, as a Woman of Spirit ought to do; but when she was informed what the Fellow was, her Anger changed to Disdain, and she resolved to be revenged in the merriest Manner she could invent. To this End it was proper to engage Persons who would promote her Design; and it was not long before she pitched upon a jolly Couple in the Neighbourhood. *Stafford* was to tell *Tom*, that such a Woman had consented to come and lie with him all Night, provided she could get any Body to sleep in his Place: For, says he, *to sleep is all you will have to do: Mrs. — has inform'd me, that her Husband has never turned to her, or so much as spoke to her in Bed, these seven Years past. He comes Home about Eleven, half-drunk, falls asleep in two Minutes, and snores like a Hog till next Morning, when he gets up, and departs in the same peaceable Manner: You have nothing to do, but to be quiet. Leave the good Woman to introduce you.* *Tom*, to be sure, was willing to oblige his Master, and accordingly promises to be ready. The Hour is come; he is very decently dressed with a Night-Cap, and put into Mr. —'s Bed. After he had been there about Half an Hour, comes his Bed-Fellow, without a Light, as he had been informed was his Custom, and slips into his Place. *Tom*, from this Moment, was afraid to cough, spit, or even to breathe, much less to come near his Chum. He lay upon the very extremity of his Bed, in such a Manner, that his Nose and his Knees met; he contracted himself that you might have put him into a Peck; all for fear an amorous Fit should seize his new Companion, and he should happen to put his Hand, or any Thing else, upon that unhappy Part which would discover all. Now and then a Foot, now and then an Arm touches the unhappy *Tom*; he shrinks like a sensitive Plant: What then was his Condition, when his Bed-Fellow embraced him closely, and lay a considerable Time in this Position? When Morning approached, the supposed Mr. — rings a Bell; *Tom* began to mutter over his Prayers to himself, and make a very solemn Vow for his Delivery, that if he came safe out of this Danger, he would never offend in the same Manner: He thought over all the Sins of his Life, in particular the many Characters which he had aspersed of honest Women, at least for what he knew. Suppose him now all in a cold Sweat a full Hour together; for so long it was from the Time of ringing the Bell, till any Person entered. At last came in *Stafford*, the Gentleman of the House, who he thought was a-bed with him, and his Wife; all with Lights in their Hands. Now was he more surpriz'd than ever, especially when he saw *Iris*, of whose Favours he had so often bragg'd, jump out of the Bed, and half discover her naked Breasts, to let him

see what a Heaven he had lost. This once in his whole Life, *Tom*. was asham'd: 'Tis needless to say that all the rest of the Company were merry: They were half an Hour contriving what further Punishment to inflict on him. They concluded at last to toss him in a Blanket, and then make him, on his bare Knees, ask Pardon of *Iris*, and swear solemnly never more to boast of receiving Favours from Women, who had scarce ever spoke to him. All this was punctually performed to the great Mortification of poor *Thomas*, and the entire satisfaction of all the rest present, more particularly of the injur'd and revengeful *Iris*.

This Affront, one would have thought, was sufficient to have made *Tom*. change his Master; but he was such an insensible Animal, that, except the few Minutes when he was immediately in Tribulation, he never resented the highest Indignity. *Stafford* was as ready as any Man to take Advantage of his Temper, not only for his own Diversion, but for the Diversion of his Acquaintance; so that poor *Pretty* was the Fiddle of all Companies; nor was it a little that he contributed to his own Disquiet, by Relations which he would frequently make of his Adventures. One Thing he would boast of, was, his having been beset with two Foot-pads one Evening late, whom he disarm'd and stripped: And then, said he, as *I do not delight in Blood, I very mercifully let the Rogues go about their Business*. Then he would produre some of the Spoils, as he called them. The Truth of this being enquired into, it was found, that at the very Time and Place which *Tom*. specify'd two Gentlemen having left their Swords, Canes, and Cloaths under a Tree, while they washed themselves, before they came out of the Water, they were all carried off very dexterously, and they had never discovered the Thief.

But we must leave the Servant a little, and return to the Master, in order to relate an Adventure, in which we have no Account that *Thomas* had any Hand. It happen'd that *Stafford* was riding along very solitarily on the Western Road one miserable cold Day: His Design was only to go and see his Relations, having at that Time Money enough; and it was not customary with him to rob any Body while the Stock was high: But Fortune threw a very considerable Prize in his Way, in the following Manner:

Just as he came to the Entrance of *Maidenhead-Thicket*, he espied an old formal Gentleman trotting before him: As he looked upon him, by his plain Coat, and broad-brimmed Hat, to be one of the Godly, as they were then universally called, he immediately resolved, contrary to his Intention in travelling, to take hold of the Opportunity, and try the Depth of the old Man's Pocket. He soon came up with Mr. *Primitive*, and began such Conversation as is common to Travellers; more Particularly, the Severity of the Season occasioned a pretty many Reflections, as they both felt it to a high Degree. *I hope, says Stafford, after such a terrible Journey as this, I shall meet with a very good Lodging at Night, or else I shall think the Stars are against me indeed.* The old Man, upon this, assumes an Air of Piety, and begins to reprehend the Captain for his Prophane-ness in mentioning the Stars, as if they had any Influence over a Man's Circumstances. He told him, 'twas a heathenish Manner of expressing himself, and very unbecoming the Mouth of a Christian: For my Part, says he, *I ascribe every Thing that befalls me to a wise Providence, and am always content with my Lot, as being assured in myself, that all Things are for the best, and work together for the Good of the Elect. — And do you believe yourself to be one of those Elect?* says *Stafford*. — *It is the earnest Desire of my Soul,*

Soul, replied the old Man, to find the Evidences of it in myself; it is what I pray for earnestly Day and Night; and I truly hope, that my Prayers ascend with a Savour sweet-smelling and acceptable, and that I shall receive an Answer of Joy and Peace. Of this I am the more confident, as I have hitherto found, that the pious Ejaculations of my Heart have not been in vain upon particular Occasions. Here the Captain endeavoured to reform his Phiz, and to look as demurely as his Companion. Verily Brother, said he, whoever thou art, thy Reproof is just; but as I was upon a Journey, and uncertain what the Company was that I was thus providentially fallen into, I was willing to conform myself to it, for the Security of the outward Man. If I had found thee speaking in such a Manner as had discovered the Corruption of thy Heart, and proved thee to be one of the Unregenerate, I should have endeavoured, as far as it would have appeared consistent with my high Character as a Christian, to have given thee thine own Way in Conversation. But since, to my unspeakable Joy and Consolation in this desert Place, I have found thee such as my Heart would wish, I make no scruple to unbosom myself unto thee, begging that thou wouldst extend thy Bowels of Christian Compassion unto my Weakness, which occasioned me to conceal the real Sentiments of my Soul, thro' Timidity of thy Person, to me unknown. I would furthermore intreat, that thou wouldst endeavour to make our Journeying together profitable unto our mutual Edification, by a Relation of some of those Experiences, which thou hast hinted to, as the Effect of thy being found in the Way of thy Duty:

The old Hypocrite was transported to hear such a Speech as this, and made no Question but he was luckily fallen into Company with a Stone of the spiritual Building, and a Brother Member of the sacred Body of the Church. "Forasmuch, *reply'd he*, as it seemeth to be thy Desire that I should communicate unto thee something of what I have done in the Course of my Duty, and inwardly experienced as the Return of my humble Petitions: Know that I have always, since I have been made sensible what Heart-Work and the Divine Influence mean, constantly called for a Blessing upon what I have undertaken. In an especial Manner, when I have set out on a Journey, as at present, I have been more earnest in intreating that I might pass the Road in Safety; and that at Night in a good Inn I might take up my Quarters, and repose upon a Bed of Down. Not so that I desire to indulge my Tenement of Clay in the Course of this my Pilgrimage, as that I look upon it to be Typical of that eternal Rest in the which I hope to be received, when I shall put off this outward Man, this earthly Tabernacle of Flesh. It is, my Friend, a Help to my Meditation on these Things, when I lie extended at Ease in the Night; and I never yet found, but that every Particular has been answerable to my Desires, and, indeed, proportioned to the Degree of Warmth with which I have expressed them. It is for this Reason, that when I have been diligent in my Duty, and taken such a Quantity of Money in my Pocket as will bear my expences in a comfortable Manner, I am under no Apprehensions of any Danger that may attend me. I hope then *quoth Stafford*, thou wert not at all wanting this Morning in thy Exercises, both for thy sake and my own; forasmuch as with thy good liking I am determined to accompany thee this Evening". Hereupon the old Man assuring him, that he was never in all his Life more fervent than that Morning, the Captain seemed pretty contented, 'till they came to the Middle of the Thicket, when he thought it very proper to take the Advantage of the Place, and ease the old Hypocrite of his Money, which was of more Service

to him in his getting good Lodging, than all his boasted Piety; the latter being only superficial.

To this End, he addressed him in the following Manner: "Brother, I perceive by what you have related, that you are a Man favoured by Heaven in an extraordinary Degree; and that 'tis impossible to hinder you of any Thing that you have once pray'd for: To what Purpose then should you carry Money with you? Now, for my Part, I cannot pretend to any such particular Token of the Divine Regard; and therefore, I have no Room to expect any Thing out of the common Way; so that I think what Money you have about you will be much more servicable to me than to you, who are certain of the best Usage wherever you come." The old Man began to stare upon his new Companion, and wondered what he was driving at; but he did not remain long in Suspence; for Stafford told him very plainly, That it would be to no Purpose for him to make many Words, since he was now in Earnest: Therefore, says he, *without Ceremony deliver your Money*. At these Words he clapped a Pistol to his Breast, which terrify'd the venerable Saint to such a Degree, that he pulled out a Purse with forty Guineas in it, and gave it with a trembling Hand. It was now plain, that how sure soever our good Man was of Heaven, he was not willing to leave the World on a sudden, which is no uncommon Case. Stafford being willing to spoil the old Man's Lodging intirely, shot his Horse, after he had rifled him of every Thing that he had which was valuable, and then forced him a considerable Way into the Thicket, where he bound him fast, and left him on the cold Ground. In this Condition he lay till next Morning, when he was taken up half-dead.

The Captain, after this Robbery, was very sensible that how bad soever the Lodging of his Round-head Companion might be, his own would be as little to his Satisfaction if he were taken; he therefore, thought it most advisable to get out of the Main Road as fast as he could. This he did by crossing the Country into *Buckinghamshire*, and riding till he thought he was out of all Danger for that Night. He now began to look round him for a Light, the only Means he had of finding a House at this Time, for it was late. At last he espied one at a considerable Distance, and with all the Speed his Horse was Miter of, rode straight up to it. When he was come to the Gate and had knocked, a young Woman about twenty came with a Candle, and seemed not a little surprized as soon as she saw him. The Captain told his Case in the best Manner he could, and after a little Conversation, he found that there was no Body in the House but the Maid, who came to the Door, and her Mistress, who was also up, and waiting for her Husband to come Home from *London*.

As the good Man had sent her Word he would not fail that Evening, she had prepared a very elegant Supper for his Refreshment, which had now been ready a considerable Time; so long, that they almost despaired of his coming, and she had, just as Stafford came, concluded to sup by herself, and go to Bed. When she heard somebody at the Gate, she concluded it must be her Husband, and sent the Maid to introduce him, while she was preparing just within the Door to receive him with all the Formality of a Wife. Wondring why the Maid staid so long, she also came out, and the Captain repeated how he had lost his Way, and was grievously distressed for a Lodging. It was impossible for a Woman of Breeding and Humanity to be inhospitable to a Stranger, who appeared so much like a Gentleman as Stafford did, especially now she had done expecting her Lord and Master. Betty was ordered to conduct him to the Stable,

Stable, and see that his Horse was well provided for, and then to bring the Gentleman in, who acknowledged her Civility in the most obliging Manner; and made very large Professions of Gratitude. Madam, in Return, told him how she had been disappointed, assuring him, she was very glad, since Things had so fell out, that she could oblige so deserving a Gentleman as he appeared to be, with what she had provided, adding, that the best Bed in the House was at his Service. There is no Question but *Stafford* was sufficiently pleased with his good Fortune: he reflected upon what had past the Day before, and wondered how it came to pass that the old Man's Prayer should be fulfilled to him, after he had so much injured him. He could hardly forbear thinking, that the blind Goddess had made a Mistake, and showered down her Favour upon the wrong Person. In a Word, they sat down to Table together, and *Stafford* could perceive that the Expectation of her Husband had raised such Sentiments in the Lady, as would fall in with his Wishes. After Supper they began to be more free, and the Captain offered to entertain his generous Hostess with a Song, which was as follows:

A S O N G.

When first Procreation began,
Ere Forms interrupted the Bliss,
Each Woman might love any Man;
Each Man any Woman might kiss.

The Youth who beheld a plump Lass,
Declar'd in few Words his Request;
Nor whin'd like an amorous Ass,
Nor ever departed unblest.

The Girl who was ripe for the Game,
Look'd out for a sizeable Lad;
Then frankly discover her Flame,
And what she demanded she had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,
And Bondings increas'd in their Kind,
The Mother still bore all the Charge;
The Father what Mortal could find?

So when great *Semiramis* reign'd,
And Women repin'd at their Lot,
The Queen Matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got.

While under this Petticoat Rule,
The Men were oblig'd to submit;
The Wife went abroad, and the Fool
Still own'd all that came to his Net.

The Men, when it came to their Turn,
To keep their dear Spouses at Home,
Decreed ev'ry Woman should burn,
Who dar'd from her Husband to roam.

'Twas all a Political Cheat,
Tho' urg'd as a Sanction Divine;
It aw'd the dull Croud; but the Great
What Precept could ever confine?

The Jewish Lawgiver of Yore,
And all the old Sages of Greece,
Themselves could dispense with a Score,
Tho' all others had but one Piece.

'Twas thought for the Good of Mankind,
So by ev'ry Senate 'twas past;
The Mob will for ever be blind;
And therefore 'tis likely to last.

Still may the Decrees of the State,
Impos'd on an ignorant Realm;
Let us our own Charter create,
And do as they do at the Helm.

Since you have the Beauty to charm,
And I have the Manhood to please,
In Love can there be any Harm,
That springs from such Motives as these?

The Captain had an excellent Voice, and performed every Thing with such a Grace, that it was impossible for any Woman living to hold it out long, when he began to lay close Siege. The Maid was sent to warm his Bed and Madam, in the mean Time, artfully gave him to understand how he might leave it, and come to hers, when every Thing was still. There is no Occasion to tell the Reader he did so.

And now I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story. When such a gallant Man as our Captain robs only for Necessity, and then makes Choice only of such Persons to collect from, as he of whom we have been last speaking, the Reader is not much displeased with him. There appears something so agreeable in the Manner and Circumstances of such a Story, as takes away a great Deal of the Resentment, which would otherwise arise against the Felony. But Gentlemen of this Profession can be engaged by no Favour to keep their Hands to themselves, when such a fair Occasion as this is offered by Fortune. If any Thing could prevail, certainly the Obligations of a beautiful Lady, who sacrifices her Honour, would have this Effect: But a vicious Habit will gain the Ascendant, even over a Man's own Resolutions. For it has been hinted that *Stafford* did not usually collect when he had Money, and at this Time in particular he had determin'd only to visit his Country, as a Gentleman, and return quietly to *London*, where he then resided. It may be observed further that almost every Man, once in his Life, does something very unworthy of, and even contrary to his general Character. If therefore this, which we are going to relate, be acknowledged as the Captain's one great Foible, the universal Weakness of human Nature will be ready to excuse him in some Degree.

But I prevent myself in my intended Story, by thus endeavouring to palliate it before-hand; and therefore I shall be as brief as possible in the Narration.

When the Captain had been in Bed with the Gentlewoman will be thought the Time proper for his Purpose: He suddenly bound her in her Bed, and threaten'd her with immediate Death, if she did not direct him to her Keys, and tell him where all the Treasure in the House was deposited. The Lady began at first to exclaim against his Ingratitude, but when she found there was no Remedy, she submitted, and directed him, where he found to the Value of three hundred Pounds in Money and Plate, which he secured; and after he had bound the Maid, that she might not be able to come to her Mistress's Assistance, and alarm the Neighbourhood before he was out of their Reach, he went to the Stable, took Horse, and rode for *London*, by the most By-Way in the whole Country, with which he was well acquainted.

The Reader will perceive by the Song which we just now recited, that Captain *Stafford* was something of a Poet: He had indeed a very considerable Knack of versifying, and made frequent Use of it; not only, as in the Case above, to compliment his Mistress, but frequently to lash the Hypocrisy of the Times; for tho' he now and then condescended to make Use of the same Disguise, yet in his Soul he utterly abhorred it. He very well knew there was

no other Way of insinuating himself into the Favour of the wealthiest Men in the Kingdom, than by making Religion his Pretence; and there was no Man who could counterfeit the affected Austerity, that appeared on every Countenance, better than himself. There was an absolute Necessity either of starving in his Profession, or of becoming frequently a Hypocrite; and of two great Evils he thought the latter most eligible. As to his Poetry, it is confidently affirmed, by some who pretend to authentick Informations, that many of the best satirical Pieces then published, which have since appear'd under other Names, where in reality of his Composing. In short his whole Life, with respect to his Religion and Gallantry, was as confused as the Account which we now give of it. He was one Day a Saint, the next a Lover, the next a Satirist, and the next a Highwayman, or Impostor, according as the Occasion offered. But we proceed again to Particulars.

Having, upon a certain Time, got together a considerable Quantity of Money, and being under some Apprehensions of a Discovery, he made off into the North of England, and took shelter in a Country Village, so obscure that it was next to impossible he should ever be detected. He was afraid in this Place to make any great Figure, or to seem extravagant, because he well knew the Country People are apt to be very inquisitive into the Circumstances of such Men; and, as he was resolved to be as Godly as he was able, while he resided here, it was not expedient for him to put the Congregation to any Trouble, for he had now join'd himself to a People who assembled in the Neighbourhood, and it was customary in those Days for a new Member, if he was in any respect suspicious, to give a very particular Account of himself. By this prudent management, the Captain not only avoided their Inquisition, but made his ready Cash last a great Deal longer than it otherwise would have done.

In this Place *Stafford* soon got the Reputation of a very good Man, he attended constantly at publick Service, and not only that, but also at all their private Meetings and Conferences; when he would frequently exercise his own Gift, and pour out a tedious Rhapsody of unintelligible Jargon, with a great Deal of seeming Warmth and Affection. As it was no difficult Thing for a Man of the Captain's good Sense to be the greatest Orator in such a Congregation as this, it was but a very little, while before his Talents were every where talk'd of; he was sent for to all the Meetings round about, and publick Thanks were frequently return'd to Providence, who had sent such an eminent Christian among them. It was not above a Year that he had been in this Place, before their venerable Pastor, who had formerly been an indifferent good Taylor, departed this Life. The Sorrow on this melancholy Occasion was universal, and the Cause of Religion was a Thousand Times said to be in Danger, by the Loss of such a Substantial Pillar of the Church (for so they called themselves) as their dear glorify'd Minister. When the general Lamentation was a little over, the Flock began to look round for one to feed them in the Room of the Deceased. All their Eyes were immediately fix'd on *Stafford*, who was esteem'd the most able Brother to the important Charge. The Captain had by this time wait'd his capital stock pretty considerably and he must very soon have been under an absolute Necessity of recruiting by some Means or other; he durst not as yet appear again upon the Road, for he had made himself so notorious just before his retirement, that a large Reward had been offered for taking him, and his Person had been so particularly describ'd, that 'twas in vain to think of disguising himself. An offer of forty Pounds a Year, besides a Prospect of other

Acquisitions, was not, it may be imagin'd, at this Time very unacceptable; so when the Elders of the Congregation waited upon him in a Body with their Resolution, he consented, after due Form, to accept of the Proposal.

The Ceremony of his Ordination is foreign to our Purpose, and therefore we omit it. Behold Captain *Phillip Stafford*, the Hero of these Sheets, in a stiff Band, and a black Coat and Skull-Cap, mounted behind a velvet Cushion, and holding forth with all the Eloquence he was Master of, against all Sin, and even the very Appearance of Sin, advising them to crush the first Motions of it in their Hearts, and never suffer it to break forth into Practice. Hear him describe the Pleasures of a good Conscience, void of Offence towards God and towards Man! What a Load of Accusations he lay upon his Friend Satan, the grand Enemy of Souls, enough to break the Back of any poor Devil in Christendom! Never was Preaching more effectual, never was more Weeping and Repentance; than among the old Women of *Stafford's* Congregation. Every one exerted herself to the uttermost, that the Circumstances of their Minister might be as easy as possible, and that such a faithful Labourer in the Vineyard of the Church, might not go without his Reward. Presents were sent him continually, he was invited to Dinner every Day by one or another of the Members, and he has frequently since protested, that, bating the Hypocrisy which he was obliged to use, the Time he was a Teacher was the pleasantest Part of his Life.

But the Captain had something farther to do for his Female Hearers, especially for the handsomest of them, than just to take care of their Souls: This he let some of them understand the first Opportunity he had, after he had perceived himself absolute Master of all their Hearts, and even their Fortunes. He had all the Success he could wish for, without being in the least suspected of attempting any Thing that could possibly cast the least Blench upon his Character. Several married Women were delivered of Children, who very much resembled the Parson; but the good Wives had an excellent Excuse for this, by urging the prodigious Attention with which they always heard Mr. *Stafford* preach, and the deep Impression which he always made, both by his Voice and his Person, when he was in the Pulpit. All this might have passed very well as long as he had pleased, had he carried the Jest no further; but, alas; the Captain was so voracious, that, though he had a continual Feast, he could not be contented without some Joins which no Body tailed but himself. The Daughter of a leading Man began to grow thick about the Waist, and her Parents were very inquisitive into the Meaning of it. The Girl appeared very ignorant of the Matter, and stood in it firmly, that she never in her Life knew the Difference between the Sexes. The old People even began to credit what she said, and to believe their Daughter, for her extraordinary Piety was favour'd by Heaven with a miraculous Conception: *Stafford*, however, would have been the last Man in the Universe that they could have any Suspicion of, had not a Billet of his been intercepted by the old Man, through the Carelessness of a Maid Servant, who managed every Thing between them. Who can express the Grief and Surprize of the pious People upon this melancholy Discovery? Mr. *Stafford* to be sure was sent for, and the Damsel and he brought Face to Face; yet so well had the young Lady been instructed, that she continued firm in denying any Knowledge of the Affair. *Stafford* had taken Care to fill the Mind of the Girl with Fears of eternal Damnation, if she ever discovered a Secret that would turn to the Disgrace of the Priesthood; and being confident that his Lectures had made Im-

pressions;

pressions, too deep for any Arguments to erase them, he did not stick to threaten every one that hinted their Suspicions of his Guilt. The Father and Mother of the Damsel finding her inflexible, they concluded it would be much better to conceal their Daughter's Disgrace, by providing for her Lying-in in a private Manner, than to expose her and themselves to the Censures of an ill-natur'd World, by a too scrupulous Enquiry into an Affair of such a tender Nature.

Our Ecclesiastical Captain now began to triumph, especially when he understood that there was a Child born without any Father but Providence. He had no great Desire to interfere with this common Parent of the Fatherless, in the Educating a Bantling which he had taken already so much Pains to throw entirely off his Hands. Abundance of the Members who had intimated Things to his Discredit, were now the Objects of Displeasure in the highest Degree; and he took Care to employ Partizans, who abused almost all the honest Men, that were not satisfied with his Conduct on this Occasion. The next Sunday after the young Gentlewoman was delivered, he had the Impudence to address the following Harangue to the Congregation. *Friends, Brethren, and Sisters, you cannot any of you be ignorant, that a Bastard Child is lately born in this Village, of the Body of Mrs. Anne B——, the Daughter of Mr. Thomas B——, a very worthy Christian, and a Member of this Congregation. It cannot, moreover, be any strange Thing to you, when I tell you, that sundry censorious and evil-disposed Persons have not spared their scandalous Reflections and hellish Machinations against me your Pastor, whom you have never, in the whole Course of my Ministry, accused as guilty of any enormous Error, save only such as it is impossible for frail human Nature to avoid, until this unhappy Time; when it seemeth as though the Prince of the Power of the Air had taken Possession of the Hearts and Tongues of the Sons of Men, on Purpose to deceive them, and to do Despight unto that Holy Religion, which both I and you profess, and of which I am a weak and unworthy Teacher. But I return Thanks to Heaven, which has always strengthened me in my Duty, and enabled me to curb the carnal Inclinations of my outward Man, and to keep the Flesh weak and low, while the Spirit has been full of Consolation. Tho' it might have been sufficient to convince any among you of my Innocence in this Affair; that I have hitherto despised the Calumnies of the Wicked; and though no reasonable Man or Woman can have any Doubts remaining, after this solemn Declaration in the Presence of God and this Assembly, concerning this Thing, yet as the Cause of Religion seems to be wounded through my Sides, and as I would not for ten thousand Worlds give the least Offence to any tender Conscience, I take this Opportunity to notify my Intentions of leaving this Place very shortly.*

This very insolent Speech produced different Effects on the Minds of the different Persons who heard it. All those who had Penetration enough to see through the thin Artifice, which was only to make them engage him more strongly to continue with them, from this Moment began to despise him, and not a few resolved never to hear him any more; but most of the Women, and a few Men of the weakest Intellects, were almost driven to Despair by the Thought of losing their Pastor: They went to him immediately after Sermon, and requested him with Tears, as he tender'd the Good of their Souls, not to leave them; and our perfect Counterfeit pretended that it was with great Reluctance, and only as he preferred the Interest of Religion to all other Views, that he condescended to listen to their Petition. The Effect of all these Disputes was a dreadful Schism,

and *Stafford* continued some Time afterwards possessor of the Meeting-House, which he made Use of as usual, to the Edification of his faithful Adherents; but as the Revenue did not now answer his Purpose, he at last took an Opportunity to leave his little Flock without giving them any Warning, carrying off with him all the Sacramental Plate and Linnen to a pretty large Value.

We shall give our Readers a Sketch of Mr. *Stafford's* Opinion in Point of Religion, by presenting them with a Copy of Verses which are said to have been written by him while he was in the ministerial Function.

V E R S E S. By Capt. *Stafford*.

*Religion's a Thing very plain,
If Men would make use of their Eyes;
'Tis taught in a barbarous Strain,
And there all the Mystery lies.*

*This Truth the old Catholicks knew,
So lock'd up its Rules from the Croud;
Amus'd them with Splendor and Shew;
And baul'd for the Church very loud.*

*At last a capricious old Monk,
Who else would have never been known,
The Name of his Holiness sunk,
And thereby exalted his own.*

*He us'd his vernacular Speech,
For reverend Hebrew and Greek;
Believe not, said he, what I teach,
But take up your Bibles and seek.*

*The Seekers arose from this Hint,
(Each Man was the Head of a Set)
Oppos'd one another in Print,
And won from their Hearers Respect.*

*New Parties 'twas easy to gain.
As easy to keep them when got,
By making obscure what was plain,
And opening that which was not.*

*Since then 'tis a Trade to impose,
And Men will not judge for themselves,
What Hurt can there be, by the Nose
To lead a few ignorant Elves?*

But 'tis Time to have done with the religious Part of the Captain's Life, and to return to that Part which more immediately gives him a Place in this Book. Indeed, as an Impostor and Cheat we might very justly mention him, if he had never been guilty of any Attempt upon the Substance of another Man in an open avow'd Manner. But this is not so directly keeping up to what we propose.

The last Adventure which we shall relate of the Captain, is, that for which he suffered: A Farmer of considerable Note in *Berkshire*, had been at *Reading* to sell his Corn, at a Time when that Commodity was very dear. The Farmer had the Reputation of being a very honest good Man, but as the Price of Corn was very advantageous to him, he could not help being a little elated by the Success he had met with at Market; And he was now riding home in a very pleasant Temper, meditating (as he himself confessed) on the Riches he was about to get for his Family. The Captain overtook him about four Miles from *Reading*, and accosted him in a very friendly Manner, with *Pray, Farmer, what is it a Clock?* The Farmer being, as I said before, pretty full of his good Fortune, immediately thought Mr. *Stafford* had

known him, and ask'd him what Corn was a Load: He therefore very readily answer'd, *Sixteen Pound ten the best Wheat.* Stafford guessed the honest Countryman's Mistake? but thought at the same Time that their Conversation was likely to turn upon a Subject that would be to his Advantage: *And have you, Farmer, said he, sold any Wheat for that Price to Day? Yes,* says the Countryman, *I have sold two Loads, and I thank God I have got the Money for it in my Pocket.* This was spoke very innocently; for the Farmer all the while thought himself with somebody that asked him these Questions out of Kindness; but he soon found to the contrary; for the Captain pulled a Pistol out of his Pocket in a very short Time, and clapping it to the Farmer's Breast, he made him refund the whole three and thirty Pounds, which he had just received.

The Captain's Good-Fortune this Day began to leave him; for he was scarce got three hundred Yards from the Ground where he committed the Robbery, before two Gentlemen came up to the Farmer, who told them how he had been used. The Gentlemen being well mounted rode after Stafford with all the Speed they could, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour, overtook and dismounted him. The Money was all found upon him, and several of the Pieces were very remarkable; so that he was carried to the next Justice of the Peace, and by him committed to the County Jail, where he lay till the ensuing Assizes, which were not a great while afterwards.

At the Assizes the Farmer, who was a very conscientious Man, refused to appear against the Prisoner, because he was not certain whether or no it was the same Man that had robbed him. The Evidence, nevertheless, of the two Gentlemen, and of the Money, which answered exactly to the Account which the Farmer had given of what he had lost, together with the bad Character of the Captain himself in his own Country, where he now was, were thought sufficient to condemn him; and the Sentence passed accordingly, and a Day was fixed for his Execution.

While Stafford was in Prison, before his Condemnation, he lived in a very grand Manner: He had a Wicket made before the Jail Porch to hide his Fetters, where he used to sit frequently with one of the Keepers, and converse with Gentlemen of the best Fashion in the whole Town. He had, moreover, settled a Correspondence with several of his own Profession, who came to see him in Prison. These then undertook to rescue him from the Gallows, and afterwards to constitute him their Head. The Report of this Compact, by some Means or other, took Wind, before the Time, and the Post-Boy was ordered what to say, if any Man should ask him any Questions on the Road. This Charge to the Post-Boy was thought to be the only Reason why they did not come as they had promised; for two or three Men well mounted, one Day demanded of him when Stafford was to be executed, and the Boy told them the usual Day, which was now changed to another purely upon the Account of this Report.

The Captain had a new light-colour'd Suit of Cloaths made to go to the Gallows in (for he did not expect to be hang'd) in which he appeared as tho' he had been going to a Wedding. He had a Nose-Gay in his Bosom, and his Countenance was without the least Appearance of Concern all the Way. As he pass'd by a Tavern, he order'd the Cart to stop, and called for a Pint of Wine, which he drank all off, and told the Vintner he would pay him when he came back. At the Gallows he stood up, and look'd round him very wishfully some Minutes, still desiring more Time. At last when the Sheriff bid him prepare, and he saw no Remedy, his Colour was ob-

served to change, and he trembled very much, but said nothing. Just at the Instant that the Cart was ordered to be drawn away, he delivered a Paper to the Sheriff, and then was turned off in a great Deal of Confusion. The Contents of the Paper were as follow:

It is not merely in Compliance with the common Custom of Malefactors, that I Write any Thing to leave behind me in the World; if there had not seem'd a more than Ordinary Necessity for this Declaration from me, upon the Account of my having been so universally talk'd of, I should have been contented to have suffer'd in Silence, what the Justice of the Law has required.

I confess not only the Fact for which I Die, but also almost all those that are laid to my Charge by common Fame, besides innumerable others of the same Nature, yet I hope that what I am about to offer, will Plead a little in my Favour, and in some Measures abate the Horror which many sober People are apt to Conceive at the bare Recital of my Crimes.

I was brought up in Principles of Honour and Virtue by my Parents, and I continued to Act agreeably to those Principles for many Years, as several worthy Gentlemen now Living can testify. I can moreover call upon a greater Witness than any Mortal to attest, that I have always thought in my Soul nothing so mean and so Unworthy of human Nature as Fraud, of what kind soever it might be. It has only the Iniquity of the Times, in which it has been my Unhappiness to have lived, that Occasion'd my abandoning in Practice with my Judgment always approved of; Notwithstanding the Pains I have taken to work myself into a Belief that Virtue is nothing but a vain Chimæra.

The Cruelty with which all the loyal Party was Prosecuted during the late civil War, gave me a very dispicable Opinion of those who Executed it. This Opinion was afterwards strengthened when I beheld the same People dividing among themselves, and using an equal Severity towards each other, as any one Party got uppermost. I soon found that their Religion was but a pretence, and their Appearance of Sanctity, nothing more than Hypocrisy; That Interest was the only Point they pursued, and their hyperbolical Cant concerning another World a mere Engine to draw to themselves larger Possessions in this, which they had the Confidence to affirm they had learn'd intirely to despise. These things made me Determine, when my Estate was Quartered, and my Principles prevented my getting an honourable Subsistance, to take openly from some of those Hypocrites what they as unjustly, though more craftily, had taken from better People.

What lies most heavily upon my Conscience, is, my having ever condescended to deal with these Men in their own Way, by imposing upon them under a Shew of Piety; May God forgive me in this Particular! I must, however, take the Freedom to say, That I was never able to match several that I have met with, to whom I have not thought myself inferior as to my Genius, in this their daring Vice, *Hypocrisy*; and that when I most succeeded in my Impostures, it was more owing to a Fluency of Words which I always had, than to my Art in counterfeiting their Formality in my common Behaviour.

I shall not trouble the World with any more of these Things, which only relate to my Maker, and my own Conscience. Give me Leave to say, that as I have not been a common Offender, I would hope my Remains will be treated with a little more Decency, than the Bodies of the unhappy Wretches who suffer at this Place, commonly are.

As I die justly, I have no Occasion to say any Thing



SECRET



B. Cole Sculp

The Golden FARMER and the TINKER.

Thing concerning the Instruments of my Death, who only excuse what the Law demands. If there are any other Persons, who are conscious that they have given me just Cause of Offence, let them know that I forgive them from my very Heart; and that I die in Peace with all the World, to which I can very calmly bid *Farewel*.

In Compliance with Mr. *Stafford's* Request, con-

cerning his Body, the Sheriff ordered him to be buried under the Tower of *St. Mary's Church* at *Reading*: Several Persons of Fashion honour'd his Funeral with their Attendance, and the Women in particular were observed to shed Abundance of Tears.

We are inform'd that his Man *Pretty*, who had not Courage enough to engage singly in any Enterprize, took afterwards to Labour and got his Living in a handsome Manner.

The LIFE of the GOLDEN FARMER.

THE Golden Farmer was so called from his Occupation, and paying People, if it was any considerable Sum, always in Gold; but his real Name was *William Davis*, born at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, in *North-Wales*; from whence he removed, in his younger Years, to *Sudbury* in *Gloucestershire*, where he married the Daughter of a wealthy Inn-keeper, by whom he had eighteen Children, and followed the Farmer's Business to the Day of his Death, to shroud his robbing on the Highway, which irregular Practice he had followed for forty-two Years, without any Suspicion among his Neighbours.

He generally robbed alone, and one Day meeting three or four Stage-Coaches going to *Salisbury*, he stopped one of them who was full of Gentlewomen, one of which was a Quaker: All of them satisfied the Golden Farmer's Desire, excepting this *Perciscan*, with whom he had a long Argument to no Purpose; for upon her solemn Vow and Affirmation, she told him, she had no Money, nor any Thing valuable about her; whereupon, fearing he should lose the Booty of the other Coaches, he told her, he would go and see what they had to afford him, and he would wait on her again; so having robbed the other three Coaches, he returned according to his Word, and the Quaker persisting still in her old Tone of having nothing for him, it put the Golden Farmer into a Rage, and taking hold of her Shoulder, shaking her as a Mastiff does a Bull, he cried, *You canting Bitch, if you dally with me at this Rate, you'll certainly provoke my Spirit to be damnable Rude with you: You see these good Women here were so tender hearted, as to be charitable to me, and you, you robbing Whore, are so covetous as to lose your Life for the Sake of Mammon.—Come, come, you hollow-hearted Bitch, spin your Purse-String quickly, or else I shall send you out of the Land of the Living.* Now the poor Quaker being out of her Wits at the bullying Expressions of the Wicked One, she gave him a Purse of Guineas, a Gold Watch, and a Diamond-ring, and parted then as good Friends, as if they had ever fallen out at all.

Another Time this Desperado meeting with the Dutcheffs of *Albermarle* in her Coach, as riding over *Salisbury-Plain*, he was put to his Trumps before he could assault her Grace, by reason he had a long Engagement with a Postillion, Coachman, and two footmen, before he could proceed in his Robbery; but having wounded them all, by the discharging several Pistoles, he then approached to his Prey, whom he found more Refractory than his Female Quaker had been, which made him very saucy, and more

eager for Fear of any Passengers coming by the mean while; but still her Grace denied Parting with any Thing; whereupon by main Violence he pulled three Diamond Rings off her Fingers, and snatched a rich Gold Watch from her Side, crying to her, at the same Time, because he saw her Face painted, *You Bitch incarnate, you had rather read over your Face in the Glass every Moment, and blot out Pale to put in Red, than give an honest Men, as I am, a small Matter to support him on his lawful Occasions on Road*; and then rode away as fast as he could without Searching her Grace for any Money, because he perceived another Person of Quality's Coach, making towards them, with a good Retinue of Servants belonging to it.

Not long after this Exploit, the Golden Farmer meeting with Sir *Thomas Day*, a Justice of Peace living at *Bristol*, on the Road betwixt *Gloucester* and *Worcester*, they fell into Discourse together, and as riding along, he told Sir *Thomas*, whom he knew, though the other did not know him, how he had like to have been robbed but a little before by a Couple of Highwaymen; but as good Luck would have it, his Horse having better Heels than theirs, he got clear of them, or else, if they had robbed him of his Money, which was about forty Pounds, they had certainly undone him for ever. Truly, quoth Sir *Thomas Day*, that had been very hard; but nevertheless, as you had been robbed between Sun and Sun, the County, upon suing it, must have been obliged to have made your Loss good again; But not long after this Chatting together, coming to a convenient Place, the Golden Farmer shooting Sir *Thomas's* Man's Horse under him, and obliging him to retire some Distance from it, that he might not make use of the Pistols that were in his Holsters, he presented a Pistol to Sir *Thomas's* Breast, and demanded his Money of him. Quoth Sir *Thomas*, *I thought Sir, that you had been an honest Man.* The Golden Farmer replied, *You see your Worship's mistaken, and had you had any Guts in your Bruins, you might have perceived by my Face, that my Countenance was the very Picture of mere Necessity; therefore deliver presently; for I am in Haste.* Then Sir *Thomas Day*, giving the Golden Farmer what Money he had, which was about Sixty Pounds in Gold and Silver, he humbly thanked his Worship, and told him, that what he had parted with was not lost, because he was robbed betwixt Sun and Sun, therefore the County, as he told him, must pay it again.

One Mr. *Hart*, a young Gentleman of *Enfeld*, who had a good Estate, but not over-burden'd with Wit; and

and therefore, could sooner change a Piece of Gold, then a Piece of Senie, riding one Day over *Finchly-Common*, where the Golden Farmer had been hunting about four or five Hours for a Prey, he rides up to him, and giving the Gentleman a Slap with the Flat of his drawn Hanger o'er his Shoulders: Quoth he, *A Plague on you how slow you are to make a Man wait on you all this Morning: Come deliver what you have, and be paxt to you, and go to Hell for Orders.* The Gentleman who was wont to find a more agreeable Entertainment betwixt his Mistress and his Snuff-Box, being surprized at the Rustical Sort of Greeting, he began to make several Sort of Excuses, and say, he had no Money about him; but his Antagonist, not believing him, he made bold to search his Pockets himself, and finding in them above an Hundred Guineas, besides a Gold Watch, he gave him two or three Slaps over the Shoulder again, with his Hanger; and at the same Time bid him not give his Mind to Lying any more, when an honest Gentleman desired a small Boon of him.

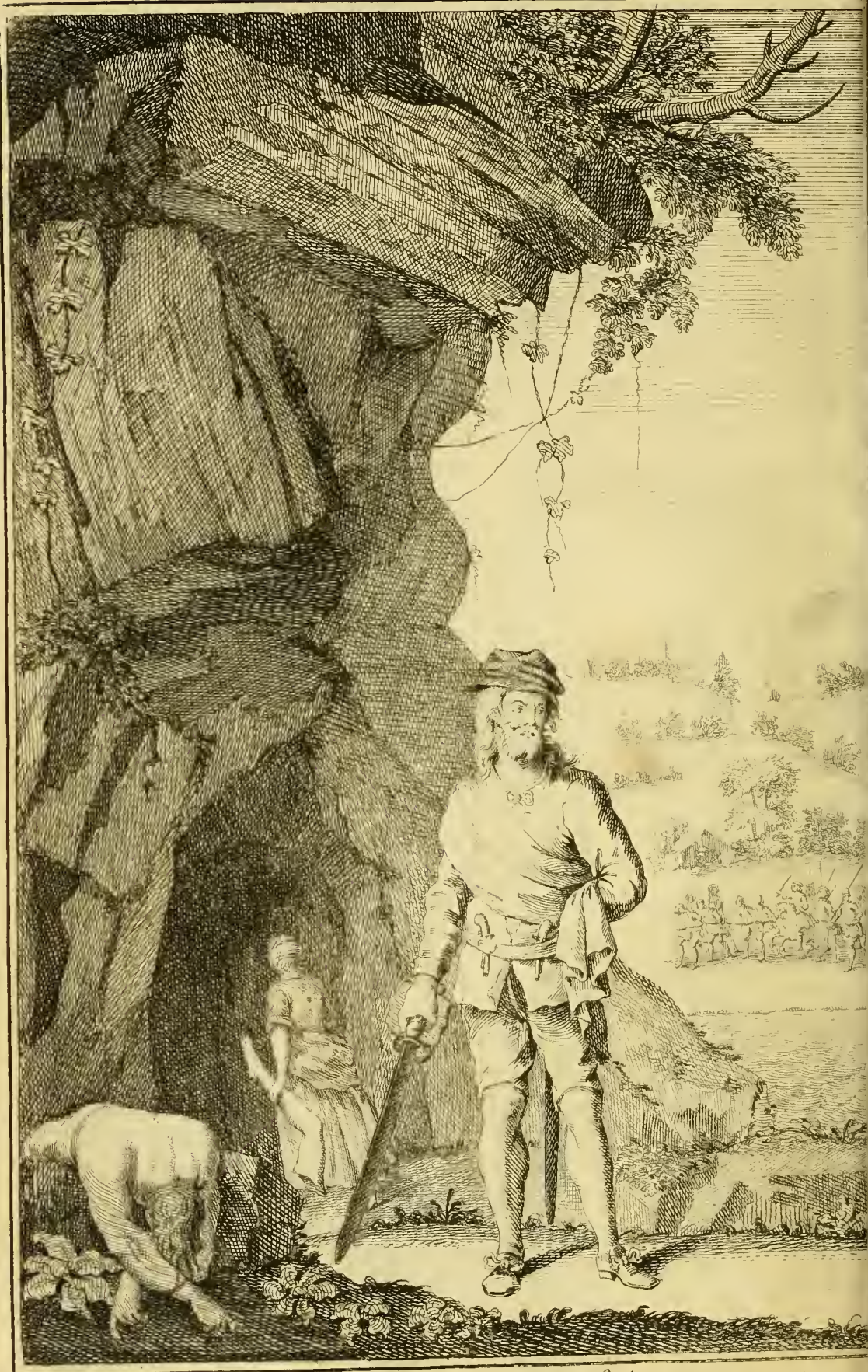
Another Time this notorious Robber had paid his Landlord above forty Pounds for Rent, who going Home with it, the goodly Tenant disguising himself, met the old grave Gentleman, and bidding him stand: Quoth he, *Come, Mr. Gravity from Head to Foot; but from neither Head nor Foot to the Heart, deliver what you have in a Trice.* The old Man, fetching a deep Sigh, to the Hazard of losing several Buttons of his Waistcoat, said, that he had not above two Shillings about him; therefore he thought he was more of a Gentleman, than to take a small Matter from a poor Man. Quoth the Golden Farmer, *I have not the Faith to believe you; for you seem by your Mien and Habit to be a Man of better Circumstance than you pretend; therefore open your Budget, or else I shall fall foul about your House——* Dear Sir, replied his Landlord, you can't be so barbarous to an old Man: What! have you no Religion, Pity, or Compassion in you? Have you no Conscience? nor have you no Respect for your own Body and Soul, which must be certainly in a miserable Condition, if you follow unlawful Courses.——Damn you (said the Tenant to him) don't talk of Age and Barbarity to me; for I shew neither Pity nor Compassion to any. Damn you, what talk of Conscience to me! I have no more of that dull Commodity than you have; nor do I allow my Soul and Body to be governed by Religion, but Interest; therefore, deliver what you have, before this Pistol makes you repent your Obstinacy, so delivering his Money to the Golden Farmer, he received it without giving the Landlord any Receipt for it, as his Landlord had him.

Not long after committing this Robbery, overtaking an old Graier at *Putney-Heath*, in a very ordinary Attire, but yet very rich, he takes Half a Score Guineas out of his Pocket, and giving them to the old Man, he said, *There was three or four Persons behind them, who looked very suspicious; therefore he desired the Favour of him to put that Gold into his Pocket; for in Case they were Highwaymen, his indifferent Apparel would make them believe he had no such Charge about him.* The old Graier looking upon his Intentions to be honest, quoth he, *I have fifty Guineas tied up in the fore Lappet of my Shirt, and I'll put it to that for Security; so riding along both of them Cheek by Jole, for above Half a Mile, and the Coast being clear, the Golden Farmer said to the old Man, I believe there's no Body will take the Pains of Robbing you or me to Day; therefore, I think I had as good take the Trouble of robbing you myself; so instead of delivering your Purse, pray give me the Lappet of your Shirt.* The old Graier was horribly startled at these Words, and began to beseech him not

to be so cruel in robbing a poor old Man.——*Pr'y-thee, quoth the Golden Farmer, don't tell me of Cruelty; for who can be more cruel than Men of your Age, whose Pride it is to teach their Servants their Duties, with as much Cruelty as some People teach their Dogs to fetch and carry?* So being obliged to cut off the Lappit of the old Man's Shirt himself; for he would not, he rode away to seek out another Booty.

Another Time, this bold Robber lying at an Inn in *Uxbridge*, he happened into Company with one 'Squire Broughton, a Barrister of the *Middle-Temple*, which he understanding, pretended to him, that he was going up to *London*, to advise with a Lawyer about some Business; wherefore, he should be much obliged to him, if he could recommend him to a good one. Counsellor Broughton, thinking he might be a good Client, he bespoke him for himself. Then the Golden Farmer telling his Business was about several of his Neighbour's Cattle, breaking into his Grounds, and doing a great Deal of Mischief, the Barrister told him. *That was very actionable, as being Damage Fesant.* Damage Fesant, says the Golden Farmer, *what's that, pray Sir?* He told him, *That it was an Action brought against Persons when their Cattle broke through Hedges, or other Fences, into other People's Grounds, and did them Damage.* Next Morning, as they both were riding towards *London*, says the Golden Farmer to the Barrister, *If I may be so bold as to ask you, Sir, What is that you call Trover and Conversion?* He told him it signified in our Common Law, an Action which a Man has against another, that having found any of his Goods, refuses to deliver them upon Demand, and perhaps converts them to his own Use also. The Golden Farmer being now at a Place convenient for his Purpose. Very well, Sir, says he, and so, if I should find any Money about you, and convert it to my Use, why then that is only actionable I find——*That's a Robbery,* said the Barrister, *which requires no less Satisfaction than a Man's Life.*——*A Robbery!* replied the Golden Farmer, *why then I must e'en commit one for once and not use it; therefore deliver your Money, or else behold this Pistol shall prevent you from ever Reading Cook upon Liteton any more.* The Barrister, strangely surpriz'd at his Client's rough Behaviour, asked him, *If he thought there was neither Heaven nor Hell, that he could be guilty of such wicked Actions.* Quoth the Golden Farmer, *Why, you Son of a Whore, thy Impudence is very great to talk of Heaven or Hell to me, when you think there's no Way to Heaven, but through Westminster-Hall.* Come, come, down with your Rins this Minute; for I have other guests Customers to mind, than to wait on your Arse all Day. The Barrister being very loath to part with his Money, he was still uniting on the Injustice of the Action, saying, *It was against Law and Conscience to robb any Man.* However the Golden Farmer, heeding not his Pleading, he swore, *He was not to be guided by Law and Conscience any more than any of his Profession, whose Law is always furnished with a Commission to arraign their Consciences; but upon Judgment given, they usually had the Knack of setting it at large.* So putting a Pistol to the Barrister's Breast, he quickly delivered his Money, amounting to about thirty Guineas, and eleven Broad Pieces of Gold, besides some Silver, and a Gold Watch.

One Time overtaking a Tinker on *Black-Heath* whom he knew to have seven or eight Pounds about him, quoth he, *Well overtaken, Brother Tinker, Me thinks you seem very devout; for your Life is a continual Pilgrimage, and in Humility you go almost bare foot, thereby making Necessity a Virtue.*——*Ay Master* replied the Tinker, *needs must, when the Devil drive.*



Sawney Beane at the Entrance of his CAVE.

and had you no more than I, you might go without Boots and Shoes too.—That might be, quoth the Golden Farmer. And I suppose you march all over England with your Bag and Baggage?—Yes, said he Tinker, I go a great Deal of Ground, but not so much as you ride.—Well, quoth the Golden Farmer, where you will, it is my Opinion, your Conversation is unreprouceable, because thou art ever mending.—I wish, replied the Tinker, That I could say as much by you.—Why you Dog of Egypt, quoth the other, you don't think that I am like you, in observing the Statutes; and therefore had rather steal than beg in Spite of Whips or Imprisonment. Said the Tinker again, I'll have you to know to I take a great Deal of Pains for a Livelihood.—Yes, replied the Golden Farmer, I know thou art such a strong Enemy to Idleness, that mending one Hole, you make three, rather than want Work.—That's as you say, quoth he Tinker; however, Sir, I wish you and I were farther asunder; for I faith I don't like your Company.—Nor I yours, said the other; for though you art entertained in every Place, yet you enter no farther than the Door to avoid Suspicion.—Indeed replied the Tinker, I have a great Suspicion of you.—Have you so, replied the Golden Farmer, why then it shall not be without a Cause: Come open your Wallet forthwith, and deliver that Parcel of Money that's in it. Here their Dialogue being on a Con-

clusion, the Tinker pray'd heartily, that he would not rob him; for if he did, he must be forced to beg his Way Home, from whence he was above an hundred Miles. Damn you, quoth the Golden Farmer, I don't care, if you beg your Way two hundred Miles; for if a Tinker escape Tyburn and Banbury, it is his Fate to die a Beggar: So taking Money and Wallet too from the Tinker, he left him to his old Custom of conversing still in open Fields and low Cottages.

After this Encounter with the Tinker, our Adventurer had but a few Pranks to play upon the Stage of human Life, his Name being now spread all around the Country, so that Hue-and-Cries were pretty numerous after him: In short, there was no Possibility to make his Escape, every one turning his Enemy now at the last Extremity; when, if Love of Man had influenced them, they should have befriended him. He was apprehended, and carried to Goal, where, during his Confinement, he behaved with the same Alacrity, as he had spent the merry Moment of his foregoing Life; neither the Thought of the Place, nor the Apprehensions of Death in the least terrifying him. After three Weeks Imprisonment, he was tried and condemn'd, and the Gallows became the just Punishment of all the Micarriages and Villanies he had been guilty of during his vicious Scene of Life.

The LIFE of SAWNEY BEANE.

THE following Account, though as well attested as any historical Fact can be, is almost incredible, for the monstrous and unparallel'd Barbarities that it relates; there being nothing that we have ever heard of, with the same Degree of Certainty, that may be compar'd with it, or that shews how far a brutal Temper, untam'd by Education and Knowledge of the World, may carry a Man in such glaring and horrible Colours.

Sawney Beane was born in the County of East Lothian, about eight or nine Miles eastward of the City of Edinburgh, some Time in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, whilst King James I. govern'd only in Scotland. His Parents work'd at Hedging and Ditching for their Livelihood, and brought up their Son, to the same Occupation. He got his daily Bread in his Youth by these Means; but being very much prone to Idleness, and not caring for being confined to any honest Employment, he left his Father and Mother, and ran away into the desert Part of the Country, taking with him a Woman as viciously inclin'd as himself. These two took up their Habitation in a Rock by the Sea-side, on the Shore of the County of Galway, where they lived upwards of 25 Years without going into any City, Town, or Village.

In this Time they had a great Number of Children and Grand-Children, whom they brought up after their own Manner, without any Notions of Humanity or Civil Society. They never kept any Company, but among themselves, and supported themselves wholly by robbing; being, moreover, so very

cruel, that they never robb'd any one, whom they did not murder.

By this bloody Method, and their living so retiredly from the World, they continued such a long Time undiscovered, there being no body able to guess how the People were lost that went by the Place where they lived. As soon as they had robb'd and murder'd any Man, Woman, or Child, they used to carry off the Carcass to the Den, where cutting it into Quarters, they would pickle the mangled Limbs, and afterwards eat it; this being their only Sustainance: And, notwithstanding, they were at last so numerous, they commonly had Superfluity of this their abominable Food; so that in the Night-time they frequently threw Legs, and Arms of the unhappy Wretches they had murdered, into the Sea, at a great Distance from their bloody Habitation. The Limbs were often cast up by the Tide in several Parts of the Country, to the Astonishment and Terror of all the Beholders, and others who heard of it. Persons who have gone about their lawful Occasions fell so often into their Hands, that it caused a general Out-cry in the Country round about, no Man knowing what was become of his Friend or Relation, if they were once seen by these merciless Cannibals.

All the People in the adjacent Parts were at last alarm'd, at such a common Loss of their Neighbours, and Acquaintance; for their was no travelling in Safety near the Den of these Wretches. This occasioned the sending frequent Spies into these Parts, many of whom never return'd again, and those who did, after the strictest Search and Enquiry could not find

find how these melancholy Matters happen'd. Several honest Travellers were taken up on Suspicion, and wrongfully hang'd upon bare Circumstances; several innocent Inn-keepers were executed for no other Reason than that Persons who had been thus lost, were known to have lain at their Houses, which occasion'd a Suspicion of their being murdered by them, and their Bodies privately buried in obscure Places, to prevent a Discovery. Thus an ill-plac'd Justice was executed with the greatest Severity imaginable, in order to prevent these frequent atrocious Deeds; so that not a few Inn-keepers, who lived on the Western Road of *Scotland*, left off their Business, for fear of being made Examples, and followed other Employments. This on the other Hand occasion'd many great Inconveniencies to Travellers, who were now in great Distress for Accommodation for themselves and their Horses, when they were disposed to bait, or put up for Lodging at Night. In a Word, the whole Country was almost depopulated.

Still the King's Subjects were missing as much as before; so that it was the Admiration of the whole Kingdom how such Villainies could be carried on, and not the Villains to be found out. A great many had been executed, and not one of them all made any Confession at the Gallows; but stood to it at the last, that they were perfectly innocent of the Crimes for which they suffer'd. When the Magistrates found all was in vain, they left off these rigorous Proceedings, and trusted wholly to Providence, for the bringing to Light the Authors of these unparallel'd Barbarities, when it should seem proper to the Divine Wisdom.

Sawney's Family was at last grown very large, and every Branch of it, as soon as able, assisted in perpetrating their wicked Deeds, which they still follow'd with Impunity. Sometimes they would attack four, five, or six Footmen together, but never more than two if they were on Horse-back. They were, moreover so careful, that not one whom they set upon should escape, that an Ambuscade was placed on every Side to secure them, let them fly which Way they would, provided it should ever so happen that one or more got away from the first Assailants. How was it possible they should be detected, when not one that saw them ever saw any Body else afterwards? The Place where they inhabited was quite solitary and lonesome; and when the Tide came up, the Water went for near two hundred Yards into their subterraneous Habitation, which reached almost a Mile under Ground; so that when some who had been sent arm'd to search all the By-Places about, have pass'd by the Mouth of their Cave; they have never taken any Notice of it, not supposing that any Thing human would reside in such a Place of perpetual Horror and Darkeness.

The Number of the People these Savages destroyed was never exactly known; but it was generally computed that in the twenty-five Years they continued their Butcheries, they had wash'd their Hands in the Blood of a thousand at least, Men, Women, and Children. The Manner how they were at last discover'd was as follows:

A Man and his Wife behind him on the same Horse, coming one Evening Home from a Fair, and falling into the Ambuscade of these merciless Wretches, they fell upon them in a most furious Manner. The Man, to save himself as well as he could, fought very bravely against them with Sword and Pistol, riding some of them down, by main Force of his Horse. In the Conflict the poor Woman fell from behind him, and was instantly murdered before her Husband's Face; for the Female *Cannibals* cut her Throat, and fell to sucking her Blood with as great a Gust, as if it had been Wine. This done, they ript up her Belly, and

pulled out all her Entrails. Such a dreadful Spectacle made the Man make the more obstinate Resistance, as expected the same Fate, if he fell into their Hands. It pleas'd Providence, while he was engaged, that twenty or thirty from the same Fair came together in a Body; Upon which, *Sawney Borne* and his Blood-thirsty Clan withdrew, and made the best of their Way through a thick Wood to their Den.

This Man, who was the first that had ever fell in their Way, and came off alive, told the whole Company what had happened, and shew'd them the horrid Spectacle of his Wife, whom the Murderers had dragg'd to some Distance, but had not Time to carry her entirely off. They were all struck with Stupefaction and Amazement at what he related, took him with them to *Glasgow*, and told the Affair to the Provost of that City, who immediately sent to the King concerning it.

In about three or four Days after, his Majesty himself in Person, with a Body of about four hundred Men, set out for the Place where this dismal Tragedy was acted, in order to search all the Rocks and Thickets, that, if possible, they might apprehend this heliish Cure, which had been so long pernicious to all the Western Parts of the Kingdom.

The Man who had been attacked was the Guide, and care was taken to have a large Number of Blood-hounds with them, that no human Means might be wanting towards their putting an entire End to these Cruelties.

No Sign of any Habitation was to be found for a long Time, and even when they came to the Wretches Cave, they took no Notice of it, but were going to pursue their Search along the Sea-Shore, the Tide being then out. But some of the Blood-hounds luckily enter'd this *Cimmerian* Den, and instantly set up a most hideous Barking, Howling, and Yelping; so that the King, with his Attendants, came back, and looked into it. They could not yet tell how to conceive that any Thing human could be concealed in a Place where they saw nothing but Darkeness. Nevertheless, as the Blood-hounds encreased their Noise, they went farther in, and refused to come back again, they began to imagine there was some Reason more than ordinary. Torches were now immediately sent for, and a great many Men ventur'd in through the most intricate Turnings and Windings, till at last they arrived at that private Recess from all the World, which was the Habitation of these Monsters.

Now the whole Body, or as many of them as could, went in, and were all so shocked at what they beheld, that they were almost ready to sink into the Earth. Legs, Arms, Thighs, Hands, and Feet of Men, Women, and Children, were hung up in Rows, like dried Beef. A great many Limbs lay in Pickle, and a great Mass of Money, both Gold and Silver, with Watches, Rings, Swords, Pistols, and a large Quantity of Cloaths, both Linnen and Woollen, and an infinite Number of other Things, which they had taken from those whom they had murder'd, were thrown together in Heaps, or hung up against the Sides of the Den.

Sawney's Family at this Time, besides him, consisted of his Wife, eight Sons, six Daughters, eighteen Grandsons, and fourteen Grand-Daughters, who were all begotten in Incest.

These were all seiz'd and pinion'd, by his Majesty's Order in the first Place; then they took what human Flesh they found, and buried it in the Sands, afterwards loading themselves with the Spoils which they found, they return'd to *Edinburgh* with their Prisoners, all the Country, as they pass'd along flocking to see this cursed Tribe. When they were come to their Journey's End, the Wretches were all committed

committed to the Talbooth, from whence they were the next Day conducted under a strong Guard to *Leith*, where they were all executed without any Process, it being thought needless to try Creatures who were even professed Enemies to Mankind.

The Men had first their Privy-Members cut off, and thrown into the Fire before their Faces, then their Hands and Legs were severed from their Bodies ;

by which Amputations they bled to Death in some Hours. The Wife, Daughters, and Grand-Children, having been made Spectators of this just Punishment inflicted on the Men, were afterwards burnt to Death in three several Fires. They all in general died without the least Signs of Repentance ; but continued cursing and venting the most dreadful Imprecations to the very last Gasps of Life.

The LIFE of Captain DUDLEY.

RICHARD *Dudley*, commonly called Capt. *Dudley*, was born in *Leicester-shire*, at a Place called *Swepton*. His Father was a Gentleman of a good Estate, but had not the Fortune to keep it, he living in such a Manner, that his Expences by much exceeded his Income ; so that he was oblig'd to mortgage and sell the greatest Part to satisfy his Creditors, and having about threescore Pounds a Year left, came up to *London*, with his Family, hoping by the Obscurity of his living, to contain himself within the Bounds of the small Remainder he had left ; but we shall leave the Father, and give an Account of the Son, who is the unhappy Occasion of our present Writing.

Richard Dudley, the Son, had a good Education bestow'd upon him at *St. Paul's School*, he seeming of a very promising Genius, but when a vicious Inclination is rivetted in the Nature of any Person, no Care of his Education, no Rules of Religion or Morality are sufficient to controul him, as plainly appears by too fragrant an Instance in the Life of this unfortunate Person ; for when but nine Years old, he discover'd his Tendency to Thieving, by robbing one of his Sitters Closets of thirty Shillings, and marching off with it : But being some Days after found out, and brought Home again, he was sent back to School ; but not liking that Sort of Confinement, he robb'd his Father's House of a considerable Sum of Money, and so ran away again ; yet his Father had the Luck to discover him, and took him with a Couple of lewd Women, a little Way out of Town.

After this, his Father despairing of his doing any Good at Home, procured him the King's Letter to be a Reformade on Board a Man of War, in which Station, he went up the Streights, and behaved himself gallantly in several Actions. Amongst the rest, this was one, being on Shore at *Cadiz*, in order to refresh himself, and walking quietly along, he was abused and attack'd by a *Spaniard* ; but he not only defended himself, but run the Don quite through, left him dead on the Spot, and got safe on Ship-board : Upon his Arrival in *England*, he quitted the Ship, pretending he did so on Account of a younger Reformade being preferr'd before him, on the Death of a Lieutenant ; but whether that was his Motive, or not, this is certain, That he associated himself with a notorious Gang of Thieves, ready for any Mischief, and assisted them in breaking open and robbing the House of Admiral *Carter* in the Country, and getting off undetected, came to *London*, and from that Time commenced a professed Thief. The first remarkable Robbery he was concerned in,

was, that of a Lady's House at *Black-beath*, from whence he and his Accomplices stole a very considerable Quantity of Plate, which they brought to Town, and sold to a Refiner ; but for this Robbery he was apprehended not long after, and when he was in *Newgate* he sent for the Refiner, and complain'd how hard a Thing it was to find an honest Man, and a fair Dealer. *For you cursed Rogue* (says he) *among the Plate you bought, there was a Cup with a Cover, which you modestly told us was but Silver gilt, and bought it at the same Price with the rest ; but it plainly appeared by the Advertisement in the Gazette, that it was a Gold Cup and Cover ; but I see you are a Rogue ; and that there's no Trusting any Body.* For this Robbery he was tried at *Maidstone*, convicted and condemn'd ; but his Youth, and the Interest of his Friends, first procur'd him a Reprieve, and then a Pardon ; which for about two Years, had such an Effect upon him, that he lived pretty soberly for that Time ; so that his Father bought him a Commission in the Army, in which Station he behaved very well, and had the good Fortune to marry a young Lady of a good Family, with whom he had an Estate of seven-score Pounds a Year ; upon which and his Commission, they for some Time lived comfortably ; but the Captain loving Company too much, and having contracted a large Acquaintance, engaged himself for some Money, which one of his Companions owed, who was afterwards arrested for the Debt, in which Arrest a Bailiff was killed, and the Captain (being then present) was suspected to have done it, he always declaring his Detestation and Abhorrence of that Sort of Men, and often wishing to kill some of them, his Character and Opinion of them being as follows.

A Serjeant is a Rogue that would undo one of twelve Companies for a Crown ; the Counter Gate is his proper Kennel, and the Miseries of poor Men the Offal on which he feeds. He does not carry his Captives directly to Hell (the Counter) but first torments them in a Purgatory hard by, where you must pay Two Shillings a Night for a lowly Bed, and spend as much in liquoring his Chops, as would pay Half the Debt. This he calls his Civility. If you seem to fear other Actions coming against you, he will pretend to pity you, and agrees for a Daub in the First to keep the Matter private, till you make an End of it ; but goes directly to find out some other Creditors, bids them strike whilst the Iron is hot ; and thus when the poor Prisoner has satisfied the first Debt, and thinks to regain his Liberty, he is charged afresh. Thus he picks your Pocket by Degrees, and when he finds that is empty,

he delivers you over to the Turnkey, where the Lord have Mercy on your Soul; for to be sure, they will have little enough on your Body.

A Common Bailiff exceeds a Serjeant as much as an *Irish* Mastiff does a Spaniel in Fierceness. He is a Raven that pecks not out Mens Eyes, as others do, but all his Spite is at their Shoulders. These Land Pirates cruise up and down *Holborn*, as thick as *Algier* and *Sallee* Men in the *Mediterranean*, and carry those they take to a worse Slavery. In the Country they are called Bums, being of the very Scum and Dregs of the People, Rascals who have generally escaped the Gallows once or twice, and yet must at last come to it; for a Rope is certainly their Destiny. 'Tis deplorable to think how they abuse poor People, for there is hardly a Writ in five, against those they arrest; they are Setters by Day, Thieves in the Night, Bailiffs all the Week, and Informers on Sundays, and yet never Thrive: For as they live Rogues, they die Beggars.

A Marshal's Man is yet a more insufferable Grievance, a false Die of the same Bale, but not the same Cut; for it runs somewhat higher, and does more Mischief. He is a perfect Blood-hound, that haunts upon the smallest Scent, and worries all to Death he lays hold on. The Circle this Devil is confin'd in, is twelve Miles over, and in that Circuit he commonly undoes above twelve hundred People a Year. He plies among poor People, and upon every petty Quarrel, Scolding-bout, or Chandler's score, he sets them to Law; as soon as he has arrested, one persuades him to snap the other, and then they are both forced to lie at his Mercy, till they pawn their Beds to raise what Money he pleases to demand; and that he may fleece them the more commodiously, he keeps a Tippling-house, where he imprisons them, by his own Authority, and his Wife over-reckons a Groat in a Shilling; and tho' you know it, you must not speak, because it is his Kindness to keep you there, and not carry you to the Lake of Perdition, on the other side the Water. There is nothing more frequent than to see here a Chimney-sweeper prosecuting a Broom-Man for breaking his Head at Cudgels, and an Oyster-Wench suing a Kitchen Stuff-Woman, for calling her Draggel-tail. What a deplorable Thing it is that a Family shall be ruin'd, and a poor Man buried alive, for such an inconsiderable Matter!

As for the Yeomen, Followers, and setting Vermin, they are such contemptible Rascals, they are not worth thinking on: We may call them the Hooks that hang under Water, and their Master the Floats above, which pop down as soon as ever the Bait is swallowed: Necessity makes them Valiant, for they will greedily take a Cut with a Sword, and suck more Silver out of the Wound than a Surgeon; so that they commonly die with their Guts ripped up, or else the Devil by a sudden Stale sends a *Habeas cum anima* for them.

As to the Villains about *White-Chapel*, *St. Katherine's*, the *Click*, and the rest of the Devil's Houses, I shan't trouble myself about, but I must have a Word or two with the Gaoler, for he is a Creature mistaken in the making, for he should be a Tyger, but the Shape being thought too terrible it is covered and he wears the Visage of a Man, yet retains his Fierceness; his Conscience, and his Shackles, he hangs up together, and they are made very near of the same Metal, saying that one is harder than the other, and hath one Property above Iron, that it never melts; he distills Money out of poor Mens Tears, and grows Fat by their Curses; his Ears are stop'd to the Cries of others, and God's to his, by all Likelihood, for lay the Life of a Man in one Scale, and his Fees in the other, he would cast away the First to

get the Second, and in Brief is one that can look for no Mercy (if he desires Justice to be done him) for he shews none.

But to return to the Captain, he absented himself from his House, lurking about in bye-Places; and by that idle way of living, he got acquainted with a Gang of Highwaymen, by whose Business of living, and extravagant Expences, he was easily persuaded to be one of their Gang, for few Persuasions were needful to one who had got the upper Hand of Virtue, who was more inclined to live upon the Ruins of his Countrymen, than by his own Industry; having been more used to Fight than Work. He was not long about earning his Trade, but in a little Time became Master of it; for there was scarce a notable Robbery committed, in which he had not a Hand, and finding it easy and profitable, he draw in his Brother (whose Name was *Will Dudley*) to be one of their Gang; he had not long gone on in his new Trade, before he was apprehended in the Country, for robbing a Gentleman of a Watch, a Sword, a Whip, and nine Shillings in Money; but the Evidence not being very clear, he escaped once more.

No sooner had he obtained his Liberty, but he fell again to his old Trade, but did not confine himself to any particular Part, but robbed on the Highway, broke Houses, or pick'd Pockets, or any Thing else that procured him any Money; in which several Ways he for a Time went on with Impunity, but was at length detected for breaking and robbing Sir *John Friend's* House, and for that Fact he received Sentence of Death, but his Friends again got him a Reprieve on Condition of Transportation, pursuant to which, he with several other Convicts, were put on board a Ship, in order for *Barbadoes*: But they were hardly got as far as the Isle of Weight, before he had drawn in the rest of the Rogues to a Conspiracy, in order to escape, and having concerted their Measures, accordingly the Ships Company being under Hatches, they went off with the Long-Boat.

Being now on Shore, he left his Comrades, and travelled by himself through Woods and by-Ways, and being now in a very mean Habit, when he had no opportunity to steal, he begged, till he came to *Hounslow-Heath*, where he attacked a Country Farmer, robbed and unhorsed him, and mounting himself, set forward to seek for more Prey, and before he got off the Heath, another Opportunity offered, for he met with a Man in a genteel Habit, and with a better Horse than that which he took from the Farmer. He soon gave him the Word of Command to stand, and leading him into a Bye-Place, made him exchange Horses and Cloaths with him, telling the Man that he ought never to accuse him with robbing him, for says he, you know the old Proverb, *Exchange is no Robbery*, so twisting him well, he made the best of his Way for London, where he immediately resorted to his old Haunts, to find out his Companions, which was very easy for him to do, and they all submitted to his Conduct, and dubbed him with the Title of Captain. Thus got at the Head of a hardened Gang, no Part of the Country was secure from his Rapine, nor any House strong enough to keep him out, so that he became notorious every where.

To avoid the continual Searches made for him, and to divert Enquires, he paid a Visit to the North, and being out one Day in search of Booty, he met with a *Dutch* Colonel very well armed, but not courageous enough to fight for his Money; so that the Captain made bold with both Horse and Arms, and took his laced Coat into the Bargain. Thus mounted and equipped, he committed Abundance of Robberies, but shifting the Colonels Accoutrements, he used only his Horse upon which he robbed a great many People, particularly a Gentleman near *Epsem*, who
being

being a Man of Courage, would not deliver, but exchanged a Pistol with him: However, the Captain at the Better, and wounded the Gentleman in the leg; upon which he rode up to him, lent him his assistance, and conducted him to the next Village, to get some Help, and then left him; having first taken his Money. As for the *Buckinghamshire* Lacey, the Captain and his Gang robbed them for Pastime, and only called it an Airing for their purposes. No Stage or other Coach, when they had intelligence of any Passenger, could escape their pillany, that scarce a Day passed in which they did not commit some Robbery or other.

Thus did he and his Confederates riot in the Spoils of others, and remained undiscovered for several months, till at length robbing the *Southampton* Coach they were pursued, and several of them taken, yet escaped not taken Warning. At this he joined himself with some House-breakers, and with them committed many Burglaries and Robberies, and in particular, he with three of his Accomplices, got into an old Woman's House, in *Spittle-fields*, they gag'd her, tied her in her Chair; rifled her House, and carried off a considerable Sum of Money, which the old Woman had been many Years hoarding up: On hearing the Money chink, and going to be taken from her, struggled in the Chair, and fell down upon her Face, with the Gagg in her Mouth, and the Chair upon her, which means she was stifled; but they got safe off, and passed undiscovered, till the old Woman came to be Buried, when one of them (who was her Grand Child and privy to the robbery) going to be fitted with Gloves, was observed to change his Countenance often, and Trembled very much; several Persons seeing the Disorder he was in, began to suspect him, and charged him with the Fact, he confessed the whole Affair, and two of them being found guilty on his Evidence, of the Murder and Robbery, were hang'd in Chains. Yet the Captain all this while passed apprehended, though his Name was publickly mentioned as an accessory to the Fact: But being at length taken up for divers Highway Robberies, (which by his dextrous Management he was acquitted) he was called to his Trial for that, also on the Evidence sworn they saw him lurking about, go into and come out of the House of the murdered Woman; and several strong Circumstances appeared to prove him guilty; but he upon whose Evidence the two former were convicted, was not to be found; and this gave *Dudley* an Opportunity to make such a sham Defence, as would have deceived the most penetrating Judge and Jury on Earth. He himself thought it so great a Master-piece, that he often boasted of it in Prison, and from his Account I will acquaint the Reader with it.

The first Witness that appeared in his behalf, was a young Gentleman, who deposed that he and another Gentleman, going through *Somerfet-House* Yard on the Day set forth in the Indictment, to be that in which the Robbery and Murder was committed; he accidentally met the Captain, who had been his schoolfellow, and was surprized to see him, having heard that had been Transported for some Crime, which he was very sorry for. That the Captain told him he was indeed ordered for Transportation, and expressed a very great Concern, that he should never be guilty of a Crime to deserve such Punishment; but that his Relations being not so kind as he expected, he was put on board a Ship, with some more unfortunate Persons, as a common Convict, and made his Escape, and depended on his Friends good-Will, to put him in a Condition to Transport himself, resolving so to do the very first Opportunity. The same Witness further deposed, that finding

him so very sorry for his Offence, he desired him to accompany him and his Friend to *Chelfea*; intending to make use of that Time, in exhorting him to lead his Life more regular for the Future. That the Prisoner accepting the Offer, they took Boat at *Somerfet* Stairs, and went to the Swan at *Chelfea*, where they staid till Seven at Night, and then walk'd to a publick House on the Bank-side, supped on a Dish of Fowls and Bacon, and stayed there till almost Eleven; when they took Boat again for *Somerfet* Stairs, walked into the *Strand*, and there parted. The Witness being asked why he should take such particular Notice of the Day of the Month; answered, *That the next Day he heard a Paper cried about the Streets, concerning the Murder and Robbery of the old Woman, that buying it, he found the Captain's Name mentioned as an accessory in the Fact, and upon that made a Memorandum in his Pocket-Book, (which he produced in Court) and afterwards went to his Friend, who was with him at Chelfea, and to the Waterman who carried them, desiring them likewise to take Notice of the Day, for that Dudley being a Person of but an indifferent Character, some other Rogue might make use of his Name, and be hanged for a Fact he was innocent of.*

The next Witness, was the other Friend, who said, *that he saw him, and the Prisoner talk together in Somerfet-House Yard, but did not know what they said; that they went to Chelfea, and there the former Witness was very earnest with the Captain (who then understood his Name to be, having never seen him before) to reform some ill Practices he had been too much addicted to; that the next Day the former Witness came and desired him to take particular Notice of the Day and Person who went with them to Chelfea, which he accordingly did, and was very positive that the Prisoner at the Bar, was the Man that they supped with at the Red-Lyon, at the Bank-side, that they afterwards came back to Somerfet-House Stairs, and in the Strand parted with the Prisoner about eleven at Night.*

The Waterman corroborated their Evidence, and affirmed, that he carried two Gentlemen aforesaid to *Chelfea*, and a third Person with them; and being asked if the Prisoner was that third Person, he said his Eyes were very bad, and went up close to the Bar to look him in the Face, and turning about said, *Yes, my Lord, this is the Gentleman.* He also deposed that he waited on them at *Chelfea*, and carried them from thence to the Bank-side; where he received four Shillings and Sixpence for his Fare, upon Condition he would carry them back again, which he did; and landed them about eleven at Night. That the next Day his Master (the first Witness) came and bid him take Notice of the Day of the Month, which he did, and chalked it down at Home.

The next who was called, was the pretended Landlord, of the House, where they supped, who swore *that on such a Day of the Month, three Gentlemen came to his House about seven at Night, (of which the Prisoner was one) and ordered a couple of Fowls and Bacon to be got ready with all Speed, which was done; they supped, and between ten and eleven at Night, they took Boat, and ordered the Waterman to carry them to Somerfet Stairs: Being asked how he came to take such Notice of the Day, he readily answered; When these Gentlemen came on shore, I was starting of Beer, and they ordered me to give the Waterman four Shillings and Sixpence, I paid him, and told him he must stay till the Gentlemen went, and my Lord, I find by my Book now in my Hand, that it was on that Day my Beer was started.*

The last Witness who appeared, was a Man who lived in *Burleigh-street* in the *Strand*, who said, *the Captain was his Lodger, and came home at eleven of the*

the Clock on the Night before mentioned; that he knew it to be the same Night, because Dudley not being very well, did not stir out of Doors the next Day, and paid him his Rent for his Lodging, for which he gave him a Receipt, by the Date of which he knew the Time; and the Prisoner producing a Receipt, the Fellow swore it to be the same. Such a set of profligate Witnesses as these, were enough to screen an Offender from Justice for a Time; and they had such an Influence over both Judge and Jury, so much, that the Captain was easily acquitted.

His Liberty regain'd, he hastened to his old Companions, with whom he committed many notorious Robberies, especially one on a Nobleman, on *Hounslow Heath*, from whom they took fifteen hundred Pounds. After a desperate skirmish with the Servants, three of whom they wounded, and killed two of their Horses; from thence they proceeded on the West Country Road, and near *Hartley-row* in *Hampshire*, robbed a Parson, whom they commanded to preach a Sermon in praise of Thieving, swearing his Destruction, if he refused to do it.

The Parson was forced to comply: However, to make him some amends, the Sermon being ended, they gave him his Money again that they took from him, and four Shillings to drink, for his Sermon.

After they had this their Diversion, for we cannot call it a Robbery, they made the best of their Way for London, and for some Time left infesting the Highways. During which Time the Captain's Brother; employ'd himself in shewing his Dexterity about Town, some of which we believe will prove Diverting to the Reader. The first of his Tricks, was, he dressed himself like a Countryman, with a pair of dirty Boots, and a Whip in his Hand, and going into Bartholomew-Fair, met with no Prize worth speaking of: But as he was going out, he met with a Countryman, and said to him, *honest Friend have a Care of your Pockets, you are going into a cursed Place, where are none but Whores, Rogues, and Pick-pockets; I am almost ruined by them, and I am glad they have not picked the Teeth out of my Head, let one take ever so much Care of one's Pockets, they'll be sure of your Money; I am sure the Devil helps them.* I defy all the Devils in Hell, says the Countryman, to rob me of any Thing I Value, I have a Broad-piece that I'll secure, so clapping it into his Mouth, he went confidently into the Fair; Will desired no more than to know if he had any Money, and where it lay, he gives a Sign to a hopeful Boy of his, and telling him out some Six-pences and Groats, told him what he should do; the Boy immediately runs, and falls down just before the Countryman, and scattering the Money, starts up and roars like a Bedlamite, crying he was undone, he must run away from his Apprenticeship, his Master was a furious Fellow, he would certainly kill him. The Countryman with other People gather'd about, helping the Boy to take up the Money, says one of them *have you found all?* Yes, all the Silver says the Boy, but what does that signify, there is a Broad piece of Gold, that I was carrying to my Master for a Token, sent from the Country, and I like a Fool must come thro' this unlucky Place to lose it; I shall be killed, what will become of me. Will coming up, tells some of the by-standers who were pitying the Boy, he observed that Country Fellow there to stoop, and put something into his Mouth: Whereupon, they flew upon him, and one of them wrestling open his Chaps, made him spit out the Gold, and some Blood along with it; endeavouring to speak for himself, they kick'd him, punch'd him, and tossed him about, and some calling to Privy or Pump, he was glad to call for Mercy, and thought himself well off when he got out of their Clutches. The

Boy in the mean Time slipt into the Crowd, and went to Will with the Gold, to the appointed Place of Rendezvous.

Will and his Boy changing Cloaths, and going into the Crowd heard some talking of the Country Fellow, how he had got into a House, and had sent for some responsible People that knew him, and his Master, a Knight of a vast Estate in the North, who was come to Town upon great Business with some Merchant. Will knew the Gentleman and his Estate very well, and by what he heard expecting to see him at the Exchange, went immediately thither, and picked his Pocket of a great many Guineas, except one which he left for the Gentleman's Dinner, or other Charges, till he should receive a Recruit. The Knight going to the Tavern laugh'd heartily when his Tenant came and told him how he had been serv'd at the Fair: But calling for the Reckoning, and telling the Company he was robbed too, 'twas comical to see how the Countryman laugh'd. 'Sbud, Sir, says he, *let us make our Escape from this Roguish Place* 'Sliding, Sir, they'll steal our small Guts to make Fiddle-Strings of them.

The Gentleman lined his Pockets again, and went out the next Day to the Change, and notwithstanding all the Care he took, he was robbed again; but Will being not an ordinary Rogue and having something of a generous Principle, would not take all, but let him some. The Knight admired how it was possible for the Wit of Man to rob one that had been so forwarned as he was; at last looking hastily about, he perceived Will standing by him, and recollecting he had seen him near him several Times before, he had a strong Suspicion he was the Man, and coming up to him, took hold of his Buttons, and told him, he had good Ground to think he was the Man that had robbed him several Times, but being a Gentleman of great Estate, his Loss did not trouble him; and if he would be so generous, as to tell him by what means he had so serv'd him, he would not only forgive him but treat him well at the Tavern, and help him to a better Way of living, if he pleas'd; and this, says he, *I promise upon my Honour.* Sir, says Will, your Word of Honour is sufficient: I know the Greatness of your Estate: I am the Man. I'll await on your Wordship to the Tavern, and there shew you some of my Art more freely than I would do to my Fellow Rogues. As they went towards the Tavern, the Gentleman told him, he resolv'd to make a Frolick of it; and, to that End, he would send for some Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, and would take Care he should come to no Harm by any Discovery he should make to them. *I know you're a Gentleman, says Will; and Men of Honour scorn too keep base Company: Call as many as you please. I'll take their Word, and I know I am safe.*

When the Gentry came, Will told them many Things to their Admiration and Satisfaction, and when he pulled out the Piece of Gold, and told them how he had serv'd Roger, the Gentleman's Tenant, Roger was immediately sent for to make up the Frolick: When he came, it 'twas good Sport to see how he scraped to the Ground. His Master smiling asked of whom he learn'd to make such a handsome Leg. *But what would you say, says the Knight, if you saw your Gold again.* — Oh! says he, *I would I could; but if my Mouth can't keep it, where should I put it?* 'Sbud I'd rather see the Rogue; I'd make a Jelly of his Bones. — There he is, says the Knight, and there's your Broad-piece. — As Roger began to heave and bulk, his Master commanded him to take his Gold, and sit down by him. Roger seeing which Way Things went, drank to Will. One of the Gentlemen pulling out a curious Watch, another said, he wonder'd how it was possible for them to pick a Watch out of a Fob; and

and that it was certainly Carelessness. No says *Will*, *If the Gentleman will take a Turn or two in Moorfields, I'll wager a Guinea, I'll have the Watch before he returns, let him take what care he pleases, and I shan't stir out of his Room.*—*Done*, says the Gentleman. However, every Gentleman in the Room laying down a Guinea, *Roger* laid down his Broad-piece, and went his Half. The Gentleman went out with his Watch; and, as he walk'd was very careful not to suffer Man, Woman, or Child, to come within Arm's Length of him; thinking the Devil was in't, if any Body could rob him at a Distance. When it was almost Time he should return, a Boy came softly behind him; and when he came pretty near, he ran past him, yet not so near as to give the Gentleman Suspicion: As he pass'd him, he looks over his Shoulder, and tells the Gentleman his Back was cover'd with Lice, which he perceiving, loath'd the Sight, fretting, and wondering where he had been that Day. *Good Boy*, says he, *take them off, and I'll give you a Shilling.* The Boy does so, and picking the Lice off his Back, and the Watch out of his Fob, he received his Reward, and run. The Gentleman returns to the Tavern, wondering all the Way how he could have come by such Vermin, yet carefully avoiding any that came near him all the Way.

When he return'd, *Will* ask'd him what a Clock it was by his Watch? Which thinking to pull out, he was amaz'd to find it gone. *Will* pulls it out, and ask'd the Gentleman, if that was it? The Gentleman stood as dumb as a Fish, turning up the Whites of his Eyes. *Roger* laugh'd so loud and outrageously, that after the Gentleman had born him Company a good while, the Knight was forced to command him Silence; for he would have laughed all Night. The Gentleman, full of Amazement, said, certainly he must have had the Assistance of the Devil. *Of a Boy*, says *Will*: *Did not a Boy pick you clean?*—*There's the Devil*, says the Gentleman; *and he threw them on too, I suppose?* *Ay, bro' a Quill*, says the other.

The whole Company was mightily pleas'd with the Ingenuity of the Trick, especially *Roger*, who could not forget how the Gentleman looked, when he came in, and miss'd his Watch, and was now and then bursting out into a Laughter. Says *Will*, *Uas, Gentlemen, this Trick is not worth the talking of; it is such a Thing as we send our Boys about: there's a Nobleman goes now by the Window, with a very rich Coat on, I'll wager, as before, I'll steal off his Back before all his Followers, and bring it either on my own.* The Gentlemen stak'd each their Guinea, and *Will* and *Roger* cover'd 'em. Now, says *Will*, *I'm to shew you a Master-Piece of my Art. I must not send a Boy about it, but crave Leave to go myself; neither can I set a Time for my Return, but I hope to do it sooner than you imagine.* So he runs, and dogging the Nobleman from Street to Street, at last follow'd him into a Tavern. The Nobleman was conducted up Stairs. *Will* goes to the Bar-keeper, and desires her to lend him an Apron; *For the Nobleman, my Master, wherever he comes, will be served by none but myself: He is a very good customer, and expects the best of Wine. I must go down into the Cellar, and taste it for him: Whereupon they let him have the Apron, and he went into the Cellar, and soon found out the best of every sort.* He ran so nimbly up and down Stairs, and as quick at his Work, none of the Servants kept pace with him. The Company looked upon him to be a Servant of the House, and were mightily pleas'd with his Quickness and Diligence, and the Goodness of the Wine, and every Thing he brought them. *Will* promised him that should have attended the Room, large Vails, and he was very well sa-

tisfy'd to receive Money for doing nothing. *Will* never came in the Room, but he pass'd some merry Jest, which pleas'd them wonderfully, and when they spoke to him, his Answers were so smart, that when he went for more Wine, they said one to another, *This is a merry witty Fellow, such a one as he is fit to make a House; he deserves double Wages.* When *Will* had sufficiently amus'd the Company, and saw his Project ripe for Execution, he was resolv'd to trifle no longer: Wherefore, when he returned into the Room with some Wine, and as he pass'd by my Lord, he laid Hold on the Opportunity, and with his Incision Knife, which he us'd in Pocket-Picking, he nicely, and with admirable Dexterity, made a Slit in the Seam of my Lord's Coat, and runs down Stairs for more Liquor. When he returned with a Bottle in one Hand, and the other full of Glasses, before he came near my Lord, *Will* starts, saying, *What Cabling Fellows are they that made this Coat? Could they not sew a Coat to hold one Day? This Cabbage-monger deserved the Pillory before for flogging; but now grudging to allow another Stitch, has committed a Scandalum Magnatum, and caused my Lord to go in a rent Coat the first Day of wearing perhaps.* Some of the Company rising, and seeing the great Slash, told my Lord, the Taylor had affronted him. Says my Lord, *I gave the Fellows sufficient Vails, and both they and their Master shall bear it.*—*My Lord*, says *Will*, *'tis only the End of a Thread has split: Such Things will happen sometimes; the Coat may be faithfully sewed in other Places; it's not a Farthing the worse.* There's a Curious Fine-Drawer of my Acquaintance lives in the next Lane; be pleas'd to let me carry it to him, he will make it as good as at first. *I'll carry it secretly under my Master's Cloak, and return with it before you want more Wine.* The Nobleman borrows a great Coat of one of the Company, and lets him have the Coat. *Will* comes down to the Vintner, tells him what had happened to his Lord's Coat; and, to prevent its being seen in the Street, desires him to let him have a Cloak, and he would return immediately. The Vintner shew'd him where the Cloak was, which *Will* put on, and claps the Vintner's Beaver on his Head, which hung on the next Pin. Thus he troops off with them, and coming to the Tavern, where the Gentlemen were, he went into a Room, and having put on the Nobleman's Coat, the Cloak, and Beaver, he came into the Room where they sat, saluting them very civilly. Says one of them, *What, instead of a Coat, you come with a Cloak, and great need for it;* so, says he, *there's a Deal of Knavery under it.* So opening the Cloak, they were all amaz'd to see the rich embroider'd Coat, besides the Cloak and Beaver, which he told them how he had got into the Bargain, but when he told them how he had performed the Exploit, they all laugh'd heartily, and *Roger* with his Base made up the Comfort.

My Lord and his Company waited so long, that they were quite out of Patience, the People of the House likewise wondering they sat so long without calling, ordered the Fellow that should have waited on that Room, to go up Stairs and force a Trade. The Fellow comes in, and says, *Call here, call here, Gentlemen?* Yes, says one of them, *where is your Fellow-Servant that waited on us?* *My Fellow-Servant*, says the other, *He said, he was my Lord's Servant, and that my Lord would be attended by none but himself, and I should have good Vails notwithstanding.* Says my Lord how can that be, I have but one Gentleman here of my own Retinue, the Rest are with my Lady; he that served us, came in with an Apron, and is a Servant of the House, call up our Landlord. The Vintner coming up, a Gentleman of the Company asked him if he kept Sharpers in

the House to affront Gentlemen, and rob them. *Nay*, says the Vintner, who was a very passionate Man, *Do you bring Sharpers along with you to affront me, and rob my House? I'm sure I have lost a fine new Cloak, and Beaver; and for ought I know, though you look like Gentlemen, you may be Sharpers yourselves; and of you I expect to be paid for my Losses and Reckoning to Boot.* Immediately one of them drew upon him; but the Vintner ran down Stairs, and called all the House together, bidding them get what they could, and not to suffer one to come down Stairs, and snatching his Sword in a Fury, ran up Stairs, again, the Servants arming themselves with Spits, Fire-Forks, and such Weapons, as they could find, followed him. The Uproar was very great and my Lord coming out first, to force his Way down, made a Pass at the Landlord, but was put by with a Fire-Shovel, which was in one of the Drawer's Hands, narrowly escaping being thrust in the Guts with a long Spit, which *Margery*, the Cook Wench, pushed at him; so that my Lord seeing the Door so well guarded with stout Fellows and sturdy Wenches, retired into the Room, and told his Company, he had almost died by the Hands of a Wench with a Spit her Hand. They seeing it neither safe nor honourable to fall out, shut the Door; and standing on the Defensive Part, began to consult what to do.

Mean while, the Gentlemen foreseeing a Quarrel betwixt my Lord and the Vintner, immediately dispatched their own Landlord to tell them, they had caught the Rogue that had abused them, and had him in safe Custody, praying my Lord to know, if they should wait on him.

The Landlord runs in haste, and coming to the House, found it in an Uproar. The Servants knowing him, let him go up Stairs, where he no sooner came, but he told his Brother Vintner, That they were all in Mistake; that the Rogue was caught, and in his House; whereupon, calling my Lord, informed him of the whole Business. Immediately a Cessation of Arms was proclaim'd, the Swords sheath'd, the Spits, Fire-Forks, and Fire-Shovels disbanded, and an End happily made of a terrible War. The Nobleman and his Company drinking Friends with the Vintner, promised to be a Friend to his House for the future; but resolved to go along with their Peace-maker to the Tavern where *Will* was to mend the Frolick. The Vintner being well pleased with the Conceit, went along with them: When they were come to the Place, after passing the usual Compliments, they sat down, and *Will* deliver'd the Coat, Cloak, and Beaver. As for what he told them, and the other Tricks he then shewed them not having Room here to relate, we must now beg Leave to pass on to his Brother, the Captain.

The Captain had committed so many and great Robberies, with his Companions and his Brother *Will*, (for the small Tricks he above committed were only his Pastime, when absent from the Road) that a Proclamation was issued out against them, with a Reward for the taking them, dead or alive, which made People more inquisitive after them, and not long after Captain *Dudley*, and some others were apprehended.

The Manner of their being seiz'd was as follows: The Captain, with five others, having committed a Robbery, and being closely pursued by the Country, were forced to ride hard for their Safety, and having got to *Westminster-Ferry*, they endeavour'd to pass; but the Wherry-men declared they would not go any more that Night; upon which two rid away, and the other four gave their Horses to a Waterman to lead to an Inn, which was not far off, being all of a Foam with their hard riding, which made the Waterman mistrust they were Highwaymen,

and had been pursued; that Day two of them, after their Horses were set up, took Oars to *Lambeth*: The Waterman imparted his Suspicion to several People, the Constable got News of it, and he made it his Business to find them out: Getting a good Guard, he went to the Inn, and enquired what Kind of Persons they were, secured the Horses, and made Search after the Men.

Being in the Yard, he observ'd a Person to walk up and down, as if he was sent for a Spy; he demanded what he wanted? The other ass'd him, if such a one lived there? He told him *No*; then he enquired for another Name, which was the Name of the Man of the House. The Constable told him, he would go to the House with him, which he did; and knocking at the Door, inquired for a Person, whom the Maid denied, and suddenly shut the Door upon him, which gave the Constable a greater Mistrust; upon which he asked the Man, who he wanted? and told him, he suspected him to be one of those who had committed the Robbery that Day, or that he belong'd to some of them (the Constable being all this while at a Distance from his Guard, and without his Staff) and drawing the Fellow nearer to his Assistants, he boldly seiz'd him, and threatened to carry him before a Magistrate. The Fellow being amazed at this unexpected Surprize, presently confessed he was sent by those who had made their Escapes, to see what became of their Horses, and whether any Enquiry or Pursuit was after them, and told the Constable two of them were in the House he knocked at, and the other two at an Inn in *Lambeth*. Upon this the Constable takes his Guard with him, goes to the House, and knocks at the Door, which was not open'd, till he threaten'd to break it open: He was no sooner enter'd, but he discovered *Dudley* going down a Pair of Stairs into the Cellar: He followed him; but not so fast, but *Dudley* had Time to get into a further Cellar, and bolt himself in; but it was soon forced open, where they found *Dudley* with his Sword in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other, threatening the Death of the first Man that touch'd him; but seeing so many Men arm'd, and finding it in vain to resist, he surrender'd his Arms up, and was taken Prisoner. The Constable left a good Guard over him for his Security, and went to *Lambeth*, and took the other two, who in the Morning being carried before a Justice was by him committed to *Newgate*.

At the next Sessions, Captain *Dudley* had his Trial, and was found Guilty on no less than five Indictments for the Highway, and received Sentence to be hang'd accordingly, with his Brother, and two of his Accomplices.

After he had received Sentence, and was brought back to *Newgate*, he began to have a Sense of his near approaching End, and demean'd himself very well at Chapel. He confessed he was a great Offender, that he justly deserved Death; but yet was very unfit to die, which troubled him much; for he desired longer Time to make his Peace with God. An Acquaintance, who came to visit him, asked him if the Nearness of his Death (he being in perfect Health, and to die the next Day) did not startle him? He reply'd, *Yes; I have now but twenty four Hours to live*, and shaking his Head, desired of the Lord to forgive him; and to those who were with him, he said, *Pray for me*. A Gentleman who came to see him, gave him some Tobacco, and would have given him more, which he refused, telling him, *He thanked him for what he had got already, that being sufficient for him, during the short Space he had to live*.

He did not seem to be much cast down, but endeavour'd to appear as chearful as possible. He confessed he had robbed many Men, but never committed any Murder, and when strongly charged with killing

illing the Serjeant as above, he utterly denied it to be his, but own'd he promoted the doing of it. He was carried from *Newgate* with six Prisoners more: His Brother was very sick, and lay all along in the Cart; but the Captain look'd pretty cheerful all the Way. Being come to the Place of Execution he confessed he had been a notorious Offender; and that he justly deserved Death, desiring the Prayers of all good Christians; and after the usual Duties performed by the Ordinary, they were all turned off together. After hanging the usual Time, they were cut down, and his Body, with his Brother's, put into separate Coffins, to be carried to a disconsolate Father, who at

the Sight of them, was so much overwhelm'd with Grief, that he fell down upon the Dead Bodies, and never spoke more, but was buried at the same Time, and in the same Grave, with his two unfortunate Sons. It must needs be a sad, shocking, and most affecting Spectacle to see so many Persons going to an ignominious Death by the Impiety of their Lives; to behold such a Sight, one would think, might awaken all who saw it, to fly from such wicked Practices to leave off their vitious Company, and debauched Conversation, and seriously imploring Mercy and Forgiveness for past Iniquities, strenuously endeavour to redeem their Time for the future.

The LIFE of OLD MOB.

THERE is a Beauty in all the Works of Nature, which we are unable to define, tho' all the World is convinced of its Existence; So every Action and Station of Life, there is a Grace to be attain'd which will make a Man pleasing to all about him, and serene in his own Mind. This also is well as the former, every one will own, and at the same Time fancy he can reach, though almost all Mankind find themselves mistaken.

As every Virtue has its Foil, or a Sort of counter-act Vice, which very nearly resembles it, so near as it is to impose upon the very Possessor; in like Manner the Beauty, Grace, or Decorum, which we have mentioned, often occasions that we pursue a wrong end: We are convinced that there really is such a Thing, and while we are inquiring what it is, our own favourite Passions present us with something which we mistake for it, and which we ever after make the Object of our Pursuit.

Thus a Man of a healthy, robust Constitution, who is at the same Time an impetuous and violent Tempter, such a one thinks of nothing so much as of being esteem'd the bravest Man of his Neighbourhood, and is never so well pleas'd as when he sees others agree to his Opinion, for fear of incurring his Displeasure. Manly Exercises are his whole Delight, and he can scarce bear to hear the Name of a Man given to one of less Strength and Fire than himself. Others on the contrary, delight only in the Exercises of Reason, and Amusements of the Mind: These frequently look upon the former, as a Sort of Creatures in human Shape, who differ from the irrational World in nothing but Figure and Speech. These are the two Extremes of Mankind, and make, perhaps, the most discernable Difference; but there is a like Contrast subsisting throughout the whole Species.

Not to carry the Reader too far into this abstracted Manner of Reasoning, it will be obvious to every one who compares these Reflections with the Character of some Villains of the first Magnitude; that these unhappy Wretches, from a wrong Turn of thought, have even placed the Beauty we have been speaking of, in Vice itself, and conceive a Sort of Excellence in being more vile and profligate than other Men; otherwise it is hardly probable, that they could commit so many Irregularities with a strong Guilt, and in Appearance of Satisfaction.

What we are still more to wonder at, is, that other People should delight to hear the Actions of these Men rehearsed, and be even pleas'd with a Highwayman, who robs like a Gentleman. It seems as if it was, in Reality, something great to excel upon any Account whatsoever. But let us consider whether such a Pleasure as this be consistent with a virtuous Inclination. Lives of wicked Men are doubtless both lawful and useful, for the same End as Sea-Marks, and no other; that we may avoid the Road in which they perished: Ought not therefore the greatest Villain to raise in us the greatest Abhorrence.

After these general Thoughts, we shall give the Reader a Sketch of the Life and Adventures of *Thomas Symphon*, commonly called *Old-Mobb*, who was perhaps, as notorious a Robber as almost any one of the last Age, for the Space of five and forty Years together; during which Time it was reported he never acted in any Company, except now and then a little with the *Golden Farmer*.

This Man was born at *Ramsay* in *Hampshire* which continued to be the Place of his Habitation, when he resided any where under his right Name, till the Day of his apprehending; and he had a Wife and five Children, besides Grand-Children, living there at the Time of his Shameful Death.

We have no particular Account of his Education and private Life, from whence we may conclude, there was nothing remarkable in either. His Adventures on the Road we shall relate in the Order which we have received them, which is the only Method we can follow.

Riding one Time between *Honiton* and *Exeter*, he met with Sir *Bartholomew Shower*, whom he immediately called to an Account for the Money he had about him. Sir *Bartholomew* gave him all he had without any Words, which proved to be but a very little: *Old Mob* looked upon his Prize, and finding it infinitely short of his Expectations, he readily told him, That there was not enough to answer his present Demands, which were very large, and very pressing; And therefore, Sir, says he, as you are my Banker, in general, you must instantly draw a Bill upon somebody at *Exeter* for one hundred and fifty Pounds, and remain in the next Field as Security for the Payment, till I have received

received it. The Knight would fain have made some Evasion, and protested that there was Body in Exeter who would Pay such a Sum at a Moment's Warning; but *Old Mobb* so terrified him with holding a Pistol to his Breast, that his Worship at last consented, and drew upon a rich Goldsmith.

As soon as *Old Mobb* had got the Note, he made Sir *Bartholomew* dismount, and walk far enough from the Road to be out of every Bodies hearing, then bound him Hand and Foot, and left him under a Hedge, while he rode to Exeter, and receiv'd the Money, which was paid without any Scruple, the Goldsmith knowing the Hand-Writing perfectly well. When he return'd, he found the poor Knight where he left him. Sir, says he, *I am come with a Habeas Corpus to remove you out of your present Captivity*; which he accordingly did by untying him, and sending him about his Business: But Sir *Bartholomew* was obliged to walk Home which was full three Miles; for our Adventurer had cut the Girths and Bridle of his Horse, and turn'd him astray, ever since he went to Exeter with the Note.

Old Mobb had one Time some high Words with a Woman in his Neighbourhood, when among other hard Names he called her a Whore: Every one knows what a tender Thing the Honour of a Woman is, and how ready poor *English* Husbands are to vindicate their Wives Virtue. Whether or no the Saddle fitted at this Time, or whatever else was the Occasion, we can't say, but a Prosecution in the Spiritual Court was set a Foot against *Old Mobb*, and the good Man was so zealous in Defence of his beloved Rib, that he put our Highwayman to a pretty Deal of Expence; for a spiritual Process generally hurts the temporal Estate, as much at least as a Suit at Common Law. To the Honour of our spiritual Courts be it spoken.

Soon after this Trouble was over, *Old Mobb* met the Proctor, who had managed against him, and drawn not a little Money out of his Pocket. He quickly knew his dear ghostly Friend; but being very much disguis'd, was not at all apprehensive of being known, which pleased him extremely. Sir, quoth he, *stand and deliver this Moment, or I shall have no more Mercy on you than the Devil*; or, *if you please, you yourself would have on an excommunicated Person*. The Proctor made some Resistance, but was soon obliged to surrender, and pull out a fine cmbroider'd Purse, with fifteen Guineas in it. He was a-going to take out the Guineas, and deliver them; but *Old Mobb* liking the Purse, assured him, he must have that also. The Proctor told him, it was given him by a particular Friend, and that he had promised to keep it as long as he lived; for which Reason he begged of him to leave that, *Suppose now*, says *Old Mobb*, *that you had a Process against me, and were come to me for your Fees; if I had no Money, nor any Thing of Value, but what was given me by a Friend, would you take it for Payment, if I told you that I had promised to keep it as long as I lived?* — No, Sir, stay there; *I love People should do as they would be done unto. What Business had you to promise a Thing that you were not sure of performing? Am I to be accountable for your Vows?* 'Twas in Vain for the poor Proctor to use any more Words, for he plainly saw that if he offer'd to separate the Purse and Money, his own Body and Soul would be in Danger of Separation; and notwithstanding his Spirituality, his inward Man did not much Care at this Time to leave its earthly Tabernacle; so e'en gave both together.

Mr. *John Gadbury*, the Astrologer, was another that fell into the Hands of *Old Mobb*, who notwithstanding his Familiarity with the Stars, was not wise

enough to foresee his own Misfortune, which has been a common Case with Men of his Profession. This Rencounter was on the Road between *Winchester* and *London*. Poor *Gadbury* trembled, and turned as white as a Clout, when *Old Mobb* told him what he wanted, professing that he had no more Money about him, than just enough to bear his Expences to *London*; but our Highwayman was not at all moved with Compassion at what he said: *Are not you a lying Son of a Whore*, quoth he, *to pretend you want Money, when you hold twelve large Houses of the Planets by Lease Parole, which you let out again to the Stationer's Company at so much per Ann. You must not sham Poverty upon me, Sir, who know as good Things as yourself, and who have a Pistol that may prove as fatal as Sirius in the Dog Days, if you stand trifling with me*. Mr. *Gadbury* was at this Time, indeed, more apprehensive of *Old Mobb's* Pistol, than of any Star in the Firmament; for he was sensible the Influence of it, if discharged, would be much more violent and sudden; so that he looked like one out of his Senses. He was now even afraid to deliver his Money, lest he should suffer for telling a Lye: However, as he saw there was no Remedy, he pulled out a Bag, in which was about nine Pounds in Gold and Silver, which he gave with a few grumbling Expressions. *Old Mobb* told him, he should take no Exceptions at what he said; for it was but just, that the Loser should have Leave to speak; so setting Spurs to his Horse, he left the Star-gazer to curse the disastrous Constellations.

One Day *Old Mobb* overtook the Stage-Coach going for *Bath*, with only one Gentlewoman in it: When he had commanded the Coachman to stop, and was come to the Door to raise Contribution after his usual Manner, the Passenger made a great many Excuses, and wept very plentifully, in order to move him to pity; she told him she was a poor Widow, who had lately lost her Husband, and therefore she hoped, he would have some Compassion on her: *And is your Losing your Husband then*, says he, *an Argument that I must lose my Booty? I know your Sex too well, Madam, to suffer myself to be prevail'd on by a Woman's Tears. Those Crocodile Drops are always at your Command; and no doubt but that dear Cuckold of yours, whom you have lately buried, has frequently been persuaded out of his Reason by their Interposition in your Domestick Debates. Weeping is so customary to you, that every Body would be disappointed, if a Woman was to bury her Husband, and not weep for him; but you would be more disappointed, if no Body was to take Notice of your Crying; for according to the old Proverb, the End of an Husband is a Widow's Tears; and the End of those Tears is another Husband*.

The poor Gentlewoman upon this ran out into an extravagant Detail of her deceased Husband's Virtues, solemnly pretesting, that she would never be married again to the best Man that wore a Head, for she should not expect a Blessing to attend her afterwards; with a thousand other Things of the same Kind. *Old Mobb*, at last, interrupted her, and told her he would repeat a pleasant Story in Verse, which he had learn'd by Heart, so, first looking round him to see that the Coast was clear on every Side, he began as follows:

*A Widow Prude had often sworn
No Bracelet should approach her more;
Had often prov'd that second Marriage
Was ten Times worse than Maid's Miscarriage,
And always told them of their Sin,
When Widows would be Wives agen:
Women who'd thus themselves abuse,
Should die, she thought, like honest Jews:
Let her alone to throw the Stones;
If 'twere but Law, she'd make no Bones.*

*Thus long she led a Life demure;
But not with Character secure:
For People said (what won't Folks say?)
That she with Edward went astray:
(This Edward was her Servant Man)
The Rumour thro' the Parish ran,
She heard, she wept, she called up Ned,
Wip'd her Eyes dry, sigh'd, sobb'd, and said:*

*Alas! what stand'rous Times are these!
What shall we come to by Degrees!
This wicked World! I quite abhor it!
The Lord give me a better for it!
On me this Scandal do they fix?
On me? who, God knows, hate such Tricks!
Have Mercy, Heav'n, upon Mankind!
And grant us all a better Mind!
My Husband—Ah that dearest Man!
Forget his Love I never can;
He took such Care of my good Name,
And put all stand'rous Tongues to Shame.—
But, ah! he's dead—Here Grief amain,
Came bubling up, and stop'd the Strain.*

*Ned was no Fool; he saw his Cue,
And how to use good Fortune knew:
Old Opportunity at Hand,
He seiz'd the Lock, and bid him stand;
Urg'd of what Use a Husband was
To vindicate a Woman's Cause,
Exclaim'd against the stand'rous Age;
And swore he could his Soul engage,
That Madam was so free from Fault,
She ne'er so much as sinn'd in Thought;
Vowing he'd lose each Drop of Blood,
To make that just Assertion good.*

*This Logic, which well pleas'd the Dame,
At the same Time eludes her Shame:
A Husband, for a Husband's Sake,
Was what she'd ne'er consent to take.
Yet, as the Age was so censorious,
And Ned's Proposals were so glorious,
She thought 'twas best to take upon her,
A second Guardian of her Honour.*

This, says Old Mobb, is an exact Picture of Womankind, and as such I committed it to Memory; you are very much obliged to me for the Recital, which has taken me up more Time than I usually spend in taking a Purse; let us now pass from the Dead to the Living, for it is these that I live by: I am in a pretty good Humour, and so will not deal rudely by you. Be so kind therefore, as to search your self, and use me as honestly as you are able; you know I can examine afterwards, if I am not satisfied with what you give me. The Gentlewoman found he was resolute, and so thought it the best Way to keep him in Temper, which she did by pulling forty Guineas in a silk Purse, and presented them to him. 'Tis fifty to one but Old Mobb got more by repeating the Verses above, than the poor Poet that wrote them, ever made of his Copy. Such is the Fate of the Sons of Apollo.

Scarce was Old Mobb parted from this Gentlewoman before he saw the Appearance of another Prize at some Distance. Who should it be, but the famous Lincoln's-Inn Fields Mountebank, Cornelius a Tilburgh, who was going to set up a Stage at Wells. Our Adventurer knew him very well, as indeed, did almost every one at Time, which occasioned his demanding his Money in a little rougher Language than usual. The poor Quack-Salver was willing to preserve what he had; and to that End, used a great many fruitless Expostulations, pretending that he

had expended all the Money he had brought out with him, and was himself in Necessity. But Old Mobb soon gave him to understand, that he would not be put off with fine Words; and that he had more Wit than to believe a Mountebank whose Profession is Lying. *You get your Money, says he, as easily as I do, and 'tis only fulfilling an old Proverb, if you give me all you have: Lightly come, Lightly go. Next Market-Day, Doctor, will make up all, if you have any Luck. 'Twill excite People to buy your Packets, if as an Instance of your great Desire to serve them, you tell them what you suffer'd upon your Journey, which nevertheless, could not hinder your coming to exercise your Bowels of Compassion among them, and restore such as are in a languishing Condition.*

The Empirick could scarce forbear laughing to hear Old Mobb hold forth so excellently well, and lay open the Craft of his Occupation with so much Dexterity. He was notwithstanding, very unwilling to part with his Money, and began to read a Lecture of Morality to our Desperado, upon the Unlawfulness of his Actions, telling him, that what he did might frequently be the Ruin of poor Families, and oblige them afterwards to follow irregular Courses, in order to make up what they had lost: And then, *says he, you are answerable for the Sins of such People. 'This is the Devil correcting Sin with a Witness, quoth Old Mobb, Can I ruin more People than you, dear Mr. Theophrastus Bombastus? You are a scrupulous, conscientious Son of a Whore, indeed, to tell me of ruining People. I only take their Money away from them; but you frequently take away their Lives; and what makes it the worse, you do it safely, under a Pretence of restoring them to Health; whereas I should be hanged for killing a Man, or even Robbing him, if I were taken. You have put out more Eyes than the Small-Pox, made more Deaf than the Cataracts of Nile, in a Word, destroy'd more than the Pestilence. 'Tis in vain to trifle with me, Doctor, unless you have a Remedy against the Force of Gun-powder and Lead. If you have any such excellent Specifick, make Use of it instantly, or else deliver your Money.*

Our itinerant Quack still continuing his Delays, Old Mobb made bold to take a Portmanteau from his Horse, and put it upon his own, riding off with it, till he came to a convenient Place for opening it. Upon examining the Inside, he found five and twenty Pounds in Money, and a large Golden Medal, which King Charles II. had given him for Poysoning himself in his Majesty's Prefence; besides all his Instruments, and Implements of Quackery.

Another Time Old Mobb met with the Dutcheß of Portsmouth, on the Road between New-Market and London, attended with a small Retinue. He made bold to stop the Coach, and ask her Grace for what she had about her; but Madam, who had been long used to command a Monarch, did not understand the Meaning of being spoken to in this Manner by a common Man. Whereupon the briskly demanded, If he knew who she was? Yes, Madam, *replied Old Mobb, I know you to be the greatest Whore in the Kingdom; and that you are maintain'd at the Publick Charge.—I know that all the Courtiers depend on your Smiles, and that even the King himself is your Slave. But what of all that? A Gentleman Collector is a greater Man upon the Road, much more absolute than his Majesty is at Court. You may now say, Madam, that a single Highwayman, has exercised his Authority, where Charles II. of England has often begged a Favour, and thought himself happy to obtain it, at the Expence of his Treasure, as well as his Breath.*

Her Grace continued to look upon him, with a superiour, lofty Air, and told him, he was a very insolent;

insolent Fellow; that he would give him nothing, and that he should severely suffer for this Affront: Adding, that he might touch her if he durst.—Madam, says *Old Mobb*, that haughty *French Spirit* will do you no good here. I am an *English* Freebooter; and insist upon it as my Native Privilege to seize all Foreign Commodities. Your Money indeed is *English*, and the prodigious Sums that have been lavished on you will be a lasting Proof of *English* Folly. Nevertheless, all you have is confiscated to me by being bestowed on such a worthless B——h I am King here, Madam, and I have a Whore to keep on the Publick Contributions, as well as King *Charles*: 'Tis for this that I collect of all that pass, and you shall have no Favour from me.—As soon as he had spoke, he fell on board her in a very boistrous Manner, so that her Grace began to cry out for Quarters, telling him, she would deliver all she had. She was as good as her Word; for she surrendered two hundred Pounds in Money, which was in the Seat of her Coach, besides a very rich Necklace, which her Royal Cully had lately given her, a Gold Watch, two Diamond Rings.

Being once at *Abingdon*, on a Market-Day, when there is always a great Quantity of Corn bought and sold, *Old Mobb*, happened to fall into Company with a Person at the *Crown-Inn*, whom he knew to be a great Ingrosser of Corn; and that he had just bought as much of that Commodity as came to fifty Pounds. Having a pretty deal of Money in his Pocket at this Time, it came into his Head, how to cheat the Monopolizer out of his Bargain. To this End, he put on the Appearance of a Man of Business, pretended that he was come from *London* to buy, and desired to see this Purchase of the Countryman's.

As soon as he saw it, he seem'd to like it mightily, and demanded the Price of the Owner, who asked him but a small Advance above what he had just given for it. *Old Mobb* presently paid down the Money, and sent the Goods away, where he was sure of having it disposed of again at prime Cost.

This was all that there was to be done that Day; for the Ingrosser did not go out of Town till the next Morning. *Old Mobb* against that Time, took Care to be well informed of the Way he was to take, and was at his Heels before he got two Miles out of Town. He soon found an Opportunity to clap a Pistol to his Breast, and tell him that he must have the Money again, which he had lent him Yesterday, and whatsoever else he had about him. The Countryman was sufficiently surpriz'd to see himself address'd to by his late Companion in such a Manner as this, and asked him, with Trembling, if it was Justice, in him to take away both Goods and Money too. Hast thou the Impudence to talk of Justice, says *Old Mobb*? Can any Man in the World act more unjustly than an Ingrosser of Corn, who buys up the Produce of his Country, robs the Poor of their Bread, and pretends a Scarcity in Times of Plenty, only to increase his own Substance, and leave behind him Abundance of ill-gotten Wealth? You are for inclosing all the Land in the Kingdom, and call our Forefathers Fools, because they sold Corn for Twelve-pence a Bushel. No Picture pleases you so well as that of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, who eat up the fat ones; this you hang up in your Parlours, recommend to your Neighbours, and pray secretly to see the Interpretation of it frequently fulfilled. Such Vermin as you are unfit to live upon the Earth; for you dread what all the World besides esteem a Blessing; and dare not wish well to your Country lest her Prosperity should disappoint your Hopes, and oblige you to bring out your hoarded Stock, and sell it for less than it cost you. Talk no more of Justice, Sir, but deliver your Money, or I shall do the World

so much Justice as to send you out of it. Hereupon the Countryman delivered a Bag with all *Old Mobb's* Money in it, and about as much more, which occasion'd our Adventurer to ride away with a great Deal of Satisfaction.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, *Old Mobb* met with Sir *George Jefferies*, at that Time Lord Chief Justice of the *King's Bench*, as he was going to his Country Seat. My Lord Chief Justice upon the Road, was no more than another Man; for he first disabled two Servants that attended him, by shooting one through the Arm, and the other through the Thigh, and then stopped the Coach, and demanded his Lordship's Money. *Jefferies* had before this made himself sufficiently famous, by his Western Assizes, and other very severe Proceedings, so that he imagined his Name carried Terror enough in it, to intimidate any Man; but he was mistaken in *Old Mobb*, who had Courage to speak his Mind without any respect to Persons, and when his Lordship told him his Name, only said, *He was glad he could be revenged on him in any Manner for putting him in Bodily Fear at Hartford Assizes a few Months before. According to Law, my Lord, says he, I might charge a Constable with you, and bind you over to the Quarterly Sessions, for threatening to take away my Life: However, if you please, as I don't love to be spiteful, I will make up the Matter with you for what Money you have in the Coach, which, I think, is as easy as you can desire, and easier than you can desire, and easier than you deserve.*

Jefferies expostulated with him, upon the great Hazard he ran, both of Soul and Body, by following such wicked Courses, telling him, that he must expect Justice to follow his Crimes, if he believed there was any such Thing as a Providence that govern'd the World. I don't doubt, says *Old Mobb*, but that when Justice has overtaken us both, I shall stand at least, as good a Chance as your Lordship; who have already writ your Name in indelible Characters of Blood, by putting to Death so many hundred innocent Men, for only standing up in Defence of our Common Liberties, that you might secure the Favour of your Prince. 'Tis enough for you to preach Morality upon the Bench, where no Body dares to contradict you; but your Lessons can have no Effect upon me at this Time; for I know you too well not to see that they are only calculated to preserve Money.—This Speech of *Old Mobb*, was followed with fifty Oaths and Imprecations against the poor Judge, which threaten'd him with nothing but immediate Death, if he did not deliver his Money. *Jefferies* saw his Authority would now stand him in no Stead; so he gave what Money he had, which amounted to about fifty-six Guineas.

We took notice at the beginning of this Life of *Old Mobb*, that he sometimes was engaged with the *Golden Farmer*, the Reader may therefore justly expect an Account of some of their Actions in Concert, two Stories, the most remarkable and diverting that we have seen concerning them, now follow.

Having both of them a pretty deal of ready Cash, and being willing to retire a little while from the Highway, where they had lately made a great Noise, and were now very much sought after, they came to *London*, in order to make use of their Wits, of which they had both as great shares as they of strength and Courage. Here their first Work was to observe the Humours and Manners of the Citizens, which neither of them was well acquainted with before, that they might know the better how to proceed, and impose upon them in their own Way.

Every one knows that *London* is all hurry and Noise; every Man there is a Man of Business, and those who make good Appearances never want Credit,

dit, all People there live by mutual Dependence upon one another, and he who has dealt for two or three hundred Pounds, and made good his Payments, may afterwards be trusted for five. Our Adventures soon perceived all this, and what Advantages many designing Men made of the general confidence, that People reposed in each other, they saw that no Body could teach them how to cheat a Citizen, so well as a Citizen himself, and thereupon he concluded, that the best Way they could take, was, to both turn Tradesmen.

Each of them now, takes a large handsome House, hires two or three Servants, and sets up for a great Dealer. The *Golden Farmer's* Habitation was in *Thames-street*, where he passed for a Cornchandler, which Occupation he had the most Knowledge in of any. *Old Mobb* took up his residence somewhere near the *Tower*, and call'd himself a Holland Trader, he having been abroad when a Boy, and knowing pretty well what Commodities were exported to that Country, of the Language of which he had also a small Smattering. They went for near Relations, of the Name of *Bryan*, and said they were North-Country Men.

They now employ all their Time in enquiring after Goods in their several Ways, buying whatever comes to their Hands, and either paying ready Money themselves, or drawing upon each other, for one, two, or three Days; at which Time Payment was always punctually made. This constant Tide of Money was kept up by their continually selling privately what they bought (sometimes, perhaps, not a little to Loss) to such Persons as are glad to make use of their Cash in this Manner; and always wink at Things, which they can't comprehend, while they find their Interest in it. As they deal in very different Ways, the Chapmen of the one, had no Knowledge of those of the other; so that though every one of them had been sent at one Time or another, by his respective Customer, to receive Money of his Kinsman, none of them had any Notion, that the Correspondence was mutual, and consequently no Suspicion of a Fraud at the Bottom.

Thus they continued till they both found their Characters thoroughly established: Perhaps in this Time, they might each of them lose a hundred or two of Pounds, but they very well knew that this Loss would get them as many Thousands. When they saw that all who dealt with them were ready to end in what Goods they required, and not in the least Care about their Money, they thought their Project ripe for Execution, accordingly a Day was appointed for that Purpose.

They then order all their Customers to bring them in Goods on such a Day, as much, at least in Quantity, as they had ever before received at one Time of the respective Sorts; confining them all to particular Hours for the Delivery of what they brought, that they might not interfere with one another, and so suspect that some unfair Design was on Foot. At the same Time they inform'd those who usually bought every Thing off their Hands, that they should have such and such Quantities of so many Sorts to dispose of, naming the next Day to that when they were to receive them; that they would sell them cheap, because they were obliged to make up a large Sum of ready Money; that therefore they desired them to be punctual, and bring only Cash for what they design'd to buy. The whole Scheme succeeded as well as they could wish; on one Side there was no Suspicion; and on the other, if there was any, it was not the Interest of the Parties to discover what they thought, because every one of them promised himself some Advantage.

The Goods were all delivered according to Order,

at the Day and Hour appointed, and Notes were mutually drawn by the Kinsman in *Thames-Street* upon him by the *Tower*; and by the Kinsman by the *Tower*, upon him in *Thames-Street*, for the several Sums, to be paid at three Days after Date. Never were Men better satisfied than these poor Dupes, not one of them doubting but he should have all his Money the Moment he went for it, as usual. They went Home, and slept soundly that Night, and the two Nights succeeding.

Next Day came the Buyers, and entirely cleared both Houses, paying down ready Money for all they carried off. These too were as well pleased as the rest, and with much better Reason. They imagined indeed, that their Chapmen were going to break, but what was that to them? No Matter how the poor Men were to live for the future, so long as they could have good Bargains at present.

There was now Time enough before the Day of Payment, for our two Merchants to take Care of themselves, and the Money they had raised, which they did very effectually.

When they came to Computation they found, that by this one bold Stroke, they had got clear into their Pockets, about sixteen hundred and thirty Pounds: A pretty considerable Sum for three Months, which was the longest Time they were in Trade.

When the Creditors came to receive their Money, they were surpriz'd at both Places to see the Doors fast, and the Windows shut, till they were informed by the Neighbours, that the Birds were flown the Day before; and that all their Furniture was either carried off in the Night, or seiz'd for Rent. How the Men now looked upon one another! Every one began to suspect that the rest who were attending came about the same Business as himself; and indeed when they came to examine the Matter, they found themselves not mistaken. Those who were earliest in *Thames-Street*, and had heard the melancholy News, went forthwith to the *Tower* to complain that Mr. *Cousin* was gone; and those at the *Tower* set out for *Thames-Street*. Now was the whole Plot unravell'd, when they saw both were departed quietly, and had learned of each other how they had been mutually imposed upon by the pretended Relations, when they told their several Cases.

One such Trick as this, is enough for a Man's whole Life, and as much as he can safely play in the same Kingdom. Our two *Bryans* now, therefore, resum'd their old Names and Habits, taking to the Highway again for some Time, till fresh Danger of being apprehended, put them once more to their Shifts. There was not less Art in what they now did, than in what we have just related, only they acted in a lower Sphere, not daring to aspire so high as to be Merchants, after they had brought so much Scandal upon the Name.

Men whose Thoughts are all turn'd upon Money, have no Regard to the Manner in which they get what they desire; nor need they, provided they come off with Impunity; for all People honour the Rich, without enquiring how they came to be so.

There were two wealthy Brothers of the Name of *Seals*, *Philip* and *Charles*, both Jewellers: *Philip* lived in *London*, and *Charles* resided at *Bristol*; where they were both born, in a House which his Father left him. The *Golden Farmer* and *Old Mobb* knew every Circumstance of the Family, from which these Men were descended, and were moreover particularly instructed in the private History of our Brothers. This made our Desperado's fix on them for their next Prize, now they were again reduced to Extremity. The Brothers were sickly consumptive Men, which inclined these arch Villains to undertake and perform what will

will be as diverting in the Relation, as it was unparalleled in itself, and worthy of the Men who acted in it.

Having contriv'd and order'd the whole Affair, the first Step they took towards executing it, was writing, and copying the following Letter, making only the Alteration of the Place and Name, as they saw necessary.

March 26. 1686.

Dear Brother,

THIS comes to bring you the sorrowful News, that you have lost the best of Brothers, and I the kindest of Husbands, at a Time when we were in Hopes of his growing better, as the Spring advanced, and continuing with us at least one Summer longer: He died this Morning, about Eleven of the Clock, after he had kept his Bed only three Days.

I send so hastily to you, that you may be here before we prepare for the Funeral, which was the Desire of my dear Husband, who informed me, that he had made you joint Executor with me. The Will is in my Hands, and I shall defer opening it till you arrive here. I am too full of Grief to add any more, the Messenger, who is a very honest Man, and a Neighbour of mine, shall inform you of such Particulars as are needful from

Your Sorrowful Sister

— S E A L S .

P. S. I employ'd a Friend to write for me, which I desire you to excuse, for I was not able to do it myself, nor indeed to dictate any more.

These Letters being sealed, and properly directed, our two Adventures dress'd themselves according to the Characters they were to bear, and parted from each other; one of them riding towards London, and the other towards Bristol, having so ordered it before-hand, that they might both come to the End of their Journey at the same Time.

They arrived, they delivered their Credentials, and were kindly received: 'Tis not to our Purpose to declare how many Tears were shed upon opening the Letters, and how many Eulogias each of the living Brothers bestow'd upon him whom he supposed to be dead. Much less shall we pretend to describe the Secret Joy which they both concealed under a sorrowful Countenance; but which naturally arose in their Breasts, when they understood that an Addition would now accrue to their Fortunes by the Death of a Brother. 'Tis true, they both loved one another; but of all Love, Self-Love is the strongest.

The Evening at each Place was spent in talking over several Particulars of the Family. Subjects that at such a Time as this always come in the Way: Our Messengers were both very expert, and each Brother was convinced, that the Man whom his Sister had sent, had been long conversant in the Family, by the exact Account which he gave of Things. They moreover, added of their own Heads a great Deal of Stuff concerning the Manner of the respective Mr. Seal's Death, and what he said in his last Moments, which at this Time, was doubtless very moving. In a Word, the best Bed in both Houses was made ready for our two Sharpers, who were to depart the next Morning, and tell the Sisters-in-Law that their Brothers would come two Days after, which was as soon as their Mourning could be made, and other Things prepared for the Journey.

It may be proper to observe, that Old Mobb went to Bristol, and the Golden Farmer to London. The first of these found Means in the Evening to secure Jewels, to the Value of two hundred Pounds, which was all the Booty he had any Opportunity to make: But the Golden Farmer having well observed the Position of Mr. Philip Seal's Shop, arose in the Night, came silently down Stairs, and took to a much greater Value; among other Things a Diamond Necklace, which was just made for a Lady of the first Quality, but not to be delivered 'till some Days after, three very large Diamond Rings, and five small ones.

In the Morning both our Adventurers set out, one from Bristol, and the other from London. They met at a Place before appointed, and congratulated one another upon their Success.

But we must leave them together, and return to the Brothers, who were both getting ready for their Journey.

Such was the Hurry and Confusion which our Messengers had put the two Families in, that no Body in either of them took any Notice of the Shops, so that nothing of the Robberies was discovered Time enough to prevent the Masters setting out, and let them see that they were imposed on. The Shops were well furnished out, and what was carried off, took up but little Room; wherefore 'twas not surprizing, that such a Thing should be overlooked, at a Time when no Business was thought of, but the Preparations for Travelling, and appearing decently at the Funeral.

The merriest Part of the whole Story was our two Brothers setting out the same Morning, and coming the same Evening to Newberry, where they took up their Lodging also at the same Inn. He from London came in first, and being fatigued went to Bed before the other arrived. The Bristol Man about two Hours after, passed through his Brother's Room, and a Companion with him, whom he had engaged to attend him, and repos'd themselves where but a thin Partition was between the two Chambers. Philip, the Londoner, was asleep when his Brother went by him, but the Discourse between Charles, and his Friend, surpriz'd him; he could not tell what they talk'd off; but was certain one of the Tongues was his Brothers, whom he was going to see buried.

By and by Charles had Occasion to go to the necessary House; upon which he rises, and attempts to go through Philip's Chamber again, who by the Moon-light was still more convinced that he had not been deceived in the Voice: Upon this he screamed out, and Charles was now as much surpriz'd as his Brother; so that he ran back to Bed half dead with Fear.

In a Word, they both continued sweating, and frightening themselves till Morning, when they arose and dress'd themselves in their Mourning Apparel. Below Stairs for some Time they shunn'd one another till they were taken Notice off by the People of the House, who with some Difficulty brought them together, after they had heard both their Stories. They now saw themselves imposed on, but could not imagine the Reason of it, till after spending two Days together at the Inn, they both returned, and found themselves robbed. Now was the Plot unravel'd.

Old Mobb, was at last apprehended in Tuthill-street Westminster, committed to Newgate. and tried at the Old-Bailey on thirty-six Indictments; of thirty-two of which he was found Guilty.

On Friday the 30th of May, 1690. he was executed at Tyburn, without making any Speech or Confession.

feſſion; but continuing to act with his uſual Intrepidity.

Thus does the divine Vengeance purſue the Workers of Iniquity, and very ſeldom ſuffers them to depart out of this Life, without expoſing them to Shame and Iniquity. This, one would think, would be ſufficient to

convince the greateſt Libertine of the Government of a juſt Providence; and make him tremble at his own Thoughts and Actions, 'Tis alſo very ſhocking to reflect upon the Departure of ſuch a Man out of the World, in ſuch an inſenſible Manner as Old Mobb made his Exit, ſince at beſt Death is a Launching forth into a State of Uncertainty.

The LIFE of Major STEDE BONNET.

MAJOR Bonnet was a Gentleman of good Reputation in the Iſland of Barbadoes, where he was Maſter of a plentiful Fortune, having, beſides, the Advantage of a liberal Education. He had the leaſt Temptation of any Man to follow ſuch a Courſe of Life, from the Condition of his Circumſtances; and therefore it was very ſurprizing to every one, in the Iſland where he liv'd, when they heard of his Enterprizes. As he was generally eſteem'd and honour'd, before he broke out into open Acts of Piracy, ſo he was afterwards rather pitied than condemned, by thoſe that were acquainted with him; who believ'd that this Humour of going a pirating proceeded from a Diſorder in his Mind, which had been but too viſible in him, ſome Time before this wicked Undertaking, and which is ſaid to have been occaſion'd by ſome Diſcomforts he met with in a married State. But be that as it will, the Major was but ill qualify'd for the Buſineſs; for he did not underſtand maritime Affairs.

When he was reſolv'd in his wicked Purpoſe, he fitted out a Sloop, with 10 Guns, and 70 Men, entirely at his own Expence, and in the Night-time ſail'd from Barbadoes. He call'd his Sloop *The Revenge*, and his firſt Cruize in her was off the Capes of Virginia; where he took ſeveral Ships, and plunder'd them of their Proviſions, Cloaths, Money, Ammunition, &c. in particular the *Anne*, Captain Montgomery, from *Glaſcow*; the *Turbet*, from Barbadoes; which latter, for the Country's Sake, after they had taken out the principal Part of the Lading, the Pirate Crew ſet on Fire. They took, alſo, the *Endeavour*, Captain Scott, from *Briſtol*, and the *Young* from *Leith*. From hence they went to *New-York*, and off the Eaſt End of *Long-Iſland* they took a Sloop bound for the *Weſt-Indies*; after which they ſtood in and landed ſome Men at *Gardners-Iſland*, but in a peaceable Manner; for they bought Proviſions for the Company's Uſe, which they paid juſtly for, and ſo went off again without Moleſtation.

Some Time after, in the Month of *Auguſt* 1717, Bonnet came off the Bar of *South-Carolina*, and took a Sloop and a Brigantine inwards-bound; the Sloop belong'd to Barbadoes, *Joſeph Palmer* Maſter. and was laden with Rum, Sagar, and Negroes; the Brigantine came from *New-England*, *Thomas Porter* was Maſter; her they plunder'd, and then diſmiſs'd: But they ſail'd away with the Sloop, and at an Inlet in *North-Carolina* were careen'd by her, and then they ſet her on Fire.

After the Sloop had clean'd, they put to Sea, but came to no Reſolution what Courſe to take, for the Crew were divided in their Opinions, ſome being for

one Thing, and ſome for another; ſo that nothing but Confuſion ſeem'd to attend all their Schemes.

The Major was no Sailor, as was ſaid before, and therefore was often oblig'd to yield to many Things that were impos'd on him, during their Undertaking, for want of a competent Knowledge in maritime Affairs, till at length he happen'd to fall in Company with *Edward Teach*, commonly call'd *Black-Beard*, as we ſhall obſerv'd in his Life. This Fellow was a good Sailor, but a moſt cruel harden'd Villain, bold and daring to the laſt Degree. and would not ſtick at perpetrating the moſt abominable Wickedneſs imaginable; for which, he was made chief of that execrable Gang. It might be ſaid, that his Poſt was not unduly fill'd, *Black-Beard* being truly the Superior in Roguery of all the Company, as ſhall be related in his Life, hereafter.

To him Bonnet's Crew join'd in Conſortſhip, and Bonnet himſelf was laid aſide, notwithstanding the Sloop was his own. The Major went a-board *Black-Beard's* Ship, not concerning himſelf with any of their Affairs, and continu'd there till ſhe was loſt in *Topſail Inlet*; and one *Richards* was appointed Captain in his Room. The Major now ſaw his Folly, but could not help himſelf, which made him melancholy: He reflected upon his paſt Courſe of Life, and was confounded with Shame when he thought upon what he had done. His Behaviour was taken Notice of by the other Pirates, who lik'd him never the better for it: and he often declar'd to ſome of them, that he would gladly leave off that Way of Living, being perfectly tir'd of it; but he ſhould be aſham'd to ſee the Face of any honeſt *Engliſh* Man again: Therefore he ſaid if he could get to *Spain* or *Portugal*, where he might live undiscover'd, he would ſpend the Remainder of his Days in either of thoſe Countries, otherwiſe he muſt continue with them as long as he liv'd.

When *Black-Beard* loſt his Ship at *Topſail Inlet*, and ſurrender'd to the King's Proclamation, Bonnet re-aſſum'd the Command of his own Sloop, *The Revenge*, went direſtly away to *Bath Town* in *North-Carolina*, ſurrender'd likewiſe to the King's Pardon, and receiv'd a Certificate. The War was now broke out between the *Triple Allies* and *Spain*; ſo Major Bonnet gets a Clearance for his Sloop at *North-Carolina*, and goes to the Iſland of *St. Thomas*, with a Deſign, at leaſt as he pretended, to get the Emperor's Commiſſion to go a privateering upon the *Spaniards*. When Bonnet came back to *Topſail Inlet*, he found that *Teach* and his Gang were gone, and that they had taken all the Money, ſmall Arms, and Effects of Value, out of the great Ship, and ſet aſhore ſeventeen

Men on a small sandy Island above a League from the Main, no Doubt with a Design they should perish, for there was no Inhabitant, or Provisions to subsist withal, nor any Boat, or Materials to build or make any kind of Launch or Vessel, to escape from that desolate Place: They had remain'd there two Nights and a Day, without Subsistence, or the least Prospect of any, expecting nothing else but a lingering Death; when, to their inexpressible Comfort, they saw Redemption at Hand. Major *Bonnet* happening to get Intelligence of their being there, by two of the Pirates who had escap'd from *Teach's* Cruelty, and had got to a poor little Village at the upper End of the Harbour, sent his Boat to make Discovery of the Truth of the Matter, which the poor Wretches seeing, they made a Signal to them, and were all brought on board *Bonnet's* Sloop.

Major *Bonnet* told all his Company, that he would take a Commission to go against the *Spaniards*, and to that End, would sail to *St. Thomas's*; therefore he said if they would go with him, they should be welcome. To this they all consented, but as the Sloop was preparing to sail, a Bom Boat which brought Apples and Cyder to sell to the Sloop's Men, informed them, that Captain *Teach* lay at *Ocracock* Inlet, with only 18 or 20 Hands. *Bonnet*, who bore him a mortal Hatred for some Insults offered him, went in pursuit of *Black-beard*, but it happened too late, for he missed of him there. They cruized after him four Days, when hearing no farther News of him, they steered their Course towards *Virginia*.

In the Month of *July*, these Adventurers came off the Capes, and meeting a Pink, with a Stock of Provisions on board, which they happened to be in Want of, they took out of her ten or twelve Barrels of Pork, and about 400 Weight of Bread: They would not, however, have this set down to the Account of Piracy, and therefore they gave them eight or ten Casks of Rice, and an old Cable, in lieu thereof.

Two Days afterwards they chased a Sloop of sixty Ton, and about two Leagues off of Cape *Henry* they took her. They were so happy here as to get a Supply of Liquor to their Victuals, for they brought from her two Hogheads of Rum, and as many of Molosses; which, it seems, they had need of, tho' they had no ready Money to purchase them: What Security they intended to give, I can't tell; but *Bonnet*, sent eight Men to take Care of the Prize Sloop, who, perhaps, not caring to make Use of those accustomed Freedoms, took the first Opportunity to go off with her, and *Bonnet* (who was now pleased to have himself call'd Captain *Thomas*) saw them no more.

After this, the Major threw off all Restraint, and, tho' he had just before received his Majesty's Mercy, in the Name of *Stede Bonnet*, he relaps'd in good Earnest into his old Vocation, by the Name of Captain *Thomas*, and recommenced a down-right Pirate, by taking and plundering all the Vessels he met with: He took off Cape *Henry*, two Ships from *Virginia*, bound to *Glasgow*, which furnished them with but very little besides an hundred Weight of Tobacco. The next Day they took a small Sloop bound from *Virginia* to *Bermudas*, which supply'd them with twenty Barrels of Pork, and some Bacon. They gave her in return, two Barrels of Rice, and a Hoghead of Molosses; out of this Sloop two Men enter'd voluntarily into their Service. The next they took was another *Virginia* Man, bound to *Glasgow*, out of which they had nothing of Value, save only a few Combs, Pins and Needles, instead of which they gave her a Barrel of Pork, and two Barrels of Bread.

From *Virginia* they sailed to *Philadelphia*, and in the Latitude 38 North, they took a Scooner, com-

ing from *North-Carolina*, and bound to *Boston*: They deprived her only of two Dozen of Calf-Skins, to make Covers for Guns, and two of her Hands, but they detained her some Days. All this was but small Gain, and seem'd as if they design'd only to make Provision for their Sloop against they arriv'd at *St. Thomas's*; for they hitherto had dealt favourably with all that fell into their Hands; but those that were so unhappy as to come after, fared not so well, for in the Latitude of 32, off of *Delaware* River, near *Philadelphia*, they took two Snows bound to *Bristol*, out of which they got some Money, besides Goods to the Value of about 150 *l*. At the same time they took a Sloop of sixty Tons, bound from *Philadelphia* to *Barbadoes*, *Thomas Read* Master. She was loaded with Provisions, which they kept, and put four or five of their Hands on Board her. The last Day of *July*, they took another Sloop of 60 Tons, commanded by *Peter Mamwaring*, bound from *Antigua* to *Philadelphia*; her they likewise kept with all the Cargo, consisting chiefly of Rum, Molosses, Sugar, Cotton, Indigo, and about 25 *l*. in Money, valued in all at 500 *l*.

The last Day of *July*, our Rovers, with the Vessels last taken, left *Delaware* Bay, and sailed to Cape *Fear* River, where they staid too long for their Safety; for the Pirate Sloop, which they now new-named the *Royal James*, proved very leaky, so that they was obliged to remain here almost two Months, in order to refit and repair their Vessel: They took in this River a small Shallop, which they ripped up to mend their Sloop. By these Means the Prosecution of their Voyage, as before mention'd, was deferred till the News came to *Carolina*, of a Pirate Sloop's being there to carreen with her Prizes.

Upon this Information, the Council of *South-Carolina* was alarmed, apprehending they should receive another Visit from them speedily; to prevent which, Colonel *William Rhet*, of the same Province, waited on the Governor, and generously offered himself to go with two Sloops and attack this Pirate: The Governor readily accepted his offer, and accordingly gave the Colonel a Commission, and full Power, to fit out such Vessels as he thought proper for the Design.

In a few Days two Sloops were equipped and manned: The *Henry* with 8 Guns and 70 Men, commanded by Captain *John Masters*, and the *Sea Nymph*, with 8 Guns and 60 Men, commanded by Captain *Fayrer Hall*, both under the entire Direction of the aforesaid Colonel *Rhet*, who, on the 14th of *September*, went on Board the *Henry*, and, with the other Sloop, sailed from *Charles-Town* to *Savillants* Island, to put themselves in order for the Cruise. Just then arriv'd a small Ship from *Antigua*, one *Cock* Master, with an Account, that, in Sight of the Bar, he was taken and plundered by one *Charles Vane*, a Pirate, in a Brigantine of 12 Guns, and 90 Men; who, they said, had also taken two other Vessels bound in there; one a small Sloop, Captain *Dill* Master, from *Barbadoes*; the other a Brigantine, Captain *Thompson* Master from *Guiney*, with ninety odd Negroes, which they took out of the Vessel, and put on Board another Sloop, then under the Command of one *Yeats*, his Consort, with 21 Men. This prov'd fortunate to the Owners of the *Guiney* Man, for *Yeats*, having often before attempted to quit this Course of Life, took an Opportunity in the Night, to leave *Vane* and run into *North-Edisto* River, to the Southward of *Charles-Town*, where he surrendered to his Majesty's Pardon. Thus the Owners got their Negroes, and *Yeats* and his Men had Certificates given them from the Government.

Vane cruized some Time off the Bar, in hopes to catch *Yeats*, and, unfortunately for them, took two

ships coming out, bound to *London*. While the crews of these were Prisoners a-board, some of the Pirates gave out, that they designed to go into one of the Rivers to the Southward. All this they told Colonel *Rhet*, who, upon hearing it, failed over the river the 15th of September, with the two Sloops before mentioned; and, having the Wind Northerly, went after *Vane*, scouring all the Rivers and Inlets to the Southward; however, meeting with him, he asked about, and stood for Cape Fear River, in Execution of his first Design. On the 26th following, the Evening, the Colonel, with his small Squadron entered the River, and saw, over a Point of Land, three Sloops at an Anchor, which were Major *Bonnet* and his Prizes. It happened, that, in going up the River, the Pilot run the Colonel's Sloop aground, and it was dark before they were on Float, which hindered their getting up that Night. The Pirates on discovered the Sloops, but not knowing who they were, or upon what Design they came into that River, they mann'd three Canoes, and sent them down to make Prizes of them; but they quickly and their Mistake, and returned to the Sloop, with the unwelcome News. Major *Bonnet* made Preparations that Night for engaging, and took all the Men out of his Prizes. He shewed Captain *Manwaring*, one of his Prisoners, a Letter he had just wrote, which he declared he would send to the Governor of *Carolina*; the contents were to this Effect, viz. *that if the Sloops, which then appeared, were sent against him by the said Governor, and he should happen to get clear off, he would afterwards burn and destroy all Ships or Vessels going in or coming out of South-Carolina.* The next Morning they got under Sail, and came down the River, designing on a running Fight. Colonel *Rhet*'s Sloops got likewise under Sail, and stood for him, getting upon each Quarter of the Pirate, with Intent to board him; which *Bonnet* perceiving, he edged in towards the shore, and, being warmly engag'd, ran his Sloop around: The *Carolina* Sloops, being in the same shoal Water, were in the same Circumstances; the *Henry*, in which Colonel *Rhet* was, grounded with a Pistol shot of the Pirate, and on his Bow; the other Sloop grounded right a-head of him, and almost out of Gun-Shot, which made her of little Service to the Colonel, while they lay a ground.

At this Time the Pirates had a considerable Advantage; for their Sloop, after she was a-ground, lifted from Colonel *Rhet*'s, by which Means they were all covered, and the Colonel's Sloop lifting the same Way, his Men were as much exposed; notwithstanding which, they kept a brisk Fire the whole Time they lay thus a-ground, which was near five Hours. The Pirates made a Wiff in their bloody Flag, and beckoned several Times with their Hats, in Derision to the Colonel's Men, to come on Board, which they answered with cheerful Huzzas, and said, *that they would speak with them by and by*: This accordingly happened; for the Colonel's Sloop being first afloat, he got into deeper Water, and after mending the Rigging, which was much shattered in the Engagement, they stood for the Pirate, to give the finishing Stroke, designing to go directly on Board him. *Bonnet*, however, prevented this, by sending a Flag of Truce, and, after some Time capitulating, his whole Crew surrendered themselves Prisoners. The Colonel took Possession of the Sloop, and was extremely pleased to find that Captain *Thomas*, who commanded her, was the individual Person of Major *Stede Bonnet*, who had done them the Honour several Times to visit their Coast of *Carolina*.

There were killed in this Action, on Board the *Henry*, ten Men, and fourteen wounded; on Board the *Sea Nymph* two were killed, and four wounded.

the Officers and Sailors in both Sloops behaved themselves with the greatest Bravery; and, had they not so unluckily run a-ground, they had taken the Pirate with much less Loss of Men; but as he endeavoured to fail by them, and so make a running Fight, the *Carolina* Sloops were obliged to keep near him, to prevent his getting away. Of the Pirates there were seven killed and five wounded, two of which latter died soon after, of their Wounds. Colonel *Rhet* weighed the 30th of September, from Cape Fear River, and arrived at *Charles-Town* the 3d of October to the great Joy of the whole Province of *Carolina*.

Bonnet and his Crew, two Days after, were put ashore; and there not being a publick Prison, the Crew were kept at the Watch-House, under a Guard of Militia; but Major *Bonnet* himself was committed into to Custody of the Marshal, at his own House. In a few Days after, *David Harriot* the Master, and *Ignatius Pell* the Boatswain, who were designed for Evidences against the other Pirates, were removed from the rest of the Company, to the said Marshal's House, and every Night two Centinels were set about the said House: Whether it was thro' any Corruption, or want of Care in Guarding the Prisoners; we can't say; but so it was, that, on the 24th of October, the Major and *Harriot* made their Escape, the Boatswain refusing to go along with them. This made a great Noise in the Province, and People were open in their Resentments, often reflecting publickly on the Governor, and others in the Magistracy, as tho' they had been brib'd, for conniving at their getting off. These Investives arose from their Fears, that *Bonnet* would be capable of raising another Company, and of prosecuting his Revenge against their Country, for what he had lately, tho' justly, suffered: But they were in a short Time made easy in those Respects; for as soon as the Governor had the Account of *Bonnet*'s Escape, he immediately issued out a Proclamation, and promised a Reward of 700*l.* to any that would take him; sending, besides, several Boats with armed Men, both to the Northward and Southward, in pursuit of him.

Bonnet stood to the Northward, in a small Vessel, but wanting Necessaries, and the Weather being bad, he was forced back, and so returned with his Canoe to *Swalliwants* Island, near *Charles-Town*, to fetch Supplies; there being now some Information given to the Governor, he sent for Colonel *Rhet*, and desired him to go in pursuit of *Bonnet*, and accordingly gave him a Commission for that Purpose: Hereupon the Colonel, with a great Deal of Craft, and some Men, went away that Night for *Swalliwant's* Island, where, after a diligent Search, he discovered *Bonnet* and *Harriot* together: The Colonel's Men fired upon them, killed *Harriot* upon the Spot, and wounded one Negroe and an Indian. *Bonnet* submitted, and surrendered himself, and the next Morning, being November the 6th, was brought back by Colonel *Rhet* to *Charles-Town*, and, by the Governor's Warrant, committed there into safe Custody, in order for his being brought to his Trial.

On the 28th of October, 1718, a Court of Vice-Admiralty was held at *Charles-Town*, in *South-Carolina*, and, by several Adjournments, continued to Wednesday, the 12th of November following for the Tryal of the Pirates taken in a Sloop formerly call'd *the Revenge*, but afterwards *the Royal James*, before *Nicholas Trot* Esq; Judge of the Vice-Admiralty, and Chief Justice of the said Province of *South-Carolina*, and other assistant Judges.

The King's Commission to Judge *Trot* being read, and a Grand Jury sworn for the finding of the several Bills, a learned Charge was given them by the said Judge, wherein he it shewed, *That the Sea was given by God, for the Use of Men, and therefore is subject*

subject to Dominion and Property, as well as the Land.

2dly, He particularly remark'd to them, *the supreme Sovereignty of the King of England over the British Seas.*

3dly, He observed, *that as Commerce and Navigation could not be carried on without Laws, so there have been always particular Laws, for the better ordering and regulating marine Affairs; to this he added, an historical Account of those Laws, and their Origin.*

4thly, He proceeded to shew, *that there have been particular Courts and Judges appointed, to whose Jurisdiction maritime Causes properly belong; and that in Matters both Civil and Criminal.*

And then 5thly. He particularly shewed them, *the Constitution and Jurisdiction of the present Court of Admiralty Sessions,*

And lastly, *the Crimes that were cognizable therein;* here he particularly enlarged upon the Crime of *Piracy*, which was now to be brought before them.

The Indictments being found, a petit Jury was sworn, and the following Persons arraigned and tried.

Stede Bonnet, alias *Edward*, alias *Thomas*, late of *Barbadoes*, Mariner.

Robert Tucker, late of the Island of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

Edward Robinson, late of *New Castle upon Tyne*, Mariner.

Neal Paterson, late of *Aberdeen*, Mariner.

William Scot, late of *Aberdeen*, Mariner.

William Eddy, alias *Neddy*, late of *Aberdeen*, Mariner.

Alexander Annand, late of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

George Rose, late of *Glasgow*, Mariner.

* *Thomas Nicholas*, late of *London*, Mariner.

John Ridge, late of *London*, Mariner.

Matthew King, late of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

Daniel Perry, late of *Guernsey*, Mariner.

Henry Virgin, late of *Bristol*, Mariner.

James Robbins, alias *Rattle*, late of *London*, Mariner.

James Mullet, alias *Millet*, late of *London*, Mariner.

Thomas Price, late of *Bristol*, Mariner.

James Wilson, late of *Dublin*, Mariner.

John Lopez, late of *Oporto*, Mariner.

Zachariah Long, late of the Province of *Holland*, Mariner.

Job Bayly, late of *London*, Mariner.

John-William Smith, late of *Charles-Town*, *South-Carolina*, Mariner.

Thomas Carman, late of *Maidstone* in *Kent*, Mariner.

John Thomas, late of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

William Morrison, late of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

Samuel Booth, late of *Charles-Town*, Mariner.

William Hewet, late of *Jamaica*, Mariner.

John Levit, late of *North-Carolina*, Mariner.

William Livers, alias *Ewis*, (without any particular Appellation)

John Brierly, alias *Timberhead*, late of *Bath-Town* in *North-Carolina*, Mariner.

Robert Boyd, late of *Bath-Town* aforesaid, Mariner.

* *Rowland Sharp*, late of *Bath-Town*, Mariner.

* *Jonathan Clarke*, late of *Charles-Town*, Mariner.

* *Thomas Gerrard*, late of *Antegoa*, Mariner.

All these, except the three last, and *Thomas Nicholas*, were found guilty of the Indictments exhibited against them, and received Sentence of Death accordingly.

There were most of them try'd upon the two Indictments following.

THE Jurors for our Sovereign Lord the King, do upon their Oath present, that *Stede Bonnet*, late of *Barbadoes*, Mariner, *Robert Tucker*, &c. &c. The 2d Day of *August*, in the fifth Year of the

Reign of our Sovereign Lord *GEORGE*, &c. Force of Arms, did piratically, and feloniously upon, break, board, and enter, a certain Merchant Sloop, called the *Frances*, *Peter Manwaring* Commander, upon the High-Sea, in a certain Place called *Cape James*, alias *Cape Inlopen*, about two Miles distant from the Shore, in the Latitude of 39, thereabouts, and within the Jurisdiction of the Court of Vice-Admiralty of *South-Carolina*, being the Property of certain Persons, to the Jurors unknown, and then, and there, piratically, and feloniously make an Assault, in, and upon the said *Peter Manwaring*, and others his Mariners, whose Names the Jurors aforesaid are unknown, in the same Sloop against the Peace of God, and of our said now Sovereign Lord the King, then, and there being; and that the said *Stede Bonnet*, &c. piratically and feloniously, did put the aforesaid *Peter Manwaring*, and others his Mariners, of the same Sloop aforesaid, in corporal Fear of their Lives, then and there, in the Sloop aforesaid, upon the High-Sea, in the Place aforesaid, called *Cape James*, alias *Cape Inlopen*, about two Miles from the Shore, the Latitude of 39, or thereabouts, as aforesaid, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid; and that the said *Stede Bonnet*, &c. piratically and feloniously did steal, take, and carry away the said Merchant Sloop, called the *Frances*, and also twenty six Hides, &c. &c. &c. being found in the aforesaid Sloop, in the Custody and Possession of the said *Peter Manwaring*, and others his Mariners of the said Sloop, and from their Custody and Possession then and there, upon the High-Sea aforesaid, called *Cape James*, alias *Cape Inlopen*, as aforesaid, and within the Jurisdiction aforesaid, did remove against the Peace of our now Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity.

This was the Form of the Indictments they were arraigned upon, and tho' they might have proved several more Facts upon the major Part of the Charge the Court thought fit to prosecute but two: The Charge in the other was for seizing in a piratic and felonious Manner, the Sloop *Fortune*, *Thomas Rees* Commander; which Indictment running in the same Words with the above-mention'd, *mutatis mutandi*.

All the Prisoners that were arraigned pleaded Not Guilty, and put themselves upon their Tryals, except *James Wilson*, and *John Levit*, who pleaded Guilty to both Indictments, and *Daniel Perry* to only one. The Major would have gone through both the Indictments at once, which the Court not admitting, he pleaded Not Guilty to them both. However, being convicted of one, he retracted his former Plea to the second Indictment, and pleaded Guilty to it, to prevent any further Trouble.

The Prisoners made little or no Defence, every one pretending only that they were taken off a Maroon Shore, and shipped with Major *Bonnet* to go to *St. Thomas's*, but being out at Sea, and wanting Provisions, they were obliged to do what they did by the Vessels they met with: Major *Bonnet* himself, pretended that 'twas Force, not Inclination that occasioned what had happened. However, the Facts being plainly prov'd against them, and that they had all shared ten or eleven Pounds a Man excepting the three last, and *Thomas Nicholas*, they were all but they found Guilty. The Judge made a very grave moving Speech to them, setting forth the Enormity of their Crimes, the Condition they were now in, and the Nature and Necessity of an unfeigned Repentance: He then recommended them to the Ministers of the Province, for more ample Direction to fit them for Eternity, for (concluded he) *the Priest's Lips shall keep Knowledge, and you shall*

seek the Law at their Mouths; for they are the Messengers of the Lord, and the Ambassadors of Christ, and unto them is committed the Word of Reconciliation, after this he pronounced Sentence of Death upon them.

On Saturday Nov. the 8th, 1718. Robert Tucker, Edward Robinson, Neal Paterfon, William Scot, Job Layley, John-William Smith, John Thomas, William Torrison, Samuel Booth, William Herwit, Williamddy, alias Neddy, Alexander Annand, George Ross, George Dunkin, Matthew King, Daniel Perry, Henry Virgin, James Robbins, James Mullet, alias Millet, Thomas Price, John Lopez, and Zachariah Long, were executed at the White-Point near Charles-Town, pursuant to their Sentence.

As for the Captain, his Escape protracted his Fate, and spun out his Life a few Days longer, for he was not try'd till the 10th of November, when, being found Guilty, he received Sentence in like Manner as the former. Judge Trot then made another excellent Speech particularly to him, which is rather new than too long to be inserted in our History; we could not tell how to pass by so good and useful a Piece of Instruction, not knowing whose Hands this Book may happen to fall into, and what such sound Instructions may be of.

The Lord Chief Justice's Speech, on his pronouncing Sentence of Death on Major Stede Bonnet.

A MAJOR Stede Bonnet, you stand here convicted upon two Indictments of Piracy; one the Verdict of the Jury, and the other by your own Confession.

Altho' you were indicted but for two Facts, yet I know that, at your Tryal, it was fully proved, and by an unwilling Witness, that you *piratically* took and rifled no less than *thirteen* Vessels, since you sailed from North-Carolina.

So that you might have been indicted, and convicted of *eleven* more Acts of Piracy, committed by you took the Benefit of the King's Act of Grace, and pretended to leave that wicked Course of Life, which the Court had thought fit.

Not to mention the many Acts of Piracy you committed before; for which, if your Pardon from Man was never so authentick, yet you must expect to give Account before God, the great Judge.

You know that the Crimes you have committed, are *evil* in themselves, and contrary to the Light and Law of Nature, as well as to the Law of God: By which you are commanded, that *you shall not steal*. Gen. 20. 15. And the Apostle St. Paul expressly testifies, that *Thieves shall not inherit the Kingdom of God*, 1 Cor. 6. 10.

But to *Theft* you have added a greater Sin, which is *Murder*. How many you may have killed of those that resisted you in the committing your former Crimes, I know not: But this we all know, That besides the Wounded, you killed no less than *eighteen* Persons out of those that were sent by lawful Authority to suppress you, and put a Stop to those Crimes that you daily acted.

And, however you may fancy that That was killing Men fairly in open Fight, yet this know, that the Power of the Sword not being committed into your Hands by any lawful Authority, you were not lawfully empowered to use any Force, or fight any one; and therefore those Persons that fell in that Action, in doing their Duty to their King and Country were *murdered*, and their Blood now cries out for Vengeance and Justice against you: For it is the Voice of

Nature, confirmed by the Law of God, That *whoever sheddeth Man's Blood, by Man his Blood shall be shed*. Gen. 9. 6.

And consider that Death is not the only Punishment due to Murderers; for they are threatened to have their Part in the Lake that burneth with Fire and Brimstone, which is the second Death, Rev. 21. 8. See also Chap. 22. 15: Words which carry that Terror with them, that, considering your Circumstances and your Guilt, surely the Sound of them must make you tremble; For *who can dwell with everlasting Burning?* Chap. 33. 14.

As the Testimony of your Conscience must convince you of the great and many Evils you have committed, by which you have highly offended God, and provoked most justly his Wrath and Indignation against you, so I suppose I need not tell you, that the only Way of obtaining Pardon and Remission of your Sins from God, is by a true and unfeigned Repentance and Faith in Christ, by whose meritorious Death and Passion, you can only hope for Salvation.

You being a Gentleman that have had the Advantage of a liberal Education, and being generally esteemed a Man of Letters, I believe it will be needless for me to explain to you the Nature of Repentance and Faith in Christ, they being so fully and so often mentioned in the Scriptures, that you cannot but know them. For the same Reason, perhaps, it might be thought by some improper for me to have said so much to you, as I have already, upon this Occasion; neither should I have done it, but that, considering the Course of your Life and Actions, I have just Reason to fear, that the Principles of Religion that had been instilled into you by your Education, have been at least corrupted, if not entirely defaced, by the Scepticisms and Infidelity of this wicked Age; and that what Time you allowed for Study, was rather applied to the Polite Literature, and the vain Philosophy of the Times, than to a serious Search after the Law and Will of God, as revealed unto us in the holy Scriptures: For *had your Delight been in the Law of the Lord, and had you meditated therein Day and Night, you would then have found that God's Word was a Lamp unto your Feet, and a Light to your Path*, Psal. 119. 105. and that you would account all other Knowledge but Loss, in Comparison of the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus, Phil. 3. 8, *who to them that are called is the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God*, 1 Cor. 1. 24. *even the hidden Wisdom which God ordained before the World*, Chap. 2. 7.

You would then have esteemed the Scriptures as the Great Charter of Heaven, and which delivered to us not only the most perfect Laws and Rules of Life, but also discovered to us the Acts of Pardon from God, wherein we have offended those righteous Laws: For in them only is to be found the great Mystery of fallen Man's Redemption, which the Angels desire to look into, 1 Pet. 1. 12.

And they would have taught you that Sin is the debasing of Human Nature, as being a Deviation from that Purity, Rectitude, and Holiness, in which God created us; and that Virtue and Religion, and walking by the Laws of God, were altogether preferable to the Ways of Sin and Satan; for that the Ways of Virtue are Ways of Pleasantness, and all her Paths are Peace, Prov. 3. 17.

But what you could not learn from God's Word, by reason of your carelessly, or but superficially considering the same, I hope the Course of his Providence, and the present Affliction that he hath laid upon you, have now convinced you of: For, however in your seeming Prosperity you might make a Mock at your Sins, Prov. 3. 17. yet now that you see that

God's Hand hath reached you, and brought you to publick Justice, I hope your present unhappy Circumstances have made you seriously reflect upon your past Actions and Course of Life; [and that you are now sensible of the Greatness of your Sins, and that you find the Burthen of them is intolerable.]

And that therefore, being thus labouring, and *beav-
y laden with Sin*, Mat. 11. 28. you will esteem that the most valuable *Knowledge*, that can shew you how you can be reconciled to that Supreme God whom you have so highly offended; and that can reveal to you Him who is not only the powerful *Advocate with the Father for you*, 1 John 2. 1. but also who hath paid that Debt that is due for your Sins, by his own Death upon the Cross for you; and thereby made full Satisfaction for the Justice of God. And this is to be found no where but in God's Word, which discovers to us that *Lamb of God which takes away the Sins of the World*, John 1. 29. which is *Christ the Son of God*: For this know, and be assured of, *that there is none other Name under Heaven given among Men, whereby we must be saved*, Acts 4. 12. but only by the Name of the Lord *Jesus*.

But then consider how he invites all Sinners to come unto him, and declares, *that he will give them rest*, Mat. 11. 28. for he assures us, *that he came to seek and to save that which was lost*, Luke 19. 10. Mat. 18. 11. and hath promised, *that he that cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out*, John 6. 37.

So that if now you will sincerely turn to him, tho' late, even at the *eleventh Hour*, Mat. 20. 6, 9. he will receive you.

But surely I need not tell you, that the *Terms of his Mercy*, are *Faith and Repentance*.

And do not mistake the *Nature of Repentance* to be only a bare Sorrow for your Sins, arising from the Consideration of the *Evil and Punishment* they have

now brought upon you: but your Sorrow must arise from the Consideration of your having offended: gracious and merciful God.

But I shall not pretend to give you any particular Directions as to the Nature of Repentance: I consider that I speak to a Person, whose Offences have proceeded not so much from his not *knowing*, as his *slighting and neglecting his Duty*: Neither is it proper for me to give Advice out of the Way of my own Profession.

You may have that better delivered to you by those who have made Divinity their particular Study and who, by their Knowledge, as well as their Office, as being the *Ambassadors of Christ*, 2 Cor. 5. 20. are best qualified to give you Instructions therein.

I only heartily wish, that what, in Compassion to your Soul, I have now said to you upon this sad and solemn Occasion, by exhorting you in general to *Faith and Repentance*, may have that due Effect upon you, as that thereby you may become a true *Penitent*.

And therefore, having now discharged my Duty to you as a Christian, by giving you the best Counsel I can, with respect to the Salvation of your Soul, must now do my Office as a Judge.

The Sentence that the Law hath appointed to pass upon you for your Offences, and which this Court doth therefore award, is,

That you the said Stede Bonnet, shall go from hence to the Place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, where you shall be hang by the Neck till you are dead.

And the God of infinite Mercy be merciful to you Soul.

The LIFE of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

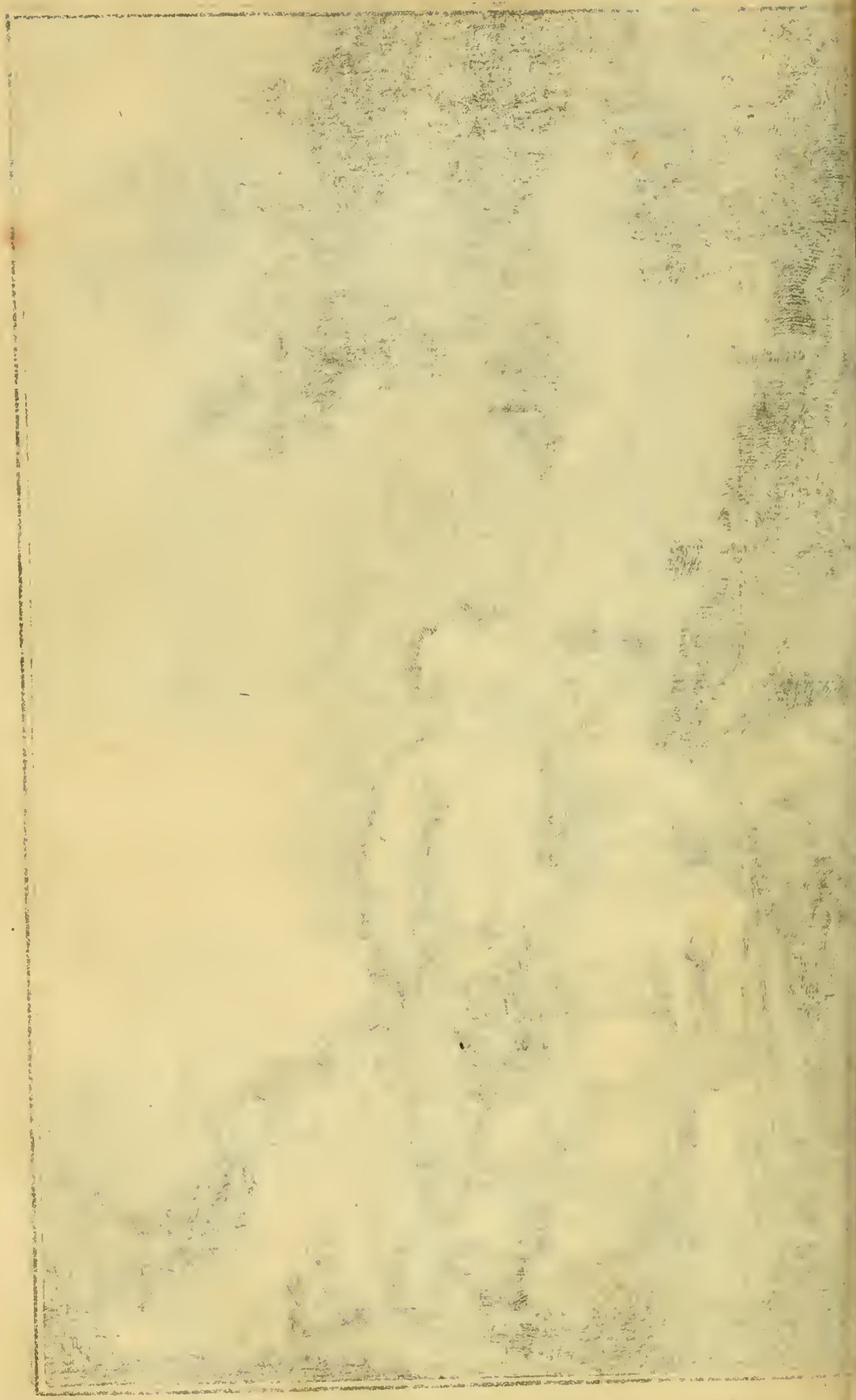
SIR *John Falstaff* then was born at a Place called *Potten in Bedfordshire*, which is all we know concerning his Birth; and indeed if History had been as silent in this Article of Place as it is in that of the Time, when it had signified little, there being no remarkable Action, as we know of, to be settled by this Piece of Chronology. By the Courses he took, we may suppose his Estate was not very large; for the first Time he is mentioned, it is in Company with Thieves; tho' you may be sure it was none of your poor Pick-Pocket Gangs, forasmuch as *Henry Prince of Wales* (afterward King *Henry V.*) appears among them: *Poins, Bardolpb, Gads-Hill, and Peto*, were the Names of the rest. As we shall transcribe a great many of *Shakespeare's* inimitable Speeches, it would be a Folly to say any Thing in general of Sir *John's* Person and Temper, besides what is contained in them. *When I was about thy Years*, Hal, (says Sir *John* to the Prince) *I was not an Eagle's Talon in the Waste; I could have crept into an Alderman's Thumb-Ring: A Plague of Sighing and Grief, it blows a Man up like a Bladder!* For Sir *John*, you must know, when he said this, was not such a Skeleton as he describes. No,

he was a *Tun of Man, a Trunk of Humours: a Bounding-butch of Beaslines, a swollen Parcel of Droppings, a huge Bombard of Sack, a stuff'd Clock-Bag of Guts, a roasted Manning Tree Ox, with a Pudding in his Belly, &c.* as Prince *Henry* humorously draws his Picture.

The first Scene between these two pleasant Companions gives us such a Sketch of our Hero, that I can forbear transcribing some of it. He addresses himself to the Prince in this merry Manner: *Hal, What Time of Day is it, Lad? [Prince Henry.] Thou art so full of wit with drinking old Sack, and unbuttoning thyself after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truth which thou wouldst truly know, What a Devil thou dost do with the Time of the Day? unless Hours and Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks and Tongues of Barnds, and Dials the Signs of Leap Years, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wen in Flame-colour'd Taffata, I see no Reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the Time of the Day.* [Falstaff] *Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for that take Parses, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and*



old style
SR JOHN NEAL STAFF & his Companions at GAD'S HILL.



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not by Phæbus, that wandering Knight so fair, but I pr'y thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, — as God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt never have so much as will serve as a Prologue to an Egg and Butter) Marry, I say, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are 'Squires of the Night's Body, be called Thieves of the Day's Beauty: Let us be Diana's Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let Men say, we be Men of good Government, being govern'd as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistress the Moon, under whose Countenance we—sical, — But I pr'y thee, sweet Wag, shall there be Gallows standing in England when thou art King? and shall Resolution be thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty Curb of old Father Antick, the Law? Do not thou when thou art King hang a Thief.

Immediately after this Sir John falls into a Strain of Repentance, and cries out, Thou art indeed, able to corrupt a Saint: Thou hast done much Harm to me, Hal, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing, and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked: I must give over this Life, and I will give it over by the Lord; an I do not I am a Villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's Son in Christendom. Hereupon the Prince asking him where he should take a Purse the next Day, Sir John answered, Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and hassle me. And when the Prince told him, he saw a good Amendment in him, from Praying to Purfetting, Why Hal, says Sir John, 'tis my Vocation, Hal: 'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Poins, the bravest of all the Gang next to the Prince, understanding that there were Pilgrims going to St. Thomas Becket's Tomb at Canterbury, with rich Presents, and that at the same Time there were several wealthy Traders riding to London, he entered into an Agreement with his Highness, that Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gads-Hill (so called from the Place where they used to rob) should take the Booty from them; and that afterwards they (Poins and the Prince) should rob the Robbers in Disguise. This Design was accordingly executed; for the four that were appointed having got Possession of the shining Metal, which was the Piety of the Pilgrims, and the Life of the Tradesmen, our two Heroes fell upon them as they were dividing the Prey, put them all to Flight, and went off undiscovered, and sufficiently pleas'd. Some time after this, Falstaff and his stout-hearted Companions in the Exploit, meeting the Prince and Poins at a Tavern in Eastcheap, which they all frequented, the Knight began, after his usual Manner, to extol his own Valour, exclaiming bitterly against all Cowards, and professing that good Manhood was forgot upon the Face of the Earth. "There live not, quoth he, three good Men unhang'd in England, and one of them (meaning himself) is fit, and grows old. God help the while a bad World, I say! His Highness asking the Occasion of this Bravado, Why, says Sir Joan, here are four of us have taken a thousand Pounds this Morning; but a hundred a full hundred! fell upon us, and took it away again. I am a Rogue, if I was not at Half-Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by a Miracle; I am eight Times thrust through the Doublet, four thro' the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-Saw; here, look at it! I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do: A Plague of all Cowards, I say still." The Prince and Poins upon this, burst out a laughing, and told the whole Story, Harvey, Rossil, and Gads-Hill, Falstaff's Companions, confess'd that he had hack'd his

Sword with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of England, but he would make Harry believe it was done in Fight, and that he had perswaded them to tickle their Noses with Spear-Grass to make them bleed, and then beslabber their Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. This Instance of his Worship's Cowardice expos'd him to the Ridicule of the whole Gang; but Sir John was not to be laugh'd out of Countenance; he had a Salve for every Sore. "By the Lord, says he, I knew ye as well as he that made ye; but hark ye, my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware Instinct. — The Lion will not touch the true Prince. — Instinct is a great Matter, I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of myself and thee during my Life: I for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince." An excellent Way of coming off!

Sir John however, seems contrary to his usual Custom, to have taken this Disgrace a little to Heart; for the next Time he meets Bardolph, he accosts him in this Manner: "Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last Action? do I not bate? do not I dwindle? why, my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown: I am wither'd like an old Apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of Heart shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to repent. And I have not forgot what the Inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corn, a Brewer's Horie: The Inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company has been the Ruin of me!" Upon this Bardolph telling him he was fretful, and could not live long, "Why there it is (quoth the Knight) come sing me a bawdy Song to make me merry: I was a virtuously given as a Gentleman need be; I swore little; dined not above seven Times a Week; went to a Bawdy-House not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid Money that I borrow'd — three or four Times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; but now I live out of all Order, out of all Compass." This may serve for another Sketch of Sir, John's Manner of repenting.

Some Time after this, the Civil Wars breaking out between the Houses of York and Lancaster, Prince Henry was sent for to Court to defend the Throne of his Father. Being unwilling to desert his humorous old squab Companion, he made him Captain of a Company of Soldiers, with Orders to march down to Shrewsbury, to meet the Enemy. But before we give an Account of our Knight's Behaviour in the Field of Battle, hear him describe his Company. "If I be not ashamed of my Soldiers, I am a souse'd Gurnet: I have misus'd the King's Press damnably; I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three hundred and odd Pounds. I press me none but good House-holders, Yeomen's Sons; enquire me out contracted Batchelors, such as have been ask'd twice upon the Banns; such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil as a Drum; such as fear the Report of a Culverin worse than a struck Fowl, or a hurt wild Duck. I press me none but such Toasts and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins Heads, and they have bought out their Services; and now my whole Charge consists of Antients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted Cloth, when the Glutton's Dogs lick'd his Sores, and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but discarded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons of younger Brothers; revolted Tapsters,

"sters, and Hostlers Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of
 "calm World and long Peace, ten Times more dis-
 "honourably ragged than an old-fac'd Antient; and
 "such have I to fill up the Rooms of those that
 "have bought out their Services, that you would
 "think I had an hundred and fifty tatter'd Pro-
 "digals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eat-
 "ing Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me
 "on the Way, and told me I had unloaded all the
 "Gibbets, and press'd the dead Bodies. No Eye hath
 "seen such Scare-Crows: I'll not march thro' Co-
 "untry with them, that flat. Nay, and the Vil-
 "lains march wide between the Legs, as if they
 "had Shackles on! for indeed, I had the most of
 "them out of Prison. There's but a Shirt and a
 "half in all my Company; and the half is two
 "Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the
 "Shoulders like a Herald's Coat without Sleeves;
 "and the Shirt, to say the Truth, stolen from my
 "Host of St. Alban's, or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of
 "of Daintry; But that's all one, they'll find Linnen
 "enough on every Hedge.

The Forces of Henry IV. and Hot-spur Percy be-
 ing met at *Shrewsbury*, the Place of Action, the
 Morning before the Battle, *Falstaff* desires the Prince
 to get astride him, and defend him, if he should hap-
 pen to fall; telling him; that it would be a Point
 of Friendship to do so: To which the Prince pleasant-
 ly replying, that nothing but a *Collossus* could do him
 that Service, and that he ow'd Heaven a Death, bid-
 ding him withal say his Prayers, and take his Leave,
 we have the following humorous Speech of the
 Knight's upon Record, which he made in Answer
 to his Highness. *The Debt to Heaven which you*
speak of is not due yet, and I should be loth to pay him
before his Day. What need I be so forward with
him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no Matter, Honour
pricks me on: But how if Honour pricks me off, when
I come on? How then? Can Honour set a Leg? No.
Or an Arm? No. Or take away the Grief of a
Wound? No. Honour hath no Skill in Surgery then?
No. What is Honour? a Word. What is that word
Honour? Air, a trim Reckoning. Who hath it? He
that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth
he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yes, to the
Dead. But will it not live with the Living? No.
Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll ha'
none of it. Honour is a mere Scutcheon, and so ends
my Catechism. During the Battle, we find the valour-
 ous Sir *John* getting as far as he can out of the Way,
 and making this Soliloquy: *Tho' I could 'scape shot-*
free at London, I fear the Shot here; here's no scor-
ing; but upon the Pate. Well, I am as hot as melt-
ed Lead, and as heavy too; Heaven keep Lead out of
me: I need no more weight than mine own Bowels.
 The Prince coming up, and chiding him for being
 idle at such an important Time: O Hal! *pr'ythee*
give me leave to breathe, says he, *Turk Gregory never*
did such Deeds in Arms as I have done this Day.
 The Prince telling him *Percy* was alive, and so leaving
 him, Sir *John* goes on with the Soliloquy thus: *If*
Percy be alive, I'll pierce him, if he comes in my
Way: If he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let
him make a Carbonado of me: I like not such grinning
Honour as Sir Walter hath, (seeing the dead Body of
Sir Walter Blunt, a brave old Commander.) Give
me Life, which if I can save, I will; if not, Hon-
our comes unsought, and there's an End on't. Im-
 mediately after this the Prince and Hot-Spur meet,
 and a terrible Encounter ensues; *Douglas*, a Scots
 Nobleman, and Friend to Hotspur, falls at the same
 Time on Sir *John*, and Sir *John* falls on the Ground,
 to prevent any farther Mischief. The Prince kills
 Hotspur, and laments his old Friend *Jack*, whom he

fancies to be dead; talks of having him imbowelled,
 and so departs. Sir *John*, who all this while had re-
 ceived no Hurt, rises at the Word imbowel, and
 speaks as follows: "Imbowell'd! if you imbowel
 "me To Day, I'll give you leave to powder me,
 "and eat me To-Morrow: 'Sblood! 'twas Time to
 "counterfeit, or that hot Termagant *Scot* had paid
 "me *Scot* and *Lot* too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am
 "no Counterfeit; to die is to be a Counterfeit;
 "for he is but a Counterfeit of a Man who hath
 "not the Life of a Man; but to counterfeit dying,
 "when a Man thereby liveth, is to be no Counter-
 "feit, but the true and perfect Image of Life in-
 "deed. The better Part of Valour is Discretion, in
 "the which better Part I have saved my Life. But
 "I am afraid yet of this Gunpowder *Percy*, tho'
 "he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too,
 "and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better
 "Counterfeit? therefore I'll make him sure, yea,
 "and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise
 "as well as I? Nothing confutes me but Eyes, and
 "no body see me; therefore Sirrah, with a new
 "Wound in your Thigh, come along with me." Upon
 this, he very manfully ran the dead General
 through the Thigh, and taking him upon his Back,
 went to find out the King, that he might claim the
 Honour of killing him. He was met by the Prince,
 who almost fancied he saw the Ghost of his old Crou-
 ny: but Sir *John* soon convinc'd him that he was
 the same individual *John Falstaff*, safe and sound;
 and throwing down the Body, *There* says he, *is*
Percy; if your Father will do me any Honour, let
him; if not, he may kill the next Percy himself: I
look to be either Earl or Duke, I assure you. The
 Prince told him he kill'd *Percy* himself, and saw him
 lie, as he thought, dead. *Didst thou, quoth Fal-*
staff? Lord, Lord, see how the World is given to Ly-
ing: I grant I was down, and so was he; but we
rose both at an Instant, and fought a long Hour by
Shrewsbury Clock: I'll take't on my Death, I gave
him that Wound in the Thigh; if the Man were alive,
and would deny it, I would make him eat a Piece of
my Sword.

One would have thought the Prince, after this,
 should have had no more Employment for Sir *John* in
 a martial Capacity; and by what has been said, there
 is good Reason to think that Sir *John* would have
 been very well satisfied at home in Quiet; but whe-
 ther his Highness was willing to cross the capricious
 old Fellow, or whatsoever else was the Cause, it is cer-
 tain, that a fresh Infurrection was no sooner heard of,
 but Captain *Falstaff* was again ordered to appear in
 Arms. When the Lord Chief Justice told him of it,
Will, says the Knight, "all you that kiss my Lady
 "Peace at home, pray that our Armies join not in a
 "hot Day; for I take but two Shirts out with me,
 "and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be
 "a hot Day, if I brandish any thing but a Bottle,
 "would I may never spit white again, There is not
 "a dangerous Action can peep out his Head, but I
 "am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever! —
 "But it was always the Trick of our Nation, if they
 "have a good Thing, to make it too common. I
 "would to God my Name were not so terrible to
 "the Enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to
 "Death with a Rust, than to be scour'd to nothing
 "with perpetual Motion." Sir *John* took as much
 Care this Time in the Choice of his Men as had done
 before, and was particularly cautious that he did not
 get into the Field of Battle too soon; so that the Ac-
 tion was pretty well over when he made his appear-
 ance. However, he had the good Fortune to meet
 a Knight of the Enemy's Party, called Sir *John Cole-*
ville of the Dale, who was endeavouring to make his
 Escape from the victorious *Henry*. *Falstaff* bid him
 surrender,

render, and Sir *John Coleville*, tho' otherwise a brave Man, did not think proper to dispute at this time. By this Accident our Bully Knight got into Possession one of the noblest Prisoners that were taken in the whole Engagement. He soon met the Prince, who began to call him to Account for his Deeds, "I should be sorry, my Lord, says *Falstaff*, if it were not thus; I never knew yet but Rebuke and Check were the Reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow or a Bullet? Have I in my poor old Motion the Expedition of Thought? I speeded hither with the very extremest Inch of Possibility: I have founder'd nine Score and odd Poets; and here, Travel-tainted as I am, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Coleville of the Dale*, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd Fellow of *Rome*, *I came, I saw, I overcame*. Here the Prince telling him it was more out of Sir *John Coleville's* Courtesy than his deserving, I know not that, quoth Sir *John*, but here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this Day's Deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular Bullad else, with mine own Picture at the Top of it, and *Coleville* kissing my Foot; to the which Course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt Two-pences to me, and I, in the clear Sky of Fame o'erhine you as much as the Full Moon doth the Cinders of the Elements, which shew like Pins Heads to her, believe not the Word of the noble; therefore let me have my Right, and let Desert mount." We have no Account what reward Sir *John* met with for this exemplary Piece of valour.

The Reader, by this Time, may have heard enough of Sir *John Falstaff's* Courage, it may be proper, therefore, to relieve him a little with some of our night's Gallantry, which was altogether as singular the Former; at least, in the instance we are going to produce. Two wealthy inhabitants of *Windfor*, I'd Mr. *Ford* and Mr. *Page*, liv'd in very good friendship; The Wives were as great Cronies as the husbands, and were besides, the wittest, merriest women in the whole Town: The gay easy Temper of the Dames made Sir *John* fancy they were both in love with him, and in this Opinion, he writes each of them a very amorous Epistle, and sends 'em the same Time: The Consequence of this, was a rift between the two Women, when they laid their heads together, how to be reveng'd upon the leachous old Load of iniquity. It was agreed, that Mrs. *Ford* should give him Encouragement, and appoint a time for him to come and see her. A Servant of Sir *John's* in the mean Time, goes and informs Mr. *Ford* who was before inclin'd to Jealousy, of the whole affair? *Ford* goes to Sir *John* in Disguise, tells him his Name is *Broom*, and that he is in love with Mrs. *Ford*, offering him a large Reward, if he could help him to the enjoying of her. *Falstaff* hereupon discovers the Hour of Assignment, and promises to introduce Mr. *Broom*, who went away fully satisfied of the terrible Plot against his Head, which seemed already aded with Horns.

At the Time appointed, *Falstaff* goes to *Ford's* house, and the good natur'd Gentlewoman received him in the best Manner imaginable, but they had not long enjoy'd their Transport, before they were alarm'd by Mrs. *Page*, who was conceal'd in the next room for that Purpose: She seemed to come from the street, and told Sir *John* that Mr. *Ford* was coming with a great many Neighbours, vowing Revenge. A Basket of foul Linnen stood by, and Sir *John* without ceremony desired to be put into it, and sent to the

Washerwoman's, or any whether, to escape the Fury of the injur'd good Man. The Basket was placed there for this very Purpose, and the Servants had their Lessons beforehand: So the Knight was stuff'd in and covered, and the two Men went away with the Burden, who carried all together, threw it into a shallow Place in the *Thames*, and went their Way. Sir *John* made a shift to scramble out, and get home. Hear him give a Description of this Misfortune to one of his Servants, "Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toast in it. Have I lived to be carried in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butcher's Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well, if I be served such another Trick, I'll have my Brains taken out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-Year's-Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River with as little Remorse as they would have drowned a blind Bitch's Puppies, fifteen in the Litter; and you may know by the Size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor: for the Water swells a Man: And what a Thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy. Come, let me pour in some sack to the *Thames* Water; for my Belly is as cold as if I had swallow'd Snowballs, for Pills to cool the Reins."

The two Gossips, who knew nothing of the Information Mr. *Ford* had received, were amaz'd to see him come home in a real Fury: They could not so much as guess at the Cause; however, they were resolv'd to have another Bout with Sir *John*, come what would of it: To this End, their former Go-between was again employ'd. The Knight was at first refractory, because of his late ill Usage; but so well did the Hag tell her Story, that at last he yielded to come to Mrs. *Ford's* again the next Morning between Eight and Nine. No sooner was the Emissary gone, but in comes the Sham Mr. *Broom*. *Falstaff* tells him how he had succeeded with Mrs. *Ford*; how the peaking Cornuto her Husband had come Home at the Prologue of their Comedy, with a Rabble of his Companions; how he was cram'd into a Buck-Basket, with foul Shirts, Smocks, Stockings, and greasy Napkins, and carried out; how he was met by *Ford*, and frighten'd terribly; in short, how he was thrown hissing hot into the *Thames*. "And think, Master *Broom*, says he, how all this must be to a Man of my Kidney! but I am to meet her again this Morning, her Husband is gone a Birding; and then, Mr. *Broom*, for you!" *Ford*, who having searched all the House over before, and found no Body, was almost reconcil'd to his rib, now went away more uneasy than ever; all the Circumstances agreed, and 'twas plain he was a Dupe. — Well, the Hour came, and *Falstaff* went, but was no sooner there, than he was again surpriz'd with *Ford's* coming. The Women were very officious to dress him in the Cloaths of a fat Woman, who pass'd for a Witch, and whom *Ford* had forbid his House. Sir *John*, by this Means escaped unknown, but was heartily bang'd in his Quality of an old Woman for presuming to come there; and *Ford* and his Friends search'd the House over again to no Purpose.

Mrs. *Ford* thought it was now high Time to set her Husband at Ease; so she and Mrs. *Page* produce their Letters, and tell the whole Story to all the Company. The Man was satisfied, the Women applauded, and a fresh Revenge was resolv'd on. Mrs. *Quickly*, the former Messenger, was sent again, who inform'd Sir *John* she was come from the Parties. "The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, says he, and so they shall be both bestow'd; —

" I have suffer'd more for their sakes than the villainous inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear. I was beaten into all the Colours of the Rain-Bow, and like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Branford*: But that my admirable Dexterity of Wit deliver'd me, I had been set in the Stocks, in the common Stocks, for a Witch! — Well, says the cunning old Hag, but to prevent all Danger, sh'll meet you to Night in the Forest, where you may pass for *Herne* the Hunter, who, they say, walks with a great Pair of Horns on his Head: Put on the Horns, and fear nothing!" *Falstaff* consented, the Woman went her Way, and Mr. *Broom* came again, not now to entrap his Wife, but only to catch the Knight, who tells another lamentable Story of his being beaten grievously in the Shape of a Woman: For in the Shape of a Man, *Master Broom*, says he, I fear not *Goliath*, with a Weaver's Beam. But meet me at Night, and all shall be well. So he recit'd the whole Story of his new Assignment. This was the worst Punishment of all; for *Ford*, *Page*, their Wives, Children, and Friends, were ready against the appointed Hour, all dress'd like Fairies. Sir *John*, as before, went to the Place in Time, big with the Hopes of enjoying what he had fought so long, and suffer'd so much for. A huge Pair of Stags Horns were upon his Head, which he esteem'd as emblematical of those he was to fix upon the Head of poor *Ford*. In a Word, the Fairies came, and pinched him almost to Death; which done, they all discovered themselves: And from this Time poor *Falstaff* became a Laughing-Stock to all the good People in *Windso*r. He has humourously described this Disposition of Mankind towards him in these Words: " Men of all Sorts take a Pride to gird at me. The Brain of this foolish compounded Clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men."

How much of the foregoing Stories we owe to the fruitful Invention of *Shakespear*, we shall not pretend to determine. 'Tis certain the whole Character of Sir *John Falstaff*, as he has drawn it, whether it be entirely founded upon Truth or no, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in our Language; which may be a sufficient Excuse for our inserting so much of it. Those who are acquainted with the Plays from which the foregoing is extracted, will see we have bestowed a pretty deal of Labour, and, we hope, some Judgment in what we have done, which is all we shall say concerning ourselves. Give us Leave, however, to add, that the late celebrated Duke of *Buckingham*, after he has discovered very finely upon the humour of our Plays, uses these Words:

But Falstaff seems inimitable yet.

We now proceed to give a less poetical Account of some of the merry Pranks which are recorded of our Hero; and indeed a very different Account from the foregoing. Instead of making him a Coward, a Glutton, and a Drunkard, all other Authors that mention him say, he was a very brave Commander; and that, on the Account of his Valour against the *York* Faction, King *Henry IV.* knighted him, and gave him a Pension of four hundred Marks per Ann. which was a great Income in those Days. Be this as it will, his Revenue was not sufficient to support his Extravagancies; for all agree, he took up the Occupation of a Gentleman Highwayman.

He first set out upon this unlawful Design by himself; but a Man need never want a Companion in Wickedness, several other dissolute and disorderly Gentlemen quickly enter'd themselves into his Ser-

vice: Their Names were the same as before recite and the Robberies they committed were almost innumerable. They were completely mounted and armed, and having been lately in the Service of the House of *Lancaster*, they wanted not for Skill to make use of those Advantages. Scarce could a Traveller pass safe for them upon any Road for a hundred Miles round *London*, tho' the Place which Sir *John* himself commonly collected at was *Gads-Hill* in *Kent*.

It was here that he one Day met a Country Farmer, and demanding what Money he had about him the Farmer replied, None; adding, that he did not use to carry Money about him for Fear of Robbing. Sir *John* hereupon, commanded him to kneel down, and fall to Prayers; and at the same Time pulled a little Manual out of his Pocket, and kneaded down by him. The Countryman did not know what to make of this unseasonable Piece of Devotion, and would willingly have taken another Time and Place to make his Orisons. But there was a resisting Necessity: Sir *John* was inclined to be pious, and the Farmer must be so too, at least must appear so; for very probably his Fear might abate the Favour which he might else have shewn. The Knight mumbled over some Words between his Teeth with a great deal of seeming Devotion, and then enquired of his Fellow Christian how it fared with him; Heaven, he said, would not be deaf to the pious dresses of those that were sincerely devout; wherefore pray thee feel in thy Pockets, that we may see what God hath sent thee. The Countryman did so, pretended he could find nothing: Upon which Sir *John* feeling in his own Pockets, pulls out a Nippenny Piece, telling him withal, That for certain pray'd not heartily; therefore 'twas necessary him to pray again. If you look, says he, directed towards Heaven, it cannot be but you must get son what as well as I. With that, putting his Hand into his Pocket again, he pulls out a Thirteen-Penny Half-penny Piece. Still the other poor Man had Success: He could not find a single Farthing; doubtless he pray'd, that no Body else might find any Thing upon him. He produces now no more than a Noble, Six Shillings and Eight-Pence! The Countryman continued firmly in the Negative: Upon which Sir *John* told him plainly, That either he not pray with Devotion, or else he would not let him see how liberal Heaven had been to him? For he, how comes it to pass, that my Prayers should be heard, and not yours? If you pray with as much ritual Zeal, as you outwardly make Shew of, it needs be, that by this Time you have gained very considerably. Therefore I am resolv'd to examine into the Truth of this Matter. He did so, and found in the Countryman's Pockets twenty Broad-Pieces of Gold at which they were both amaz'd, Sir *John* seemingly at the Liberality of Heaven, and the other really at the Loss of his Money. *Falstaff*, however, did better with the Farmer, than he expected: For he gave him the Money, which he had at several Times taken out of his own Pocket, adding this severe Command. What a hypocritical Rogue are you to endeavour to cheat me, your Companion, at this Rate! Is this the Agreement we made before we went to Prayer? Good Lord! how few People are just upon Earth! Will you punish you for your Wickedness, I shall keep what Heaven has sent into your Pocket; but that you will not want upon the Road, take what I have got by praying; and when you are got home; acquaint your Neighbours with what an honest Gentleman you are, who gave you Eight Shillings and Six-Pence, who you endeavour'd to cheat him of twenty Broad Pieces. A little after this religious Enterprize Sir *John*, and some of his Comrades, met the common Hangman coming from an Execution at *Kingston* upon *Thames*.

They robb'd him of what little Money he had, and then dragged him out of the Road, into an adjacent Wood, and hang'd him upon a Tree, as a dangerous Fellow to their Profession, which, in their Opinion; was a very honourable one.

On the same Day that the Executioner was executed Sir John received Notice of the Return of a certain rich Merchant, who had been at a Fair at Guilford. Upon this he dressed himself in Woman's Apparel, and rode along 'till he came in Sight of his intended Prey. He then alighted; and lying down; after he had tied his Horse in a Wood, he filled the Road with loud Cries and Lamentations; accusing Heaven and Earth as conspiring in his Misfortunes. The Merchant, being a Man of a brisk and airy Temper, and one who well understood the Delights of a Female Conversation, was not a little mov'd with Joy at this happy Surprizal, imagining himself in the easy Possession of a jolly young Woman; for indeed Sir John, though something of the thickest; did not make a disagreeable Figure in his Female Habit: There appeared so much Delicacy and Softness in his Skin, (at least what was seen of it, for he was mask'd;) that not a few Women would have been proud to have posses'd the like. The honest Man, therefore, very generously a-lights from his Horse, and enquires of the fair Charmer (for so he called Sir John) what was the Cause of her Complaints? She, poor Soul, for her Part tells him a long Story of her piteous Adventures; as that she had been to visit some Relations along with a barbarous inhuman Brother, who had left her in this unknown Place, upon a very small Difference that had arisen. 'Twas impossible for the tender-hearted Merchant to help pitying her Misfortunes, which he looked upon to be real, and joining with her in lamenting her Condition, and cursing the Cruelty of her Brother. Pity, it has been observ'd, frequently tunes the Soul to Love; and thus it was with our Merchant: He fate himself down, and spoke a great many soft Things; and, in short almost brought Matters to the last Extremity. Sir John, who was still covered with his Mask, made but a feeble Resistance, only crying, *I am undone, lost, ruin'd forever! Alas, dear Sir, what do you mean? What would you do with me? Is this your Compassion? This your Kindness to a poor, distressed, miserable Creature? What! rob me of my Honour, dearer to me than my Life? For Heaven's sake, Sir, forbear!* The Merchant was not to be repulsed with such a weak Opposition as this; he thought it was only Virgin Modesty that would presently be overcome; and therefore, comforted his dear Soul with all the kind Words, and fair Promises he could invent, taking her by the Hand, and leading her to the Entrance of the Wood; Sir John, seeing it now Time to draw towards a Conclusion, told him, *That since her Misfortunes had so ordered it, that she was fallen into his Hands, she entreated he would do her the Favour to advance farther into the Wood, that she might not be openly prostituted.* Still our excellent Droll sobbed, and cried, and called upon Death a thousand Times to come and succour her, before she was eternally disgrac'd. The Merchant complied with this last reasonable Request, and went with her into the most solitary Part of the Wood; where being just about to work his wicked Will upon the poor unhappy yielding Creature, to his great Surprise, as well as Pain, the drew a Poignard out of her Bosom, and thrust him through one of his Arms: The amorous Gallant being hereby disabled, his supposed Female Beauty rifled his Pockets, took out three or four Purfes of Gold, and immediately rode off with the Booty.

Another Time, Sir John, in Company with but one of his Companions, met a couple of Friars, belong-

ing to a Monastery, which, in those Times of Popery, was at Dartford in Kent: Our thieving Knight stripped them of their religious Habits, which was much against the Will of his Companion, 'till he gave him the following Reason for his so doing. *You know,* says he, *that we are not far from Lewisham, where there is a noble large golden Chalice, belonging to the Church, and you ought to know as well, that there is no Habit which a Man can rob in so safely as a religious one. My Advice then is, That we assume the Sheep's Cloathing, and make the best of our Way to the Curate's House. Never doubt of Success, and leave the Conduct of the Affair to me.* Falstaff's Comrade was now very well pleased with the Contrivance, and consented to assist in the putting it forthwith in Practice. Away march our two Friars, and the generous Curate, believing them to be what they appeared, received them, in a Manner so very kindly as gave them fresh Hopes of succeeding in their Design. At Night, as they lay together, they were a considerable Time consulting how they should carry on the Affair: But they at last concluded to both their Satisfaction, and went to Sleep. The Morning being come, they got up very early, and went to the Curate's Chamber, telling him, *It was their Custom to say Mass always at that Time; and therefore they desired he would join with them.* The good Man, without mistrusting any Thing, arose and opened the Door; which he had no sooner done, but our two Ruffians rushed in upon him, knock'd him down, gagged him, and tied him Neck and Heels; after which, they broke open his Trunks, and took away all his Money; and not contented with this, they took the Keys of the Church, and carried away not only the Chalice, but all the other Ornaments that were portable, and so they marched off.

One Day as Sir John was riding along the Road by himself, he met with two of his own Profession, who, not knowing him, and seeing he made a good Appearance, thought they had found a Prize. With this Confidence they rode up to him, who did not endeavour to avoid 'em, and bid him stand; swearing, damn 'em, and sink 'em, he was a dead Man, if he did not immediately deliver his Money. Sir John being accustomed not to give, but to take, could not heartily relish this Demand; and therefore, very boldly told them, he had none; at the same Instant laying his Hand suddenly upon one of their Swords, he wrenched it out of his Hand, and gave him such a Blow with it on his Arm, that the Pain took away all Sense. Having done this, he set upon the other very furiously, who, being less valiant than his Companion, betook himself to the Swiftness of his Horse's Heels. But Sir John pursued him so closely, that he made him yield himself to his Mercy: Upon which he generously gave him his Life, after reprimanding him severely for attempting to meddle with one who was his Master at his own Trade. Returning after this to the other, whom he had first struck, he threaten'd him with Death, if he deliver'd not his Money: The poor Thief would willingly have excus'd himself by pretending he had none: But Falstaff was not to be put off in that Manner, being well satisfied there was no Credit to be given to Persons of that Vocation. He very orderly therefore applied to his Pockets, where he found a large Quantity of Gold and Silver, the Spoils of a great many honest People. To be more completely revenged of his Antagonist, Sir John bound him strongly Neck and Heels, wrote his Crime upon a Paper, and pinned it to his Breast; then placed him where he might be exposed to the View of all Passengers.

The unfortunate Highway-man had not lain long in this Position, before some whom he had lately robbed came by, who looking at the Paper, and at the same

same Time examining his Face, knew him to be the Man: Upon this they carried him before a Magistrate, who committed him to Prison, where he remained till the next Assizes, when he was convicted, sentenced, and shortly after executed. Thus was Sir John the Means of bringing one of his Brethren to Justice, while in the Height of his own Crimes; but the Action was honourable, and in his own Defence; for the Soul of our Knight was above submitting to the detested Office of a mercenary Thief-Catcher.

Sir John followed this disorderly Course of Life a great many Years; and what made him the more daring in his unlawful Enterprizes, was the having a no less Man than the eldest Son of King Henry IV. in his wicked Fraternity, with whom he was very familiar, as we have before observed. This Prince being prompted on by his own vicious Inclinations, and the Fire of Youth, and encouraged by a Set of debauched and abandoned Courtiers, committed such Extravagancies as are almost incredible: For he not only frequently robbed upon the Highway, in Company with *Falstaff* and others, whom we have mention'd, but went so far as to set upon his Father, and several Times put in Fear of some Design against his Person: For Kings went not guarded in those Days as they do at present. He attempted also to rescue a Prisoner from the Face of Justice, in the Court of *King's-Bench*, *Westminster*; for which he was himself committed a Prisoner by the Lord Chief Justice, whom he struck on the Seat of Judgment. The Justice was admir'd and applauded for this Action; and the Prince, notwithstanding his ungovernable Temper, submitted to the Sentence, seemingly without Reluctance. And indeed it appears this Prince, who had a prodigious natural Genius, often disapprov'd his own Extravagances when he came to reflect seriously. *Shakespeare* has given us a Speech, or rather Soliloquy of his, suppos'd to be spoken at the Place of Haunt in *Eastcheap*, immediately upon parting with his scandalous Company. 'Tis in these Words: *I know you all, and will uphold your Humour a little, yet in this will I imitate the Sun, who permits the base contagious Clouds to hide his Beauty sometimes from the World, that when he pleases to be himself again, at a Time when he is very much wanted, he may be the more wonder'd at, by breaking thro' the foul and ugly Mists and Vapours that seemed almost to smother and strangle him. If all the Year were Holidays, it would be as tedious to sport as to work; but when Play-days come seldom, they come wish'd for, and nothing pleases but what is rare: So when I throw off this base Behaviour, and pay the Debt I never promis'd, by how much I am better than my Word, by so much shall I falsify Men's Hopes: and my Reformation glittering over my Fault, like bright Metal upon a sullen Ground, shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes than that which has no foil to set it off.* And we find this illustrious Person was not at all worse than his Word, especially in the the Case of the Lord Chief Justice.

This good Man, upon the Death of Henry IV. was under terrible Apprehensions of Severity from the Hands of his new Master: The young King put on a sullen Countenance, and reprehended with a great Deal of seeming Warmth; and the Judge defended himself as nobly as he had acted before, by telling him, that upon the Bench he represented his Father, who was insulted in his Person; and desiring him to make the Case his own, and consider whether, now he was King, he would suffer his Dignity to be profan'd in a Chief Magistrate, by a disobedient Son. But how agreeably was this venerable Person surpris'd, when his Majesty returned him this Answer: "You are right, Justice, and you weigh the Matter well; therefore still bear the Ballance and the Sword,

"and I wish you Honours may increase till you live to see a Son of mine offend you, and obey you as I did: So shall I live to speak the Words of my Father, Happy am I, that I have a Magistrate so bold as to dare to do Justice upon my own Son; and no less happy in having a Son that would deliver up his Greatness into the Hand of Justice. You committed me; for which I commit into your Hand the untaught Sword that you used to bear, remembering you still to use the same with the like bold, just, and impartial Spirit as you have done against me. There is my Hand; you shall be a Father to my Youth, and I will humble myself to your wise Directions: I will mock the Expectations of the World, and frustrate the Prophecies of the Vulgar: My Tide of Blood, that has proudly flow'd in Vanity till now, shall turn back to the Sea, from whence it shall henceforth flow in State and formal Majesty. The wisest of our Nation shall form our Council, of which you, Father, shall be the Chief, and I will mingle in your solemn Debates 'till Peace and War become familiar to me, and England is own'd the best-govern'd Nation in the World." It is further reported of this Prince, that he was wont every Day after Dinner to set apart two Hours to receive Petitions, and redress Grievances, which he would do with wonderful Equity; and that he sent to Rome to be absolved from the Death of King Richard II. (of which 'tis thought his Father was guilty) tho' 'tis certain he had no Hand in it.

This Account of the Reformation of King Henry V. is doing Justice to the Memory of one of the greatest and best Monarchs that ever sat upon the English Throne: Besides, it is not altogether foreign to our Design, as it makes Way for another Story of our Hero, Sir John Falstaff. The Knight was in the Country, at the House of one Justice Shallow, an old Acquaintance of his, when the News was brought by Pistol of his Friend Hal's Advancement. He was unable to contain his Joy, and summoning all his own Gang and the Justice's Family about him, he made this Harangue: Away Bardolph, saddle my Horses.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what Office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with Dignities.—Carry Master Silence to Bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy Boots; we'll ride all Night.—Oh! sweet Pistol, utter more to me; and withal advise something to do thyself good.—Boot, Boot, Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for me.—Let us take any Man's Horses; the Laws of England are at my Commandment.—Happy are they who have been my Friends; and Wo to my Lord Justice. Accordingly they all got ready, and Mr. Shallow lent Sir John a thousand Pounds to maintain his Dignity, 'till the King loaded him with Riches. They rode post to London, and came just Time enough to see the Coronation. The whole Company got among the Mob, and Sir John address'd himself to the Justice in this Manner: Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace: I will leap upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the Countenance that he will give me. O if I had Time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand Pounds I borrow'd of you. But it is no Matter, this poor Shew doth better; it infers the Zeal I had to see him; it shews my Earnestness of Affection; my Devotion, as it were, to ride Day and Night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have Patience to shift me, but to stand stained with Travel, and sweating with Desire to see him, thinking

ing of nothing else, putting all Affairs in Oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Thus did Sir John run on in a lofty Strain, indulging his own Vanity, and the Hopes of all that were with him, till the Royal Person appear'd in all the Splendour and Magnificence that was suitable to the Occasion. *God save thy Grace, King Hal, my sweet Boy, my Jove, my Heart!* said Sir John with his wonted Air: But how was he disappointed, when, instead of the Warmth he expected to be receiv'd with, his Majesty, with a forbidding Countenance, deliver'd these Words! *I know thee not, old Man, what is thy Meaning? Do these white Hairs become a Buffoon and a Jester? I have long dream'd indeed of such a Man as thou art, so surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane: But being awake, I despise my Dream—Make thy Body less, and thy Grace more; for Grave gapes for thee three Times wider than for other Men.—Do not reply to me with a foolish Jest, nor be so presumptuous as to think me the Thing but I was: Heaven knows, and the World shall perceive, that I have turned away my former self; so will I those that have kept me Company. When thou shalt hear that I am what I have been, approach me, and be what thou wast, the Tutor and Reeder of my Riots; 'till then, I banish thee from my*

Presence, as I have done the rest of my Misleaders;—dare not henceforth, on Pain of Death to come within ten Miles of our Person: I will allow you a Competence for Life, that Want may not induce you to Evil; and as we hear of your Amendment, we will advance you according to your Strength and Qualities. The King did according to his Word in every Particular, and conquer'd himself in a manner that won the Hearts of all his People.

Habits of Vice are very difficult to be worn off, even tho' the Occasions that first produc'd them cease; Henry's Extravagancies were only the Sallies of a great and violent Soul, not yet subjected to the Government of Reason; but Sir John was grown grey in Iniquity, he acted his Crimes with Coolness and Deliberation; neither the Example, the Severity, nor the Promises of his Sovereign, could have any Effect upon him. He continued his dissolute Courses 'till he was apprehended, and committed to Maiden-stone Goal for a Robbery at Gad's-Hill. At the next Assizes he was capitally convicted, but the King unwilling he should suffer Death, order'd him only to transport himself in a Month's Time out of the English Dominions. It was, thought this Sentence, tho' very mild, broke the Knight's Heart, for he died before the Time allow'd him was expired.

The LIFE of ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

HAVING gone through the Life of Falstaff, or rather a Series of comic Adventures performed by him, and his Gang of merry fellows, which we have exacted from authentick Memoirs, and some Touches of our great Shake-speare, we shall pass over to latter Days, and present our Readers with Transactions of Modern Date, and high Thousands now living may, probably, be no strangers to. We should, indeed, have premised before, that our Countrymen were not to expect a ceaseless Order of the Perions, whose Exploits (if they may be termed so) we have determined to write; but on the other Hand, such a mix'd Account as might have two Effects on the Minds of our candid Readers; by which Expression we beg leave to be understood, that our Aim, throughout the Course of these Sheets, is, sometimes by setting before them the oddest Occurrences that ever happened in Life, so to amuse them that they may receive a great deal of Pleasure while they read; and at other times, by drawing horrid and melancholy Scenes of Death and Murder, so to awaken them that they may detest the like Vices; and in pursuing this purpose, we have reason think we shall do no small service to our Countrymen.

The Person we are going to treat of, was named Arthur Chambers, one of base Extraction, and consequently void of Education, good Manners, or any other Qualification that was amiable; from his Infancy he had a natural Propensity to Pilfering, and, cause the poor Circumstances of his Parents deprived him of acquiring what might set him off in the world, the loose Way of Living he had contracted from a vagabond and lazy Life, quite turned his

Thoughts to dishonest Ways of supporting himself: 'Tis even asserted that he more than once play'd the Thief in Hanging-sleeve Coats, and if this be true, we need not wonder he became so expert in his Employment, as he called it.

The first Step, in his Opinion, to compleat him a thorough Master in the thieving Art, was to have at his Fingers Ends, all the canting Language (which comprehends a Parcel of invented Words, such as Thieves very well know, and by which they can distinguish one another from the other Classes of Mankind) in order to the Attainment whereof, he put himself under the Direction of an experienced Teacher that Way; and what was soon observable, attended so closely to the Dictates of his Preceptor, that he not only out-rivalled him, but became superior to any of his cotemporary Thieves.

Chambers quickly discover'd how pleasing his new Language was to him; for he could not enter an Alehouse, but he would be punning with the Landlord: Indeed his gay Apparel (for Arthur could not endure the Thought of being called a Sloven) gain'd very often on the Masters of the Houses he frequented, to sit down by him, and listen to his jocular Way of talking: Sometimes, from the Ignorance of some of them, he would impudently assert that what he now and then mix'd with his ordinary English, was the purest Greek in the World, and, to convince them he was sincere in what he advanced, would frequently pull out of his Pocket a *Greek Testament*, and say, Sir, *this Book was made by one of the old Philosophers; believe me, I have studied it this dozen Years, and every Moment I look'd into it, I gain'd a Twelve-month's Knowledge.* The Landlord would

be gazing all the while open-mouth'd at *Chambers*, and to be sure, he, on his Part, was very intent upon something besides his *Greek Testament*, for, soon after, a general Complaint was made of Abundance of Money being lost, but, which Way, was the Question.

A while after this, our Practitioner was sent to *Bridewell*, there to answer, with hard Labour, some petty Abuses he had committed; but, obtaining his Liberty he began to reflect, that some Way or other was of Necessity to be found out to make his Life more agreeable and less burthensome to him, than it had been of late; he found that the Town began to suspect him, and having very clear Eyes to see into those Things that concerned himself, he left it with a hearty Curse, and went down to *Launceston* in *Cornwall*.

It seems the Inhabitants here received him with open Arms for a considerable Time, and his merry Disposition soon procured him the Acquaintance of Men of Note in that County: He had taken Care too before his leaving *London*, to supply himself with a great Number of false Crown and Half-Crown Pieces, which, on his Arrival, he uttered at all the Places he frequented, but Abundance of Persons having been deceived with these Pieces, and a general Complaint made round about, Search was made every where for the apprehending of the Cheat, and poor *Chambers* was taken up; the Consequence of which was sending him to Goal, where he remained a Year and a Half before he could get his Enlargement.

Cornwall now became too hot for him to stay any longer there; he had forfeited his Reputation with his Acquaintance; he found no Relief, nor no Signs of any; and what could he do in these Circumstances? Why, he made the best Way he was able to *London*, where on the very first Day of his Arrival, he performed the most cunning, artful, and yet barefac'd Piece of Felony that ever was heard of. The Fact stands thus recorded.

Having alighted from the Waggon, he went directly to an Alehouse in *West-Smithfield*, where, seating himself in a Box, and calling for a Pint of Beer, and a Slice of Bread and Cheese, he comfortably refresh'd himself; then falling into Discourse with some Tradesmen in the next Box to him, about the Country and quiet Enjoyment of a rural Life, the Talk was insensibly turned upon Diving or picking of Pockets (a Circumstance of all others the most surprizing, as it was observed the Company had been reasoning very gravely a long Time on the Advantages of a Country before a City Life.) *Chambers* improved the Hint, and said, *It was a thousand Pities no better Provision could be made for the Suppression of little Villians; for added be, Death was too ample a Punishment for a Person if he robbed the whole World; but why should I talk thus, continued he, if great Offenders are suffered, well may the poor and Necessitous say—We must live, and where's the Harm of taking a few Guineas from those who can spare them, or ten thousand to one who robbed others of them?—For my own Part, I look on a dextrous Pick-pocket as a very necessary Man in any Government whatever; as such a Person draws so much from the Purses of his Countrymen, which otherwise would be spent in Gaming or Whoring: Look ye, Gentlemen, I can pick a Pocket as well as any Man in Great-Britain, and yet, tho' I say it, am as honest as the best Englishman breathing; for an Instance of what I say, observe the Country Gentleman just now passing by the Window I'll step out and take his Watch tho' it is now scarce five o'Clock.—A Wager of 10 s. was immediately laid that he did not perform it; Chambers answer'd the Bet, and presently pushing out of the*

Door, made a quick Round till he came to the End of *Long-Lane*, where he met with the Gentleman, and courteously pulling of his Hat to him, ask'd if he could inform him which was the highest Way to *Knave's-Acre*;—to which the Gentleman replied,—*Lack-a-day Friend, you ask a very ignorant Person, for I am a Stranger here, and want to know the nearest Way to Moor-fields:—Oh! oh! Sir, I live there, and can acquaint you which Way to take; excuse me, Sir, I would willingly bear you Company thither, but extraordinary Affairs calling me to find out a Place called Knaves-Acre, I must necessarily be jogging on; but be pleased to take my best Directions: So saying he pointed with his Hand, Look you, Sir you have no other Way to go than directly along this Lane, which will bring you into a Street call'd Barbican, that into a dirty Lane over against it, and thence into Chiswell-Street, the End whereof will lead you into Moorfields.* All this while the Country Gentleman was staring the Way *Chambers* pointed, who in the Interim, made sure of his Watch, and after the Gentleman and he had left one another, returned back to the Company, laid down the Spoil on the Table and claimed the Wager, which was accordingly paid.—*But, said Chambers, the Gentleman shall have his Watch again, and I myself will acquaint him with the whole Affair: So said, he trudged after him and coming up with him before he had got quite through Barbican, after having ask'd Pardon for his Rudeness, desired him to tell him if he had lost any Thing.—Nothing I hope Friend, but I'll search my Pockets, to be sure of it, and see, my good Man; short, the Gentleman coming to his Fob, found his Watch gone; upon which Chambers civilly return'd it, but not without giving him a succinct Detail how he came by it, and the Reason why.—The Gentleman return'd him a thousand Thanks, admir'd his Dexterity, gave him half a Crown, and bad him pay it to the 10 s. and remember him among his Friends and so they parted again.*

This Action performed in Broad-Day Light, and in a Lane where Abundance of People resort, and consequently where some must be passing and repeating at that Time, argued in *Chambers* not only consummate Boldness, but the greatest Dexterity of Hand, with respect to the obtaining the Watch, than can be imagined: But if this is looked upon as surprizing, the Sequel will discover Adventures of his not any wise inferior, but I may venture to find much superior to it.

But before we enter into giving an Account of those which we deem vastly astonishing, we must first Leave to fill the next Paragraph with a sharper Trick *Chambers* put on a raw Country Fellow that was just come to Town. It seems that this Fellow was got among a Company of Sharps, and gaped with the rest at a Marble-board; *Chambers* chanc'd to come by, dress'd in a very handsome Suit of Cloath and seeing *Robin* (for so was the Fellow named) intent on seeing the Diversion, gave him a Tap on his Shoulders, which made him turn about; upon this *Chambers* took him aside, and asking him what Countryman he was, and how long he had been in Town, which *Robin* acquainted him with, demand'd if he wanted a Place, or had any Inclinations to serve a Gentleman: To which *Robin* answer'd, *deed, Master, that be the very Errand I came to Town about. O then, replied Chambers, I can fit you to the Hair. I believe I can afford you myself, for the present, four Pounds a Year standing Wages, and 2 Shillings a Week Beard-Wages, and all my cast-off Cloaths; which, let me tell you, are none of the worst.* This was enough to make *Robin* ready to jump out of his Skin; he had never had such a fine Prospect made him, and he began to think that good Fortune

June was going to smile upon him. *Chambers* observing the Gladness *Robin* was in, bid him take his Cloak and follow him, which he throwing over his Arm, away they went together to the *May-pole* in the Strand, where *Chambers* ordering his new Man to call him a Coach, he slept in and *Robin* after him. *Told, told, (said Chambers,) you must know, Robin, that Servants ride behind,* which he obeying, away rove the Coach to the *Bell-Tavern*, in *King-street*, *Westminster*, where *Chambers* alights, and goes into the Tavern, orders a Fowl to be roasted for his Dinner, and when it was ready, sets his Man down by him, who eat the best Part of it. During Dinner, *Chambers* acquaints *Robin* with the Ways of the Town, tells him he must be very circumspect in his Behaviour, and a thousand Tricks would be put upon him by the *Londoners*, who were ever sporting with Persons just come out of the Conuntry, concluding his Discourse thus: *Robin*, I am obliged wait on Person Quality this Afternoon, and as I have a tolerable good Liking to you, I thought I could not do you a greater Piece of Justice than to acquaint you, that it is customary for Gentlemens Servants to get to gaming when they meet together; now you being a Youngster, may easily be drawn in and imposed on; but to prevent it, if you have any Money about you, put it into my Hands, and as you want it, 'tis but ask and have. *Robin* concluding upon his Master's Words, that he had found out one of the honestest Men in the World, readily lugged out his Leather Purse, wherein were nine and forty shillings, and gave it to *Chambers*, who while he let him to call a Coach, paid the Reckoning with his Man's Money, and then riding to the *Temple* in *Fleet-Street*, *Robin* was ordered to pay the Coachman, who having a stout Oaken Stick in his hand, began to lay about his Sides in a terrible manner; upon which a fierce Encounter between him and the Coachman ensuing, and a numerous Mob immediately gathering about to see the Scuffle, *Chambers* found his Opportunity to move off, and leave his Man to provide for himself, and benoan the loss of so good a Master.

If the following Story was not related by Captain *Smith* in his Collection, I would not have inserted the same here, considering the Circumstances, when put together, discover something of Improbability; but I confess, that Author assigns a Reason for the most unaccountable Fact of all, that makes the rest credit. But without using any more Words, we shall give it our candid Readers.

A Gentleman advanced in Years, who had a considerable Estate of his own, married a young Lady (whom the Captain makes to be none of the wisest) with a Fortune agreeable to the large Possessions he held. His Temper being sedentary, and devoted to the Quiet of a Country Life, he carried his new house to a Seat of his about a Mile from *Huntingdon*, which stood by itself, and seemed to enjoy a very peaceful Retreat. But it seems our *Chambers* had frequently view'd it, to put in Force a Design he had long Time entertained to rob it; but still was disappointed: For the good old Gentleman was too careful to let any of his Goods or Effects be taken from him without using proper Means to retain what he had about him. Now, whether he was previously acquainted with *Chambers*'s Design, is not certain, but it seems probable he was; for Fire-Arms were Things he constantly kept in his Chamber, and was several Times observed to be sitting behind the Curtain in his Window, especially in Moonlight Nights, to watch the Motions of such as should fer to molest his House.

Chambers perfectly understood this, yet was so far from declining from his Design, that he was the ra-

ther influenced now to put it directly in Execution. According he procured as many Cloaths as would just dress a Man, and with them made up the fictitious Appearance of one, which taking along with him to the House, he sets a Ladder to the Gentleman's Chamber Window, mounts it with the Scarecrow before him, and nods it full against the Sash. The Gentleman hearing a Kind of Noise, and presently, to his Surprise, seeing the Scarecrow, discharges his Piece, upon which *Chambers* lets it drop, and instantly betakes himself to his Companions, who were behind the House. Old *Rusticus* thanks his Stars a thousand Times, that he has been so fortunate as to kill his mortal Enemy, and one whom he had been obliged to watch against so many Months. He goes to his Wife who was in Bed, and bids her congratulate with him for his Success, for that now he hoped they had no farther to fear. *I will put on a few Things,* said he to her, *go out, and drag the Corps to a secret Place in my Grounds, where I will bury it, by which I shall avoid the burthensome Fees of the Parish.* And having thus said, he dress'd himself, took a Pick Ax, Spade, and a Cord, which having tied about the Neck of the imaginary Dead, he haul'd it a considerable Way over his Grounds, dug a Pit, and tumbled it in. *Chambers*, all the while was not ignorant of the egregious Folly the old Gentleman was committing; but to make amends for the Loss of Time, he had frequently had about the House before, mounted up the Ladder, and whipt open the Sash, and went to Bed to the Lady, with whom expressing his Gladness for what had happened, but without giving Signs of some Diffidence, that still made his Mind uneasy, *What,* says he to her, *must we do, supposing this Rogue's Ghost should haunt us in Spite, and come and rob us still? This is what I have Reasons to fear, and I pray my Dear, let me take Care of your Diamond Ring and the Gold Watch by you.* No sooner said, than the Things were delivered up; and, as the Captain says, *Chambers* repaid her extraordinary Complacency, with gratifying her in the most sensible Manner; after which, acquainting her, he had only haul'd the Body into a Field behind the House, he would get up again and bury him, to avoid coming into any Trouble for having killed him. Accordingly he got up, dress'd himself, took a Cabinet of Jewels, thro' a Pretence of concealing it in the next Room, went privately down Stairs, and made off triumphantly to his Comrades, who waited in a convenient Place for him.

All this while old *Rusticus* was busied in removing out of the World, as he thought, the greatest Torment he ever had. The Night being something cold, and his Apprehensions on one Side, of incurring Trouble about shooting the Deceased; and his Gladness, on the other, for having got out of the Way the much-dreaded Villain, made him dispatch the Business he was about in the quickest Manner. After he had finished every Thing to his Satisfaction, he returned Home extremely cold, and getting into Bed to his Lady in the chilly Condition he was in, *Lord,* says she, *my Dear, how cold you are! You an't the same Man you was lately; how frigid! Lack-a-Day, what made you get up again.* To which he made answer, *My Love, my Dear, certainly you must be in a Dream; for I assure you, I have not been in a Bed since the first Time I rose, which, let me tell you, is above an Hour ago.* Nay, *my Dear*, replied she, *it cannot be more than a Quarter of an Hour since you left me, when I gave you my Diamond Rings and Gold Watch, for fear the Rogue's Ghost should haunt us in Spite, and rob us still; and to convince you, that what I tell you is no other than the real Truth, you gave me that due Benevolence which we married Women require, better than ever I had it of you.* These were Hints the old Gentleman was confounded at: He swelled

swelled immediately into a violent Passion, and said, *By Heavens, Madness possesses the Woman! She dreams! What Diamond Rings? What Gold Watch? What Benevolence is this you speak of? For my Part, I have not touched your Rings, nor your Watch; it must unavoidably be, that you are besides yourself. But upon my Word, my dear Husband, you did, and likewise carried the small Cabinet there of Gold and Jewels, for better Security, into the next Room.* What an astonishing Piece of News is here? *Ruficus* begins to think there have been deplorable Things committed, during his Absence; and that, while busied in burying one Rogue, he had been robbed by another. But of all the Evils that perplexed his Mind, the Word Benevolence gauged him in the most sensible Manner: This was a Circumstance that gave him a thousand Mortifications. He fretted, foam'd at the Mouth, and star'd: He calls to his Servants to bring him a lighted Candle to see if there was Truth in what his injur'd Wife had told him. The Candle comes; but to his Cost, he finds his Effects sunk fifteen hundred Pounds in Value; but he is resolved to find the Bottom of the whole Affair; and, as soon as it was Break of Day, goes to the Place where he had interred the fictitious Corps, digs it up, and finds he had been spending his Time in making a Hole for, and covering a Bundle of Rags; which unexpected Sight, raised by Turns his Indignation and Laughter to think he had been so abominably imposed on, so cunningly robb'd, and so unaccountably made a Cuckold.

Leave we the Reflections that may be made on this Story to those who peruse these Sheets: Let it suffice to say, that the Facts are very uncommon; and therefore liable to be variously construed. But proceed we to some other Transactions of the dexterous Man we are treating of.

Chambers having had a pretty long Merry-Making, as he called it, about *Huntington*, and the adjacent Country, thought he could not do better, than to remove into some other Place. Accordingly, *St. Albans* was the Town he had a Longing for; the Master's Wife of the *Grayhound-Inn* there, had inspired him some few Month's before, with a great Deal of Love; and in spite of himself, he found he was not able to conquer his Passion, 'till he had enjoy'd her. 'Tis true indeed this Dame had an extraordinary Beauty in her Face, nor were the Charms of her Conversation less engaging, which made Abundance of Gentlemen call or lodge there, purely to have a Sight of her, or, what was more agreeable, to converse with her. The Husband was a meer *Bacchanalian*, devoted to his Glass and Bottle, and in every Company must unavoidably make a Party with them; during which, Madam found Opportunities to display herself to Advantage, which the Guests admiring, the constantly improved. Now it happened that *Chambers* alighted one Night at this Inn, in a very wretched Condition, having been encounter'd on the Road by a Person of his own Vocation, and unhappily being unfaddled, and thrown in the Road, had received all the Dirt and Mud about him by that Means. At his first Appearance the other Gentlemen that lodged there that Night, seemed to be sorry for him, and every one through an Act of Humanity, frankly lent him some of their own Apparel to wear 'till he went to Bed, and his own were cleaned and dry. To requite these extraordinary Favours, *Chambers* desires the Gentlemen, who were about six in Number, to bear him Company at Supper, and partake of such Things as he had ordered to be provided for him, saying, *Half a Dozen Bottles of Wine were at their Service; and you, Landlord and Landlady, I beg may make two of the Company.* In short, all admired the Gentleman's Generosity; but the Land-

lady, though *Chambers* had frequently been at her Houfe before, thought him an entire Stranger, and handsomely accepted the Proffer. Supper being ready, our Guests with the handsome Dame at the Top of the Table, and *Chambers* next to her, sat down: Every Thing was conducted with great Regularity, and every one were satisfy'd extremely with each other's Company; but *Chambers* carried the Prize in the Eyes of the Landlady, who, after Supper, diverted the Company with several humorous Songs and merry Catches, admirably adapted to the Occasion. The Glasses moved briskly about, and to be sure, *Chambers* made Madam drink very plentifully. 'Twas now about one in the Morning, and all, except *Chambers* and the Landlord, were laid fast, (not even excluding the Mistress of the House) which made *Chambers* think he had a fine Opportunity to put his Schemes in Practice; so, Desiring our Landlord to call his Servants to help the rest to Bed, (for he told him, it was much better to carry them there, than set them where they were) two or three lusty Fellow were called in, who taking them up, one after another, *Chambers* pretended to assist them, but was so dexterous in the *Interim*, to secure their Watches and Money; after which, telling the Landlord he would smoke one Pipe more, and drink a serious Bottle with him. They sat down together again; but neither one, nor two Bottles excused them, though *Chambers* all the while drank but little, letting the *Bacchanalian* Landlord take his just Dose, which he had the Satisfaction to see completed. *Silenus* now laid along two Chairs, and *Chambers* improve the Opportunity to see the Linings of his Pockets wherein he found great Spoil; but took only a third Share to himself, to avoid being suspected of having robbed him, if any of his Servants should have searched for his Money, to have kept it for him till the Morning. In fine, every Thing concurred to complete *Chambers's* Wishes: He went himself civilly to Bed and earnestly desired the Servants of the House to have a strict Care of their Master; nay, he came down Stairs again, and would not go back, 'till he had seen the true Son of *Bacchus* laid by his handsome Wife; whereby he had Means of observing the Situation of the Room, and every Thing besides.

All the House being now in profound Rest, except *Chambers*, who could not sleep for the Success that had attended him, after having been about Half an Hour, or something more in Bed, rises up in his Shirt and opening his Chamber-Door very softly, which was against that of his Landlord's Room, which was open, he steps in, and gets at the farther Side of the Bed where Madam lay. Scarce was he enter'd, but rolling over to him, (not knowing but it was her beloved *Silenus*,) she grasped her Arms about his Waist, and began to caress him in a very obliging Manner. This was what *Chambers* came about: He satisfied his own Inclinations, and probably that of the Dame for the Time; for he rose up immediately after, and went to his own Bed, leaving her calmly reposed, just like a Child set to Sleep by giving it the Nanny. The Clock now strikes four, and the Sun invites our Adventurer to be stirring: He rises, puts on a Sait or Cloaths, all embroidered, of a Gentleman's that lay in the next Room; and being ready to mount, calls the Hostler for his Horse, who ignorantly brings the right Owner's, and delivers it to *Chambers*. He mounts, leaves a Couple of Guineas to answer his Expences, and Half a Crown for himself, telling him at his Departure, *That if any Thing should be wanting he would satisfy his Master, who was his intimate Acquaintance, the next Time he came that Way*; and having so said, rode off directly: But *Chambers*, having rode not above three or four Miles out of Town

was agreeably surpriz'd at seeing some Guineas tumble out of the Lining of the Saddle, by the violent Agitation of his Galloping: He dismounts, opens the Linings farther with his Knife, and finds to his Satisfaction two hundred Guineas; for which he pours a thousand Blessings on his successful Exchange, prays heartily that his Landlord may have his House dignified with an Heir of his getting, and then rides directly to London.

Chambers being now in Town again, resolves not to let his Time be mispent: To which End, he mounts all the Publick Places of Resort, in order to find out his Prey: One Day, being very well dress'd, he goes to the Exchange, and mixes with some Italian Merchants, and after some little Conversation, which ran on Trade and Shipping, calls one of them aside, who was a very comely and grave Person: With him he seems to be in a close and eager Dialogue, the Merchant all the while nodding and biting his Thumb. Mean Time one of Chambers's Confederates comes up and begins to discourse the Merchant much after the same Way as he himself had done: Upon which Chambers says, Sir, I perceive you have no liking to my Proposition, but possibly you may not meet with such another Bargain as mine, I mean as to Profit.—To liking, answer'd the Merchant, Yes, Yes, Sir, I'd lieve chap with you as the best Man alive, so I'd but my Advantage in it. Upon this the Merchant spoke a few Words to Chambers's Confederate, and then calling Arthur to him, said, Here's another gentleman has a Bargain much like your's to dispose of; if you can join together, we'll throw the Commodities together, and make but one Lot of them.—The Merchant, replied Chambers, who without any farther Ceremony, as the Merchant stood close to his Confederate, divid'd nimbly into his Pockets, and drew thereout a Purse of Gold, and his Gold Watch, and perceivably convey'd them to his Confederate. At this Spoil not satisfying the avaricious Temper of our Adventurer, who, seeing a very good Handkerchief hanging out of the Merchant's Coat-Pocket, taps at it, but unluckily for his first Prize. The Merchant, it seems, caught him in the Act; and seiz'd him by the Collar, called out, Thief, Thief, which Words raising Abundance of Persons then on the Walks, about them, every one were desirous to know the Bottom of the Matter. The Merchant was having our Adventurer before a Magistrate; and, on his Part strenuously denied the Fact (for by this Time the Purse and Watch were found gone) and then threaten'd the injur'd Tradesman to punish him for defaming his Character among the only Persons the World he got his Living by. During this Contention, the Confederate, who had received the Purse and Watch from Chambers, was marched to the Porter at the Gate, to get Proclamation to be made at the Exchange, That if any Person had lost a Purse with Gold in it, and a Gold Watch, on giving the true Marks, he might have it again: These Words reaching the Merchant's Ears, he, glad of the Opportunity of regaining his lost Things, lets go Chambers, with a thousand Excuses for his Rudeness and rash accusations, and goes directly to the Crier; but both Chambers and his Confederate procured Means of slipping away in the mean Time.

This Disappointment but the more sharpened the Wit and Cunning of our Adventurer, who was resolv'd to use his Talents (as he call'd them) to a much better Purpose than his last Endeavour had produced. To this End he takes a first Floor of a House in Soho-Square, and contracts with the Landlord to pay fourteen Shillings a Week for the same. For a while a good Harmony and Understanding was between Chambers and the Gentleman of the House,

who took him for a Man of Fortune, as his Dress and Expences might have very well argued him. One Evening as they were at Supper, I mean the Family of the House, our Adventurer came in seemingly in a vast Uneasiness, which made the good Folks importune him to let them know what it was that disturbed him. I have so much Friendship for you, Mr. Woodville, said the Landlord, (for you must know this was the Name he had given himself,) that if I can be of any real Service to you, 'tis but opening your Mind to me, and you may depend to find me both your Counsellor and Benefactor.—Chambers, pleas'd with the Landlord's frank Kindness, made no further Doubt to unravel the great Mystery he had at his Heart, and thus began: 'Tis with a thousand Struggles of Soul, that I find myself obliged to speak; Landlord, I am very sensible of the Obligations I already owe you, and that Thought makes me decline being any further burthensome to you; you must know then, that having been at Hamptstead this Afternoon, where I frequently used to go to divert myself with an affectionate Brother of mine, I was there a mournful Spectator of his Death. 'Tis too much for me (here he pretended to weep) to acquaint you with every sad Particular about the Struggles he had before his Soul departed out of his Body: let it suffice to say, that he has left me Heir to his Possessions, (but his Life would have been of greater Value to me) and in his Will appointed me to inter him in the Cloisters in Westminster-Abby. Now, Landlord, the Favour I have to desire of you is, for Convenience of his Funeral, to have his Body brought here, and carried hence to the Grave. These last Words Chambers pronounced with a deep Groan, which made the Landlord, and all the Family compassionate him; they told him any thing they had was at his Service, and the Landlord left him at his own Liberty to bring the Corps, and chuse what Room ever he pleas'd to place it in. He thanked him for his Civility, and told him he would certainly repay it very shortly, in a Way he should be very sensible of. Which indeed, he was as good as his Word to perform. Chambers accordingly went out the next Morning, leaving Orders that the Horse with the Corps would be with them about Six in the Evening. And true he was to his Word. For just upon Six o'Clock a stately Horse with Six Horses arrived at the Door; and Men suborn'd to this End took thereout a beautiful Coffin with fine Hinges and Nails, wherein our Adventurer had put himself, there being private Holes in the Sides for Respiration. The Counterfeit Load was straightway born up one Pair of Stairs, and placed on a Table in the Dining-Room, where the Landlord, to grace the deceased Brother of his Lodger, had set out a very fine and rich Side-Board of Plate, besides other Valuables. You must know Chambers was laid in the Coffin in his Cloaths, and a Winding-Sheet wrapt round him, and one of his Confederates had taken Care to draw the Screws. All this Time our Adventurer was missing, which made the Landlord ask the Fellows where he was, who said, he had bid them acquaint him, that having a Multitude of Things to dispatch about the Funeral, 'twas probable he might not come Home that Night, but should be oblig'd to stay, with a Friend of his in the Strand. The Landlord took the Excuse for granted, the Horse and Men departed, and the Family of the House, excepting the Maid, at their usual Hour, went to Bed, leaving Chambers to rise out of his silent Mansion of Death, and perpetrate his villainous Design. Accordingly, he gets out with his Winding-Sheet about him, and going down Stairs, places himself in a Chair over-against where the Maid

was

was sitting, who, hereby frighted at the Apparition, as she thought, screamed out, *a Ghost, a Ghost*, and, without speaking another Word, ran as fast as could up into her Master's Chamber, and told him and his Wife the Story. *A Ghost*, says the Master, *phoh? you Fool, there's no such Thing in Nature; you have been asleep, Woman, and waking suddenly, have fancied you saw a Thing there never was*. Scarce were these Words out of the Mouth of the Landlord, but in steps, with a solemn Tread, our Adventurer *Chambers* in his Winding-Sheet, and presenting himself and his Face, which was covered over with Flour, full to the Maid, the Landlord, and his Wife, sets himself down in a Chair in the Room, where he continued full Half an Hour, putting the three Persons above into the greatest Pannic in the World all the Time. After which the imaginary Ghost stalks down Stairs, opens the Door to six of his Accomplices, who, while their Director *Chambers* raps the Doors too and fro to drown the Noise of more Persons being in the House than himself, strip the Dining-Room of all the Plate and other rich Furniture therein, and then making a general Search throughout the other Chambers and the Kitchen below, rifle and carry off every Thing of Value to the Amount of six Hundred Pounds. All this while the Family, believing a Spirit was actually in their House, and making the horrid Noise they heard, kept close hid under the Bed-Cloaths, but the Dawn of Day soon appearing, their Fears began to abate; whereupon the Maid gets up, and has the Courage to go down and see the Consequences of the late Bustle. She finds all her Pots, and her Pans removed effectually off out of the Way, and a dreadful Havock made among the Pewter, which, to the very last Plate was all vanished. She hastens to her Master, who was still in Bed; acquaints him with the Spirit's having robb'd the House, and tells him, that she can't in Conscience live with him any longer, since a bad and thieving Ghost visited his Family, which proved that his House was neither a good one, nor the Persons that composed his Family fit to be lived with. Hereat the Landlord could not forbear bursting out into an extream Laughter; Why, thou silly Jade, can it be supposed, that Ghosts, or Spirits, who have neither Flesh, Blood, or Bones, can rob; phoh! banish thy foolish Conceits, and let me come and see what has been a working all this Night. The Maid displeas'd with her Master's Words, goes down Stairs, and finding some of her Fellow-Servants and Neighbours about the Door, tells them what she had seen, whereat all seem'd astonish'd, and say, They should not dare to stir an Inch out of their Houses in the Night, if the Case was so as she related it. Mean Time the Landlord had roused his indolent Body from his Bed, and made a strict Search in those Places where he thought the most valuable Part of his Moveables lay, which he found entirely convey'd away; but coming into the Dining-Room, and seeing the Plate gone, and an empty Shell of a Coffin, he, too late is made sensible of the Imposition, which we'll leave him to mourn, or banish the Thoughts of, just as he pleases, and proceed to something else.

Chambers being an extream Lover of a Woman, had made Choice of a singular Beauty, to whom he was in every Thing devoted except in the Case of his Secrets, and the Robberies he committed, which (if it may make to his Reputation) he would never entrust to any Female, which he justly knew to be too capricious and changeable to hold always in one Mind. Once as this Beloved and he were in Bed together, entirely resigned up to mutual Endearments, and the Pleasures of Love, she, with a Languishing Air, as she twined about his Neck, address him thus:

Dear Chambers (says she) *if I have proved sincere to you, or you have had any Affection for me, will may not I partake of your Secrets, since all I know in the World, is revealed to you? It must certainly argue extraordinary Diffidence of me in you, to be thus deprived of a Privilege which every Woman ought to enjoy who can say she has cohabited with Man for some Years. Had you put me to the Trial once, and found me transgressing the Secret you had thought fit to impose on me, then you had had Plea sufficient to have thought me an empty Person, unfit to bear any thing committed to me: But since nothing of the Nature has been put to my Experiment, nor you have any Ground to say I am a Betrayer of Secrets, indulge me, my dear Chambers, so far as to put me to the Trial, which if I happen to fail in, then my Veracity for ever shall be renounced, and you be at Liberty to make your Breast the sole Closet for your Actions.* This was a grave Harangue, indeed, to *Chambers*, who was so far from him having the least Notion of hearing such a Discourse that he had fully resolved within himself to devote that Night to Love; but he found his Humour cross'd, and the Woman he loved best in the World in his Way, unalterable in her Request till, wearied with her continual Intreaties, he told her he would some Time or other that Month, comply with her Desires as put her to the Test. After this Nocturnal Conference, several Days past without a Word made *Madam* of being tried to keep a Secret. *Chambers* put divers Contrivances on her Silence; sometimes he imputed it to her Want of hearing him speak of it; sometimes to a Sullenness in her being refused so long to partake of his Mind; but as he was too much acquainted with her condescending Temper, to think Moroseness had any Ascendancy over her Mind, he could not find her guilty in this Respect. In short supposing the whole Affair entirely blotted out of her Mind (for he had strove to convert her with other Amusements) early one Morn'g as he was in Bed he feigns himself prodigious in which put *Madam* into much Concern, who asks him what he ail'd.—*Ail'd*—say he, *Why, Peggy, of the most wonderful and yet terrible Things has befallen me in the World? if you betray me now I am an undone Man for ever, for it is a Circumstance I cannot keep from you.—Oh!—What—Another Good Lord Good Lord help me.—What is the Matter, Love? call I be of Service to you? Where is it you are pained? Let me see; Oh Laird! What a Couple of Eggs, surely they cannot be Eggs.—Eggs as sure as you are a Woman, and I have just now laid them.—Oh! for Heaven's sake do not say a Syllable about them.—Not a Word for all the World, my Dear.—But pray, can I trust you? Ah! I cannot but trust you, now you have seen them.—Trust me Chambers! say you, Oh! my Dear, I would not falsify myself in this Point for ten thousand Crowns.—*Here the Discourse ended. *Chambers* pretends to keep his Bed two or three Days, and *Madam*, that very Day in the Afternoon, being invited to drink a Dish of Tea with a Neighbour's Wife amidst their Cups, tells the whole secret, and makes the Number of the Eggs four; the Neighbour some Time afterwards augments them to Eight, and a third Person to twenty: In short the Moment *Chambers* appeared out of Doors he heard it whisper'd; he went along the Streets, *There goes the Man that laid an hundred Eggs*. He curses Woman-kind for their Folly, and determined never more to reveal Secret to them, because he has found no Trial, that they are a Vessel with a leaky Bottom, that lets a the Water out.

Chambers having tried this Experiment upon his pretended Wife, took a small Journey into the Country; and coming into an open Road, met with a Couple of Men driving a Pair of fat Oxen: He had an immediate Longing for the Cattle, and so to improve a Scheme he had in his Head as to obtain them, he put the following conceit in Practice. Having a Cord in his Pocket, he put over the Foot-Path in the Fields, and by that means got about half a Mile before the Countrymen. There was a tall Ash-Tree, into which *Chambers* having climbed, he put the Cord about his Neck, and so entangled himself among the Boughs, that to the Eye below he seemed as if he had been really hanging. 'Twas not long before the Drivers came up, who seeing our Adventurer in this Condition, put various Constructions upon the Difinal Act as they thought it. One alledged, that it could be nothing else but Love that had induced him to so desperate an Action, while the other imputed this Piece of rash Conduct in *Chambers*, to Losses and Misfortunes in the World, conceiving that he had been some Tradesman. In short, the first who spoke about it, had the truest Notions of the Matter, for *Chambers* did it purely for Love; but it was for Love of the Oxen, which the Countrymen were driving. By this Time the Fellows were got at some Distance from *Chambers*, who descending immediately from the Tree, made the best Way he could over another Foot-road, leading over the Meadows, and came again to the Highway. He mounts another Tree, and puts himself into the very same Posture as before. The Countrymen came up, see, and admire this strange Sight, and begin to have fears within themselves about it. At first they look narrowly, in order to know whether it is the same Man or no, they had left behind them; they perceive the same Cloaths, and as of them concludes, it must be the same Man: Whereupon a kind of Argument began between them; as asserting it was a different Man, the other insinuating it was the same. *How can that be*, answer'd the first, *that a Man can be hanging in two different Places at one Time? I cannot dive into the Reason of that, or indeed it is above my Understanding.* At this the other tells him, 'Tis to no Purpose to make more Words: for 'twas the same Man he was sure; and to confirm his Belief, would lay him a Wager of a billing, and they two should go back to the first Place and see. Hereupon both, to decide this important Matter, hasten back to satisfy themselves; but, coming to the Place where they thought to have found *Chambers* hanging, found nothing at all but the Tree. Mean while our Adventurer was got down from his second Hanging Place, to the Countrymen's eyes, which he drove to a Town in his Way to *Wester*, where a fair happened to be at that Time, and sold them, and with the Money came up triumphantly to London.

Chambers, during a few Years, committed Actions as most daring and artful that were ever known, we will bring him to a Period, after two more of his Adventures, which shall conclude our Account of him.—He first proceeds thus: Happening to be amongst his Companions, and very Hungry; but having little or no Money amongst them, they went together, with what they had, to an Alehouse by *Claremarket*, and our Adventurer immediately borrowed

of the Landlord a blue Apron, which tying about him, he went into the Market, and cheapen'd a Pig of a Woman; some little difference as to the Price, making the Bargain longer than ordinary, *Chambers*, whose Stomach was pretty sharp, at last took the Pig, and left the Price of it in the Woman's Hands, with a Power of bringing it back, if the Company, as he pretended, did not like it. Away he returns to his Companions, who, in Concert with him, took the Pig out of the Cloath, and put a dead Dog into its Room, which *Chambers* pins up in the Cloath, and carries it back to the Woman, telling her his Company did not like it: Whereupon he received his Money back again. Some little Time after, another Chapman comes to the Woman's Stall, and cheapens the supposed Pig, who tells him, 'Tis one of the whitest in the World, and one that she can very well put into his Hands. Hereupon she begins to unpin the Cloath; but coming to open it, finds, both to her Astonishment and Loss, a Dog. The Artifice is soon blown over the Market, and the People put into an extraordinary Laughter; so that between Jeers and Jokes, and what between Loss and Disappointment, the Market-Woman is forced to pack up her All for that Evening, go home, and comfort herself in the best Manner she is able.

The last Story of him is this: Being at *Bristol* just before the Fair there, he hired himself as a Clicker to a Shoemaker, though no Ways skilled in the Business; but contracted with his Master not to enter upon actual Employment 'till that Day Se'ennight. However, he continued at the Door of the Shop, in order to let the rest of the Trade know he belonged to them. *Chambers*, who was perpetually forming some Stratagem or other, to procure him either Goods, or Ready-Money, bethought him of an Expedient that would turn the Shoe-maker's Boots to his Advantage. Accordingly, he goes to a Neighbour of the Trade, and tells him, *That a Gentleman was at his Master's Shop, who wanted a Pair of Boots of the Eighth Size, and that he should be obliged to him to let him have one Boot for the Person to try on.* The Shoemaker, not distrusting the Honesty of our Adventurer, gives him a Boot of that Size, hoping to have it soon returned, if the Gentleman did not like it, or it did not fit him. *Chambers* immediately improves his Scheme, goes to all the rest of the Shoemakers, with the same Tale in his Mouth, and procures from each a single Boot of the Size with the first; when, on Computation, he had made himself Master of forty single Boots, which he pack'd off to a Customer for a Sum of Money something less than the real Worth of them. By this Time the several Masters wondered why their Boots were not returned, and consequently sent their Men to know the Reason; but *Chambers's* Master having lost his Man, in the Interim, and telling them, *He knew nothing of the Affair, nor any Boots borrowed*, every one became sensible of their Mistake, and found it too late to rectify the Cheat; for our Adventurer had moved his Quarters, and left his Master and the rest to admire his Dexterity and Conivance.

Here we conclude the Scene of this Man's Life, who, after a Series of unaccountable and very surprising Robberies and Actions, received a just recompence for his ill-spent Life at *Tyburn*.

The LIFE of Sir GOSSELIN DENVILLE.

WE have ranked *Chambers* between two Knights, not to give him any Preference by such a Position, but only to pursue a mixt Account, as we have apologiz'd for in the Beginning of his Memoirs. The Gentleman we are going to give an Account of, was descended of very honourable Parents at *Northallerton*, a Market Town in the *North-Riding of Yorkshire*. The Family was very ancient, and came into *England* with *William the Conqueror*, who assign'd 'em Lands for the Services done him in the North of *England*, where they lived in great Esteem, and the Successors after them, for several Ages, till the Time of Sir *Gosselin*.

The Father of this Gentleman being a pious and devout Man, sent his Son to *Peter-Colledge* in *Cambridge*, where, for some Time, he prosecuted his Studies with great Warmth; and, to outward Appearance, gave Signs of making a fine Man. This gave the antient Father extreme Joy, who began to think of placing his Son in the Priesthood; but it seems *Gosselin* sat at his Books purely to amuse his Father, and to gain some Advantage he had in View by it. It was found out afterwards that a religious Life, as his Father had design'd for him, was not the Thing he relish'd; but that the Prosecution of Amours and Love Intrigues, had the greatest Ascendant over his Mind: nay, he began now to display his natural Propensity to a luxurious and profligate Life.

These Steps creating great Discontent in the Breast of the Father, he took the violent Courses of his Son so much to Heart, that 'twas not long before he died leaving our Gentleman in full Possession both of the Dignity of the Family, and his Estate, valued at twelve hundred Pounds *per Annum*, a considerable Fortune in those Days. Thus our Gentleman becomes a Knight, rolls in a plentiful Fortune, and gives a Loose, more extravagant than ever, to his ill Courses. He associates a Brother of his, named *Robert*, with him, and they two together, by their Profaneness, soon made an End of the Estate.

Being now out of the Reach of maintaining themselves as usual, and finding the Poverty of their Circumstances still encreasing upon them, they perceived there was no no other Way of supporting themselves, than by raising Contributions on the Highway. To this End, being Men of extraordinary Valour and Courage, they equip themselves out for a daring Enterprize, which was to rob two Cardinals, sent into this Kingdom by the Pope, to mediate a Peace between *England* and *Scotland*, and terminate the Differences then on Foot, between *Edward II.* and the Earl of *Lincoln*.

One *Middleton* and *Selby*, two Fobbers of these Times, having heard of *Denville's* Design, came and join'd him with all the Forces under their Command, which were no inconsiderable Number. In short, the Cardinals were robbed, and a very large Booty taken from them, which put our Bravo into a tolerable Way of Subsistence for some Time; but there hap-

pening some Difference between *Middleton* and him, with regard to the sharing of this Booty, the former left the Association, and went some Time on the Road by himself; but being soon apprehended, was brought up to *London*, and there executed.

All this while, Sir *Gosselin* pursued his illegal Practices; the Valour of his Arm, and the continual Preys he and his Men made on all Travellers, put the whole Country into a terrible Pannic; for there was no such Thing as travelling with any Safety; and the great Number of Persons, of whom his Gang was composed, plainly shewed, that they defied the Laws, and every Thing else. What they could not obtain on the Highway, they sought for in Houses, Monasteries, Churches, and Nunneries, which were rifled without any Distinction; and the most valuable and sacred Things carried off. The Men under Sir *Gosselin's* Conduct led a most licentious Life; and, like their Master, committed the worst of Villainies and Barbarities. Persons were murdered in their Houses when their Goods might have been taken without using Bloodshed: So that killing and doing Havock rather looked like Sport or Pastime with these Deceitful rascals. Our Countryman *Tom. Shadwell* seems to point at our Knight, in his Play, called the *Libertine* nay, to have founded the main Plot of that Piece upon his barbarous and licentious Conduct. They who have a Mind to be further informed in this Particular may, by perusing that Dramatic Performance, see how near the whole Conduct of the *Libertine* Squares with that of the Person we are speaking of.

A while after our Knight and his Associates marching on the Road between *Marlow* in *Buckinghamshire* and *Healey* upon *Thames*, met with a *Dominican* Monk, named *Andrew Symson*, who not only was obliged to deliver what little Gold he had, to them but also to climb into a Tree, and preach them a Sermon, which he did with a great Deal of Judgment and good Sense, though pronounced *Extempore*.

This Sermon being at this very Time recorded in the *Bodleian* Library, as a Piece containing sound Divinity, and a great Deal of Wit, we shall make an Apology to our Readers for inserting it, but give an immediate Place here. Mr. *Symson* having got into the Tree, chose for his Text the following Words:

L U K E, Chap. x. Ver. 30.

A certain Man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among Thieves, which stript him of his Rayment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

“OUR Blessed Saviour himself pronounce these Words to a Lawyer by Way of Parable who came with a View to tempt him, by putting this Question to him, *Master, What shall I do to inherit eternal Life?* Luke 10. 30. The Lawyer is taught by our Lord in the Context both before
“ at

“ and after these Words, on which I lay the Foundation of my ensuing Discourse ; That, in order to obtain Life Eternal, he was to esteem every Man his Neighbour, that stood in need of his Assistance ; after which, the good Samaritan is introduced to shew the Love to one's Neighbour ; for this Person, though a Priest and Levite, had before past by this poor Man spoken of in my Text, who was fallen among Thieves, had Compassion on him, went and bound up his Wounds, placed him on his own Breast, carried him to an Inn, and giving Orders to the Host to let him have any Thing he wanted, promised to defray all Expenses ; so the poor Man but recovered.
“ Having thus explained the Meaning of my Text, I shall now go on to a farther Illustration of it, by Discouring on the three following Heads :

- I. The Hazard or Danger of taking a Journey.
- II. Who it is that may bring this Danger.
- III. What the Danger is, which is two fold, either the Loss of Goods, or Loss of Life ; and sometimes Loss of both.

“ First then, I shall discourse on the first of these Heads, namely, the Hazard or Danger of taking a Journey. Now, this is when a Man leaves the City to go into the Country ; in the former of which a Person need not be much apprehensive of himself, because the Numbers of Inhabitants are a sufficient Guard to protect him ; but it is quite otherwise in the Country, I mean on the Road ; where an honest Man, thro' the few People passing and repassing, and perhaps through the Obscurity of the Place, is exposed to the Insults of such abandoned Wretches, whose Actions we should by no Means imitate or agree with. For the Royal Psalmist seems to allude to this Doctrine : *When thou seest a Thief, then thou consentest with him*, Psal. i. 18. And I observe again, that if a Man but goes a few Miles from his Habitation, he cannot assure himself that he shall return unrobbed ; for it seems that the Person here spoken of in the Evangelical Parable, went but to *Jericho*, which was only six Miles South Eastward from *Jerusalem*. And what added to the Opportunity of the Thieves robbing him, was the Desert that lay between the two Places, which the Inhabitants call *Quarentem*, where great Thieving and egregious Robberies are committed to this Day.

“ Secondly, Who it is that may bring this Danger. They who willfully give themselves over to an indolent and lazy Life, and to covetous Pursuits, or they who abandon themselves to Drunkenness, to Gaming, or following lewd Women ; for such as these turning Thieves, through their profligate Life, put honest Men into great Disorder, and commit great Damage upon them. *Judas* thus for Example, coloured over his Actions, with a specious Pretence of loving the Poor, and with pretending to extraordinary Charity ; when, on the contrary, he was neither a charitable Man, nor a Lover of the Poor, but a Thief, and a very covetous Wretch. This was his Hypocrisy ; and one of the Evangelists witnesses thus much. *Why was not this Ointment sold for Three Hundred Pence, and given to the Poor ?* John xii. 5, 6. I cannot but say, that depriving even a Man of an Advantage is a great Injustice, tho' robbing us of Things we hold the most considerable is much superior to this. But where both Life and Goods too are in the Case, then 'tis a most dismal Consideration ; for not only the Laws of Man, but those of God likewise have made it a Capital Crime to take away any Thing unjustly from a

“ Man, or to detain what of Right belongs to another ; now this taking away which I am speaking of, is branched out into the three following Denominations ; First, simple Theft, which means a private taking away of that which is another Man's. Secondly, Rapine, by which Word is implied a forcible or compulsive Way of taking away of that which appertains to another Body's Right ; And Thirdly, Sacrilege, which imports the taking away of Things dedicated to holy Uses, or in sacred Places. Now the First and Last of these Kinds, are, for the Generality put in Execution in the Night-time, that being the most convenient Season to accomplish the Ends design'd by them. *If* (says the Prophet) *Thieves comes to thee, if Robbers by Night, now art thou cut off ; would not they have stolen tell they had enough.* Obad. v. 5. And our Saviour himself compares his coming on Earth to a Thief in the Night. *The Day of the Lord so cometh as a Thief in the Night*, 1 Thes. v. 2, Says St. Paul. — Agreeable to which is the following Passage of St. John the Divine. *Behold I come as a Thief*, Revel. xvi. 15. Which Words, if they were paraphrased, import thus much. *Behold I come when you know nothing of it.* But the other Kind of taking away is generally put in force (as you have now done) in the Day-time, putting Men and Women into terrible Frights, and vast bodily Fears.

“ But I must beg Leave to acquaint you, Gentlemen, by the way, that you are not the only Thieves in the World, for a great many others come under the Denomination ; such as Kings and Princes, when they lay unnecessary Taxes and Excises upon their Subjects ; Subjects when they do not pay the customary Tribute to their Princes ; Tradesmen, when they use deceitful Weights and Measures, and unjustly enhance the Price of Commodities ; Masters, when they defraud Servants of their Wages ; and Servants when they embezzle the Goods of their Masters : Nay, Apothecaries, and Tailors, when they make unconscionable Bills ; Butchers, when they blow their Veil ; Millers, for taking double Toll ; Shoemakers, for stretching their Leather larger than their Consciences ; Surgeons, for prolonging a Cure ; Physicians, for taking away the Lives of their Patients ; and Lawyers, for taking Bribes on both Sides ; I say, that all these are no better than Thieves, and such as they, nor Covetous, nor Drunkards, nor Revilers, nor Extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God, 1 Cor. vi. 10. Now what I have already observed brings me to the following Inferences. *Thou shalt not steal.* This is a positive Precept delivered to us by the Hand of God himself, who has also declared his avenging Hand on those that infringe it ; yet this is so far from deterring Mankind from the Commission of it, that rather than not indulge your Headstrong Inclinations this Way, you will cut, hack, maim, wound, tie Hand and Foot, Neck and Heels together ; you will rob, pilfer, and plunder any one, so this vicious Desire is but served. What a melancholy Thing is this, and astonishing Considerations does it present to an honest and virtuous Mind ! But, lack-a-day, why should I talk at this Rate ; will not Courtiers rob People that solicit them for Favours ? will not Judges pervert the Laws and administer Justice partially ? These are shocking Reflections, and yet they are no more shocking than true. I confess they are hard, but true, Instances of Injustice and Thieving. But considering the Age we live in ; 'tis not to be wondered at ; for if Arts and Sciences are suffer'd to augment, much less is it to be admired why Vices and Immorality in all Shapes

“ increase; *Satan* being industrious to plant his
“ Schools of Wickedness, as much as our best In-
“ structors there’s, of good Learning and Mo-
“ rality.

“ Now they who relinquish the Paths of Virtue,
“ and will voluntarily pursue the Road of Iniquity
“ and Thieving, Robbing, and Plundering, every
“ one they meet, without any Distinction either of
“ Sex or Person, expose themselves to an untimely
“ Fate, which not only proves a miserable Exit to
“ themselves, but also involves their Families, Friends,
“ and Relations, in a great Deal of Scandal. And
“ supposing they who pursue this profligate Course
“ of Life, do not meet with the Gallows for their
“ Reward, yet ten to one, they die no natural
“ Death, for, ’tis possible, that one Time or other,
“ meeting with a Prey, as they imagine, they may
“ find some obstinate Resistance from the Person
“ they attack, as may at last over-power them, and
“ in the End take away one or other of their Lives;
“ then pray what’s the Consequence? Why, being
“ thus cut off in their Sin, they tumble Head-long
“ into Perdition, where endless Torments wait for
“ them. Probably you are dispatched and sent out
“ of the World some Years before your appointed
“ Time, whilst he that sent you packing out of this
“ World, enjoys his Quiet, without being account-
“ able to the Laws of his Country for what he did;
“ and besides, we have the Levitical Law justifying
“ the killing of a Thief. *If a Thief be found break-
“ ing up, and be smitten that he die, there shall no
“ Blood be shed for him*, Exod. xxii. 2. And indeed
“ all honest Men look upon Theft with such Detesta-
“ tion, that on a Thief’s being apprehended, they
“ are ready to massacre him, before he is carried to
“ Goal. And under the Denomination of Theft we
“ may justly place Usury, Bribery, and Cheating in
“ Gaming. Let us now suppose that the Thief may
“ run on in his Villainous Course of Life several
“ Years, without either being taken from his Ro-
“ guery, or paying his Recompence to the Laws,
“ yet what’s this to the Purpose? All this Time he
“ has something within him called Conscience, which
“ incessantly tells him of his Ways; his Mind pre-
“ sents to itself terrifying Ideas; nor can he purchase
“ one Night’s sound Sleep; he’s haunted in every
“ Corner, nor will Conscience suffer him to be at
“ rest; possibly his pleasing Sins may delude his
“ Thoughts with Gaiety and Mirth for a while, but
“ this Scene lasteth not long, before a Vulture gnaw-
“ eth his Heart, and eternally racks him: For ill
“ Actions are constantly attended with Perturbations;
“ and the Punishment that follows is a thousand
“ Times worse than all the Delight such Actions
“ produced. Ill-acquired Gains are far more detri-
“ mental than all the Losses of an adverse Fortune.
“ These latter but disturb us once; the first are per-
“ petually teasing us. And indeed that Man can
“ never think of adding to his Contentment, who
“ pursues Ways diametrically against it, still fixing
“ his Eyes on the Beginning of Things, but has ne-
“ ver once the Sense to consider where the End will
“ reach.

“ Now, Gentlemen, if you are ignorant in this
“ Particular, I will make bold to tell you, that the
“ Beginning of Theft is an Entrance into Prison,
“ where your chiefest Companions are Hunger,
“ Thirst, Shackles, Bolts, Irons, and Vermin; and
“ the End Hanging, unless you have the good For-
“ tune to meet with an Adversary as favourable as
“ King *Edward* the Confessor. I will produce the
“ Instance for your Informations: It seems this
“ Prince one Morning lying in Bed with his Curtains
“ drawn, saw a poor Courtier come into his Cham-

“ ber, and, going up directly to his Coffer, take as
“ much Money away as he was able to carry, and
“ came again, and was suffered to convey his second
“ Booty off without being spoke to, but King *Ed-
“ ward* finding him advance thither the third Time,
“ reproved him for his Covetousness, and command-
“ ed him to be gone; for if *Hugoline* his Treasurer
“ came and caught him in the Fact, he would cer-
“ tainly have a Rope for his Deserts: Now it seems
“ he was scarce got out of the Chamber, but the
“ Treasurer, who had left open the Coffer, came
“ and seemed in a vast Surprise at the Loss, but the
“ King bid him not concern himself, for he had
“ most Occasion for the Money, that had taken the
“ Opportunity to convey it away.

“ Now I shall infer once more from this Discourse,
“ Persons of your Profession, let your Lives be never
“ so flagitious and enormous, may probably be of Opi-
“ nion, that the same Mercy is laid up in Store for
“ you, which the penitent Thief on the Cross found
“ and enjoyed: But let me tell you, and be you
“ assured, that you are far from it, unless you car-
“ bring yourselves to repent as he did. But pray
“ what Man in his Senses would run the Risque o
“ Damnation by suffering a reproachful Death
“ *When cursed is every one that hangeth on a Tree*
“ Gal. xiii. 21. Nay, he that is hanged is accurie
“ of God. Alas! no Man always sins unpunished
“ *Deut. xxi. 23.* Is it not a common Thing for u
“ to see the Son punish’d for the Vices and profligat
“ Life of the Father? I am very well assured tha
“ there are but few Vices of any Magnitude, whic
“ are not punished in this World. God, let me te
“ you, Gentlemen, doth not bless or punish all;
“ once, but by Degrees and Warnings. So muc
“ Knavery possesses the World at this Time of Da
“ that to be an honest Man is reputed Vice, and
“ many Mutations are hourly observed, that ’t
“ very rare to see the completed Race of anothe
“ Our Lives are too short to take exact Notice no
“ the most just God, dispenses his Judgments, ar
“ how he strikes pernicious Mortals. Some of h
“ Corrections are performed in the Dark, nor do
“ every notorious Act meet with its just Punishmen
“ notwithstanding (as I have observed in the Foreg
“ ing) private Punishments sometimes give a Man ve
“ Uneasiness within, while Mankind observing on
“ the Superficies of Things, see not how he smar
“ in secret.

“ Having proceeded thus far, I shall now come
“ to some few Exhortations, and then close my Di-
“ course. I must take the Freedom to acquaint yo
“ Gentlemen, that the Sin of Theft is obligator
“ that is, that you are obliged if you are abl
“ to restore back the Things you steal, or forc
“ bly take from another, otherwise, let me te
“ you, your Sins are not forgiven. I speak n
“ this for the Sake of myself, but for the Bene
“ of your precious Souls; entertaining so favourab
“ an Opinion of you, that I believe you to be goo
“ humour’d, generous, tender-hearted Gentlemen
“ and such who, without being spurred on, ha
“ the Sense to shew a compassionate Honesty. *2*
“ *Things whatsoever you would that Men should*
“ *unto you, do ye even so to them: For this is t*
“ *Law and the Prophets.* Some of you probab
“ may object, and say, that it is impossible to ke
“ the Commandments. I answer to this; that it
“ because you have no Inclination to oblige yo
“ selves to the Observance of them, but are me
“ willing that God should be thought the Auth
“ of Sin, which is exceedingly blasphemous a
“ wicked. Possibly too you may endeavour to ju

“ fy your iniquitous and scandalous Lives, by al-
 “ ledging you cannot restrain yourselves, liking
 “ this Evasion much better than acknowledging your
 “ Iniquities; and confessing your Sins in order to
 “ amend, by engraving the Law of God upon your
 “ Hearts.

“ It is my sincere Hope that the Words and Doc-
 “ trine I have already delivered, will have the same
 “ Influence on you, as the Advice once had on the
 “ Thief which the Apostle St. *John* gave him,
 “ which reclaimed him from his wicked Courses.
 “ The Narrative is not very long, and for your
 “ Information, I will acquaint you with it. St.
 “ *John*, as soon as the Tyrant was dead, who had
 “ banish’d him to the Isle of *Patmos*, returning to
 “ *Ephesus*, and being importuned to visit the Coun-
 “ tries adjacent, to put the Churches in Order,
 “ when he was come into a certain City, and see-
 “ ing a young Man of goodly Body, handsome Face,
 “ and fervent Mind; among the Brethren, he turned
 “ his Face to him, who was appointed chief over
 “ all the Bishops, and said, *I commend this young*
 “ *Man unto thy Custody, with an earnest Desire*
 “ *to take Care of him, as Christ and the Church*
 “ *bear me Witnesse.* The Bishop having received his
 “ Charge, carried the young Man home, and took
 “ extraordinary Care of him. But it seems that
 “ this young Convert, in spite of the Bishop’s Pre-
 “ cepts and Admonitions, soon abandon’d himself
 “ to lewd and dissolute Courses, and associating with
 “ young Men of his Years, who were idle, debauch-
 “ ed, and acquainted with all Manner of Vice
 “ and Immorality. The first Step these evil Coun-
 “ sellors take with their Pupil, is to bring him to
 “ costly Entertainments; afterwards to steal and pil-
 “ fer in the Night, and commit a great many o-
 “ ther Offences. Thus our Convert soon became
 “ acquainted with all Manner of Wickedness; he
 “ plunges himself into a bottomless Pit of all Dis-
 “ order and Outrages, and in the End, despairs of
 “ the Saving Grace that cometh of God. He is
 “ past all Hopes of Mercy; and therefore being
 “ quite regardless of the Consequences of his ir-
 “ regular Life, he proceedeth onward in his Impie-
 “ ties, and takes his Lot in common with the rest
 “ of his Companions. It seems that a Gang of
 “ Thieves being gather’d together, he puts himself
 “ at their Head, and conducts them in the Execu-
 “ tion of their Enterprizes. His Mind is now entirely
 “ bent to Robbing, extream Cruelty and Murder.
 “ A while after this Bishop, being under some Ne-
 “ cessity, sent for St. *John*, who having declared
 “ the Cause of his sending for him, the Apostle
 “ address’d him in the following Manner: *O Bishop!*
 “ *I require the young Man, and the Soul of our Bro-*
 “ *ther whom I committed to thy Custody.* The Bi-
 “ shop hearing this, with a dejected Countenance,
 “ and sobbing and sighing, told him that he was
 “ dead. Dead, said St. *John*; how? by what kind
 “ of Death? The Bishop replied, *he is dead to God;*
 “ *for he is become a very wicked and pernicious*
 “ *Wretch; nay, a Thief, keeping this Mountain over-*
 “ *against the Church, in Company with his Associates.*
 “ St. *John* immediately rent his Garments, and beat
 “ his Head, saying to the Bishop, *I have left a*
 “ *wise Keeper of our Brother’s Soul; prepare me a*
 “ *Horse, and let me have a Guide.* He hasten’d out
 “ of the Church, and rode Post to the Place he in-
 “ tended, but was immediately apprehended by the
 “ thievish Watch; yet he makes no Resistance, but
 “ exclaims aloud, and says, *Bring me hither your*
 “ *Captain*, who, in the mean time, as he was arm’d,
 “ saw him coming. As soon as the Captain saw the
 “ Apostle’s Face, knowing it to be St. *John*’s, he
 “ he was stricken with Shame, and ran away. The

“ old Man, unmindful of his great Age, pursues
 “ him flying, and cries, *My Son, why runnest thou*
 “ *away from me thy Father, unarm’d, and old? Be*
 “ *not any way daunted, as there are Hopes of Sal-*
 “ *vation remaining; I will plead for thee with*
 “ *Christ; nay, I will expose my Life to Death for*
 “ *thee, if there be Occasion, as Christ expos’d his*
 “ *for our Redemption; believe me, that I too will*
 “ *even hazard my Soul for thee and thine, for Christ*
 “ *sent me.* Our Thief hearing this warm Expostu-
 “ lation, stood some Time stock still, with his Coun-
 “ tenance fix’d on the Ground, trembling like an A-
 “ spin Leaf, and all the while shed a Flood of Tears.
 “ He took St. *John* in his Arms, and, with great E-
 “ motion, embraced him, making him as pertinent
 “ Answers as he could for his weeping; so that to
 “ outward Appearance he look’d as tho’ he had been
 “ baptiz’d again with Tears. After St. *John* had
 “ promis’d and assured to obtain his Pardon with
 “ our Saviour, and pray’d, and fell on his Knees,
 “ and kiss’d his Right Hand, which Repentance had
 “ now purified, he conducted him to the Church a-
 “ gain, where rectifying his late fallen Soul with a-
 “ bundance of Prayers and Fasting, and confirm-
 “ ing his Mind with several excellent Sermons, he
 “ left him fully restored to the Church, a great Ex-
 “ ample of true Repentance, a brave Trial of a new
 “ Birth unto Righteousness, and a singular Pledge of
 “ a visible Resurrection from mortal Sin.

“ Wherefore, Gentlemen, if your Inclinations are
 “ to imitate the Example of this great Convert, and
 “ to put on the new Man, by being good Christians,
 “ associate yourselves with honest and good Compa-
 “ ny; for there is nothing more prejudicial than to
 “ keep that which is bad: Our Fame and our Souls
 “ are utterly ruin’d by it; we receive Wounds by it
 “ which are incurable and past Remedy; besides,
 “ consider the Disgrace: Was a Man a King, he
 “ would lose his Majesty and Dignity by it; for pray
 “ tell me, who would pay Obedience to his Com-
 “ mands or Government, when, in Imitation of *Nero*,
 “ he should waste his Time at Taverns with the
 “ Lewd and Debauch’d, play with Minstrels in his
 “ Chariot, and frolick with common Players on the
 “ Stage? Bad Company may be compar’d very just-
 “ ly to the new Trimming of a Ship; wherefo-
 “ ever you but touch it; you are all bedaub’d; and
 “ supposing you are clean when you go aboard, yet
 “ the smallest Motion in the World will soon disco-
 “ ver the Blotches you have receiv’d. How many
 “ hundreds could I enumerate, who, going to per-
 “ form the last Scene of an ignominious Death, have
 “ blamed ill Company as the Original of all the
 “ Failings they have made, as though some Witch
 “ had enchanted them into their Follies? Bad Com-
 “ pany is an Engine which the Devil always is put-
 “ ting in Play to remove Man from the Pursuit of
 “ virtuous Ways: Bad Company is the spiritual
 “ Whore, that by fond Dalliances and Arts betrays
 “ a Man into his Destruction: Bad Company is
 “ certainly a *Dalilah*, if there be one under Heaven:
 “ But not to tire you with more of this Nature,
 “ I shall conclude my Discourse with this Admoni-
 “ tion in Scripture, *Let him that stole, steal no more.*

This Sermon was vastly well received by Sir *Gos-*
selin and his Associates, who returned the Monk
 their extraordinary Thanks for the excellent Sermon
 he had made; in short, they gave back not only
 the Gold they had taken from him, but making a
 Collection among themselves, presented him with a
 Purse (above his Money) by Sir *Gosselin* their Spoke-
 man, who, after a few Ceremonies on both Side,
 left the Monk to descend out of the Tree quietly;
 and go Home in Peace.

One would have thought that the Doctor's impartial Handling of his Subject, and the open Manner in which he exposed Thieving, and the direful Consequences that waited upon it after this Life, would have awaked our Adventurers to a better Sense of themselves: But, it seems they were too far plunged in their iniquitous Course of Life, to retreat back and reform. Which will be proved in the Sequel. Nay, if Accounts be true that are transmitted down to us concerning this Knight and his Confederates, whole Parties of Horse and Foot sent out to suppress their Career, were several Times defeated; at which the whole Kingdom was put into so much Terror and Amazement, that none durst take a Journey, or appear on the Roads. The King then reigning having acquainted his Nobles of his Intention to make a Progress through the North of England, Sir *Goffelin* came timely to hear of it, and accordingly put himself and his whole Gang in Priests Habits. Now the King being on his Progress and near *Norwich*, our Adventurers, being a considerable Number, drew up to him in their venerable Habits; which making the King halt to observe them a little more closely, Sir *Goffelin* closed up with him. The King upon this seemed desirous to hear what he had to say, which Sir *Goffelin* observing, after a low Obeisance made to his Majesty, he told him that he was not come to discourse about Religious Matters, but Secular Affairs, which was to lend him and his needy Brothers what Money he had about him, otherwise not all the Indulgences he could obtain from the Pope should save him from being exposed to a very hard and rigid Penance. The King having but about Forty to attend him, found it impossible to get clear of his Adversary, to save his Money, but was obliged to surrender all, nay, look on while his Noblemens Pockets were search'd; after which Sir *Goffelin* and his Associates left them to perform the remaining Part of their Progress.

This Attempt upon the King was highly resented; and several Proclamations with considerable Rewards inserted, issued to apprehend any of the Persons concerned in this Robbery alive or dead. In less than Six Months above Sixty were treacherously taken by People, in order to obtain the Premium. Notwithstanding, this Change of Fortune was so far from working any Reformation in our Knight, that he and his Brother robbed with greater Boldness; so that those Noblemen and Gentlemen, who had Seats in the Country, were afraid to reside at them, and were obliged to secure themselves and their Effects in the fortified Cities and Towns of the Kingdom.

The last Adventure which we have on Record of this Knight was this: Sir *Goffelin* and the remaining Part of his Associates being in the North of England, were determined to see what the rich Bishop of *Durham* could afford them; accordingly they got into his Palace, which they rifled from Top to Bottom

of all the valuable Things in it; and, not content with the Spoil they found, bound the Reverend Prelate and his Servants Hand and Foot, while they went down into the Cellar, drank as much Wine as they could well digest, and then let the rest run out of the Barrels; after which they departed, leaving the Ecclesiastick to call upon God to deliver him in his Necessities.

But Fortune now weighs down the Scale of our Knight's Iniquities: It seems a Man kept a publick House in a By-place in *Yorkshire*, where Sir *Goffelin* frequently went, not so much for the Liquors there, as for the Beauty of the Woman of the House: A freer Acquaintance than consisted with Decency had been kept up very openly some Time between the Knight and the Landlady, which the Husband at first connived at, through a Notion his dignified Customer, and the Company he brought to his House, would be of considerable Advantage to his Trade: But Sir *Goffelin* and his Wife pursuing their Love Intrigues in broad Day-light, to the no small Scandal of his Family, and he beginning too late to think himself injured, found no other Resource to repair the ill Name thrown upon him by the People in the Neighbourhood, than by removing the Knight out of the Way: To which End he goes to the Sheriff of the County, and acquaints him how Sir *Goffelin* might be apprehended with little Difficulty at his House, provided he came that Night. The Sheriff rejoiced at the Opportunity, but consider'd that the Knight and his Associates were Men of desperate Fortunes, vast Courage, and resolved to hazard the last, rather than surrender or be taken; upon which he muster'd up between five and six hundred Men in Arms, came privately in the Night with them to the House, which they vigorously attack'd as our Knight and his Company were revelling over their Cups. Now or never was an important Battle, or rather Siege, to be determined. The Persons within resolutely defended themselves for some Time, and the Men in Arms without were not less valiant. Good Fortune seemed to incline to our Knight's Side, who, in Conjunction with his Men, laid two hundred of his Adversaries dead on the Spot; but being tired with the Slaughter, and fresh Enemies pouring in upon him, he was presently hemmed in on every Side, and obliged to surrender, tho' not without fighting to the last. The Sheriff, exasperated to think at losing so many Men, took care to put the captive Knight, and three and twenty of his Comrades, who were made Prisoners at the same Time, under a very strong Guard, who safely conducted them to *York*, where, without any Trial or other Proceedings had upon them, they were executed, to the Joy of Thousands; the Satisfaction of the Great, and the Desire of the common People, who waited upon them to the Gallows, triumphing at their ignominious Exit.

The LIFE of ROBIN HOOD.

THE Accounts of this Man's Genealogy are exceeding various, and the Stories of him as fictitious among the Country People, as the Theft of Mercury among the Heathens, the one being accounted a God for his Dexterity of Pilfering, and the other being generally reputed a Nobleman. I shall only confine myself to two, out of the several Accounts we have of this Man. In the first he is said to be the Earl of *Huntington*, that his Father was Head-Ranger in the North of *England*, that his Mother was a Daughter of the Earl of *Warwick*, that he had an Uncle named *Garnwell* of *Garnwell-Hall* there, that his Father and Mother lived at a small Village called *Loocy*, near the Forest of *Sherwood*, and that he himself was born in *Henry* the Second's Time. But in the second he is said to derive his Family *ab origine*, from no higher Persons than Shepherds, who for some time had inhabited in *Nottinghamshire*, in which County, at a small Village adjacent to the Forest of *Sherwood*, he was born, in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second, and bred up a Butcher; but being of a licentious and wicked inclination, left his Trade, and associating himself with several Robbers and Outlaws, put himself at their Head, because he was a Man of extraordinary Courage, and would never entertain any in his fraternity, but such as had been sufficiently tried both as to their stoutness and dexterity in handling their Arms.

But we are acquainted from the former of these two accounts, that *Robin* was put to School, where he made a surprizing Progress in his Books, and could answer to any Question put to him by his Master with wonderful facility and wit, which gave his Parents no small joy: And that one *Christmas* he went to see his Uncle *Garnwell*, at whose House, in Company with *Little John* (who was a Servant there) he performed very unusual Tricks with Cups and Balls; which won the Heart of the aged Gentleman so much, that, dying not long after, he left *Robin* his sole Heir, who now began to be very beneficent and hospitable to all that came to see him; relieved the Poor, and did a thousand other meritorious Actions, which gained him the good-will and esteem of all about him; but that this open and free way of living did not last long, for, by his Profusion and too great Liberality (having run thro' the Estate, he was obliged to support himself as well as he could. That he had abundance of deep Reflection within himself how to maintain his usual Grandeur and Hospitality, which at length turned upon robbing the Rich, and always shewing kind to the Poor, who were always sending up their Prayers to Heaven for his Prosperity and long Life, because, if he met any of them, he would not only refrain from injuring or robbing them, but give them Money; nay, wheresoever he heard that any were sick or in want, he was sure to send his succour and Assistance to relieve them in their necessities Circumstances.

By this time he and *Little John* (so called, tho' otherwise of lofty Stature) were become sworn Brothers. They were together in all Parties of Pleasure,

of robbing, or otherwise. And the first Adventure of theirs which we have on Record was performed by them, and fifteen more, on the Bishop of *Carlisle*, who had fifty in his Retinue. The account of this Matter stands thus: *Robin* having intelligence that the Prelate was in his way to *London*, met him on the South-side of Ferry-bridge in *Yorkshire*, and, notwithstanding his Retinue was so numerous, attacked him with his much inferior Number, took from him eight hundred Marks, and then tying him to a Tree, made him sing Mass; after which he untied him, set him on his Horse again with his Face to the Tail, and in that Condition obliged him to ride to *London*, where he made heavy complaint to the King of the indignity that had been offered him, who issued out a Proclamation for his being apprehended; but all endeavours were ineffectual.

Some time after this the King having proposed a shooting-match in *Finbury-fields*, *Robin* and his Gang, notwithstanding their late insulting the Bishop, had a mind to be Spectators of this Diversion, nay, to make Parties in it, and accordingly having disguised themselves, they came up to *London*, and mixed *incognito* among the company assembled on this Occasion. Great Commendations were given to the King's Archers, who, to say the worst of them, shot exceeding well, and large Betts moving about, *Robin* steps up, and offers to lay an hundred Marks, that he tingled out three Men who should shoot better than any three others that could be produced to oppose them; the King takes up our Adventurer, and the Queen, admiring the resolution of the Strangers, as she thought them, was incited to lay a thousand Pounds on their Heads against their King, which example was followed by several of the Nobility. *Robin* now bent his Bow and shot almost into the middle of the Clout, beating his Adversary about a Span; *Little John* hit the black Mark in it, and overcame his Antagonist, but *Midge* the Miller pinn'd up the Basket, by cleaving with his Arrow the Pin in two which was in the middle of the Black, so that the Queen, and all those that laid on her side won the Betts. But when the King came to know afterwards that it was *Robin Hood* and part of his Gang, that had beaten his Archers, he swore that he should be hanged whenever he was caught, and, in order thereto, sent out several Detachments of Soldiers into the Forest of *Sherwood* after him, which *Robin* having private notice of, made him withdraw into *Yorkshire*, thence to *Newcastle*, *Cumberland*, *Lancashire* and *Cheeshire*, and last of all to *London*, till the Heat of the Hue and Cry was over, and then he returned to his old Place of Rendezvous, to the no small joy of his Companions, who had been from him full eight Months.

Robin having a mind to make a Progress by himself, put into a by-sort of a House, a little out of the Road, in which he found no body but a poor old Woman, who was weeping very bitterly, and in a flood of Tears. *Robin*, moved at her extraordinary crying, desired her to acquaint him with the cause of her Sorrow, to which she answered, that she was a

poor Woman and a Widow, and being somewhat indebted to her Landlord for Rent, she expected him every moment to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin. This news filling *Robin's* Breast with Compassion, he bad her rest herself contented, and he would make things easy; so pulling off his rich laced Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat, which the old Woman lent him, and having likewise secured his Horse in an old Barn, in a little time came the old miserly Landlord, and demanded his Rent: Upon this *Robin* rises out of the Chimney-corner with a short stick in his Hand; and says, *I understand, Sir, that my Sister here (poor Woman) is behind hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her Goods; but, she being a desolate Widow, and having nothing wherewithal to satisfy you at present, I hope you will take so much pity and compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be too severe upon her; Pray, Sir, let me persuade you to have a little forbearance, to which the Landlord replied, Don't tell me of forbearance, I'll have my Money, I want my Rent; and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.* When *Robin* found that no intreaties nor persuasions would prevail with the old miserly Cuff to have patience with the poor Woman, he pulled a Leather Bag out of his Pocket, and said, *Come let's see a Receipt in full, and I'll pay it; so accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid: Then the Landlord being upon going away; says Robin, 'tis drawing towards Night Sir, and there's great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till to-morrow Morning, and take the Day before you.* No, no, replied the Landlord, *I'll go Home now, I shall reach seven Miles before 'tis dark.* Pray Sir, says *Robin* to him again, *Let me persuade you to tarry here, for indeed there's great robbing abroad: I don't care, answered the Landlord, what robbing there is abroad; I'll go home now, besides, I don't fear being robb'd by any one Man, let him be what he will:* So taking his Horse, away he rode, and *Robin* after him, drest then in his fine Cloaths, and meeting him at a Pond where he knew he must pass by, bid him stand and fight, or deliver his Money: Which words so terrified him, that he delivered all the Money he had received for Rent, and and as much more to it. Then *Robin* riding back to the old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long before the Landlord came back to the House again, and knock'd at the Door; upon which *Robin* asks who was there? The Landlord answers, *'tis I: what I? says Robin; why 'tis I, answered the Landlord again.* At these words, the old Woman cried, *O dear! 'tis my Landlord:* So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow; as how he was robbed by a Rogue in a lac'd Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly knock'd his Brains out had he not given him all his Money: *Ay, says Robin, I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advice; now I hope you'll stay here till Morning:* However he did not; for, having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his way homeward.

The King having determined to make a Progress into the North of England, *Robin* came to hear of it, and was resolved to rob him. Accordingly taking sixty of his Followers, put himself and his Associates in very rich Cloaths, with each Man his white Horse, well harnessed and accoutred. They met the King at a small Village, with about thirty in his Retinue (for the Kings of England in those Days were not wont to be attended with Horse-guards as now) whereupon *Robin*, the foremost of his Com-

rades, stepped up to the King, and address him in a very handsome manner, *My Liege, say he, by our extraordinary Garb and Dress we should seem to be Persons of Dignity and Fortune, but I must crave leave to be so sincere with you, as to inform you we are of a quite different Stamp and Condition to that which probably you and your Retinue may take us to be. For my part, having being descended of honourable Parents, and left, when very young, in Possession of a considerable Estate, which for several Years supported me in a generous and gay manner, I reckon my self among the Number of those your Countrymen (for Subject is too harsh a word for a Gentleman to pronounce) who think themselves the happiest Persons living, by having lost all through generous and polite Living! What mean you Sir, by this mysterious way of Discourse, answered the King? Explain your self, for really I am at a loss to understand you. To which *Robin* replies, My Liege, my Actions are already so much divulged throughout this Land, that there's no need of making enquiry about me; I am only to inform you, that, having run thro' all that I was born to, and double the Quantity, I made my self Captain over these brave Fellows whom you see before you. Our Employment is to collect Tribute (not as you do, to satiate the hungry Appetites of Ministers of State and Pensioners) of every one that travels thro' these Counties, which I have some time ago annexed to my Dominions. I constantly take from the Rich to give to the Poor, for those share my Benevolence hourly, and I cannot think but your Generosity will look upon me as a Person deserving. What I want Sir, is your Money, which will give you a free Passport to the Place you are going to. The King finding by the Number of *Robin's* Attendance, that there was no such thing as resisting his Demand, voluntarily pulled out a Purse and gave it him, who found it, by the weight, sufficient to answer his present Occasions, without having recourse to the Noble mens Pockets who waited upon the King to increase the Booty.*

Our Readers are to be acquainted, that it was no Difficulty to rob our Kings at that Time of Day. Several of our Nobility of the present Age appear more splendid and numerous in their Attendance than they did. Kings formerly used to make frequent Progresses to different Parts of the Kingdom, to diffuse among their Country Subjects their Riches, and see how Matters went among them; but now the Custom is quite varied, and nothing but large Bodies of Life-Guards are seen waiting upon our Kings though it be but for three or four Miles, which makes it seem rather a Clog upon Majesty than an Augmentation of it.

Robin, happening to be out one Morning by himself, observed a young Man, of a genteel Aspect, and well drest, sitting under the Shade of a Tree in a very melancholy and dejected Mood: The Sigh presently made our Adventurer step up to him, and ask the Reason of his sitting so disconsolately there. The young Man, after many Sobs and Tears, broke out frequently into an Exclamation against Woman-kind, who, he said, were the most perfidious Wretches in the World. *I this Morning, said he, had got all Things ready in order to be married to the Gentleman's Daughter of that House; but Money being a stronger Persuasive than the truest Love, another Person in the Neighbourhood has supplanted me by the young Woman's own Appointment, though she's mine by all the sacred Oaths under Heaven.* *Ay, ay, says Robin, is your Case so? never be afraid Man, but put on a more cheerful Look, I'll warrant you Success; you shall not only have the Woman, but her Fortune too.* Having thus said, he took the young Man along with him

in to his Comrades, who went back to the Church together, and meeting the Bishop, *Robin* began to discourse him on some Points in Religion, till a ealthy Knight, and the young Man's Mistress came to be married. Upon which *Robin* said, 'Tis a great Shame that such a young beautiful Woman could be married to such a fumbling old Man as is, to lie grunting by her Side, and to make a surfe of her all the Days of her Life: No, no, she all have her own Bridegroom, and he his right mistress. With that he blew a Blast, and straightway appeared the young Man, and twenty Yeomen. Now, said *Robin*, you shall enjoy the Woman you love is very Day. No, hold, said the Bishop, that's against the Laws of our Church, to marry any Person that has not been ask'd three Times. *Robin* hearing this, immediately pulled off the Bishop's robes, and put them on *Little John*, who went up directly into the Choir, and ask'd them seven Times for all the People; but the young Gentlewoman solutely refused to make any Response, till Meeces and high Words forced her into a Compli- ce, when away they carried her to *Sherwood*, here they kept the Wedding.

Another Time *Robin* being at *Coventry*, and having a Mind to play a Prank, which he mightily delighted in doing; and understanding that a certain Lord was to set out for *London* the next Day on horse- back, with a great Retinue, he put himself in Wo- man's Apparel; and overtaking his Lordship on the road, having a tolerable good Face, and young, the ble Peer was pleas'd to scrape Acquaintance with this young Damsel, as he suppos'd her; so after a great deal of Chat together, his Lordship, being amou- sly inclin'd, was for fulfilling the primary Com- mand, *Encrease and multiply*; and putting the Que- stion to her, this Masculine, Feminine Creature pre- tending great Modesty, said, *It became her Sex never permit Dishonesty to come nearer than their Ears, and then, to save Virtue the Labour, Wonder and De- votion ought to stop it.* However, his Lordship pur- suing his Inclination very close, it made her hamper the Conceit of it; and at last giving way to her amara- to's Courtship, she told his Lordship, that if they had been in any Place of Privacy, she should have been very ready to gratify his Desire; but to expose herself before all his Men, she would not for a World. His Lordship being very joyful at her condescension to his Embraces, they had not rid above half a Mile further, before a Wood presented itself to their sight, where he ordered his Servants to alight till he came to them: So he and his dear mascu- line Mistress rid into the Wood, and there alighting with an Intention of having a full Enjoyment of his proposed Lady, when his Lordship taking up her petticoats, found under them a Pair of Breeches; and said, what's the meaning of your wearing Breeches; Adam? *Nothing*, replied our Adventurer, *but to put our Money in, and now you must pay for your peeping*; with that he beat his Lordship, and took above an hundred Marks from him, and then tied him to a tree, to cool his Courage, and so bid my Lord fare- well till the next meeting. The Servants mean time waiting the Return of their Master, wondred, having said an Hour, at his long Absence; but at last they determined to seek him out, and so entering the Wood, they heard a Voice crying out for Help; they fol- lowed the sound as fast as they could, till at length they found his Lordship fast; he bad them untie him, and said, that the Villain whom he had taken for a Woman, proved to be neither better nor worse than a Highwayman and a Robber, and had taken all he had from him, that was valuable, but that for the future he would be hang'd, if ever he trusted himself alone with- any thing in the shape of a Wo- man.

Another time *Robin* disguised himself in a *Friar's* Habit, and traveling from his Companions, had not gone far before he met a Couple of Priests, and he making a pitiful moan to them, begg'd their Charity, and that they would relieve one of their Function, for the *Virgin Mary's* sake: That we would willingly do, said they, was it in our Power, but we have lately met with a Gang of Villains, who have robbed us of all our Money, and left us nothing to relieve ourselves. I am afraid, said *Robin*, you are all so addicted to Lying, that an honest Man cannot take your words: Therefore let us all down on our Knees, and pray to the *Virgin Mary* to send us some Money to defray our Charges. Upon which they offered to run away, but *Robin* soon put a stop to their Career, and made them go to Prayers. They had not been long at their Supplications, before *Robin* had one of the Priests feel in his Pockets for what the *Virgin Mary* had sent; up- on which both, to obey the word of Command, put their Hands in their Pockets, and pulled out nothing. *Robin* upon this fell into a great Passion, and told them, that he believed they were nothing but a parcel of lying deceitful Knaves, to make him believe that the *Virgin* had sent them nothing, when they had all prayed so heartily; therefore, don't deceive one another, but each of you stand a search: So *Robin* began, and search'd their Pockets, and soon found five hundred pieces of Gold. When he saw this glo- rious sight, he could not forbear calling them lying and deceitful Knaves. Soon after this they rose up to go, but *Robin* stop't them and made them take an Oath never to tell lies to a *Friar* again, nor to tempt young Virgins, nor to lie with other Men's Wives. After which he mounted his Horse, and returned to *Sherwood*.

Another time a Gentleman as he was riding from *Coventry* to *London*, happened to meet with *Robin Hood*, and thinking him to be an honest Gentleman, desired him to turn back, and go some other way, or else he would certainly meet with Highwaymen, and be robb'd, for he had narrowly escaped them himself, and so advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, not to venture that way. I have no great Charge about me, Sir, said *Robin*; however, I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst: So as they were riding along, said *Robin*, perhaps we may meet with some Rogues of the Gang, by the way, for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I'll secure that little I have; which is but ten Guineas, by putting it into my Mouth. Now the Gentleman, not in the least sus- pecting him to be of that Profession, told him, that in case he should be set upon, he had secured his Gold in the feet of his Stockings, which he said was no small Quantity, and that he had receiv'd it that Day of his Tenants for Rent. Discourfing thus together, they had not gone above half a Mile further, before they came into a very By-place, where *Robin* bad the Gentleman stand and deliver his Money. The Gentleman was in a great Surprise, and told him, he took him for a very honest and worthy Person. However there was no Remedy for the Loss of his Money, which was about fourscore and ten Marks. So *Robin* left the Gentleman cursing his Folly for telling him where he had hid his Money.

Some time after this *Robin*, meeting with a Butcher going to Market to sell his Meat, bought his whole Cargo, and his Mare with it, which came together to about twenty Pounds: With these *Robin* immedi- ately goes to the Market, and sells his Bargain pre- sently, making such good Pennyworths, that all the People thought he had stole the Meat; which now being converted into Money, he puts into an Inn at *Nottingham*, and treats all his Customers to the Value of Five Pounds, which coming to the Sheriff of the County's Ears, who was at the same time in the Inn,

Inn, and taking him to be some prodigal Spark, of whom he might make a Penny, intrudes into his Company, and after some short Discourse, ask'd him if he had any more Meat to sell. *Not ready dress'd,* said Robin; *but I have two or three hundred Head of Cattle at Home, and a hundred Acres of Land to keep them on, which, if you'll buy, I'll sell you them a Pennyworth.* The Sheriff snapt at the Proffer, and took four hundred Pounds in Gold along with him. Away they rid together; but he was very much surpris'd at the melancholy Place that Robin had brought him to. He told him, he wish'd they did not meet with a Man call'd *Robin Hood*, and began to wish himself back again, but 'twas then too late; for Robin winding his Horn, presently came *Little John*, with fifty of his Companions, who were commanded by their Captain Robin to take the Sheriff to Dinner with them, assuring them he had Money enough to pay his Share. Accordingly, they got a Collation ready for the Sheriff, and after Dinner was over, they led him into the Forest, and there took all his Gold from him, good Part of which he had borrow'd of the Inn-keeper, where he met with *Robin Hood*.

Our Adventurer being another time at *Wigton* in *Yorkshire*, and hearing how barbarously the Hostlers would cheat the Horses of their Provender, privately went into the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger: A little time after came the Hostler into the Stable, under Pretence of feeding Robin's Horse; no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he sweeps them all into a Canvas Bag fix'd under one Corner of the Manger, and so away he went. Robin all this while kept himself secretly hid under the Manger, and saw how the Hostler manag'd his Matters; upon which he got up from his private Recess, and went into the Kitchen again. After Dinner he seem'd to be for going, and calling for the Reckoning, ask'd the Hostler what Corn he had given his Horse? He said he had given him what Corn he had order'd him, and that the Gentleman who din'd with him, saw him bring it through the Kitchen. To which Robin answer'd, *Don't tell me a Lye, for I shall ask my Horse presently.* This Saying put all the strange Gentlemen that were with him into Admiration; but above all, the Inn-keeper ask'd him if his Horse could speak. *Yes,* said Robin. That's impossible, reply'd the Landlord. *Not at all,* said Robin; *for my Horse is taught by Art Magic; So fetch him hither, and you'll soon see whether the Hostler has done him Justice or not.* Accordingly, the Horse was fetch'd, and Robin striking him on the Belly, he laid his Mouth to his Master's Ear (by Custom) just as the Pidgeon did to *Mahomet*. Look you there now, said Robin, did not I tell you that the Hostler had cheated him of his Corn. Why, said the Landlord, What does he say? Say, quoth Robin; why he says your Hostler has flung all the Corn into a Bag placed at one Corner of the Manger; upon which the Landlord and his Guest went into the Stable, and searching narrowly about the Manger, found the Bag of Corn at one Corner of it; for which cruel Villainy he immediately turn'd away his Hostler.

It was customary for our Adventurer to go frequently in Disguise; so one Time he pull'd off his fine Cloaths, and dress'd himself like an old Shoemaker, and put an old Leather Apron about him, the better to colour his being one of the Gentle Craft. In this Disguise he set out to travel, and coming to alone him in the Road to *Newcastle*, it being near Night, he put in there; and being pretty liberal in his Expences, the Landlord lik'd him, and provided him a good Lodging; and Robin went to bed betimes. The House, it seems was full of Guests, so that all

the Lodgings were taken up; and a Friar coming very late, they had no Lodging for him: The Friar, rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bed below; but there was none that cared to be disturb'd at that time of Night; but Robin (whom they took for a Shoemaker) was well enough pleas'd to let such a Bedfellow. Well, Matters being thus accommodated, and the Friar in Bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Day's Journey; but Robin having got a good Nap before, had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but to lie awake and meditate Mischance, for he never lov'd any of that Function; so he studiously how he should contrive to change Breeches with the Friar, and after having resolv'd upon what he would do, he gets up at Dawn of Day, and puts on not only the Friar's Breeches, but also his sacerdotal or canonical Garment. Now Robin finding these sacred habiliments fitted him very well, and being thus rig'd down stairs he goes and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse. The Hostler not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the Friar, brought him his Boots and all that he really had: Half a Peck of Corn his Horse must have: Half a Peck of Oats, says Robin, which was accordingly given him, Robin all the while being extremely uneasy till his Horse had eat them; but that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd for the Reckoning, and answer'd that he had paid all last Night, but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn, mounted him with all the Expedition imaginable, having paid for his Corn, and given the Hostler something to drink his Health. Away he rid as fast as the Friar's Horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at the first convenient Place he came to. The Friar mean time not dreaming what had happened, kept close within his Bed; but about seven of the Morning (it being in the Month of June) he was out of his Sleep, and going to bid his Bedfellow good Morrow, soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he was flown away with his Flock; for he saw nothing but a Parcel of old Cloaths which he suppos'd belong'd to his Bedfellow. Upon this the Friar in a great surprize knocks and calls some body to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the old Shoemaker, ask'd him what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and let him be quiet, or else they'd make him so. This vex'd the Friar, and made him knock the harder upon which the Chamberlain went up, and threaten'd to thrash him if he made any more Noise. The Friar not understanding the Meaning of this rude Treatment, was amaz'd, and ask'd where his Cloaths were? The Chamberlain taking him for Sir Hugh replied, *Where a Plague should they be, but upon a Chair where you left them? Who the Devil do you think would meddle with your nasty Cloaths; they are so much worth, that you need be afraid of any body stealing them.* The Man's maid, replied the Friar, *do you know who you speak to? Yes, I do,* says the Chamberlain. *If you did, answer'd the Friar, you use better Language. Better Language,* replied the Chamberlain; *my Language is good enough for a full drunken Shoemaker.* What do you mean by drunken Shoemaker? Why, I am the Friar, said he, who was in here late last Night. The Devil you are, replied the Chamberlain; I am sure the Friar went away soon after three o'Clock this Morning. With that the Friar jump'd out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain, Sirrah, says he, *produce my Cloaths and Money, or I'll break your Neck down the Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle up comes the Landlord of the Inn, and some of the Servants, who presently discover'd that this was the Person they had taken for the Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry

into the Matter, found that Sir *Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Friar; upon which the Master of the Inn furnish'd him with a Suit of his own Cloaths, and Money to bear his Charges through his Journey.

Robin Hood another Time was riding towards *London*, and being on *Dunsmore-Heath*, met with *William Longchamp*, then Bishop of *Ely*, with a small Retinue of about four or five in Number. Immediately he rides up to one of the Bishop's Servants, whom he pretended to know; *Ab! Tom*, says he, *I'm glad with all my Heart that I am come up with you, for there's whipping Doings abroad; there's nothing but Robbing go where one will; I have got a great Charge of Money about me myself; but since I have the good Luck to get up with these honest Gentlemen, I'm not in fear of losing it; 'Egad let the Rogues come now if they dare, I'm resolv'd to have a Slap at them myself.* This Discourse which *Robin* had with the Man, made his Lordship and his Retinue think him to be a very honest Man, and they held a great deal of Chat with him on the Road, till at last an Opportunity favouring his Intention, says he to the Bishop's Attendants, *I'm very dry, and since you are pleas'd to give me Protection from Danger as far as I shall go your Way, I'll ride before, and see if I can get any good Liquor, to treat you for your Civility, and shall be glad to find any worth your Acceptance.* According *Robin* set Spurs to his Horse, and rid away as fast as if it had been for some Wager, when being out of Sight, he quickly tied his Horse to a Tree in a thick Wood, which was on one Side of the Road through which the Bishop was to pass; and *Robin* making what haste he could back again to the Company, says he, *O Gentlemen! I am ruin'd and undone, for in yonder Lane, meeting with two Rogues, they have robb'd me of all I had; they have taken above forty Marks from me, but the Villains being but indifferently mounted, I don't doubt but that if you were to pursue them, you'd soon take them.* This News put them into a Consternation, and the Bishop pitying *Robin's* Loss, as he pretended, said to his Servants, *Let the poor Fellow show you which Way the Rogues took, and go all of you after them as fast as you can, and take them if possible.* They obeyed the Bishop's Command, taking *Robin* along with them; and when they came into a narrow Lane, he gave them the necessary Directions for pursuing the Highwaymen, and away they rid as fast their Horses could carry them, to catch the Rogues. But *Robin's* Business was with the Bishop, and back he goes immediately, and says to him, *Sir, my Time is but very short, and very precious too; therefore you must deliver what Money you have, or expect the worst of Usage.* The Bishop was very much surpris'd at his Impudence; but not knowing how to help himself, was forced to give him two hundred and fifty Marks, and then *Robin* making all the Expedition he could to the Wood, there mounted his Horse, and rid off with his Prize. Soon after the Bishop being met by his Servants, they told him they could not hear of the Rogues high nor low: *Ab!* answer'd the Bishop, *the greatest Rogue has been with me, for he that pretended to be robb'd of forty Marks, hath just now made up the Loss by robbing me of six times the Money; but for his sake I shall never put confidence in a Man who pretends to too much Honesty.*

Robin, after coming into an Inn near *Buckingham*, heard a great Singing and Dancing; he enquired the Reason thereof, and found it was a Country Wake; which were present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles round about. *Robin*, pleas'd at the Adventure, set up his Horse in the same Inn; and as he was drinking in the Kitchen, an old rich Farmer came in with a hundred Marks ty'd up in a

Bag under his Arm, which he had just received. The Farmer, it seems, must needs step into this Inn, to see their Mirth and Pastime, instead of going directly home with his Money, which was not above a Quarter of a Mile from the Town. *Robin* seeing him admitted in the Room where the Wake was kept, ask'd the Landlord whether he might be permitted to see this Country Diversion without any Offence to the Company. The Landlord told him he might and welcome; so he enter'd the Room likewise; but *Robin's* Eyes were more fix'd upon the Farmer's Bag of Money than the young Folks dancing; and observing in the Room where they were, that there was a Chimney with a large Funnel, he went out and communicated his Design to the Hostler, who, for a Reward, dress'd up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow's Hide that he had in the Stable, placing the Horns just on the Forehead, when, in the Height of their Jollity, by the Help of a Ladder and a Rope, he let him hastily down the Chimney into the Room where they were all assembled: *Robin* was returned before the acting of this Scene; the Dog howled hideously as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful Form, turn'd all into a Hurry and Confusion: The Musick was immediately silenced, the Tables overthrown, the Drink spilt, the People screaming and crowding to get down Stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, lest the Devil (as they supposed this to be) should take the hindmost: Their Heels flew up, the Womens Coats over their Heads and Tails, whilst their Back-strings loosing, gave full Flashes, and made them in a very unsavoury Condition: All the musical Instruments were trod under Foot, and broken to Pieces, and the supposed Devil making his Way over all, got into the Stable, whither the Hostler hasten'd to uncase him. Some time after, coming a little to their Senses, looking about them, and seeing no more of this supposed Devil, they all concluded he was vanished into the Air: But during this Hurly-burly, the old Farmer being in as dreadful a Fright as any one of them, and his Breeches as well besou'd, dropt his hundred Marks, and fled for Safety: The mean time *Robin* securing the Money under his Cloak, immediately took Horse, and made the best of his Way; but as soon as all Things were in a little Order again, there was a sad Outcry for the hundred Marks, which being not to be found, the Company supposed the late Devil had taken them away, and imputed the Loss as a Judgment inflicted on the Farmer, who was a covetous Wretch; one whose Study was how to cozen his Tenants, beggar the Widow, or undo the Orphan, or any body else, so he could but obtain their Money.

Another Time *Robin* having been riding for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the Evening, very well mounted, and dress'd like a Gentleman, coming near *Turnton-Bridge* in *Yorkshire*, he perceived from a rising Ground a Gentleman walking in his Gardens, which were indeed very fine, and of a large Extant: Then *Robin* rode up to the Gardiner, who was standing at the Back-Door, and enquired of him whether a Gentleman, whose Curiosity had led him to see those famous Gardens, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them? The Gardiner, knowing his Master was willing that any Person appearing in good Fashion, might walk therein, gave him Admittance: Then *Robin* alighting, he gave the Gardiner his Horse to hold; and seeing the Gentleman in the Walks, *Robin* paid his Respects to him in a very submissive Manner; at the same Time desiring he would pardon his Presumption of coming into his Gardens when his Worship was there recreating himself. The Gentleman told him he very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderness; where sitting down in a Arbour, they began

to talk very merrily together; and at the latter End of their Discourse, *Robin* told him, That he heard he was a very charitable Gentleman, and that he must now make bold with him to borrow that little Money he had about him; for he had but little himself, and that he had a long Way to travel. At these Words the Gentleman began to startle, and was very much surpriz'd at his Impudence. But *Robin* told him he was a dead Man if he made any Resistance. Then he tied him to a Tree, and went away with a large Booty; but he bid the Gentleman be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him. And accordingly going to the Gardiner, who held his Horse all this while, giving him a Ninepenny Piece; says *Robin*, Honest Friend, your Master wants to speak with you; then mounting, he rode off the Ground, whilst the Gardiner made haste to his Master; and very much surpriz'd to find him bound in that Manner; but he immediately loosed him and the Gentleman returned his Servant many Thanks for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Gardens.

Our Adventurer was a Man of great Courage, and a noble daring and resolute Temper, and would often seek out for some new Adventures by himself. He had not gone far before he met the Lord Longshamp, near Nottingham, with three Servants. His first Words were these: Sir, I have a great Occasion for a little Money at this Time; so deliver what you have, or expect a Knock on the Pate. Says his Lordship, how dare you Sirrah, have the Impudence to stop a Nobleman? let me get off my Horse, and I'll fight you at Quarter staff. Why truly, replied *Robin*, my Lord, that's a fair Challenge, and I should be very willing to accept of it, but I doubt when you are off your Horse, instead of fighting, you'll run away, as you did when you betray'd the poor Duke of — I won't put it into your Power to run away; so pray, Sir, don't stand prating, but deliver what you have presently. Says his Lordship, what the Devil are my Servants doing there? what! three great cowardly Dogs of you, and all stand still to see me robb'd by one poor Thief? Thief! replied *Robin*, I am a Gentleman bred and born, and you see I live by my Sword and Staff; therefore don't rely on your Servants Assistance; for the first of them that offer to lay his Hand to his Sword, is a dead Man, as you are, if you make any more Words, offering as if he would strike him. His Lordship cried out for Quarter, and gave him a Brace of hundred Pounds, which he had in his Portmanteau, and then *Robin* returned to Sherwood, to make merry with his Companions.

Our Adventurer being endued with a great deal of Love and Charity for the Poor, inasmuch that he would relieve any poor Family in Distress, was, on the contrary, a mortal Enemy to Misers and Engrossers of Corn; for he would often take from them to relieve the Necessitous. One Time being at Wantage, a great Market for Corn, he happened to fall into a Person's Company at an Inn there, whom he knew to be a great Engrosser of Corn, and who had bought as much Corn in the Market as cost him four-score Marks, which *Robin* bought of him again, and paid him an hundred Marks ready Money for it, liking it, as he pretended, far beyond any he had seen that Day. The Corn he immediately sent to be distributed amongst the Poor of the Country. *Robin* understanding which Way his Corn-Merchant went, was soon at his Heels, and demanded his Money again, and what he had besides. The Countryman was in a great Surprise, shaking and trembling very much, asking him, Whether he thought it Justice to take from him his Goods and Money too? Says *Robin*, why, can't I, you Villain, paid you for your Corn honestly, and can you assume the Impudence to talk of

Justice, when there's none in the World acts more Injustice than an Engrosser of Corn? Sirrah, there's no Vermin in the Land like you, who slanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Deaths, when there is no Scarcity at all: So talk no more of your Justice and Honesty, but immediately deliver your Money, or I shall crack your Crown for you. Upon this he delivered him a Bag, in which *Robin* found his own Money, and as much more to it; so away he went with a great deal of Satisfaction.

As *Robin* was going one Morning to Nottingham he met with a Tinker, and civilly ask'd him where he lived, for he heard there was nothing but bad News abroad: What bad News is it, answer'd the Tinker? for I live at Banbury, and am a Tinker by Trade, and as I came along I heard no bad News. Yes, says *Robin*, the News that I heard was bad but true; for it was only two Tinkers in the Stock for Drinking. Your News, says the Tinker, is no worth a Fart, and had they look'd you in the Face they would have put you in to bear them Company for I dare say you love Beer as well as any Tinker in Town. So I do, answer'd *Robin*, but pray tell me what News abroad; for you that go from Town to Town must needs hear some News. Why, replied the Tinker, I hear no other News than of taking *Robin Hood*; and I have a Warrant in my Pocket for apprehending him, wheresoever I find him and if you can tell me where he is, I'll make a Man of you for your Pains: Let me see the Warrant says *Robin*, whether it be made strong and good and I'll go with you and take him this Night, for I know a House he uses at Nottingham. No, answer'd the Tinker, I'll let no Man see my Warrant and if you won't help me to take him, I'll go and apprehend him my self.

So *Robin* perceiving how the Game went, ask'd him to go with him to Nottingham, for he said he was sure to meet with *Robin Hood* there; they were not long before they arriv'd at Nottingham, where the went into an Inn, and drank so plentifully, that the Tinker got drunk, and fell asleep; then *Robin* took away the Tinker's Money, and the King's Warrant and left him ten Shillings to pay; but when he awak'd it would have made any one laugh to have beheld the poor Tinker's Fright at the Loss of his Money and Warrant; he call'd up his Landlord, and told him what a Misfortune had befallen him; that the Stranger who was drinking with him was run away, and had robb'd him of all his Money, and had took Warrant out of his Pocket, which he had from the King to apprehend *Robin Hood*: The Landlord to him, that was *Robin Hood* who had been drinking with him all that Day; then the Tinker ran'd and trott'd like a Madman, and swore what he would have done had he but known it had been him. In fine, the Tinker was oblig'd to leave his Budget to answer to Reckoning.

The above recited Stories are some of the great Number told of this Adventurer, and were we to give an Account of all, 'twould swell his History to an immoderate Length; let it suffice to say, that *Robin Hood* was a very bold Man, of a charitable Disposition, generous and open to the last Degree. A long Distance of Time he liv'd in from these Days make the Generality of People look upon his Actions as fabulous. It may be so, for we are not certain about them, because, in several Books have been obliged to peruse, I find the very same Stories attributed to him, which are reported to be done by *Falstaff* and *Glenville*. These I have purposely omitted, not to give my Readers the same Things in two different Places. But I might have inserted the Story about our Adventurer and the Pinner of Wakefield, this having as much Veracity in

as any thing that Captain *Alexander Smith* (who is too concise) says about him; but I have thought fit to omit it, as I am come to a Length large enough already, and shall only add, that *Robin Hood* having pursued his licentious Course of Living above twenty Years, when falling sick, was struck with Remorse of Conscience for his past mispent Life, and unlawful Practices, which made him privately withdraw to a Monastery in *Yorkshire*, where being led blood by a Monk, he bled to Death; aged forty three Years,

and was interr'd in *Kingsley*, with this Epitaph on his Grave-stone.

*Here underneath this Marble Stone,
Through Death's Assault, now lieth one,
Known by the Name of Robin Hood,
Who was a Thief, and Archer good;
Full twenty Years, or somewhat more,
He robb'd the Rich to feed the Poor,
Therefore his Grave bedew with Tears,
And offer for his Soul your Pray'rs.*

The LIFE of THOMAS DUN.

THIS Person was of very mean Extraction, and born in a little Village between *Kempston* and *Elstow* in *Bedfordshire*. 'Tis said he had contracted Thieving so much from his Childhood, that every thing he touch'd stuck to his Fingers like birdlime and that the better to carry on his Villanies, he chang'd himself into as many shapes as *Proteus*, being a Man who understood the World so well, I mean the Tricks and Fallacies of it, that there was nothing which he could not humour, nor any Part of Villany that came amiss to him. To Day he was a Merchant, to Morrow a Soldier, the next Day a Gentleman, and the Day following a Beggar: In short he was every Day what he pleased himself.

When he had committed any remarkable Roguery, it was usual Custom was to cover his Body all over with ruseful and itinking Sear-Cloths and Ointments, and his Face with Plaisters, so that his own Mother could not know him. He would be a blind Harper to commit one Villainy, and a Cripple with Crutches to bring about another, nay, he would hang artificial Arms to his Body: Besides, his natural barbarity and cruel Temper was such, that two or three Men together durst scarcely meet him; for one Day being upon the Road, he saw a Waggoner driving his Waggon full of Corn to *Bedford*, which was drawn by five good Horses, the sight of which inflamed him to put the Driver to death; accordingly, without making any Reflection on the event, he falls on the Waggoner, and with two stabs killing him on the spot, boldly took so much time as to bury him, not out of any Compassion for the Deceased, for he never had any, but the better to Conceal his Design: and then mounting the Waggon, drives it to *Bedford* where he sells it, Horses and all, and march'd off with the Money.

Dun at first thought it the best way to commit his obberies by himself, but finding, upon trial, the method not so safe, as where there were a Company together, he betook himself to the Woods, where he was soon joined by Gangs of Thieves as wicked as himself. These Woods served them as a Retreat on all Occasions, and the Caverns and hollow Rocks for hiding places, from whence Night and Day they committed a thousand Villanies. The report of their barbarity diffusing it self round about, caus'd all the County to keep off from them, and more especially to avoid the Road leading from *St. Alban's* to *Toecester*, betwixt which they every Day acted insupportable mischiefs, murdering and robbing all Travellers they met, infomuch that King *Henry* the First built the

Town of *Dunstable* in *Bedfordshire*, to bridle the outrageousness of this *Dun*, who gave Name to the aforesaid Place.

However, this Precaution of the King was no impediment to *Dun's* Designs, who still pursued his old Courses, and tho' the Age he liv'd in was not so ripe for all manner of Villainy as it is now, yet the Gang under his Command consisted of several sorts of Artists who were made to serve different Purposes and Uses, just as he observed which Way every Man's particular Genius directed him. Some of these being very expert in making false Keys and Betties, he never suffer'd them to remain idle or without Business. Others were ingenious at wrenching off Locks; and making dead Files, which wasted the Iron without Noise making the strongest Bolts give way for their Passage his Fraternity being thus compos'd of Lifters, Pickpockets and Filers, he refines, corrects augments and establishes their Laws; and one Day having read to them some few Comments on the Art and Mystery of robbing on the Highway, he for a while leaves them, but in a short time returns, and begins a pleasant Adventure; for being informed that a Company of Lawyers were to dine at a certain Inn at *Bedford*, he hastens directly to the Place appointed, where entering puffing and blowing, as a Man in extraordinary haste, he gives Orders, as if deputed by the Company to make ready a Dinner for ten or twelve Persons; which he had no sooner done, but the Company comes to the House, and *Dun* bustles about as if a principal Servant of the Inn, and was indeed believed so to be by the Lawyers, so notably did he bestir himself in the Business; when being about the Middle of their Dinner, he packs up the best of their Cloaks, and so marches off. Scarcely had they made an End, but they began to miss them, demanding where they were; but they might look long enough before they found them, for *Dun* having done this Work, was got too far for the Lawyers to over-take him, or their Cloaks either.

After this Adventure, *Dun*, with some of this Associates, marches some Miles from whence they were known, and puts in at the first Inn he came at, where asking for a Chamber, the Mistress of the House, supposing them honest Men, shews them up Stairs, and perceiving her alone, they intended to force her, and in effect were ready to put their Intention into Practice, when the Master of the House just enter'd; upon which they were forced to wait a more favourable Opportunity. Accordingly, about Midnight one of *Dun's* Comrades feigns himself to

be extraordinary ill, and raises the Master and Mistress of the House; but it happening as he slept out of Bed, that he espied a Neighbour of his in the Chamber, upon which the Host, being transported with Jealousy, runs after the Man, while in the mean time these Rascals laid Hands on his Wife, who had gotten up Stairs in the Dark into *Dun's* Chamber, where they began to trust her up like a Woman of her Profession; but presently after the Husband coming to his Chamber, and missing his Wife, goes up to them, and finding her with them, would have put her to Death, but by a strange kind of Perfidiousness, she caused him to be murdered by one of these Villains, thinking to come off well enough herself; but *Dun* would not be contented; for having understood of a long Time that there was Money in the House, he comes up to her, claps a Dagger to her Breast, (for there was no Pistols nor Use of Gunpowder in those Days,) and tells her, *That if she shew'd him not where the Money lay, there was an End of her Life*; but she making Resistance when there was a Demand for the Money, was immediately dispatch'd, and her House rifled of all the Money and Plate which *Dun* and his Confederates could find.

Some time after this, *Dun*, being very well dress'd, went to an eminent Lawyer's House near *Bedford*, and demanded of the Lawyer a hundred Pounds, which, as he pretended, he had lent him on Bond. The Barrister was surpriz'd at his Demand, as not knowing him, and looking on the Bond, his Hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a Manner deny it to be his own Hand Writing, but that he knew his Circumstances were such that he was never in any Necessity of borrowing so much Money in all his Life of any Man; therefore as he could not be indebted in any such Sum upon the Account of borrowing, he acquainted *Dun* that he would not pay a hundred Pounds in his Wrong: Upon this *Dun* taking leave of him, told him, he must expect speedy Trouble; and in the mean the Lawyer, expecting the same, sent for another, to whom opening the Matter, they concluded it was a forged Bond; upon which the Lawyer having got a general Release for the Payment of this hundred Pounds; and when Issue was joined, and the Cause came to be tried, the Witnesses to *Dun's* Bond swore so heartily to his lending the Money to the Defendant, that he was in a very fair Way of being call'd, till the Lawyer's Council moving the Court in Behalf of his Client, acquainted the Judge that they did not deny the borrowing the hundred Pounds of the Plaintiff, but it had been paid for above three Months. *Three Months*, said the Judge, *and why did not the Defendant then take up his Bond, or see it cancelled?* To this his Council replied, *That when they paid the Money, the Bond could not be found, whereupon the Defendant took a general Release for the Payment of it*; which being produced in Court, and two Knights of the Post swearing to it, the Plaintiff was call'd, which putting *Dun* into a great Passion, he cried to his Companions, as he was coming from the Court, *Was ever such Rogues seen in this World before, to swear they paid that which was never borrowed?*

This very Story is related by Captain *Smith*, in the Life of one *Tom. Sharp*, who lived some hundred of Years after our Adventurer. We shall make no Remarks on it, but proceed to somewhat else.

Dun having Intelligence that the Sheriff of *Bedford* with his Men were in search of him, and that they had determined to beset the Wood, where he then was, obliged him to put upon his Defence, which however did not make him lose his usual Courage; wherefore,

to prevent any Danger that might happen, he musters up his Company of grand Rogues, and retires into the thickest Part of the Wood, to a Place, in his Opinion, the most advantageous; where having left necessary Orders, he sent out Scouts; but judging it not safe to put his Confidence in Spies in Case of such Importance, he puts on a Canvas Doublet, and Breeches, old Boots without Spurs, and a Steeple-crown'd Hat on his Head, and so draws near them, where taking notice that they were unequal to him both in Number and Strength, he comes back to his Companions, makes them stand to their Arms, and so encourages them by Words and Example, that in setting upon them, as they did immediately, they were presently routed; and pursuing them closely they took eleven Prisoners, whom they stript of their Liveries, and hanged them on several Trees in the Wood; after which they made their Coats serve then to commit several Robberies in: For *Dun* going one Night to a Castle near this Wood, order'd, in the King's Name, the Gates to be open'd, pretending that *Dun* and his Companions had hid themselves there. Accordingly the Gates were open'd, without the least Suspicion of what afterwards fell out. *Dun* made a Pretence of searching into every Corner for Thieves, bustling every where throughout the Castle with the greatest Eagerness imaginable; but happening to find none, he would needs persuade the Waiters that they had concealed themselves in the Trunk. Upon this he gave Orders for the Keys to be immediately brought him, when opening the Trunks, and having loaded himself and Companions with everything that was any way valuable, he returns back to the Wood. Mean time the Lord of the Castle was extremely enraged at this Proceeding, and could not brook to think that he should be thus robb'd, concluding that the Sheriff's Men, under Colour, searching for Thieves, had thus pillag'd him. Upon this he addresses the King and Parliament, giving Account by whom he thought he was thus robb'd who immediately issued an Order for examining the Sheriff's Men, one of whom was hang'd to see what Influence it would have on the other; but they persisting (as well they might) on their Innocency, and discovering how eleven of their Companions had been used by *Dun* and his Associates, were set at Liberty.

A very rich Knight living in the Neighbourhood *Dun* was determined to ask his Benevolence, and accordingly went and knock'd at the House Door. The Maid coming and opening it, *Dun* ask'd her if his Master was within, who told him he was. Upon this he acquainted her he had earnest Business, and must needs speak with him. The Maid taking *Dun* for a Gentleman by his Mien and Dreß, admits him within the House, and conducts him up Stairs to his Master's Chamber, into which *Dun* enters without any Concern; and after having complimented the Gentleman, sits down in a Chair, and begins a hot potch Discourse, which the Knight admiring: *Dun* steps up and demands a Word or two in his Ear, says he, *my Necessities come pretty thick upon me at present, and I am obliged to keep even with my Creditors for fear of cracking my Fame, and Fortune* Now having been directed to you, by some of the Heads of this Parish, as a very considerate and liberal Person, I am come to petition you in a modest Manner for the lending me a thousand Marks (which are thirty Shillings and four Pence a Piece) which will just answer all the Demands upon me at present. A thousand Marks! answer'd the Knight, why Man that's a capital Sum; and where's the Reason to lend you so much Money, who are a perfect Stranger to me; for to my Eyes and Knowledge, I never saw you before all.

Days of my Life. Lord, Sir, you must be mistaken, I am the honest Grocer at Bedford, who has shared so often your Favours, Really, Friend, I do not know you, nor shall I part with my Money but on a good Bottom: Pray what Security have you? Why this Dagger (says Dun, pulling it out of his Breast) is my constant Security; and unless you let me have a thousand Marks instantly, I shall drive it into your Heart. This terrible Menace so frightened the Knight, that rather than expose his Life to any Danger, he thought it safer to deliver his Money, and get rid of his audacious Visitor.

Another Time Dun, having a Mind to make a Journey some Miles off to see an old Aunt of his who was still alive, took Horse and set forward; but unluckily mistaking his Way, and the Night coming upon him, he was obliged to put in at the first House he came to. Accordingly seeing a Light at a considerable Distance from him (for it was quite dark now) he made the best of his Way thither over Hedge and Ditch. When he came to the House, he observed a great Bustle in the Stables and Court before the House; and enquiring of some of the Servants, who he saw were busied in rubbing down several Horses, as though lately come off a Journey, if he could lodge there that Night, having lost his Way, and being benighted, so that he could not pursue his Journey any farther till the Morning, he was answered, That they believed their Master would not turn away at that time of Night a Person of his Condition, but they could go and ask. In Consequence hereof, the Gentleman of the House was acquainted with our Adventurer's being in his Court, who immediately came to the Door, and after mutual Respects paid on both sides, told Dun, That he was sorry to think he had no Bed to spare to entertain a Gentleman, but that all his House was taken up from Top to Bottom by the Acquaintance and Relations who were come to nourish him with their Presence at his Daughter's Marriage, which was design'd to be solemniz'd the next day. However, he said, there was one Room in his House which his Family from Time to Time told him was haunted; but he looked upon such a Thing as ridiculous, and could not for his Part be ever brought to come into such a Notion: That if he pleased, the Room was at his Service, and if he required it, Persons could be appointed to sit up with him. No, replied Dun, I have so little Faith, Sir, as to Stories of haunting Horses, or walks of Spirits; that I chuse to be certain'd in such Places before any others. Upon this Dun dismounts, and is conducted by the Gentleman of the House into the Apartment where his Guests were, who receive him with extraordinary civility; and all strive to banish out of his Mind the thoughts of Fear. But Dun is above vain Apprehensions, and looks on Tales of this Nature as the produce of a romantick Brain. He, on his Part, strives to divert the Company with several humorous relations, which gain wonderful Approbation. He over-against the Gentleman's Daughter, who was engaged for Marriage, and eyed her with eager looks; nor could all the Reason he was Master of restrain him from wishing that she was his. The Clock strikes Twelve, and all are immediately desirous of going to rest. They rise up, and with hearty adieu wish our Adventurer all the Quiet in the World, or would they leave him till they had seen him in bed. The House is now in a profound Rest, and Dun by himself to reflect on his Adventure. Two large Tapers and a good Fire burn by him; he waits every Moment for something to appear, which he could not well tell how to devise. An Hour or more past, but his Curiosity is disappointed; wherefore he is resolved to compose himself to Rest, and leave

the Consequence to Fate; but soon he is charm'd by the Appearance of the finest Woman his Eyes ever saw. The Gentleman's Daughter come into the Room, (for he had not lock'd the Door,) and stalks slowly to the Bedside. Dun was in Amaze, and could not tell what to think: Sometimes he thought 'twas a Ghost he saw; sometimes he consider'd the young Gentlewoman might be addrest to dreaming, and walk in her Sleep, (as Thousands have been known to do) and a thousand to one but that might be the real Cause of the House being thought to be haunted: but he was resolved to find the Truth of the Matter, and accordingly reaching his Hand softly to her, he gently touch'd her Shift, and then found how Matters went. She seem'd earnestly to look upon him; but after some Time turn'd about, went to the farther Side of the Bed, and got in. Here's an Adventure worth Notice: If ever Man hugg'd himself on his good Fortune, certainly Dun did now. He was in a thousand Doubts what to do, but his Surprise was at length prodigiously lighten'd, by seeing the young Lady go to the farther Side of the Bed, gently turn up the Cloaths, and lay herself down by him. She had not lain above six or seven Minutes, before she pulled off her Finger a Diamond Ring, which Dun no sooner cast his Eyes on, but transporting Wishes prevailed within his Breast to seize it. However, being determined within himself to see the Issue of the Adventure, he lay quietly, without offering either to take the Ring or incommode the Lady. But this Surprise now vanishes; the Lady rises up, leaves the Ring on the Pillow, and goes out of the Room with the same silent Steps as she came in. Now our Adventurer is convinced of the Reality of the Gentleman's House being haunted; he forms pleasing Ideas in his Mind about it, and cannot compose himself to Rest for a long Time, without having a thousand Thoughts about his good Fortune. However, at last he falls asleep, and dreams that the same Gentlewoman comes to him again; and, enquiring for her Ring, seems solicitous about it. She acquaints him that she is going to be married to a Person that she can never love, and if he does not assist her in the critical Conjunction she was in, she was lost to the Sense of all Pleasure and Satisfaction for ever; and then with a Sigh departs. The Morning now appears, and Dun awakes; his Dream sits fresh on his Mind, and he is at a Loss what to determine, whether to stay and see the Conclusion of the intended Nuptials, or get himself ready, and ride off with the extraordinary Prize he had made. After some Deliberation, the latter Expedient seems best and safest. What have I to do, says he, with Matrimony, or the Copulation of Fools; I have got sufficient in my Hands to defray my Expences homewards, and that's the sole Affair I came about: My Aunt now may go to the Devil if she will, for what I care: And so saying, he rises up, dresses himself, and, without once taking leave of the Gentleman his Benefactor, or so much as staying to gratify the Company with an Account of his Night's Transactions, leaves them to animadvert on his sudden Departure, and the Lady to look after her Ring.

I believe this same Story has been fixed on ten other Persons of modern Date; but as I find a very grave Author seriously attribute it to Dun, I shall make use of his Authority, and let our Adventurer go with it.

By this Time the Person we are speaking of was become formidable to all; for not only the Peers and other great Personages of the Kingdom stood in Awe of him, but also those of the lower Rank durst not frequent the Roads as usual. What a melancholy Circumstance in his Conduct was, his general-

ly committing Murder; and we find but one Instance, among the several Particulars of his Life, in which he refrained from this Barbarity, and that was in the Case above recited.

We shall draw now to his last Period, and only endeavour to shew the extraordinary Struggles he made to obtain his usual Liberty, and preserve his Life, without being called to give an Account of his Actions, or answer the Laws of his Country what he was indebted to them for the many Villanies and Barbarities he had committed. He had continued in this wild and infamous Course of Life for above twenty Years, and about the River *Ouse* in *Yorkshire*, was the general Scene where he play'd his pernicious and destructive Pranks, where Men, Women and Children fell a Prey to his Attempts, for he went constantly attended with fifty Horse, and the Men of the Country round about were so much terrified at his inhuman Cruelties, and the Number of his Partizans, that very few had the Courage, or even durst venture to attack him, in order to apprehend and bring him to Justice.

We may venture to affirm, that if his Life contained many unaccountable and Strange Exploits, yet that his Death was as remarkable: For having transacted Things beyond Imagination, his Fame, or rather Infamy, increased every Day, so that the Country were determined to put up with his Insolencies no longer. It seems Threatnings against him came from all Parts; but these, instead of working a Reformation, or making him reflect on his past Conduct, only the more enflamed his audacious and villainous Temper. A stout Fellow, we are told, about *Dun*, stable, had made five or six of the Sheriff's Officers to come to his House, with a Design to apprehend *Dun*, who sometimes would venture to walk out by himself. But *Dun* having got previous Information of this Design against him, came in the Night Time with his Partizans to the Man's House, and filled it with a thousand Oaths and Curses, which presently got Wind throughout the Town, and among the Sheriff's Men, who came and pursued him with all their Forces. The Fellows, his Partizans, finding they were closely pursued, divided themselves into separate Companies, and fled away to what Places they could come to, but *Dun* got into a certain Village, where he took up his Quarters for that Time. However, the Pursuit still continued very warm, and his Adversaries arriving at the House where he had concealed himself, asked where he was hid, and at last found that he was concealed there. Immediately, on this Report, the People, in Crowds, gathered together about the House, and two especially posted themselves in the Threshold of the Door to apprehend him; but *Dun* with an insurmountable Courage, started up, with his Dagger in his Hand, from the Table, and laid one dead that instant, and then dispatched his Companion, who ventur'd to oppose him. But what was the most surprizing, he had the Boldness to bridle his Horse in the very midst of this confused Uproar, mount, and force his Way out of the Inn. The People no sooner saw this, but they fell upon him to the Number of one hundred and fifty, armed with Clubs, Forks, Rakes, and what else they could next come at. With these Weapons, they forced him from his Horse, but this was so far from dismayng our Adventurer, that he mounted again in spite of all Opposition, and made his Way clear thro' the Crowd that opposed him, with his Sword. The Countrymen, upon this found there was more Difficulty than they at first apprehended in taking him; but fresh Supplies coming in to their Assistance, they gave him chase still.

Our Adventurer, now finding the last Period of his Life drawing on, made all the Haste he was able,

and got among the standing Corn, and then taking to his Heels (for by this Time he was forced to quit his Horse) outstript his Pursuers a Matter of two Miles, a Circumstance that seems almost incredible. *Dun* having procured this Advantage, as he thought, would have lain him down to rest, and composed himself a while, but was presently, to his exceeding Surprize, hemmed in with no less a Number than 300 Men. Thus was he brought into as great a Dilemma as before, but resuming his wonted Courage, he push'd valiantly through them, and got to some Vallies, where, considering there was but one Expedient left to save himself, he presently undrest himself, and taking his Sword between his Teeth, plunged into the River below, and fell to Swimming. Instantly were all the Banks covered with Multitudes of People, some of whom were drawn together merely out of Curiosity to be Eye-Witnesses of the Event; while others got ready Boats with a Design to give him chase, and try if they could take him. 'Twas an astonishing Sight to behold him with the Sword all the Time between his Teeth, and swimming so many crofs and various Ways, as still to elude his Pursuers. At length he got upon a little Island which was in the River, where he sat down to get Breath a while; but his Adversaries having determined not to let him have any Rest, follow'd him in their Boats, but were forced to return back wounded in the Attempt. After this he jumps in again, falls to swimming, and tries to gain the Shore at another Place; but ill Fortune attends him, and the People crowding thither, make at him with all their Oars, when they found it no way possible without Blows: Several Times they struck him on the Head, and the Blows stunning him, it was no hard Matter then to apprehend him, which they did, and conveyed him to a Surgeon, in order to have his Wounds cured, and Care taken of him.

When his Wounds were drest, he was conducted before a Magistrate, who, with very little Examination, sent him to *Bedford* Goal, under a strong Guard, to hinder his being rescued by his Companions. Within a Fortnight after this, being tolerable well cured, he was brought into the Market Place at *Bedford*, without being put to the Trouble of undergoing a formal Trial, where a Stage was erected for his Execution, and two Executioners appointed to finish his last Scene of Life. *Dun*, on beholding these dreadful Men, was so far from giving into the least Concern or Dismay, that he warned them, with an unconcerned Air, not to approach him for fear of the Consequences, telling them he would never suffer himself to undergo the Punishment determined him from their Hands. Accordingly, to convince the Spectators round him, that his usual Intrepidity and Greatness of Mind had not left him, he grasped both the Executioners, and struggled so long with them, that he was seen nine Times successively upon the Scaffold, and the Men upon him: However, he had still Strength to rise up from them, and taking his solemn Walks from one End of the Stage to the other, all which Time he cursed the Day of his Birth, and vented a thousand Imprecations on those who had been the Cause of his being apprehended but chiefly on him who had been the first to beset him. But his cruel Destiny is determined not to leave him; he finds his Strength diminish, and that he cannot, in spite of himself, defend himself any longer: He yields, and the Executioners chopping off his Hands at the Wrists, then cut off his Arms at the Elbows, and all above next, within an Inch or two of his Soldiers; next his Feet were cut off beneath the Ankles, his Legs chopt off at the Knees, and his Thighs cut off about five Inches from his Trunk, which, after severing his Head from it, was burnt



S. Cunningham's adventure with his Old Nurse and Astrologer

Shes. So after a long Struggle with Death, as dying by Piece-meal, he put a Period to his wicked and abominable Life; and the several Members cut off from his Body, being twelve in all, besides his Head, were fix'd up in those of the principal Places in *Bedfordshire*, to be a Terror to such Villains as survived him.

Here ends the Life of *Thomas Dun*, one of the most profligate Wretches that ever lived, and had not so

many Murders stained his Actions, our Censures of him might somewhat be abated, but where Blood was so plentifully spilt, and his Robberies attended with such miserable Catastrophes of the Persons he committed his Depredations on, we have no Room left for Pity, notwithstanding the infamous and extraordinary cruel Death he was put to. But waving more about this Point, we shall proceed to another equally as flagitious.

The LIFE of SAWNEY CUNNINGHAM.

THIS Person had no Reason to say he was come of mean Parents, or that good Education or Tuition was denied him, whereby might have avoided the several pernicious Actions and Villanies he committed, as will presently be seen in the Sequel. His Family lived in tolerable Reputation at *Glasgow* in *Scotland*, where he was born; but, in spite of all the Learning his Parents gave him, or good Examples they had set before him, to regulate his Passions and direct his Conduct right, he abandoned himself; from his earliest acquaintance with the World, to little shuffling and sly Tricks; which growing habitual to him, as he advanced in Age, he increased in his wicked Practices, till at last he became a Monster of Profane and wicked Living. However, these (which would take to be) great Disadvantages, hindered not from making a very honourable Match in the World as his Parents could not be blamed with Misconduct, but still kept up an honest and generous Character in the Neighbourhood where they lived; and as it would have been infamous to have reproach'd them for those Miscarriages in the Son which they had strove all they could to root of his Mind, they could not Help, so an old Gentleman, who had served for a long Time an inviolable Friendship to the Family, entered into an Alliance with Mr. *Cunningham* the Elder, which at last terminated in giving his Daughter to *Sawney*, and an Estate in Scotland with her of above one hundred and forty Pounds per Annum, thinking that Marriage might be a means to reclaim our Adventurer from his ill Course of Life, and at last settle his Mind, to the mutual Satisfaction of both Families, for which he thought the Daughter's Portion would be a good Purchase, as well laid out. But how are Mankind deceived, when in short, all our Foresight and Consultation. *Sawney* no sooner found himself in Possession of an Estate able to support his Extravagancies, but he immediately gave a more violent Loose to his Passions, than he had hitherto done. He made Taverns and Gaming-houses the frequent Places of his Resort; and, not content idly to waste the Day in Debauches and Drunkenness, the Night too must come in to make up the Reckoning. These destructive Steps could not be attended but with hurtful Consequences, and he was too soon an Eye-Witness of some of them: For not having always wherewithal to indulge his idle Expences and Method of living, he was forced to have Recourse to indirect Measures, which ended in losing every thing he had, not only of his Wife's

but of his own. Melancholy Things were unavoidably to follow, if some Redress or Care was not taken to put a Restraint on this destructive Course. *Sawney* laughed at his Follies, and could not bring himself to believe he should ever want, while he had either Hands or Heart to support him. He was determined to enter upon Business as soon as possible, I mean such Business as generally brings so many unhappy Men to the Gallows. His Wife, who was vastly beautiful and handsome, saw this, but, with a Prudence that became her Sex, stifled her Uneasiness so long, till no longer able to bear the Torment upon her Mind, she first began with kind Entreaties, since all they had in the World was gone, to fall into some honest Way of Livelihood, to support themselves, for 'twas much and more commendable to do so, than for him to give his Countrymen every Day so many Instances of his riotous and profuse Living. Had *Sawney* been so good to himself as to have given Ear to this Remonstrance, without doubt Things had succeeded well, and we should never have read the miserable End he suffered. But all Admonition was lost on a Man abandoned to Wickedness, and determined to support his usual Extravagancies at any Rate. The poor young Gentlewoman, instead of being answer'd civilly for her Love and Affection to him, met with nothing but harsh and terrifying Words, attended with a thousand Oaths and Imprecations. The Parents on both Sides observing this, were in extreme Grief and Concern; and determined, after a serious Consultation, to dissolve the Couple, but the young and handsome Wife would never consent to part from her Husband, tho' so base to her.

Before we enter upon the first remarkable Transaction of *Sawney's* Life, we think ourselves under an Obligation to lay before our Readers some Account of this young Bride's rare Qualifications. In the first place, as I have taken notice above, she was extremely beautiful, not only in a perfect Symmetry of Features, but likewise to these were joined an exquisite Person. She was tall, finely shap'd, full-breasted, and had all the other exterior Ornaments of her Sex. For her Temper and the Qualifications of her interior Part or Soul, she was sincere in her Love to the last, ever patient under the greatest Difficulties, and ready at all times to extricate her Husband out of the Misfortunes he involved himself in, by lawful and justifiable Methods; she had a nice Conduct, and an extraordinary Restraint upon every Passion that might betray her into unforeseen Miscarriages. In *Glasgow*, where an University was, and consequently young Gentlemen

men of Fortune and Address, it was impossible for Mrs. Cunningham to hide the Charms of her Face and Person, so as not to be taken notice of. Several immediately offer'd their Respects, and Money was not wanting to promote their Suits; but all were below the prudent Sentiments of her Mind; She could not endure to think of dishonouring the Bed of her Husband, by a base Compliance with the richest Man in the Kingdom, and always she put off her Suitor with a Frown, and a seemingly disdainful Air. But this only served to animate her Lovers the more, who now seem'd to attack her with a Resolution not to quit the Siege till she had either capitulated or surrender'd herself. Amongst the rest was a certain Lawyer, who was so frequent in his Importunities, that she was quit tir'd out. However, she was so discreet all the while, as to conceal from her Husband Sawney the Importunities of her several Lovers; but their Solicitations increasing, and being determin'd to be deliver'd of them as soon as possible, she, one Night, as she lay in Bed with her Husband, began to discourse him in Words to the following Effect: *You are sensible, my Dear, of the inviolable Love I have, from the first Day of my Marriage to you, preserved for you, which shall still, let whatever will happen, be as chastely maintained; for the infernal Regions shall sooner open and receive me alive, than I will dare to break the Laws of your Bed, or bring Dishonour to my Person, by a shameless Prostitution of my Person in the Embraces of any Man alive. As a Proof of what I tell you, you need only be acquainted, that for these several Months I have been strongly importuned by Mr. Hamilton the Lawyer to consent to his Embraces, but still I have warded off from his Addresses, yet cannot be free from him; which makes me now discourse thus, in order to hear your Opinion in the Matter, and see which will the safest and best Expedient to be deliver'd of his Company.* Here she ended, and Sawney being thoroughly convinced of his Wife's Loyalty and Fidelity, first answered her with a Desire she should forget all his Irregularities, confessing their present Poverty had been the immediate Consequences of his too liberal and profuse Living, but that for the future she should see a good Alteration in his Conduct, and he would make one of the best of Husbands. As for Mr. Hamilton, said he, it is my Advice that you do not give him an absolute Refusal, but pretending a kind of Love at a distance, make him think that a considerable Sum of Money will finish his Expectations, and gain him what he so much longs for; you have Youth and Beauty on your Side, and you may, consequently, command him as you please; for I am not so much a Stranger to Mr. Hamilton's Temper, and Inclination, but that I know Love will influence him to perform generous Things: My Dear, I have no Occasion to acquaint you with our Poverty at this time, which, to my extreme Grief, has been the Consequence of my irregular and profane Living; but our Wants and Necessities may be amply made up by dexterously managing this Adventure, the Prosecution of which I leave to your own Prudence and Conduct; and for my Part I shall take effectual Care to extricate you and myself out of any Consequences that may happen upon it.

Mrs. Cunningham, after this Conference with her Husband, had a thousand Thoughts in her Head, how to manage this Scheme, so as to make the most Advantage of it: She saw that the Want of Money in her Family must oblige her to it, tho' never so much against the Bent of her Inclination to the contrary, and therefore determining to put it in Execution as soon as possible, she compos'd herself to Rest for that Night. The next Day Sawney got purposely out of the Way, but without a longing Expectation of receiving extraordinary Matters from his Wife's Con-

duct. Hamilton appeared as usual; and, protesting his Love for her was the sincerest in the World, said *That it was impossible for him to enjoy a Moment's Rest without tasting those Joys she could so easily afford him.* Mrs. Cunningham, at first, reproved him for such a bare Declaration of his Desires, and said *That so long as her Husband liv'd, she could not without the most manifest Breach of conjugal Fidelity, and an eternal Infamy to herself, give away to comply with his Demands.* Your Person Mr. Hamilton, said she *is none of the worst, neither is your Sense to be despis'd; but alas! Heaven has decreed it, that I am already another Man's Wife, and therefore deprived from gratifying you as I would were the Case otherwise.* And I have Apprehensions of my Husband, who is a choleric Person, and presently urged into a Passion upon the most trifling Affair, which either he doth not like, squares not with his Happiness or Interest. Intereply'd Hamilton, *Why, if that be the Case, neither your Husband nor you shall have any Reason to complain: for, let me tell you for once and all, I do not require a Gratification from any one, without making a suitable Return; your Circumstances, Madam, are not unknown to me, and I am sorry to think that after having brought Mr. Cunningham so plentiful a Fortune, I should have a just Occasion to say that you are poor; but mistake me not, I scorn to make a Handle of your Circumstances, neither do I believe Mrs. Cunningham would ever consent to my Desires on such a vile Terms.* Upon this Madam answer'd him with great deal of Prudence and Art; she told him, *That she pleas'd handsomely for herself, and if she was a married Woman, there should be nothing to obstruct their Desires.* Mr. Hamilton finding this, gave long Harangue, in which he endeavour'd to shew how weak her Objection was, with respect to her Husband concluding that what they did might be so artfully contrived, that neither Mr. Cunningham nor the Wife should know any thing of it. In fine, the Lawyer pleaded as if it were for Life, for her Consent, with Madam observing, and not caring to prolong Time too far, but dispatch a great deal of Business in little Time, she artfully told him, *That since the Stars had so directed the Actions of her Life, that had no Power of herself to contradict them, she sign'd herself to him, and said, that it was to no purpose to stifle her Inclinations for him any longer; to be plain with him, she had lov'd him from the first Acquaintance together, before all the Men had ever seen, and that she hop'd there was no Transgression in an Affair which her Destiny over-ruled and if the World proved censorious, she did not care and left her Cause to be determined by the Stars, with together with Mr. Hamilton's fine Person, had influenced her to it.* To be short, an Assignment was made, and a Porch of one of the Churches in Glasgow design'd to be the Place where these Lovers were to meet. Nothing in the World gave the Lawyer so much Satisfaction as the Thought of having obtained the Consent of his fair Mistress, who had declared her Love to him, and resigned herself to his Arms. Hamilton promised to make her the Present of a Purse of a hundred Pounds Sterling before any thing was done, and she on her Side said him she would please him to the utmost, and acquainted him, that he might expect all the Kindness she was able to afford him. Here they parted, and the Lawyer thought the Time contained a thousand Days till the Hour appointed was come, and he in the Arms of his Mistress. It arrives, and both appear at the Porch; they caress and toy, but no farther than the Laws of Modesty permitted. Hamilton is acquainted where Mr. Cunningham her Husband is, and acquainted that he was gone a short Journey into the Country, which however would take him up

Days; where as Madam had posted him, or he had done it himself, in a private Place in his Chamber at Home. *Hamilton* seems extraordinarily pleased at his Success, and the Repose he should find in humouring his Appetite, now his Antagonist was out of the Way as he thought. In a little time both these Lovers came to *Sawney's* House, and having entered his Bed-chamber, where he was concealed, and a good Fire burning, *Mr. Hamilton* pulls out two Purfes of Gold and gives them to her, and then going to undress himself, *Sawney* springs out from his secret Place, and with one Stroke lays *Mr. Hamilton* flat on the Floor with a Club he had in his Hand; for, not contented with his Wife's having received the two Purfes of Gold, he must have the Lawyer's Cloaths too; and therefore to make sure of them, he redoubles his Blows, till the poor Gentleman gave up the Ghost at *Mrs. Cunningham's* Feet. This was a Sacrifice to Love with a witness: The Lawyer had contributed handsomely before for a Night's Lodging, and must he give his Life into the Bargain? I know not how Mankind may think on't, but the Affair was carried to a desperate Length. Now *Mrs. Cunningham* not dreaming her Husband would have carried Matters to such an Issue, seemed frighted to the last Extreme at what had been done; but *Sawney* endeavour'd to give her Ease, by telling her, that he would work himself out of the Scrape immediately, and so saying, hoisted the Body on his shoulders, and went out at a Back-door which led directly to *Hamilton's* House, which easily opening, as profound Sleep in the Family, and the Darkeness of the Night favoured him, he carried the Lawyer to the Vault, and placed him upright on the Seat, to be end that the first who found him there might conclude he died in that Place and Posture.

Now it seems *Mr. Hamilton* the Day before had acquainted a particular Friend who lived in his House, with his Success, and how he was to have a Meeting with *Mrs. Cunningham* that Night. This Friend ad had the Gripes upon him for three or four Days, which made him have a violent Looseness, and being obliged to untruss a Point about Mid-night, rises in his Night-Gown, and steps down to the Vault, where opening the Door, he spies *Mr. Hamilton* sitting; he supposed, and taking it that he was come there in the very same Errand as himself, stays without a while to let him have quiet Play; but finding he made no Motion to stir, after having waited a considerable Time, to his own Uneasiness, he opens the Door again, and taking him by the Sleeve of his Coat, was surprized to find him fall down. He stoops to take him up, but find him dead; at which being in a thousand Perplexities, and fearing to be thought the Murderer, he brings to mind his acquainting him with the Assignment between him and *Mrs. Cunningham*; upon which he concludes his Friend had found no fair Play there, knowing the Husband to be none of the easiest of Men. What should this odder do in this Case? Why he takes up the Body, throws it upon his Shoulders, and carries it to *Sawney's* House Door, where he sets it down. Madam, little after Midnight, having Occasion to discharge, gets out of Bed, and opening the Door, lets the Body of her late Lover tumble into the House, which putting her into a Fright, she runs up Stairs into the Chamber, and tells *Sawney* how that the Lawyer as come back: *Ay, ay*, says he, (just waking out of his Sleep) *I'll warrant he shall come back no more, I'll secure him presently*; and so saying, gets immediately out of Bed, puts on his Cloaths, and hoists the dead Lawyer once more on his Shoulders, with a design to carry him to the River and throw him in, but seeing some Persons at a Distance com-

ing towards him, he steps up to the Side of the Street, till they were got by, fearing his Design might be discovered, and Consequences were dangerous. But what should these Persons be but Half a Dozen a Thieves, who were returning from a Plunder they had made, of two large Flitches of Bacon, out of a Cheesemonger's Shop: And as they came along were talking of a Vintner hard by, who sold a Bottle of extraordinary Wine? *Sawney* was some what reliev'd from his Fears (for Fears he could not miss from having) at hearing this Conversation. He had not been in his Post long, before he had the Satisfaction of seeing this Company put their Bacon, which was in a Sack, into an empty Cellar, and knock the Master of the Tavern up to let them in. The Coast being now clear, *Sawney* conveys the dead Lawyer into the Cellar, and taking out the purloined Goods, put his uneasy Cargo in the Room, and then march'd home. Mean while the Thieves were carousing, little dreaming what a Change they should presently find in their Sack. Little or no Money was found amongst them, and the Flitches were to answer the full Reckoning, so that they continued drinking till they thought the Bacon was become an equivalent for the Wine they had drank.

One of them, who pretended to be Spokesman, addressing the Landlord, told him, *That he must excuse him and his Comrades for bringing no Money in their Pockets to defray what they had expended, especially at such an unreasonable Time of Night, when he had been called out of his Bed to let them in; but Landlord, in saying this, we have no Design of doing you any Wrong, or drinking your Wine for nothing. For if we cannot answer the Shot with the ready Cole, we will make it up by an Exchange of Goods. Now we have got two Flitches of Bacon in a Cellar hard by, which will more than answer our Expenses, and if you care to have them, they are at your Service, otherwise we must be obliged to leave Word with you where we live, or you lay under a Necessity of trusting us till the Morning, when, on sending any Body along with us, you may depend on receiving the Money. Gentlemen, says the Vintner, you are all meer Strangers to me, for to my Eyes and Knowledge, I cannot say I ever saw one of you before; but we will avoid making any Uneasiness about my Reckoning: I do not care to purchase a Commodity I never saw, or, as the saying is, to buy a Pig in a Poke: If the Flitches of Bacon, you say you have, are good, I'll take them off your Hands, and quit Scores with you, so they but answer my Demands. Immediately one of them, who had drunk plentifully than the rest, said he would go and fetch them, and accordingly coming into the Cellar, strove to hoist the Sack up; *Zounds*, says he, *why I think the Bacon's multiplied, or I am damnably deceived. What a Pox of a Load is here to gaul a Man's Shoulder's? Tom might well complain they were heavy, and by Gad, heavy and large ones they are, and the Vintner will have a rare Bargain of them; much good go along with them, and so saying, he lugs the Corpse on his Shoulders to the Tavern. On coming to open the Mouth of the Sack, Lord, what a Surprise were all in to see a Man's Head peep out. Mr. Dab presently knew the Lineaments of the deceased's Face, and cried out, You eternal Dogs, did you think to impose a dead Corpse on me for two Flitches of Bacon? Why, you Rascals, this is the Body of Mr. Hamilton the Lawyer, and you have murder'd him, have you, you Miscreants; but your Merits shall soon be soundly rewarded, I'll warrant you. At this all the six were in the saddest Pight that could be imagined, nothing but Horror and Dismay sat on their Looks, and they really appear-**

ed as the guilty Persons. But the Vintner, observing them bustling to get away, made such a thundering Noise of Murtherers, Murtherers, Murtherers, that immediately all the Family were out of their Beds, and the Watch at the House Door to know the Reason of such an Alarm. The Thieves were instantly convey'd to a Place of Durance for that Night, and in the Morning were sent to the main Prison, when after a little Time, they took their Trials, were found guilty (though innocent) of Mr. Hamilton's Death, and executed accordingly.

Sawney came off very wonderfully from this Matter, though neither his Wife's Admonitions, nor his own frequent Asseverations to her to leave off his irregular Course of Life, were of any Force to make him abandon it; the Bent of doing ill, and living extravagantly, was too deeply rooted within him, ever to suppose now that any Amendment would come; nay, he began to shew himself a Monster in Iniquity, and committed every Wickedness that could exaggerate the Character of a most prophane Wretch. For 'tis impossible to enumerate, much more to describe, the Quantity and Qualities of his Villanies, they being a Series of such horrid and incredible Actions, that the very inserting them here would only make the Reader think an Imposition were put upon him, in transmitting Accounts so shocking and glaring. The Money he had obtained of Mr. Hamilton was a dear Purchase; it was soon play'd away with and consumed, which made him throw himself on other Shifts to support his Pockets; to which End he visited the Highway, and put those to Death who offered to oppose him. His Character was too well known in the *West of Scotland*, to want any further Information about him, which obliged him to retract towards *Edinburgh*, where meeting with a Gang of his Profession, who knew him to be most accomplish'd in their Way, he was constituted Generalissimo of their Body, and each Man had his particular Lodging in the City. But Sawney, who ever chose to act the principal Part in all Encounters, industriously took Lodgings at a House noted for entertaining Strangers, where he was not long in insinuating himself into their Acquaintance. Sawney, indeed had a most artful Method to conceal the real Sentiments of his Mind, and hide his Actions, which in a little Time so gained upon the Belief of these Strangers, that they could not help taking him for one of the sincerest Men breathing: For it was his Custom sometimes to take them along with him two or three Miles out of the City to partake of some handsome Dinner or Supper, when he was sure never to let them be at a Farthing Expence, but generously discharge the Reckoning himself: The Design of all this was to make his Advantage of them, and force them to pay an extravagant Interest for the Money he had been out of Pocket in treating them: For constantly were Persons planted in one Place or other of the Road by his immediate Direction, who fell upon them as they returned to the City, and robbed them of what they had: But the Cream of all was, that to avoid Suspicion they always made Sawney their first Prize, and rifled him, who was sure in the Morning to obtain his own Loss back again, and a considerable Share of the other Booty into the Bargain.

Some time after this, our Adventurer, with two of his Companions, meeting on the Road with three Citizens of *Edinburgh*, affronted them in a very audacious Manner, and threw such Language at them as plainly discovered that either Death or Bloodshed was near at Hand. He had the Impudence to tell the Person who seemed the gentlest and best dressed of the three, that the Horse he rode on was

his, and had been lately stolen from him, and that he must return it him: or else the Sword he wore should do him right. Sawney's Companions began with the others after the same Manner, and would needs force them to believe that the Horses the rid upon were theirs; The Citizens, astonish'd at this gross Piece of Impudence, endeavour'd to convince them the Horses rode on were their own, and the had paid for them, and wondered how they dur pretend to dispute an Affair which was so essentially wrong; but these Words were far from having any Effect on Cunningham, and the Citizens, in the Conclusion were forced to dismount and give them their Horses and Money into the Bargain, being somewhat satisfied they had suffered no worse Consequences, for Sawney, by this Time was drenched in all Manner of Villany, and Bloodshed was no accounted a Trifle, so little Value did he set on the Lives of any Persons.

Sawney having run a merry Course of Roguery and Villany in and about *Edinburgh* for some Time, where he made a considerable Advantage to himself, so that Fortune seem'd to have requited him for all the Poverty and Want he had before endured, determining now to go home to his Wife, and spend the Remainder of his Days agreeably with her, on the Acquisitions and Plunder he had made on his Countrymen. Accordingly he came to *Glasgow*, where, among few Acquaintance he conversed with, for he did not care to make himself too publick, he gave Signs of Amendment, which struck those that knew him with such Astonishment, that at first they could hardly brought to believe it. One Night being in Bed with his Wife, they had a close Discourse together on their foregoing Life, and the good Woman expressed an extraordinary Emotion of Joy at the seeming Alteration and Change in her Husband; she could not imagine what Reason to impute it to; for she had been so much terrified from Time to Time with his Barbarities, that she had no Room to think his Conversion was real; neither, on reflecting on the many Robberies and Murders he had committed, could she persuade herself, that he could so soon abandon his licentious and wicked Courses; for she supposed, if his alter'd Conduct (as she thought) was real, it was miraculous, and an original Piece of Goodness hardly to be met with. The Sequel will prove that this Woman had better Notions of her Husband, than the rest of his Acquaintance, and those that knew him, and that she built all her Fears on a solid and good Foundation. The Proverb says, *What is bred in the Bone will never be out of the Flesh*; and this will be remarkably verified in Cunningham, as we shall endeavour to shew in its proper Place. For all the Signs he gave of an alter'd Conduct, and all the plausible Hints to rectify his former mistaken Steps, were no other than only amuse the World into a good Opinion of him, that he might make his Advantage, through this pretended Conversion, with the greater Freedom and Impunity. And he was not out in his Aim; for it seems, whenever he committed any thing sinister, or to the Disadvantage of any of his Countrymen, and he was pitch'd on as the Transgressor, the Town would say, *It cannot be, for Mr. Cunningham was too much reclaim'd from his former Courses ever to give into them again*. I shall insert a very notable Adventure Sawney had with a Conjuror, or Fortune-teller; To which End I shall trace it up from the Fountain-Head, and give our Readers the first Cause that induced him to it. When Sawney was an Infant, he was put out to Nurse to a poor Countrywoman in a little Village a Mile or two out of *Glasgow*; the Woman, as the Boy grew, could not help increasing in her Love for him, and being an exceeding noisy Child, would often say,

her Neighbours, *Oh! I shall see this Lad a rich Man one Day.* This Saying coming to the Ears of his Parents, they would frequently make themselves merry with it, and thought no more of it, than as a pure Result of the Nurse's fondling. Sawney having enrich'd himself with the Spoils about *Edinburgh*, actually thought his old Nurse's Words were verified, and sent for her to give her a Gratification for her Prediction. She came, but Sawney had chang'd his Cloaths, so that the poor Woman did not know him at first. He told her that he was an Acquaintance of Mr. *Cunningham's*, who, on her coming, had order'd him to carry her to Mr. *Peterfon* the Astrologer's, where she would be sure to see and speak to him; for he was gone there to get some Information about an Affair that nearly concerned him. The Nurse and her pretended Conductor goes to the Fortune-teller's, where desiring Admittance, *Peterfon* thought they were Persons that wanted his Assistance, and bad them sit down, when Sawney taking a Freedom with the Reverend old Gentleman, as he was known to use with all Mankind, began to give an Harangue about Astrology, and the laudable Practice of it. "I and this old Woman," *said he*, are two of the most accomplish'd Astrologers or Fortune-Tellers in *Scotland*; but I would not, Reverend Sir, by so saying, seem to depreciate from your Knowledge and Understanding in so venerable a Science: I came to communicate a small Affair to you, to the End, that not relying on my Judgment and this Woman's, I might partake of yours. You are to know, Sir, that from six Years of Age I have led a very untoward Life, and been guilty of many egregious Sins, too numerous to tell you at present, and what your Ears would not care to hear; for my Employment has been to lay with other Men Wives, make a Sharer of other People's Money, bilk my Lodging, and ruin the Vintners; for a Whore and a Bottle I have sold the twelve Signs in the *Zodiack*, and all the Houses in a *Horoscope*; neither Sextile, Quartile, or Trine ever had Power over me to keep my Hands out of my Neighbours Pockets; and if I had not a profound Respect for the Persons of my venerable Order and Profession, I should call *Mercury* the Ascendant in the fourth House at this Minute, to lug half a score Pieces of yours. By my exceeding deep Knowledge in Astrology, I can perfectly acquaint all manner of Persons, except myself, with every Occurrence of their Lives, and were it not to frighten yourself, I would conclude from the Appearance and Conjunction of *Saturn* and *Vulcan*, that your Worship would be hanged for your Profession. But, Sir, tho' Destiny hangs this unfortunate Death over your Head, it is at some Distance from it, and may be some Years before it strikes you.

"Is it not surprizing that a Man shall be able to read the Fates of Mankind, and not have any Pre-knowledge of his own? And is it not extremely afflicting to think, that one who has done so much Good in his Generation, and assisted so many Thousands to the Recovery of Things, that would have been inevitably lost, without his Advice, should come at last to meet with an ignominious Halter, as a fit Recompence for his Services? Good Heavens! where is the Equity of all this? Certainly, Sir, if we are to measure the Justice of Things, by the Laws of Reason, we must naturally conclude that a laudable and good Actions deserve a laudable and good Recompence; but can hanging be said to be this good Recompence? No, but the Stars will have it so, and how can Mankind say to the contrary?" *Cunningham* paused here a while, and the Astrologer and old Nurse wonder'd who in the Devil's Name they had got in Company with. Mr. *Peterfon*

could not help staring, and well he might, at the Phlogminy of our Adventurer, and, in spite of himself, began to be in a Pannick at his Words, which so terribly frighten'd him. The Nurse was in Expectation of seeing Sawney come in every Minute, little dreaming the Person she was so near was the Man she wanted. *Cunningham's* Harangue was a Medley of Inconsistencies and downright Banter: 'Tis true the Man had received tolerable Education in his Youth, and consequently might obtain a Jingle in several Sciences, as is evinced from the foregoing. "Well, venerable Sir," *says he*, do not be terrified at my Words, for what cannot be avoided must be submitted to. To put you out of your Pain, I'll tell you a Story: A Gentleman had a Son who was his Darling, and consequently trained up in all the virtuous Ways that either Money could purchase, or good Examples teach. The Youth it seems, took to a kind and laudable Course of Life, and gave promising Signs of making a fine Man; nor indeed were their Expectations deceived; for he led a very exemplary Life of Prudence, excellent Conduct, and good Manners, which pleased the Parents so much, that they thought every thing they could do for him too little. But the Mother, out of an inexpressible Fondness for him, must needs go to an Astrologer, and enquire how the remaining Part of his Life must succeed. Accordingly the Horoscope is drawn, but a dismal Appearance results from it; it acquaints the Mother that her Son shall remain virtuous for two and thirty Years, and then be hanged. Monstrous and incredible, *says he*, but I'll take care to secure him in the right Way; or all my Care will be to no Purpose. Well, the Family are all soon acquainted with this threatening Warning. The Person determined to be the Sacrifice, is already nine and twenty Years old, and surely they suppose they can easily get the other three Years, when all shall go well with their Kinsman. But what avails all the Precaution of Mankind; this same Son obtains a Commission of a Ship, goes to Sea, and, acting quite contrary to his Orders, turns Pirate, and, in an Encounter happens to kill a Man, for which, on his Return to his native Country, he is try'd, condemn'd and hang'd. What think you of this, venerable Brother? Is not he a sad Instance of an over-ruling Influence of the Stars? But not to prolong too much Time on a Discourse of this Nature, let us come to the Purpose. You are now as I cannot do it myself, to tell me my Fortune, and this old Woman is to confront you if you tell me a Lie: There is no Excuse to be made in the Matter; for by Heavens, on your Refusal, I'll ease this Room of your damnable Trumpery, and send you packing to the Devil after them. *These Words were enough to frighten any Man out of his Senses, nor could Peterfon well discover the Intention or Drift of his talkative and uneasy Visitant.* What would you be at, *says the Astrologer*? Why, do not you see, what a Terror you have put that good Woman into, who trembles like an Aspen Leaf? I am not used, Friend, to have Persons come into my House, and tell me to my Face, that I am to be hanged, and then to confirm it, as you pretend, tell me an old Woman's Story of a Cock and a Bull, of a young Man that went to Sea, and was hanged for robbing, for which he certainly deserved the Punishment he met with: As for telling your Fortune, I'll be so plainly with you, that you'll swing in a Halter as sure as your Name is *Sawney Cunningham*, *Sawney Cunningham, quoth the Marcke, who straight-way throwing her Arms about his Neck, began to kiss him very eagerly, and then looking earnestly in his Face, cry'd aloud, O Laird! And art thou Sawney Cunningham! Why. I thought thou come*

“to be a great Man, thou was such a Snotty Lad ?
 “Do you see now, *says* Sawney, what a damnable
 “Lie you have told me, in impudently acquainting
 “me that I shall be hanged, when my good Pro-
 “phetess here tells me, I am a great Man, for
 “great Men never can be hanged. I do not care
 “for what she says nor you neither, for hanged
 “you’ll be, and that in a Month’s Time, or else
 “there never was a Dog hanged in *Scotland*. Pray,
 “Brother, how came you to know this without
 “consulting my Horoscope?—Know it, why
 “your very Condition tells me you have deserved
 “hanging this dozen Years, but the Laws have been
 “too favourable to you, else Mr. *Hamilton’s* Death
 “had been revenged before this Time of Day. Now
 “to convince you of my superior Knowledge in
 “Astrology, I mean, in telling how far their In-
 “fluence extends over any Man’s Actions, I will
 “point to you the very Action and Persons that
 “will bring you to the Gallows. This very Day
 “Month you shall go (in spite of all your Foresight
 “and Endeavours to the contrary) to pay a Visit
 “to Mr. *William Bean*, your Uncle by the Mo-
 “ther’s Side, who is a Man of an unblameable
 “Character and Conversation. Him shall you kill,
 “and assuredly be hang’d.” Was there ever such a
 “prophetic or divining Tongue, especially in these
 “modern Days, heard of? For the Sequel will present-
 “ly discover how every Circumstance of this predic-
 “tion fell out accordingly. *Sawney*, having observed
 “the Air of Gravity wherewith Mr. *Peterfon* deliv-
 “ered his Words, could not help falling into a serious
 “Reflection about them, and thinking the Place he was
 “in not convenient enough to indulge the Thoughts
 “he found rising within him, abruptly left the For-
 “tune-teller, and giving his old Nurse five Shillings,
 “returned home.

But what does he determine on now? After hav-
 “ing seriously weighed on the several Particulars of
 “*Peterfon’s* Words, he could not for his Heart but
 “think, that the old Man, in order to be even with
 “him for telling him of being hanged, had only served
 “him in his own Coin; so that after a few Hours
 “every Syllable was vanished out of his Mind, and
 “he resolved to keep up to his usual Course of Life.

King *James I.* sitting on the Throne of *Scotland*
 “at this Time, and keeping his Court at *Edinburgh*,
 “the greatest Part of the *Scottish* Nobility resided there,
 “when our Adventurer used frequently to go to make
 “the best Hand he could of what Spoil he found there.
 “The Earl of *Inchequin*, having a considerable Post
 “under the King, and several valuable Matters be-
 “ing under his Care, had a Centinel assigned, who
 “constantly kept Guard at this Lord’s Lodgings
 “Door. Guards were not much in Fashion at this
 “Time, and about two or three hundred in the same
 “Livery were kept only on the Establishment.

Cunningham having a Desire of breaking into
 “this Minister’s Lodgings, and having no Way so
 “likely to succeed by, as to put on a Soldier’s Li-
 “very, went in that Dress to the Centinel, and after
 “some little Talk together, they dropt accidentally
 “into some military Duty and Exercise, which *Cun-
 “ningham* so well display’d, that the Centinel, seem-
 “ing to like his Brother’s Notions, and smile extra-
 “ordinarily, it made *Cunningham* stay a considerable
 “Time, till in the End he ask’d the Centinel to partake
 “of two Mugs of Ale, and put Six-pence into
 “Hand to fetch them from an Alehouse, at some Dis-
 “tance from his Post, giving some Reason for it, that
 “it was the best Drink in the City, and none else
 “could please his Palate half so well as that. Here-
 “upon the Centinel acquainted him, that he could
 “not but know the Consequences that attended leav-
 “ing his Post, and that he had rather enjoy his Com-

pany without the Ale, than run any Risk by fetch-
 “ing it. Oh! says our Adventurer, I am not a Stran-
 “ger to the Penalties we incur on such an Action,
 “but there can no harm come of it, if I stand in your
 “Place while you are gone. And with that the Cen-
 “tinel gives *Cunningham* his Musket, and goes to the
 “Place directed for the Drink; but, on returning, he
 “must needs fetch a Pennyworth of Tobacco from
 “the same Place, during which, some of our Adven-
 “turer’s Companions were broke into the Lord’s
 “Apartments, and had rifled the same of Three Hun-
 “dred Pounds Value. *Cunningham* was, however, so
 “generous as to leave the Centinel his Musket. The
 “poor Soldier returns in expectation of drinking with
 “his Friend, and enjoying his Company some Time
 “longer; but alas! the Bird is fled, and he is taken
 “up to answer for his forth coming, and committed
 “Talbooth Prison, where he was kept nine Months
 “in very heavy Irons, and had only Bread and Wa-
 “ter allowed him to subsist on. At length he is tri-
 “ed, condemned and hanged. Thus did several in-
 “nocent Persons suffer Death for that which ought
 “to have been the Portion of our Adventurer. We
 “draw on to his last Scene now, which shall be dis-
 “patch’d with all the Brevity we are Masters of.
Sawney having thus escaped so many Dangers,
 “and run through so many Villanies with Impunity,
 “must needs go to his Uncle *Bean’s* House, who
 “was a very good Christian, and a reputable Man,
 “as we have before observed, to pay him a Visit
 “with no other Design than to boast to him of his
 “late Successes, and how Fortune had repaired the In-
 “juries his former Misconduct and Remissness he had
 “done him.

He went, and his Uncle with his moral Frankness,
 “bade him sit down, and call for any Thing his House
 “could afford him. “Nephew, *says he*, I have defi-
 “red a long Time to see an Alteration in your Con-
 “duct, that I might say I had a Nephew worthy of
 “my Acquaintance, and one to whom I might leave
 “my Estate, as deserving of it; but I am acquainted
 “from all Hands, that you go on worse and worse
 “and rather than produce an Amendment, abandon
 “yourself to the worst of Crimes. I am always wil-
 “ling to put the best Interpretation I can upon Peo-
 “ple’s Conduct; but when so many fresh Reports
 “come every Day to alarm my Ears of your Extra-
 “vagances and profuse Living, I cannot help con-
 “cluding but that the greatest Part of them are true
 “I will not go about to enumerate what I have
 “heard, the Discovery of Mistakes only serving to
 “increase one’s Uneasiness and Concern. But me-
 “thinks if a good Education, and handsome Fortune,
 “and a beautiful and loving Wife could have done
 “any Service with respect to the reclaiming you, I
 “should have seen it before now. Your Wife has
 “been an indulgent and faithful Friend to you in all
 “your Misfortunes, and the lowest Employment in
 “Life, could you but have confin’d yourself, would
 “have proved more beneficial, and secured your Cha-
 “racter, and the Esteem of your Family and Friend,
 “better than the Ways you now tread in. I am
 “sensible my Advice is insignificant, and Men of my
 “declining Years are little valued or thought of by
 “the younger Sort, who, in this degenerate Age
 “think none wiser than themselves, and are above
 “Correction or Reproof. Come, Nephew, Provi-
 “dence may allot you a great many Years more to
 “run, but let them not be such as those already past,
 “if Heaven should grant you the Indulgence. If I
 “could build any Hopes on a good Foundation, that
 “you would yet repent, methinks I could wish to
 “have Vigour and Strength to live to see it; for what
 “my Satisfaction would be then, none are able to de-
 “clare, but such only as are in the like Case with
 “myself

myself. Our Family has maintain'd an unpotted Character in this City for some hundred of Years, and should you be the first to cast a stain upon it, what will Mankind or the World say. You may depend that the Load of Infamy will be thrown on your Back, for all who know, or have heard the least of us, will clear us of the Dishonour, as knowing how well you were educated, how handsomely fitted out for the World, and how well you might have done. If Fame says true, you are to be charged with Mr. *Hamilton's* Death; but I cannot bring myself to think, you would ever be guilty of so monstrous and Impiety. It seems he had been your Benefactor, and several considerable Sums of Money he had given you, in order to retrieve your lost Circumstances; but was to give him his Death the Way to recompence him for his Kindness? Fie on't. Not Pagans or the worst of Infidels would repay their Benefactors with such Usage; and shall we Christians, who boast so much above them, dare to do that which they abhor from their Souls? It cannot be, Nephew, but all Thoughts of Humanity and Goodness are banish'd from your Mind, otherwise some Tincture would still have remained of Christian Principles, that would have told you, you were highly indebted to that good and eminent Lawyer's Bounty. I am more diffusive on this Head, because it requires a particular Disquisition; neither mistake me in this Matter, for I am not determin'd to reap up Things to the World, in order to blacken your Character more than 'tis already, nor to bring you under Condemnation; only repent and lead a soberer Life for the time to come, and all the Wishes and Expectations of your Friends and Family are then fully answered. First endeavour to reconcile your Passions to the Standard of Reason, and let that divine Emanation conduct you in every Action of your future Life, so will you retrieve the Time you have lost, patch up your broken Reputation, be a Comfort to your Family, and a Joy to all who know you. Ill Actions seem pleasing in their Commission, because the Persons that pursue them have some Aim of Advantage in doing them; but let me tell you there is nothing in the World like a virtuous Pursuit, tho' the Road is beset with Thorns and Briars, but there are inexpressible Delights and Pleasures in that Wilderness, which not all the Vices in the World can balance. This Exhortation probably may be the last that may come from my Lips; but indeed you have need of Advice every Moment, and want the Leading-strings of a Child, yet neither want you Sense or Understanding: How comes it then you make such bad Use of them? Are not all the miserable Catastrophes of profuse and wicked Livers, sufficient to deter you from your licentious Course of Life? If Gibbets and Gallows could have any Influence on a Mind, unless lost to all Sense of Goodness, certainly the melancholy Ends so many monthly make here, should be a means of opening your Eyes and reclaiming you. But, alas! the Wound I fear is too deep, and no Medicines can now prevail; your Enormities are of such an egregious Dye, that no Water can wash it out. Well, if neither the cruel Consequences of an iniquitous and mispent Life, nor all the Advice which either your Friends and Relations can give you; if good Examples, Terrors or Death cannot awaken you from your profound Lethargy and Inactivity of Mind, I may well say your Case is exceedingly deplorable, and what for

my Part I would not be involved in for ten thousand Worlds. You cannot surely but know what you have to depend on now your Friends and Relations abandon you, for you are stiled a Murderer; and a Man that has once dipt his Hands in Blood, can never expect Enjoyment of any Felicity either in this or the next World; for there is an internal Sensation called Conscience, which brings an everlasting Sting along with it, when the Deeds of the Body are heinous and black. Indeed some may pretend to stifle their Iniquities for a considerable Time, but the Pause is but short; Conscience breaks thro' all the Barriers, and presents before the Eyes of the guilty Person his Wickedness in frightful Colours. What would not some give to be relieved of their racking Nights and painful Moments; when freed from the Amusements of the Day, they lie down to Rest, but cannot. 'Tis then that Providence thinks fit to give them a Foretaste of those Severities even in this Life, which will be Millions of times increased in the next." Here the good old Man issued a Flood of Tears, which Pity and Compassion had forced from his Eyes, nor could *Savigny* forbear shedding a Tear or two at hearing; but it was all Pretence, and an Imitation of the Crocodile; for he was determin'd to take this reverend old Gentleman out of the World to get Possession of his Estate, which, for want of Male Issue, was unavoidably to devolve upon him after his Death. With this View, after he had made an End of his Exhortation, he steps up, and without once speaking, thrusts a Dagger to his Heart, and so ended his Life. Thus fell a venerable old Uncle for pronouncing a little seasonable Advice to a Monster of a Nephew, who finding the Servant Maid come into the Room at the Noise of her Master's falling on the Floor, cut her Throat from Ear to Ear, and then to avoid a Discovery being made, sets fire to the House, after he had rifled it of all the valuable Things in it; but the Divine Vengeance was resolved not to let this barbarous Act go unpunish'd: for the Neighbourhood observing a more than ordinary Smoke issuing out of the House, concluded it was on fire, and accordingly unanimously joined to extinguish it; which they effectually did, and then going into the House, found Mr. *Bean* and his Maid inhumanly murder'd. Our Adventurer was got out of the way, and no one could be found to fix these Cruelties upon; but it was not long before Justice overtook *Cunningham*, who, being impeach'd by a Gang of Thieves that had been apprehended, and were privy to several of his Villainies, he was taken up and committed a close Prisoner to the Talbooth, where so many Witnesses appeared against him, that he was condemn'd and hang'd for his Tricks at *Leigh*, in Company with the same Robbers that had sworn against him.

This was the Catastrophe of this Man, who deserved the Fate he suffered long before it happened. We have not given our Readers a great many Adventures of his, because they were commonly attended with Bloodshed, an Account of which only presents several melancholy Ideas to the Reader: But we have this to say, that we have far exceeded Capt. *Smith's* Narrative of him. When he went to the Place of Execution, he betray'd no Signs of Fear, nor seemed any way daunted at his approaching Fate: As he lived, so he died, valiantly and obligingly to the last, unwilling to have it said, that he, whose Hand had been the Instrument of so many Murders, proved pusillanimous at the last.

The LIFE of WALTER TRACEY.

THIS Person was the younger Son of a Gentleman, worth Nine Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, in the County of *Norfolk*. He was sent to the University to qualify him for Divinity, and had a Hundred and Twenty Pounds left him by his Father when he died: But his Studies not having a Relish pleasing enough to his Mind, and his Estate being too little to support his Extravagancies, he, to uphold himself in his profuse Expences, would now and then appear well accoutred on the Highway, and make his Collections. But happening once to rob some Persons who knew him, he was obliged leave the College, and directly went down into *Cheshire*, where he put himself into the Service of a wealthy Graier in the Country. *Tracey*, having an excellently well-shaped Body, and a Face that had Power to draw a thousand Admirers after it, soon found the Country a pleasanter Scene of Life, than the wrangling and dull College. He had a genteel Air and Mien, and a hundred Liberties were given him by his Master, which the other Servants in the Family were not allowed to take: The old Farmer and his Wife, with their Daughters (for Sons they had none) would divert themselves, after the Labour of the Day, with hearing our rustick Gentleman play on the Violin, which he did with admirable Skill and Sweetness. His fine Person and Face soon gain'd him Followers, and *Tracey* was not insensible to Love, for if ever Man had Opportunity of indulging his Passion that way, certainly he had; for whenever he took his musical Instrument into the Meadows or Pastures, he was sure to be surrounded with a Crowd of buxom Lasses, among whom some had Beauty enough to make his Wishes rise. There was a sprightly brown Girl, who was his constant Hearer, that seem'd to touch his Heart more than the rest; she would walk by his Side from Field to Field, nay, accompany him into Caves and Solitudes, where she would listen with Admiration of his Musick, *Tracey* employ'd these Moments to promote his Suit; for the Lass was none of the fairest, yet had a charming Body, and a Delicacy in the plain Delivery of her Words that was irresistible. *Tracey* durst not make an open Discovery of the real Intention of his Mind, for fear of spoiling all the Adventure; he was convinced she admired his Musick, and nothing but the Notion of Musick, he thought, would gain upon her. So he tells her he has another Instrument that would afford the sweetest Melody upon Earth, and that his Violin was no more to stand in Competition with it, than a *Jew's* Harp with the Organ of their Church. The Girl is ravish'd till she hears it, and begs him a thousand Times to bring it to-morrow to the Cave they were in, which *Tracey* complies with, and so they part for that Night. The Female Lover, you may be sure, had little Rest till the Time appointed came; nothing but Harmony, and Melody, and Enchantment fill'd her Thoughts she longs to see *Tracey* and his new Instrument, which shall not be long before

she has her Satisfaction accomplish'd. Both meet the Cave, and both have different Views; the one is at Loss still how to behave in so critical a Minute, and the other importunes him to produce the Instrument and play upon it. I've brought the Instrument, my Dear, along with me, which for its Melody exceeds every thing you ever saw or heard of: But I must acquaint you, before I shew it, that it is no Composition either of Wood or Horn, that its Harmony proceeds from the Members of Body. The unpractis'd Girl was so simple as imagine, that from Gestures and Movements of Bones of his Body, some agreeable Harmony would proceed, or that his Hand by striking on the outer Parts of his Body will raise a transporting Sound. Come, my dear Girl, says he, the Harmony proceeds from my new Instrument, cannot be raised without your Assistance, and therefore if you have a Desire of receiving Pleasure, you must necessarily be at some Pains yourself; for 'tis a Task beyond my single Reach to perform, and I beg you'll give me Aid in it—If it is so, reply'd she, let us know what it is, and instruct me in the Manner I am to act. Upon this, *Tracey* clasped her in his Arms and with great Eagerness embraced her, and then ferred to accomplish the rest. Oh fie, says she, you are going to wrong me, let me alone, I can suffer such Usage; you press my Breast too close upon it, then, what's this you mean?—Do not be fearful, my Girl, there's no harm, I'll assist you in the Case;—For the Harmony and Melody so conceiv'd; and the ending will be much more pleasing than the beginning—She feels the tingling Pleasure, and swoons away, but soon recovering her raptur'd Senses, and seeing *Tracey* rising up, ask'd him, what! have you done already? you have but just this Minute begun; fie, you baulk a Boy of the Pleasure I expected—Indeed, says *Tracey*, I imagined the Thing would do you no Damage, but that you would have such a longing Appetite, or you had found the Melody out, as to wish for again—Ay, truly, said she, 'tis the best Musick in the World, and I'll come hither any Night to enjoy from you, but 'tis so short, though I could not hear it, yet I felt an unaccountable Sweetness that warm'd all my Blood; pry'three, what cannot you begin it again—I can do that, answered he, but I had a Mind to give you a Taste before-hand, see how you liked it; such extraordinary Things as these are rare, very rare, my Dear, and too much Repetition but cloy us: And, besides, sweet Melody is not always so laid on the Stomach; you are sensible, my Dear, that the Musick and Harmony of our own two Bodies moving together, are inexpressible, and that during the Raptures which they afford, all our Senses were lost—That's very true says she, but methinks I've a longing Desire to taste once more of this divine Pleasure—and saying, she fell to it again, which *Tracey* performed with more Vigour than at first.

The young Woman having had a Foretaste of this new Instrument of our Adventurer's, returned home exceedingly well pleased, and could not help the next Night she got among some of her Female Acquaintance, to take one of them aside, and acquainted her with the Satisfaction Mr. *Blundel* the Grafer's Man had given her, by his pleasing Words, but more pleasing Harmony, which flowed from a new Instrument different to his Violin. Upon this, both seem'd rapt together, and the Acquaintance ask'd her, if she might not be allowed to enjoy the same Liberties herself, which the other said she might do, and accordingly both determined to meet our Adventurer at the Cave, who was previously acquainted with their Design. *Tracey* was pleased to think his Humour should be so variously gratified, and rather than not keep touch with his Inamorates, would have sacrific'd all he had in the World. Every one met at the Cave at the appointed Time, but, Heavens! What a Difference appeared between the two country Girls. The new Acquaintance had nothing set her off, which might stand in Competition with the Brown Maid, and *Tracey* was so far from miring, that he entertained at first View, an utter aversion not only to her Person, but the Enjoyment of her Body. But how to be rid of this Inconvenience was the Question; and absolutely to reject one or the other might endanger his Happiness with the Brown Maid. Betwixt these he was in great Perplexity, but to extricate himself out of the snare, he acquainted them he was sorry he could not satisfy them according to their Expectations, but unfortunately he was indispos'd, and the Parts of his Body compose the Harmony wish'd for, were so much out of Order with the Fatigues of the Day, that he was obliged to desire them they would forbear making any more Importunities about it then, and he would certainly crown their Satisfaction the next Night; the Girls could not forbear murmuring, and seem'd extraordinary uneasy; but at last, striving to combat their Disorder at his seeming Refusal, returned home, and left *Tracey* to go another Way. As the Girls returned, the Acquaintance began to impute her, what, in the Name of the Stars, this Harmony was she had brought her to hear, that *Tracey* was so fond of, not to let her hear it. Upon this the Brown Girl, out of her native Simplicity, acquainted her as well as she could, with the Manner of our Adventurer's playing; concluding, that all her Life, she had never experienced such a pleasing and enchanting Piece of Diversion. The Acquaintance, from the Language and Discovery of her Companion, drawing a right Judgment how Matters had gone, told her, that she was sorry to think she had betrayed so much ignorance and folly; for that *Tracey* had done was no more than any other Man could, and it was too much to extol him for, because she herself, about four Years before, had received as much, or more Pleasure in the same Way, from her Father's Man *Arthur*, and therefore she need not think she had obliged her in bringing her to *Tracey*'s Cave, since he had no better Capacity at way than their Man *Arthur*; for had she known the Errand had been only about that, she would have sent *Arthur* to perform his Musick with her, in order to see the Difference, who, she assured her, could have gratified her without making Scruples, or extending indisposition. And the next Time you see him, let me advise you to tell him, that he has wronged your Virginity, and, unless he will make me Reparation for it, convince him by Threats and Manacles, that your Father shall know his villainous Designs, and that you can tell how to revenge an Injury. For if you do not follow my Di-

rection herein, I myself will do his Business, and shew him that a neglected Woman, when rous'd up to Repentment, can execute uncommon Things. What, added she, my Person was not lovely as yours, nor had my Face an Equality of Charms, but I'll make him quit Scores with me, or I'll know why. You, my Dear, may please yourself with as extraordinary Notions as you please, but for my part, I cannot help entertaining such an Aversion to his Baseness and ingratitude, that, of all Men living, he least sets in my Thoughts. He's handsome, you'll probably say, and has a delicate Face, what's this to the Purpose? There are more such in the World, and, observe, he's a great deal inferior to you. But why should I name inferiority, when I myself have been guilty of the same indulgence, at a far younger Age than you. Such was the Discourse as these two went home together, and a thorough Repentment seem'd to be working up for what *Tracey* had done, who was out of the Way of hearing; or else he had reconciled the uneasy Parties by proffering to them the utmost Submission.

Lord, says the Brown Girl; what a Work you make? If *Tracey* had no Desire of making his pleasing Harmony with you, and that I obtained the Preference, can you blame the Man, let every Person exercise his Faculties as he thinks proper, for I take it, where the humour or inclination is obstructed, there can be no Enjoyment of Happiness, and it would be a Pity to make a Man of *Tracey*'s good Nature do a Thing which is against his Appetite. You may defend him as you please, but observe by the Way, that ere ten Months are past, you may probably have an Harmonist of your own to play with, and then say how will it stand with you — Why, answer'd the other, exceeding well, for were it to be done over again, I'd rather be thus pleasingly deceived again by *Tracey*, than all other Men in the World. For it can be no Scandal to bear a Child by an handsome Fellow, and all the Country Lasses about us will agree with me in this, and supposing People should censure, I'll never disturb myself, or break my Repose about it, but rather impute it to Envy, because the same good Fortune has not happened to them. As to your objecting to me an Harmonist before ten Months are past, I hope I shall see myself another long before that Time, which will not only be extreme Satisfaction to myself, but to my Parents also, and rather than be deprived of *Tracey*'s pleasing Company, I'll promote a better Understanding between him and me, with my antient Father, whom I'll bring over to a Consent of giving me in Marriage to him; when all the Expectations I have a long Time entertained in my Breast will be amply rewarded, and then the Brown Lass will be accounted the happiest Woman and Wife in the whole Parish.

For *Tracey*, I am told for certain, is a Gentleman, though at present only in the Capacity of a menial Servant to my Father. The Discourse ending here, they both went home, and on the Brown Girl's returning to her Father's, she found *Tracey* sitting under an Arbour with her Father and Mother, and diverting them with several comick Tales and Stories. This made her make one of the Company, but soon she discovered an extraordinary Pleasure in her Countenance, which the Parents attributed to the Influence of *Tracey*'s Discourse, in which they were no bad Prophets. All that Night the Girl could take no Sleep, but her Head ran on the great Pleasure *Tracey* had given her. As soon as it was Morning she took him aside, and blamed him heavily for refusing to yield the same Harmony to her Acquaintance as he had done to her; which he endeavour'd to excuse, by telling her how impossible it was to give to another the same Satisfaction

as he had done her, considering the vast Inequality of Persons betwixt them; that the Charms of her Face were as superior to those of her Acquaintance, as the Radiance of a Star excelled the Flame of a Candle; that he had too long been in Love with her Person, to let another Share his Affection; and how could the other expect, who was so much uglier than her, to be gratified in the same Manner? Let me advise you, says he, for the future, to confine yourself to me; who will constantly use you in the same extraordinary Manner as I have already done. And though the secret Place of our meeting has been discovered by your Means, yet, never fear, I'll find another more suitable for our Turn, where we may heighten this Harmony a great deal more. These Words revived the Brown Girl extremely, who could not but admire the winning Words of our Adventurer, and fix her Love upon him.

It was necessary to think now that the Acquaintance must be discarded, who saw it, and consequently was violently enraged. At first she began to spread Reports no way to our Adventurer's Advantage, and got it divulged in his Master's Family that his Designs were dishonourable, and only calculated to ruin the Reputation and Chastity of her Daughter. But this was the worst Way in the World to proceed with *Rusticus*, who was too much a Lover of our Adventurer, to form in his Breast a sudden Aversion to him; neither had he any Reason to raise a Misunderstanding between them; for *Tracey* had managed his Cards with great Dexterity, and always took care so to contrive his Matters, that no bad Consequences might be gather'd from them. The old Man was entirely devoted to him on account of his gay and humorous Disposition, which served to ease his Mind and Body after the Fatigues of the Day were over; nor was the Grasier's Wife (who was a considerable Number of Years younger than her Husband, being his second Wife) less taken with the handsome Mien and winning Conversation of our Adventurer: We shall have occasion to mention a very comical Adventure between *Tracey* and this Woman presently.

Tracey finding the Inclination of the Grasier his Master so much attach'd to his Advantage, that all the Reports spread to ruin his Credit with him, were not able to prevail, and that his Mistress join'd in the same Friendship for him, was extremely pleased, and thought one Opportunity or other would soon be thrown into his Hands, to make a further Benefit of his Journey to *Cheshire*, than the obtaining the Goodwill of a Score of Country Girls. But he soon found himself involved in a very troublesome Affair, which sensibly touch'd him, and out of which he had a great deal of Work to extricate himself.

The second Wife of the Grasier, on weighing in her Mind the Difference there was between the old fumbling Husband and our Adventurer, who was young and sprightly, could not, after she had receiv'd a Foretaste of Pleasure from him, be reconciled to leave him, but fondly betrayed an excessive Desire for him. Her conjugal Affection began by degrees to turn off from the old Grasier, who was too good-natur'd a Man to impute any Dishonesty to his Wife, for fear of creating Jealousies and Alarms in his Family, which he naturally abhor'd, being a Man who loved Peace, and had liv'd quietly till then. *Tracey* had still Generosity enough left not to violate the Bed of his Master any longer, for what he had already done, was at the earnest Importunities of the Wife, who was always teasing him to a Compliance. But the Mistress had too little Beauty to inspire a Man of our Adventurer's Gaiety and Temper with Love; and, besides, her frequent Intreaties and fulsome Dalliances with him, when her Husband was out of the Way, made him

quite averse and nauseate her. However, though it was plain by his Conduct, that he had not that Affection for her which she wanted, yet he would not desert, but seemed rather the more inclined to win him over.

One Saturday her Husband being gone to Market she finding all the Family at their Employments, except *Tracey*, she took him to task, and ask'd the Reason of his seeming Coldness. *What*, says she, *do you despise my Person, who can be of so much Advantage to you? What think you? Supposing the old Man should die, of which there is some Probability, would not the Farm and the Stock upon it, and my Person into the Bargain, be an equal Recompence for your Love. I'm sorry, Tracey, to think I should humble myself thus to make Declarations of Love to one so much beneath me; but 'tis the Misfortune of some Women, and they cannot help it. You have given me a Foretaste of Enjoyment, and now decline gratify me any further which makes me long the more. Had I never seen your Person, or been so much acquainted with your Conversation, I had never been the Fool I now make myself but the Remedy is past Cure unless you apply the Medicine, for 'tis you alone that can heal me, and recover all my Hopes.*

Tracey was confounded at this Speech, and knew not what to answer. Here were Circumstances both pointed at his Advancement, and yet threaten him with Consequences prejudicial to his Repose. The Farm and the Stock upon it were worth a considerable Sum of Money, which laid out prudently, might answer all the Purposes of his Life; but then his Mistress cool'd his Pursuit; he could see nothing in her that was either amiable or pleasing, for besides her Temper, which was none of the best, she had several Defects in her Body, which together made him utter hate her: Yet that the Correspondence between them might not be broke, he endeavour'd to insinuate seeming Kindness, though in Reality, he had made ado to comply with himself to perform it. He told her, "That he should from that Time, owe her infinite Thanks, for making a Declaration of Love to him, which his Ambition could never have flattered him with: That he had nothing to object against satisfying their mutual Desires, but her Husband, who while alive, would be an eternal Impediment to their Wishes: That he look'd on violating his Bed as the grossest Abuse in the World, could not, considering the Respect he bore him, brought to consent to so notorious an Injury, though he hoped she would think on his Conduct in that Respect as Praise-worthy, and not to be blame since, after his Decease, he was ready to join Hands with her, and be her Partner in her Pleasures and Pains: That, to confess his Mind, her Daughter-in-law would make a more suitable Match, not that he, by so saying, endeavour'd to depreciate herself, but their Years were more conformable, and it was more natural, that like and like should link'd together. However, rather than disoblige her by an absolute Refusal, he would consent to embrace her once more, and would be ready to receive her that Night in his Chamber."

If any Thing in the World ever gave Woman Pleasure, these Words certainly did the Grasier's Wife who was so much transported with *Tracey's* pleasant Offer, that she had great Difficulty to contain herself till the Time of Assignment came, till when every Moment seem'd an Hour. But Madam will decay pay for this Appointment; for *Tracey*, acquainted in the mean Time, the Goatherd and Swineherd, that every Night a Spirit tormented him, desired to watch that Night in his Room to bear him Company: The Fellows were terrified at the Relation,

by no Means could be brought to consent, till *Tracey* telling them they should come to no harm, and ordering each to bring a Bundle of Rods to whip the Ghost, they give their Consent, and said they would come; the Fellows concluded from *Tracey's* Words about the Rods, that there was some Sport on Foot that would give them Entertainment enough, which made them ready to embrace going. *Tracey* told them, that as soon as the Spirit appeared, they were to fall to exercising their Rods, which would make him retire, and probably never haunt his Chamber more. All Things were now in a right Preparation, *Tracey* in Bed, and the other two Servants posted behind it: It was not long before the Mistress came in, in her mock, having double lock'd the Door of her Husband's Chamber, who was fast asleep, to prevent his sudden surprizing them together, provided he wak'd and found her missing. As soon as she was waked, the two Men rush'd out with the Rods in their hands from their Post, and scourged the poor Woman unmercifully; who durst not make any Noise lest her Husband should over-hear, and alarm the Cause; but when she found them so far from desisting from their Stripes, that they laid on the heavier, she could not restrain her Tongue any longer, but calling out Murder, so alarmed the Family, that the old Man immediately waking out of his Sleep, wondered what was the Matter: He put on his Cloaths to go and see what it was that made such a Noise; but Fortune at first directed him into Yard; still he listened, and still he heard the Noise, and at last found that it came from *Tracey's* Chamber. Up-Stairs he goes directly, but his Wife, in the interim, got to Bed. On coming into the Chamber the Fellows hid themselves before, and asking our Adventurer what was the Meaning of all that Noise, was answer'd, that he might take his House to himself; for he would not hamper'd and beat about by Spirits as he had been, the best Place in *England*. Spirits, says the old Man! Ah, dear Master, Spirits, and so saying, the Blows came suddenly upon him, and pulling down his Breeches, gave him the same Lecture as they had done his Wife. But the Grasier was not contented with this Usage, but lifting up his Hands, he poured heavy Blows about the Shoulders of the Fellows, till they no more imagin'd them the Cuffs of a mortal Man, but of an Hobgoblin, and so, being terrified, ran again underneath the Bed. At this the old Man in a violent Rage call'd out to *Tracey*, and ask'd where he was, who told him in Bed. Ah, my Master, says he, *these are the Spirits that continually tease me; I've suffered such Usage as this a long Time, but being unwilling to put your House into Fears on my Account, have submitted to it with a great Deal of Patience. For God's Sake go to Bed, so I'd rather endure their Blows, than you should receive any Harm.* The Wife, all this Time, notwithstanding the severe Smart she felt, was extremely inclined to think that her Husband had shared with her in the same Punishment, and when he came to Bed seem'd to console him in a very piteous Manner. What o' Pox, says he, are you in Bed, where was you just now? What! are you a Ghost too? Egad I live a handsome House on't, indeed; and with that he got to Bed, and rested pretty well the Remainder of the Night.

The Morning the Grasier could not help bringing to his Thoughts what had happened to *Tracey*; he was very fond of the Man, and wanted to know the Particulars that had befallen him. *Tracey*, having a ready and copious Invention, made a thousand Things more of the Story than it really contain'd; and by exaggerating it with Abundance of Falsities, terrified the old Man, that he could not forbear compassionating him, and shewing a great Deal of

Concern. But, all the while, the Wife took the Notion of Spirits for a meer Whim, and concluded within herself that it had been all *Tracey's* doing; for she observed a more than ordinary Coolness in his Behaviour, and, if at any Time she but spoke to him at Dinner or otherwise, was answered with a plain Negligence and Disrespect, which so exasperated her, that she was resolved to be even with him for his Inconcern and Indolence. She had a thousand Thoughts what Expedient to make use of, in order to accomplish her Design in the surest Manner, and, on long Deliberation, found the only Way to ruin him, was to charge him before her Husband, with a Design upon her Honour, which she was not long before she put in Execution.

Tracey was not a Stranger to her ill Temper, but was determined to see the Upshot of the whole Affair; so one Evening seeing the old Man walking in his Orchard alone, he goes to him, and after some Chat on indifferent Matters, begins to lay open his Birth, Parentage and Education, by acquainting him, that he had been Master of a small Estate of Sixscore Pounds *per Annum*, but, living too profusely, had run it thro', which he was sorry for, because, had he known the same Frugality then as now, he had still been Master of it, or more; that his Father had sent him to the University to qualify him for the Ministry, but he had frustrated the Expectations of his Parents, who repos'd all their Hopes in him: That his former Extravagancies had oblig'd him to commit Actions he was now sorry for, and, to keep up his usual Way of Life, he was forced to support himself by indirect Means; but, that his coming to his House had entirely wiped out of his Mind the Desire of committing the like Follies, and thought that Heaven had favour'd him, in giving him the Grace, after having been brought up so well, and liv'd so liberally, to take to such an honest, painful, and laborious Life: That he esteem'd the Happiness of the Country much above that of the City, the Extravagancies of which he had seen, and the Ways the Men there pursued to support themselves; that the hard Bed he laid upon, was more soft to him than all the Down ones at his Father's House, and that to rise by Peep of Day, and go to his daily Employment, was more healthful and satisfactory, than to sleep snoring till Noon, and have no other Business than poring over a Parcel of wrangling Books;—I beg, continued he, that you would mind my Discourse, because I have something to say that may be to your Advantage.—Now, Sir, you are to know, that after I had spent my Estate, I came into this Country with no other Mind than to do Penance for my former Mis-carriages, by hiring myself to be a menial Servant to any Gentleman that wanted one. Fortune has favour'd me in throwing me into your Family, among whom I take it, I have behaved with some Degree of Modesty, Honesty, and Diligence; my Conversation, Sir, has already drawn several Persons to covet my Acquaintance, and, if I may be indulged the Expression, the Lasses round about are ready to run mad for me; and I am sorry to have the Obligation to say, that your Wife, is not the least among them that solicits my Favour—Hold that, not a Word more—My Wife run mad after thee! Blood and Wounds—I'll cure her of her itching, *Wat*—Why, Sir, that would do exceeding well, but give me leave to make a Conclusion of my Discourse, and then say and object what you please. Your Wife, indeed, Sir, has more than once desired the Favour of my Bed, and to convince you that what I speak is true, she was the Person who rais'd the Spirit the Night you came into my Room; 'twas she her own self who walk'd, which may be verified

by your Goatherd and Swincherd, who saw her in her Smock. For my part, I have hitherto refrained violating your Bed, for Reasons which all Mankind ought to allow the justest in the World. But if you don't restrain her, Flesh may be frail, though I had rather quit your Service a thousand Times over than commit so much Ingratitude against my Master and Benefactor. But what is the real Occasion of all these Words of mine, is, that my Mistress is determined at Supper-Time to charge me with several high Crimes against her Chastity, which are entirely groundless, and which I hope you'll give no Credit to. And there is but one Thing more, which is, that as I was born a Gentleman to an Estate, and trained up at the University, and through my own Default, am now descended to the low Condition you see me in, you would bless me with an Alliance with your Daughter, who is a deserving young Woman, and one whom I have tenderly loved, ever since my first coming here.

There will be no Scandal in this Match, for, was I not convinced of her sincere Affection for me, I would never presume on what I have said; and with her, to be a Servant, to be a Slave, nay, to be the worst of Mankind, I mean, in the lowest Degree, will be the greatest Joy, Happiness, and Contentment. What could be more surprizing than these Words to the old Grafter, who was so far from imputing any kind of Impudence to our Adventurer, that he seem'd vastly rejoic'd at the Tidings he had given him, and told him, that he thank'd him a thousand times for the Discovery he had made both of his Wife's Villainy and himself; adding thus, *Wat*, "I have a long Time consider'd you in a very promising Light, and been determin'd to put the Question to you several Times, to know if you entertain'd any Thoughts of Marriage; judging that a Wife with a little Money would be no unacceptable Thing in your present Condition, which I have frequently wish'd for the better; but now, *Wat*, for the timely Service you have done me, perhaps it may be in my Power shortly to recompence you handsomely, and repay your extraordinary Care and Industry, suitably for your consulting my Repose, and for your surprizing Modesty and Self-denial, in resisting such Temptations as might have ensuared others; but my Wife's Conduct is no more than usual long before you came into my Service; and whenever I am told of it, the Consideration gauls me in the most sensible manner, as a Man in the like Case would, you know, fret and fume: But, lack-a-day, *Wat*, my Wife is not the only Thing that disturbs my Quiet, and molests my Slumbers; I have other Causes of Disturbance, which Time and another Opportunity, if you and I hit in joining Horses together, may make you acquainted with. Never mind all she can either say or invent against you; I am Master of my Family, I believe, and who, tell me, dare pretend a Superiority in it, besides myself? Zounds, *Wat*, I heartily love you; and had you been so free with me a Quarter of a Year ago, you had been a better Man behalf than you are now: But, however, I'll endeavour to requite you as you deserve, and my Daughter, with three hundred Pounds, shall be yours, Man, in spite of all the second Wives in Christendom — If I say it, who's the other to controul me? Here's my Hand, that she's yours before eleven o'Clock to-morrow Morning: But, methinks, good *Wat*, I have a Mind to restore you in some Degree to what you have lost. I do not question but your former Extravagancies have set all your Relations and Friends you have entirely against you; to reconcile whom, and make up the Breach between them and you, I take the best Ex-

pedient to be, to send to the most considerable amongst them a very submissive Letter, worded deviously, but above all, containing your hearty Repentance for the Omissions you have formerly been guilty of, and acquainting them, that having from a Gentleman's Life descended to the low Condition of a Peasant, you have forced yourself to a very hard and laborious Penance for your Misdeeds, which you now suppose you have justly perform'd, and that Fortune smiling upon your Endeavours, has, to reward your extraordinary Humility, made your Master to think well of you, nay, to offer you his Daughter in Marriage, provided they will answer three hundred Pounds he designs to give in Portion with her: This, *Wat*, I take for a tolerable good Beginning to succeed; and if you hear no Answer soon, you and I will then take Horse and negotiate the whole Affair with them ourselves. Let me tell you, six hundred Pounds will purchase a pretty Farm for you two, and answer all your Necessaries so long as your Wife remains without Children; but when those come on, and I find you diligent, 'tis very likely I may add to your Estate, and gratify you with a Present of thirty or forty Acres more, which will effectually do your Business. Oh! methinks, I congratulate you now on the Felicity you'll enjoy, so you mind yourself, prove an endearing Husband, and a laborious Father. Here the old Grafter ended greatly to the Satisfaction of our Adventurer, who began to entertain a great many different Thoughts in his Head, how he should contrive to make the most Advantage to himself, a still keep a steady Harmony in the Family: He frequent Thoughts how to accomplish his Ends, sometimes he was determin'd to throw for ever away his Desire of making Plunder on his Countrymen, and to embrace the generous Offer which his Master the Grafter had made him; thinking if he did his Life would be made easy, provided he could conform himself to the Rules of Wedlock, and preserve the same good Thoughts he had all along entertain'd during his Abode in *Cheeshire*. Vain was his Desire to be reconcil'd to his Mistress, whom look'd on now as his implacable Enemy; but had so much Faith in his Master, that he could not without doing him an Injustice, think he would against his Interest. Supper-time now comes, and nothing but Anger and Repentment glare in the Countenance of the Grafter's Wife, who seem'd resolv'd to do as she had determin'd, tho' to her own Disadvantage, and even Ruin. Tracey endeavour'd by all external Signs he was Master of, to convince her that he had still left a dutiful Respect for her, and that he might expect to win him, provided the old Man was out of the Way.

But Repentment rooted in the Breast of a Woman whose Love has been rejected, admits of no Bounds, nor had our Adventurer any room to hope for Success: He drank to her, but she return'd no Compliment with a Disregard that plainly discover'd he was distasteful to her. No, said she, if my Husband is the Fool to humour you, it shall never be that I will; you are an ungrateful Man, nay a Villain, Tracey, (now I am forc'd to open my Mind after all the Civilities you have receiv'd in this family, to use me, who ought to have some Satisfaction in my own House, in the manner you have done. I am not the receiving you poor, mean, and admitting to such Privileges as few Servants can boast of, a Kindness deserving of some Acknowledgement. Was not preferring you to be the first of our Servants, when another, who had serv'd under us several Years, and better deserv'd it, a Favour which any one of you would have requir'd? But it seems our Kindness and Generosity turn'd your Brain, and made you gi-

aded, so that forgetting the Obligations you were under to us, you have had the Presumption not only of keeping up a close Communication with our Daughter, but also to address me with your fulsome Speeches, which my Virtue hath constantly guarded against; thinking that the Fame you so much boast of, could find Refusal, and that I, as I fear my Daughter-in-law is already, should fall a Sacrifice to your inordinate Desires. Had not my Husband's Peace and Tranquillity been struck; had not my Honour and Chastity been openly attack'd by you, and an Infamy endeavour'd to be laid on our Family, I would have scorn'd to have made this Discovery; but as I am tied by the solemn Rites of Religion to obey another Man, I was forc'd, even tho' against myself, to publish the Infamy that has a long time been design'd him: For 'tis not once or twice that is enough to exaggerate a Crime so as to deprive you of the Favours you enjoy at present; but, Tracey, you know how often we have been the Times of this insulting and dishonourable Way of yours; had a thousand other Misdemeanours proclaim'd your Conduct disrespectful to me, I could have put up with every of them; but an open attack against my Honour, my Modesty and Fame, had Excuses, nor ever shall with me.

Tracey, who heard this all the while with an attentive Ear, was surpris'd at the Woman's Presumption and Boldness; he could not help staring upon her with an Eye full of Remorse, equal to that which she had in her own Breast: He could have wish'd all she had demand'd in a Minute or two, had been so minded; but he was in Expectation to hear his Master speak first, who, he depended on, was to vindicate him: Nor, indeed, was he long before he did; for putting the Tankard he was drinking out, out of his Hands, he began to question Tracey, whom he look'd upon as one of the best Friends he had, with a Crime he was no way guilty of, and which properly was her own Fault, that he need not be any way surpris'd about it, since he had for some Years past receiv'd so many Complaints, which he had been unwilling to give credit to, purely because he loved his Ease and Quiet: At present there was no longer room to distrust her Person, since Tracey, who was so bashful a Man, had brought all Things to light: That for the future he would make himself very contented, and only desired her to return back to her Friends, for stay with him she should not, and all the Money she brought with her was at her Service, to carry and dispose of just as she pleas'd.—Here the old Grafter stopp'd, and then Tracey took his Turn to speak, saying, The old Goucher and Swincherd would soon put an end to the Dispute, who would swear they saw her come into my Bed-chamber in her Shift, with a Design of procuring me to do that which you ought not to perform; but far be it from me to create any misunderstanding in a Family unjustly, to which I am under so many Obligations.—Misunderstanding, reply'd the old Grafter, none at all, for you call me my Son, and I your Father; and having so said, the Dispute broke up, and in a little time the Family retired to Bed.

All this Time the Grafter's Daughter, who was the brown Lass above-mention'd, was full of Joy and Gladness at the good Fortune of Tracey, whom she look'd upon now as her real Husband: She found herself with Child by him, and was glad her Father was so considerate to join them together, in order to wipe off her Disgrace; but the old Man little thought of the Intercourse that had been betwixt his Daughter and his Man; else 'tis very probably all his intended Kindness had vanish'd

to Air. In short, the Morning came, and the old Man, to make sure of a Son-in-law, rode to the next Rural Dean, and got a Marriage-Licence; when about 11 o'Clock they were join'd together. The remaining Part of the Day was dedicated to Mirth and Jollity, the Neighbourhood being invited to partake of the Mirth.

Tracey was now in the Possession of a Bride already with Child by him; and what made more to his Happiness, was, the old Father's putting him immediately into part of his own Estate; out of which he reserv'd, a small annual Rent as an Acknowledgment: A Stock sufficient to live upon it was bought, and every Thing manag'd according to Tracey's Wish, who finding himself at Liberty to do and act just as he thought fit, had several serious Reflections within himself, how to make the best Advantage of all under his Care, and make the Father believe him a laborious and pains-taking Man: After he and his Wife had liv'd about two Months together, he often intimated to her, that 'twas true, the Country was a very pleasant Place, and a Life spent there vastly agreeable; but nevertheless, Society, to which he had always been used, was wanting, which made it not so recreating; that a Walk into the Meadows, or by the Side of some River, was a delightful Way to wipe off the Mind its gloomy and melancholy Ideas; and that murmuring Streams, rising Hills, and shady Woods, were the Recreation of Philosophic and contemplative Minds; but that they two, who were very young, had brisker Notions, and lov'd Gaiety and an humourous Way of living; and that the Plough, Rake, and Sickle were too vulgar Things for such as they, and that the Means of obtaining what both earnestly desired, was to see London, where all the Pleasure which the World afforded, was to be found: That in Order to this, they were to get their Father to a Consent of selling their Farm, and with the Purchase-Money buy some Place or other of Profit, able to maintain them in a genteeler Way than at present, which he knew he would soon comply with, as he himself advis'd him to write to his Friends to obtain an Equivalent for the three hundred Pounds he had given him with her. That his Relations liv'd in Norfolk, and would comply with any reasonable Request, and would be so glad to see him, after so many Years Absence, that they would not know how to do too much for him: That he mention'd this with no manner of View, to leave his Father-in-law desolate, after he had, on his Account, sent his second Wife back to her Relations; but that he might see his Desire was no other than to honour his Family, by being preferr'd to a Post of Life more agreeable and profitable than the maintaining of a Farm.—The Wife having all her Lifetime been used to a rural Life, had little Thoughts of the Pleasures of a City so numerous and populous as London was, so that she was at a Loss how to answer her Husband. However, Tracey's Importunities, and the thousand Charms he told her was in a City Life, soon won her over, inasmuch that nothing but London ran in her Mind; nothing now but Gaiety and Pleasure; nothing but Drest and Acquaintance; nothing but Tea-tables and Plays; nothing but Gallantry and Appointments; and nothing but Madam and Madam would now please her. Hence arose an Aversion to the Country; no more the Pastures and Meadows; no more the Woods and Hills; no more the Rivers and Fountains; no more the Shades and Haycocks; no more Wakes and rural Dances; and no more the Inhabitants in *Cheshire* delighted her. She is determin'd, the first Opportunity, to lay open her and her Husband's Mind with regard to their seeing London, and solicit him to take a Journey

ney into *Norfolk* to see his Relations. *Tracey* approves well of his Wife's Conduct, and strives to heighten it; and it was not long ere she found a seasonable Conjunction one *Saturday* Evening, when the old Man retired from Market somewhat fuller with Liquor than ordinary: She laid open the whole Affair with a great deal of Persuasion and Address; the Father readily granted all, and a Day was appointed for their Journey. Mean time, *Tracey* made all the Advantage secretly he could of his Effects, and the old Grater in about a Fortnight's Time got a Purchaser for *Tracey's* Farm, who gave Bills in the Room of Money.

Every thing was now got ready, and our Adventurer, Wife, and Father-in-law on the Road. When they came to *Trenton* in *Staffordshire*, they put up at an Inn there, in order to stay two or three Days to refresh the old Man, who was already weary with his Journey. During their Abode they happened to have a good deal of Company, among whom *Tracey* always found Admittance; for having a smooth Tongue, and a tolerable Voice for singing, every one were glad to get into his Company. 'Twas here that *Tracey* was determin'd to put a finishing Stroke to his long Adventure with the Grater; he was resolv'd not only to leave him his Daughter with Child by him to keep, but also to make himself Master of the Bills ere the Morning; and to that End, getting his Father to carouse that Night a little freer than ordinary (his Wife being already gone to Bed) he dextrously conveyed the old Man's Pocket-Book, wherein the Bills were, out of his Pocket, and then to colour over his Villainy with some Pretence, wrote the following Letter, and left it in the room of the Pocket-Book.

Dear Sir,

I Make no Wonder of your being surpriz'd at finding the Inclos'd; but I have innumerable Reasons for my doing thus, which I shall waive at this Time, and acquaint you with at my Return. When my Wife and you read this in the Morning, be sure to think that I have done both of you the best Action in the World, which I could prove, were it not that I was in too much Haste when I wrote this: For finding you fatigued with your Journey before we had got half Way, I thought I could not do a better Deed than leave you where you were, with your Money in your Pocket, and in the midst of Plenty and good Company. As for the Bills, I take them to be properly mine, as they stand in the room of the Purchase-Money for the Estate which came to me by right of Marriage, and I humbly conceive I can make as right a Use of them as any Man living. As for going into *Norfolk*, I apprehend the Journey is useless, till I have made myself certain of a Place in *London*, when probably they may do something for me; till which Time adieu.

W. TRACEY.

Mean time the old Man and his Daughter were fast asleep in separate Beds, and our Adventurer, to make sure of what he had, got up early in the Morning; and, under a Pretence of riding out half a dozen Miles till Breakfast-time got his Horse saddled, mounted, and rode off. About Seven o'Clock the Father and Daughter rise, and missing *Tracey*, enquire of the People in the Inn if they had seen him, who are told by the Hostler that he went on Horseback at Three, and would return by Breakfast-time. But no *Tracey* appears at that Time, nor all that Day. This astonishes the old Man; but more the Daughter, who began to lament his Absence. They have different Thoughts about him, but all are in vain. Sometimes they are afraid that some Mischance

has befallen him; at other times, that having a Mind to view the Country, he had rode out for that Day; but at length, the old Man finding no Signs of his returning, goes and sees how Things stand about him. The first that presents itself is the Letter which being perus'd, put the old Man into a violent Fit of Trembling, which ended in a kind of convulsive Pangs. Drops are applied, which soon recovering the old Gentleman, every one are desirous to know the Cause of his Uneasiness. They are acquainted from the Beginning to the End, and all seem'd concerned at his Sorrow. What should the old Man do in this Case? Why, he is determin'd the Minute to travel after him, the next to return home but before he does that, he gets it proclaimed round about, that such a Man and such a Horse was missing and if any one could inform him where they were, or the or they making such Information, should receive from him the Sum of five Pounds. This was a tolerable good Way of Proceeding; for the Money induc'd several to make Enquiry; but in short all was to no Purpose, for our Adventurer was by this Time got to *Coventry*; and the old Man and his Daughter, after Week's Stay at *Trenton*, thought best to return home to *Cheshire*, to save more Expences, and wait the Return of their hopeful Son-in-law.

Tracey, in the mean time, was got to *Coventry* where he put up at the *Rose and Crown*, one of the best Inns in that City. On his going into the Inn, he observed a more than usual Stillness, which he could not tell well what to attribute to. He plac'd his Horse in the Stable, and then going into the House he heard a Dispute carrying on in the Room over the Head, which raising his Curiosity to know what meant, he went directly up Stairs into the Chamber. On his entering, the People within were somewhat astonish'd: He look'd about him, and saw in the Bed a Man with only a Sheet over him, and near the Fire-side a Woman, the Mistress of the Inn, and young Man. *Tracey* ask'd them what made the take so little Care about the House; for had he been an ill-disposed Person, he might have run away with half the Things in the Kitchen. Upon this the Mistress in the Bed, whom he took for dead, (being laid out as dead Men are) started up on his Backside, and address'd him in the following Manner: "Sir, I'm heartily glad you are come in, since, you being an impartial Man, I may venture to lay open my Case without Offence. You are to know then that the Woman sitting there is my Wife, which Woman I wish I had never known; for from the Time the matrimonial Knot was tied between us, I may safely say I have not had a Day's Rest, put a together, and now we have lived together seven Years wanting but a single Month. I believe I may alledge, without any Injustice, that during that Time I have been one of the most affectionate Husbands to her; for I have never debarr'd her from any thing, nor has she had the least Pretence for Complaint, occasion'd by me; whenever she wanted, I readily gave her more than she ask'd for: Whenever she was willing to go abroad, my Servant and a Chaise was at her Command, nay whenever any new costly Fashion came up, I was the first to promote it, I mean in shewing it upon her; and yet all these Favours and Considerations would not do. My Life upon this became uneasy and I had a thousand restless Moments about it. I communicated my Uneasiness to a particular Friend who told me that she did not love me, and the only Way to discover it was to feign myself dead. Accordingly I pretended myself dead, and presented this Wretch brought that old Woman, who together with her laid me out, as you saw me at you

"first coming in. During my dead Penance, I had an Opportunity of hearing how the Case went; and soon found that Love, or rather Lust, was the real Cause of all my late Miseries. The young Rascal there is her Gallant, who I am sure has laid above five hundred Pounds of my Substance, which from Time to Time I have found missing. This is a miserable Case, Sir, and deserves Compassion. But this is not all, she has already given Orders for my Funeral, for making of mourning Cloaths and Rings." — *Tracey* all this while stood gazing with due Attention, and could not but reflect on the Inconstancy, Profusion, and Artifice of some Women. He told the Person in Bed he was extremely sorry for his Misfortune in being wedded to such a Sea-Devil, who was a thousand Times worse to him than all his Money; but he would give him a reasonable Reward by-and-by.

The Husband hereupon thank'd him, and express'd his Gratitude for his coming into his Chamber so opportunely. But Sir, says he this Wretch held a pretty long Consultation with the other two how he should behave in so nice a Circumstance; for, said she, I cannot weep, and the Town will admire at my not shedding a Tear over his Grave, who, they know was so tender and loving a Husband. Oh! added she, I'll put Onions into my Handkerchief, and by that Means I shall deceive the World with a forc'd Lamentation. Ay, ay, replied *Tracey*, this is worse than all; but I'll spoil her of her Artifices presently; and so saying, he pulls a loaded Pistol out of his Breast, and commanded, on pain of Death, every one of them, not excepting the Man in Bed, to deliver what Money they had; for, said he, 'tis Money that has made this Confusion, and I'm resolv'd to ease you of it, in order to make you live together more quiet for the future. — Upon this going up to the Wife, he received from her fifty Guineas, from the Gallant thirty, and from the old Woman five. — an handsome Spoil! then, says he, and pray, Landlord, what can you afford me? Nothing in the World, reply'd he, for I humbly conceive I have given you eighty five Guineas already, which is a tolerable good Fee for your Advice, Sir — Say you so, Mr. *Buffler* — Well, I shall call this Day Se'nnight again to see how Affairs go, and if I do not find your Wife reconciled by the Loss of this Money, I'll then remove double the Sum, and so every Week in Proportion, till I have made a thorough Cure, and with that he bad them farewell.

Tracey, after this Adventure, made his Way to *Ware*, where taking up his Lodgings for that Night, he got into the Company of a young Oxonian, who had brought a large Portmanteau behind him. The Student seemed very well pleas'd at his Friend's Conversation, as he thought, and, to encrease a better Understanding betwixt them, they supped together, and drank a Couple of Bottles of Wine afterwards. They lay together in the same Bed, and, an Hour or two before they went to sleep, had a great Deal of Conversation about the Ways of Mankind, which terminated at last about the University, which *Tracey* pretended to be an entire Stranger to. In the Morning both drank Sick Pottet, mounted and pursued their Journey together. *Tracey* endeavour'd to amuse his Fellow Traveller with a Series of Foreign Adventures, which he had never perform'd; the Scholar, on his Part, laid open the wicked Practices of the Colleges, so that both seem'd to be fit and choice Companions for each other.

Tracey would now and then take hold of the Student's Portmanteau, and tell him 'twas very heavy, and wonder'd he did not bring a Servant along with him, so much undervaluing his Profession, by being Master and Man himself? The Student constantly an-

swered, that the Times were exceeding hard, and he travel'd by himself to save Charges. How, replies the other, Charges! Why, the Charges of a Servant are vastly ingenuent in Comparison of the Loss you may probably sustain on the road for Want of one: I hope, Sir, you have not got any great Charge of Money within your Portmanteau, for I think you act a very unwise Part, if you carry much about you, without having some one or other in Company with you: The Student told him, he had no less than Three-score Pounds within it, which he was carrying to the University to defray the customary Fees for taking up his Degree of Master of Arts. Ah, says *Tracey*, that's a round Sum, o' my Word, and 'tis a thousand Pities so much should be given away to Persons that no way deserve a Farthing of it.

If I had known of your having Three-score Pounds about you, when we were at the Inn, I could have procur'd you a Chap that would have sold you a Place for it much more beneficial than any Thing you hope for, by being a Master of Arts, but as we are too far a Distance off from *Ware* to return in Time, you shall be eas'd of your Money and Portmanteau presently; for I have an Occasion at this very Conjuncture for such a Quantity of Money, and there's no better Person than myself you can lend it to; after which Words *Tracey* unlooses the Straps, takes the Portmanteau, and puts it on his own Horse. The Student observing this, immediately cried aloud, Oh dear Sir, I hope your Design is not to rob me; I shall lose a pretty good Personage that is offer'd me in Essex, if you take away my Money from me. Pray, Sir, consider the Crime you are going to act, for the Loss of my Three-score Pounds will not only deprive me of a competent Means of Livelihood, but also the Almighty will lose a Minister of his Word. And for the Sake of Heaven, I beseech you to be compassionate, and not so severe on a poor Man that was oblig'd to borrow this Money of several Persons, who would not have lent it, but through a View of being soon repaid. Sir, you commit a Thing against the Larus of your Country, and the Precepts of Humanity, to wrest thus by Force what belongs to another Man, and I dare say you are not so much a Stranger to the Injustice of it, but you know 'tis an Error, and a great one. The Sin too is vastly enlarged, when a specious Pretence of Friendship is made use of for such a dishonourable Deed; for how will any Man know he is safe in travelling, if every one he meets with on the Road, converses with him in the sincere Manner (I mean outwardly) as you have pretended to me. But, Sir, not to enlarge further, let me intreat you over and over again, not to take my All from me, for if so, I am inevitably ruin'd, and am an undone Man for ever.

Tracey seem'd to mind the Student's Desire of having his Portmanteau again with a grave Attention, but the Thought of having obtain'd such a considerable Booty, made him banish every compassionate Sentiment out of his Breast, till no longer able to bear with the tedious Importunities of the Scholar, he pulled out of his Breeches Pockets a Leathern Purse with Four Pounds odd Money in it, and gave it the Collegian, saying, Friend, I am not yet so much lost to the Sense of Compassion, but I can extend my Charity and Generosity; 'tis not customary for a Gentleman of my Fortune to give Money, but your Intercession has won me over to it. Here are Four Pounds odd Money to bear your Expenses to the University, so that you will not be all the Loser, and when you come to the College, acquaint all those whom it may concern, that you have paid your Master of Arts Fees already to a Collector on the Road, who had a thousand Times more Occasion for the Money than a Parcel of old Mellics, that live by whoring, and stealing out of other Authors Works. And so saying, he bad the poor Collegian farewell,

farewel, leaving him to pursue his Journey, and obtain his Degree as well as he could; while himself made the nearest Way to the next Village, where opening the Portmanteau, he found nothing but two old Shirts, half a Dozen dirty Binds, a thread bare Student's torn Gown, a Pair of Stockings without Feet, a Pair of Shoes, but with one Heel to them, some other old Trumpery, and a great Ham of Bacon, but not one Farthing of Money; which set him a swearing and cursing like a Devil, to think he should be such a preposterous Ass, to give Four Pounds and more for that which was not worth Forty Shillings.

We have but two Adventures more of Tracey which we find on Record; the first relating to a Robbery he committed on the famous Poet *Ben Johnson*; the other to another on the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was slain by *Felton*, as he was going to embark at *Portsmouth*; for which he was hanged, both which we shall be very brief in.

Ben Johnson had been down in *Buckinghamshire* to transact some Business, but in returning to *London* happened to meet with *Tracey*, who knowing the Poet, bad him stand and deliver his Money. But *Ben* putting on a courageous Look, spoke to him thus:

*Fly Villain hence, or by thy Coat of Steel,
I'll make thy Heart my loaden Bullet feel,
And send that thrice as thievish Soul of thine
To Hell, to wean the Devil's Valentine.*

Upon which *Tracey* made this Answer:

*Art thou, great Ben? or the revived Ghost
Of famous Shakespear? or some drunken Host?
Who being tipsy with thy muddy Beer,
Dost think thy Rhimes will daunt my Soul with
Fear;
Nay, know, base Slave, that I am one of those,
Can take a Purse, as well in Verse, as Prose,
And when thou art dead, write this upon thy
Hersè,
Here lies a Poet who was robb'd in Verse.*

These Words alarmed *Johnson*, who found he had met with a resolute Fellow; he endeavoured to save his Money, but to no Purpose, and was obliged to give our Adventurer ten Jacobus's. But the Loss of these was not the only Misfortune he met with in this Journey; for coming within two or three Miles of *London*, it was his ill Chance to fall into the Hands of worse Rogues, who knock'd him off his Horse, stript him, and tied him Neck and Heels in a Field, wherein some other Passengers were enduring the same hard Fate, having been also robbed. One of them crying out, that he, his Wife and Children were all un-

done, while another, who was bound, over-hearing, said, pray, if you are all of you undone, come and undo me. This made *Ben*, though under his Misfortunes, burit out into a loud Laugh, who being delivered in the Morning from his Bands by some Reapers, made the following Veries:

*Both robb'd and bound, as I one Night did ride,
With two Men more, their Arms behind them ty'd,
The one lamenting what did them befall,
Cry'd, I'm undone, my Wife and Children all;
The other hearing it, aloud did cry,
Undo me then, let me no longer lie;
But to be plain, those Men laid on the Ground,
Were both undone, indeed, but both fast bound.*

Tracey might have made a good Man, had he turn'd those Talents Providence had given him to better Use, than he made of them. For he had a fine Way of Delivery, a Volubility of Speech, extensive Memory, and was well versed in the Books of the Antients. We may very well say, that his irregular Life was owing to the first immoderate Courses he learnt at the College, where so many young Gentlemen, by running beyond their Salaries are forc'd on dishonourable Artifices to support themselves. And *Tracey* happened to be one of these. While he remain'd in *Cheshire*, he gave Signs of being a frugal and provident young Man, and to descend so low as to hire himself, who had been born a Gentleman, to drudge into the Fields and Meadows was what ten thousand, except himself, would have scorn'd to have done; but this heightens his Character, as it argues a real Sign of Humility, which had our Adventurer continued in the Country with his Father, had made him one of the happiest of Men.

Tracey had amassed together in Money and Goods sufficient to support him handsomely during Life and determining with himself to take up betimes, and live peaceably on what he had got, he placed his Money in a Friend's Hand, who made off with it and left our Adventurer to pursue his old Trade towards obtaining more. He was heard to speak the following Words on this Occasion, 'Tis true that at this Time we are almost grown a Nation of Cheats; but that which is worst of all is, that Men will not cheat upon the Square; one engrosses more Knavery than the other, for if it went round equally there would be nothing lost.

The last Robbery he committed was on the Duke of *Buckingham* above-mention'd; but some say, he only endeavoured to commit one. Now as we have neither the Place, nor in what Manner this Attempt was made, nor how much he took from his Grace nor any other Circumstances to help us to a Discovey of this Adventure, we are obliged to be silent and only say that he suffered for it at *Winchester*.



Van Holland & Tristram Savage Robbing Dr. Trotter in Moorfield

The LIFE of ANN HOLLAND.

THIS was her right Name, tho' she went by the Names of *Andrews, Charlton, Edwards, Goddard and Jackson*. This Practice, is very usual with Thieves, because falling oftentimes into the Hands of Justice, and being often convicted of crimes, yet thereby it appears sometimes, that when they are arraign'd at the Bar again, that is the first time that they have been taken, and the first Crime hereof they have ever been accus'd: Moreover, they should happen to be call'd People, by not knowing their right Names, cannot say the Son or daughter of such a Man or Woman is to be whipp'd, sent, or hang'd, on such a Day of the Month, in such a Year; from whence would proceed more sorrow to them that suffer'd, as well as Disgrace to their Parents. For this Reason an *alias* is prefix'd several Names, when such Persons are indicted, as we have observed before, whose Delight is to be gentlemen and Gentlewomen without Rents, to have their Folks Goods for their own, and dispose of them at their own Will and Pleasure, without costing them any more than the Pains of stealing them.

As to *Anne Holland*, her usual Way of thieving as what they call the *Service-Lay*, which was hiring herself for a Servant in any good Family, and then, as Opportunity serv'd, she robb'd them.

Thus living once with a Master Taylor, in *York-street* in the *Strand*, her Mistress was but just one to a Christening, when her Master came home pooted and spurr'd out of the Country, and going up to his Chamber, where she was making his Bed, he had a great Mind to try his Manhood with her, and accordingly threw her on her Back. *Nan* made a resistance, and would not grant him his Desire without he pull'd off his Boots. He consented, and at his Command she pluck'd one off; but whilst she was pulling off the other, somebody knocking opportunely at the Door, she ran down Stairs, taking a Silver Tankard off the Window, which would hold two Quarts, saying, she must draw some Beer, for she was very dry. She not returning presently, poor *Miss* was swearing, and staring, and bawling, for his laid *Nan* to pull off his t'other Boot, which was all on and half off; but being extraordinary strait, she could neither get his Leg farther in nor out. And here he might remain 'till Doomsday for *Nan*, for he was gone far enough off with the *Wedge*, that's to say, the Plate, which she had converted into another Shape and Fashion in a short Time.

Another Time *Nan* having been at a Fair in the Country, as she was coming up to *London*, she lay at *Uxbridge*, where being a good Pair of Holland sheets to the Bed, she was so industrious as set up most part of the Night, and make her a Couple of good mocks out of one of them; so in the Morning, putting the other Sheet double towards the Head of the Bed, she came down Stairs to Breakfast. In the interim, the Mistress sent up her Maid to see if the sheets were there, who turning the single Sheet a title down as it lay folded, she came and whisper'd

in her Mistress's Ear, that the Sheets were both there; so *Nan* discharging her Reckoning, she brought more *Shifts* to Town than she carried out with her; and truly she had a pretty many before, or else she could not have liv'd as she did for some Years.

This unfortunate Creature, at her first launching out into the Region of Vice, was a very personable young Woman, being clear-skin'd, well shap'd, having a sharp piercing Eye, a proportionable Face, and an exceeding small Hand; which natural Gifts serv'd rather to make her miserable than happy; for several lewd Fellows flocking about her, like so many Ravens about a Piece of Carrion, to enter her under *Cupid's* Banner, and obtaining their Ends, she soon commenc'd, and took Degrees, in all manner of Debauchery; for if once a Woman passes the Bounds of Modesty, she seldom stops till she hath arriv'd to the very Height of Impudence.

However, it was her Fortune to light on a good Husband; for one Mr. *French*, a Comb-maker, living formerly on *Snow-Hill*, taking a Fancy to her in a Coffee-house, where she was a Servant till she had an Opportunity to rob her Master, such was his Affection, without in the least knowing she had been debauch'd, that he married her, and was better satisfied with his matching with her who had nothing, than many are with Wives of great Portions. But the Comb-maker's Joys were soon vanish'd, for his Spouse being brought to Bed of a Girl within six Months after *Hymen* had join'd them together, it bred such a great Confusion betwixt them, that there was scarce any Thing in the Kitchen, or other Part of the House, which they did not continually fling at one another's Heads. Whereupon her Husband confessing a Judgment to a Friend in whom he could confide, all his Goods were presently seiz'd, and she turn'd out of House and Home, to the great Satisfaction of Mr. *French*, who shortly after went to *Ireland*, and there died.

Nan Holland being thus metamorphos'd from a House-keeper to a Vagabond, she was oblig'd to shift among the Wicked for a Livelihood; and to give her what was her due, tho' she was but young, yet she could cant tolerably well, wheedle most cunningly, lie confoundedly, swear desperately, pick a Pocket dexterously, dissemble undiscernably, drink and smoke everlastingly, whore insatiably, and brazen out all her Actions impudently.

A little after this Disaster, she was married to one *James Wilson*, an eminent Highwayman, very expert in his Occupation, for he never was without false Beards, Vizards, Patches, Wens, or Mufflers, to disguise the natural Physiognomy of his Face. He knew how to give the Watch-word for his Comrades to fall on their Prey; how to direct them to make their Boots dirty, as if they had rid many Miles, when they were not far from their private Place of Rendezvous; and how to cut the Girths and Bridles of them whom they rob, and bind 'em fast

fast in a Wood, or some other obscure Place. But these pernicious Actions jully bringing him to be hang'd in a little Time, at *Maidstone* in *Kent*, *Nan* was left a hempen Widow, and forc'd to shift for herself again.

After this Loss of a good Husband, *Nan Holland* being well apprell'd, she, in Company with one *Tristram Savage*, who had laid under a Fine for crying the scurrilous Pamphlet, entitled, *The Black List*, about the Streets, a long Time in *Newgate*, where they became first acquainted, went to Dr. *Trotter* in *Monfield*, to have her Nativity calculated. When they were admitted into the Conjuror's Prefence, who took them to be both of the Female Sex, because *Savage* was also dress'd in Women's Clothes, and being inform'd by *Nan* what she came about, he presently drew a Scheme of the twelve Houses, and filling them with the insignificant Characters of the Signs, Planets, and Aspects, display'd about the Time and Place of her Birth in the Middle of them, the following Jargon.

That the Sun being upon the Cusp of the tenth House, and *Saturn* within it, but five Degrees from the Cusp, it denoted a Fit of Sickness, which would shortly afflict her; but then *Mercury* being in the eleventh House, just in the Beginning of *Sagittarius*, near *Aldebaran*, and but six Degrees from the Body of *Saturn*, in a Mundane Square to the Moon and *Mars*, it signified her speedy Recovery from it. Again, *Cancer* being in a Zodiacal Trine to the Sun, *Saturn*, and *Mercury*, she might depend upon having a good Husband in a short Time; and moreover, it was a sure Sign, that he who married her should be a very rich and thriving Man.

Thus having gone through this Astrological Cant, quoth *Tristram Savage* to Doctor *Trotter*, Can you tell me, Sir, what I think? The Conjuror replied, with a surly Countenance, *It is none of my Profession to tell Peoples Thoughts. Why then* (said *Savage*) *I'll show 'em you.* Whereupon pulling a Pistol out

of his Pocket, and clapping it to the Doctor's Breast, he swore he was a dead Man, if he made but the least Outcry; which so surpriz'd him, that, trembling like an Aspen Leaf, he submitted to whatever they desir'd. So whilst *Nan* was busy in tying him Neck and Heels, *Savage* stood over him with a Penknife in one Hand, and his *Pop*, (that's what they call any Thing of a Gun) in t'other; still swearing, that if he did but whimper, his present Punishment should be either the Blade of his Penknife thrust into his Wind pipe, or else a Brace of Balls convey'd thro' his Guts. To be still more sure of the Conjuror's not cackling, they gagg'd him, and then rifling his Pockets, they found a Gold Watch, twenty Guineas, and a Silver Tobacco-Box, which they carry'd away, besides taking two good Rings off his Finger.

After these good Customers were gone, the Conjuror began to make what Noise he could for Relief, by rowling about the Floor like a Porpoise in a great Storm, and kicking on the Boards with such Violence, that the Servants verily thought there was a Combat indeed betwixt their Master and the Devil. But when they went up Stairs, and found him ty'd and gagg'd, they were in no small Astonishment; and quickly loosing him, he told them how he was robb'd; whereupon they made quick Pursuit after *Nan Holland*, and the other Offender, but to no Purpose, for they were got out of their Reach, and the Knowledge of all the Stars.

Altho' she had receiv'd Mercy once before, yet she took no Warning thereby, but when at Liberty still pursued her old Courses, which in 1705 brought her to *Tyburn*; where, instead of imploring for Mercy from above, she cry'd out upon the hard Heart of her Judge, and the Rigor of the Laws; also cursing the Hangman; but forgetting to repent of the Fact which brought her into the Executioner's Hands, and would, unrepented of, deliver her Soul into the far less merciful Hands of another hereafter

The LIFE of DICK MORRIS.

WE have no Account of this Malefactor's Birth and Education, which we may therefore conclude were obscure enough: But be that as it will, his Actions were as extraordinary, and indeed as extravagant, in their Kinds, as any we have related. Some of them follow.

One Time *Dick Morris* drinking at an Inn in *Winchester*, and over-hearing a couple of Gentlemen declaring their Misfortunes in loving two Gentlewomen, by whom they were utterly slighted, he putting on a bold Face, which he always had, forc'd himself into their Company, which was not unacceptable to them, by reason, he pretended, that they should obtain their Sweethearts thro' his Means; for having liv'd with an Astrologer, who was also a great Magician, he had learnt of him many Secrets in matters of Love, which were so infallible, that if the Ladies Hearts, whom they lov'd, were harder than an *Adamant*, yet would he make them softer than Wax: But then they must help him to some of the Hairs of the Parties beloved, with which, and some Ceremonies that he would perform, he

would engage that both the Gentlewomen's Heart should be put in such a Flame, that they should never rest, Day nor Night, till they granted them their Desire.

This News pleas'd the Gentlemen to that Degree that, between them, they kept *Dick Morris* very splendidly, both at Bed and Board, and also with Money in his Pocket, till he performed his Promise which was to be within a Week; when the Moon was just encreasing, as the most proper Time for his Undertaking.

Next, according to *Dick's* Orders, the two Gentlemen bought a new Sack, a small Cord, another hempen one bigger, and four Ells long, a new Knife a Chain, and a Brush, which were delivered into his Custody; and they thought every Minute an Age till the Time of Conjunction came.

Long look'd for being come at last, and the Night approaching wherein the Gentlemen were to be made forever happy, they were dress'd, according to *Dick's* Directions, in their richest Apparel, giving each of them a Look of their scornful Lover's Ha-

into his Hands, *With which*, (quoth our Conjuror,) *I will subdue your Mistress; so that were their Hearts more frozen than the Alps, I will turn them into Mountains of Fire, hotter than those of Vesuvius, or ever-burning Aëna.* Then all three taking Horie, they rid about two Miles out of Winchester, and alighting at the Place where this magical Trial was to be put in Execution, and tying their Hories to a Tree, *Dick* making strange four Faces, which looked as cribbed as the Letters of the *Arabick* Alphabet, he drew a Circle on the Ground, in which nuttering many cramp Words, and turning himself in strange Postures, sometimes towards the *East*, and sometimes towards the *West*, withal using most surprising Ceremonies with his Hands and Feet, he made the Gentlemen no less astonish'd than fearful.

After this, *Dick* began with the first Spark, making him to strip himself, and at the same Time teaching him to say certain insignificant Words in pulling off each Parcel of his Cloaths, which he pronounced so exactly, that he lost not one Syllable, believing that if he had fail'd in one Jot, he should have spoil'd all the Business. With this Ceremony *Dick* stript him to his Shirt, and tho' it was in the Depth of Winter, yet he order'd him to pull off that also; then giving him a Knife in his Hand, he commanded him to make some Stabs towards the four Quarters of the World, and to go into the sack; which he did, as quiet as a Lamb.

Thus having done with the first, after he had ty'd the Mouth of the Sack fast, and bid him not to stir hand nor Foot for half an Hour, for then the Enchantment would be at an End, nor to speak a Word, or if he did, he would be in *Barbary* in the twinkling of an Eye: He then address'd himself to the other Gentleman, who, in a great Cnase, said to *Dick*, *I'll be hang'd if thou hast not forgot something of my Business, for here I see neither Sack nor Knife for me, as for my Friend.* Whereupon, *Dick* told him there was no need of a Sack for his Master, because his magical Operations were made stronger or weaker, according to the greater or lesser Cruelty that Gentleman have; and understanding his Friend's Mistress was the most disdainful of their two Sweet-hearts, he made the Inchantment of the Sack for her, as being the strongest of all. *O! dear, Sir*, (reply'd the Gentleman) *what is this that thou hast done? My Mistress is more disdainful and hard hearted than any Tyger or Lionsess.* Peace, be quiet, (quoth *Dick*) *with these Hairs of her Head, and these Cords, I will twist such a Knot, that they shall have as much Force as your Friend's Sack; and though your Mistress is so cruel as you say, yet will I add thereto, that Charm which will make her never be able to take any rest till she sees you in her Arms.* Said the Gentleman again, 'tis that which I want; therefore let us martyr her in such a Manner, that my Love may torment her Thoughts as much as she hath mine.

Then *Dick* bringing him to a Tree, where his Enchantment was to be made, he in an Instant drew a Circle, and making the Gentlemen go into it stark naked, because he thought two Shirts better than one, he took the Hairs of his Mistress, and twisting them with the Cord, he ty'd his Hands to the Tree, at the same Time telling him the Mystery that was hid in every Ceremony, which he us'd; and *Dick* would also have ty'd his Feet, but that he fear'd the Gentleman would have suspected this Ceremony to be rather the Fact of a Robber than a Magician; however, as securing his Hands was enough for his Purpose, he took all their Cloaths and three Hories, and was in *London* before break of Day: In the mean Time the Flames of *Cupid*,

which raged in these Gentlemen's Breasts, were pretty allay'd by the next Morning; for when they were releas'd from their Enchantments by some Passengers that happen'd to pass that Way, they were almost perish'd with Cold. When they got home, they swore the Poets had a very good Reason to feign Love blind, because if they had not been so, they should have perceived all the pretended Magician's Promises to be nothing but Wind, and that the Means which he propounded to them for obtaining their Sweethearts Favours, was only to obtaining for himself their Cloaths and Equipage.

Another Time *Dick Morris* being at *Northampton*, within half a Mile of which Place was a Meeting-House, and not above a quarter of a Mile farther dwelt a rich *Presbyterian* Parson, who was a single Man, he had once or twice attempted to rob him, but prov'd unsuccessful in his Design. However *Dick* thinking he could not go to *London* with a safe Conscience, unless he could outwit this dissenting Preacher: He procures a Waggoner's old Linen Frock, and dawbing it thick with Paste, he goes, on a *Saturday*, to the Meeting-house, and had the Opportunity of getting *incognito* into the Pulpit, whilst an old Woman was cleaning it against *Sunday*. Then putting on the Frock, stuck full of Card Matches, he set them all on Fire, by the help of a Tinder Box which he had in his Pocket; then standing upright, quoth *Dick*, *Woman, Woman, hearken to my Voice!*

The old Woman seeing this blazing Spectacle, was running out in a great Fright, but upon *Dick's* calling after her and saying, *Woman, unless thou comest back and hearken to my Voice, thou shalt presently perish*, she return'd, and, in a trembling Condition, gave great Attention to *Dick's* Words, who bid her not to be fearful, for he was an Angel come to order her to go forthwith to the Minister of that Meeting-House, and tell him, that he was come to require his Soul of him that very Day, and that he must bring all his Money and Plate along with him, but to be sure must not come with a Lie in his Mouth, for if he did, it would be the worser for him.

The poor old Woman dropping a low Church Courtise to this dark Angel, she went with all Speed to the *Presbyterian* Parson's House, and told him all that had happened in the Meeting-House; but to be certain that the old Woman delivered her Message, *Dick*, having laid aside his flaming Garment, follow'd at a Distance, and softly stepping into the House after her, he heard the Parson, fetching a Sigh, say to his Maid, who was with Child by him, *Well, my Dear, my appointed Time is come, I find, so taking what Money and Plate, I have along with me, I must bid you farewell for ever in this World.* Quoth the Maid, *I hope, Sir, you will not leave me in this Condition, you know my Reckoning is almost out, and I have nothing to keep me in my Lying-in.* That's true, (reply'd the Parson) and I pity you with all my Heart—There is ten Pounds in that silver Tankard, go take it, for perhaps, as it is an Act of Charity, it may be forgiven.

Then the Parson tying his Riches up in a Napkin, and putting it under his Cloak, he made the best of his Way to the Meeting House, where he was got before the Parson, in his former fiery Posture; which the Parson beholding with great Astonishment, he made his Obeisance to him; and the supposed Angel telling him he was come to fetch into another World that Night, he ask'd, Whether he had brought all his Money and Plate along with him? The Parson, in a very faint Voice, answered, *Yes*, quoth *Dick* then, *Where's the ten Pounds that was in the silver Tankard?* Ah! (reply'd the Parson trembling,) *I see now*

thou art an Angel, for thou knowest the Secrets of Mens Heart. So telling Dick he would go and fetch it, he ran straight home to his Maid, saying to her, *Oh! Hannah, Hannah, you must let me have the ten Pounds again, for the Angel knew I had not brought all my Money.* The Maid restor'd it him, for fear it should be a hindrance to his Salvation; and he bringing it to Dick, put it with the rest of the Money and Plate into a Bag; and then opening a great Sack, quoth he, *Come into this, and if you meet with any Difficulties in your spiritual Journey, you must not complain, because Narrow is the Way which leads to Life, and few there be that find it.*

Then tying him close up, he throws him over his Shoulders; but many a hard knock had the poor Parson, as he carry'd him over Gates and Stiles; and about a quarter of a Mile from the Meeting-House, he threw this Lump of Iniquity into a Hogsty, and there left him.

Not long after, some of the Servants going it, and seeing somewhat stir in the Sack, they were affrighted, and ran to tell their Master what they had seen in the Hogsty; who also coming thither, and finding the Report true, quoth he to one of his Servants, *Take the Pitchfork and run through it.* This Command made the poor Parson cry out for Quarters; whereupon, finding it was a Man, they open'd the Sack, and out he came, quaking like one with a Tertian Ague. The Farmer asking him how he was brought thither in that Manner, he told him an Angel had brought him thither. *An Angel!* (reply'd the Farmer) *a D—! you mean? God knows what 'twas, but I'm sure 'twas no Man,* says the Parson; and so he went home to his Maid Hannah again, above one hundred and twenty Pounds worser in his Pocket than when he left her.

In fine, Richard Morris one Day going to Canterbury, within a Mile of the City, he accidentally lit into an old Woman's House, to refresh himself with a Piece of Bread and Cheese, and a Pint of Ale; and looking very dejected, the old Woman took Notice thereof, and asked him the Cause of his sad Countenance; so shaking his Head, he told her that Mouey was very thorr with him, and that he should be very glad if she could help him to any Work, he being a Stocking-Weaver by Trade.

The old Woman taking Compassion on him, helped him to a Master at Canterbury, where he had about five Months Work, at eleven Shillings per Week, leaving all that while, his Wages in his Masters Hands, because he would receive it all at a Lump, and then would pay the old Woman together, who all that Time found him in Victuals, Drink, Washing, and Lodging.

At length, when the heat of Business was over, Richard Morris was paid off, and going straight Home to his Landlady, he told her, with a great deal of Joy, that he had received all his Money, and the first Thing he did in the Morning, should be to pay her what he owed her, to a Farthing. *Ay, Ay,*

(quoth the old Woman) *I don't question thy Honesty, Richard!* So bidding the old Woman good Night, he went to Bed. Early in the Morning, he comes down Stairs, in a Disulile, as his Coat and Wastecoa unbutton'd, and having no Garters, Wig, nor Neckcloth on, for he had them in his Pockets: *Come Landlady,* says he *let's do nothing rashly, we'll have a full Pot of humming Ale before we reckon, and a Toast.* The old Woman, no doubt, was well pleas'd at this, and going into the Cellar to draw the Drink, Dick slept softly to the Door, on the outside of which was a Bolt, and bolted her in, where she was squawling and bawling for some Hours, before any Body came by to let her out of her Confinement.

But Dick was got quite off of the Ground; but betwixt Settingborn and Rochester, overtaking a Cart of Hay, which was going to be sold in Rochester Market, he follows the Tail of it, swaying on the right and left thereof whenever it yielded more to one Side than the other, as going thro' a Rut, Slough, or hollow Place; and being in a great Country-like Coat, and having a large oaken Plant in his Hand, an Inn-keeper, as passing thro' Chatbam, call'd to Dick, (as supposing him to be the Owner of the Hay) to know the Price of it. The Man that was driving on before, not hearing the Inn-keeper, keeps driving on, whilst Dick slept up to his Chapman with a handful of Hay for him to smell to, telling him it was as good a Load of Hay as any was in Kent. The Inn-keeper lik'd it very well, and after some Pro's and Con's about the Price, he paid him one Pound eight Shillings for the Hay, out of which he spent Six-pence; and then saying to the Inn-keeper, *I suppose you will know my Cart again from the rest in the Market, go and bid my Man bring the Load of Hay to your House, and make haste home with the Team,* he went about his Business.

The Inn-keeper goes to Market straight, and finding out the Cart, order'd the Man to bring that Load of Hay to his House, for he had paid his Master for it: *S'bleed.* (quoth the Fellow) *I'de na Master come with me to Dai.* In short, the Inn-keeper resolving not to lose his Money, nor the Bumpkin his Hay, from Words they came to Blows, till having blooded one another pretty well, they went to decide the Matter before a Justice of the Peace, where the Inn-keeper proved, by two or three Witneses, that he paid a Man eight and twenty Shillings for the Load of Hay which his Antagonist had now at Market; but the Servant proving his Master to be very sick at Home, and that none came to Market along with him to sell the Hay, but himself, the Inn-keeper, by the Magistrate's Order, was obliged to lose his Money.

But Richard Morris not making good use of the Mercy he had received once before, he still pursu'd his villainous Practices till he was again condemn'd for his Life, and hang'd with Arthur Chambers and Jack Goodwin, alias Plump, at Tyburn, in 1706.

The LIFE of JACK GOODWIN.

WHEN silver Tankards were more in vogue in the Alehouses than they at present, this Fellow going into one to drink, he call'd for a Tankard of Ale, which being brought, he drank it off, and having cut out the Bottom of it, said the Victualler for his Liqueur, who seeing the Tankard on the Table, had no Suspicion that any Damage had been done it. But shortly after some other Company came in, and the Taster running into the Cellar to fill them that Tankard, which Mr. Goodwin had been fingering, the Fellow wonder'd to see the Cock run and the Tankard never the fuller, hereupon, turning it up, he could find no more bottom in it, than Mariners can in the Ocean.

Another Time Jack Goodwin being in the County, as far as Durham, and destitute of Money, he happen'd to meet with another idle Companion, with whom he made a Bargain to beg their Way up London; and in order to excite People's Pity the more, his new Companion was to act the Part of a blind Man, and he was to be his Guide, instead of Dog and a Bell. So getting a Penny-worth of tiring Wax, with which Taylors fear the Edges of their Candles, Jack Goodwin molting it over a Candle, he dawb'd his Comrade's Eyes therewith, insomuch that he could not open them.

Our Couple thus proceeding on their Journey, they went by their cruising or begging thro' the Countries, and pick'd up about the Sum of four Pounds sixteen Shillings, by that Time they had got up to Ware: next making the best of their Way up to London, within ten or eleven Miles of the same, being to cross a small brook over a narrow wooden Bridge, with a rail but on one Side of it, for the Conveniency of foot Passengers, when they were upon it, Goodwin threw his blind Comrade into the Water, where he stood up to the Neck, but moving neither one Way nor t'other, for fear of being drowned. In the meantime his Guide made straight to London. Soon afterwards some Passengers coming by, who took Pity on the Fellow, as supposing him to be really Blind, they help'd him out of the Brook, and setting him on a *arra firma*, he presently, by their Directions, arrived at a House, where getting some warm Water, wash'd his Eye lids; which being then open'd, he search'd after his Fellow Traveller to London, where he might hunt about long enough before he found

him out, for Jack was got into some ill House or another, where he was as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

The Duke of Bedford being visiting a Person of Quality one Night very late, whilst the Footmen were gone to drink at some adjacent Boozing-Ken, or Alehouse, the Coachman was taking a Nap on his Box; and Jack Goodwin coming by at the same Time with some of his thieving Cronies, they took the two hind Wheels off the Coach, and supported it up with two Pieces of Wood, which they got out of a House which was building hard by. So having carried them away, His Grace not long after going into his Coach, and the Footmen getting up behind in a hurry, no sooner did the Horses begin to draw, but down fell His Grace, Footmen and all; who looking to see how the Accident came, they found the hind Wheels were stollen; whereupon the Duke was oblig'd to go home in a hackney Coach.

This John Goodwin, alias Plump, was condemned when he was but eleven Years of Age, for picking a Merchant's Pocket of one hundred and fifty Guineas, and was afterwards several Times in great danger of his Life, before Justice took hold of him in Earnest.

At last, committing a Burglary in company with another, when he was but eighteen Years of Age, he was apprehended and carried before Sir Thomas Stamp, Knight and Alderman of London; where, after he was examin'd, being searched, several Cords were found in his Pocket; upon which, his Worship asking Goodwin what Trade he was, he reply'd, *A Taylor*; Then Sir Thomas taking up the Cords, and looking very wisely on them, quoth he, *You use, methinks, very big Thread. Yes, Sir, (said Goodwin) for it is generally coarse Work which I'm employ'd about.*

Next searching his Comrade, Henry Williams, a Pistol was found loaded in his Bosom; upon which Sir Thomas asking what Trade he was, he reply'd, *a Taylor too: What both Taylors (said his Worship) and pray what Implement is this belonging to your Trade?* Quoth Williams, *That Pistol, Sir, is my Needle-Case.*

To conclude, Sir Thomas was so astonish'd at their Impudence, that he immediately made their *Mittimus* for Newgate, and being try'd at Justice-Hall in the Old-Bailey, they were both condemned to die, and soon after executed at Tyburn.

The LIFE of WILL. ELBY.

THIS noted Malefactor was born at *Deptford*, in the County of *Kent*, of very honest Parents; who bound him Apprentice to a Block-maker at *Rotherhithe*; but he was no sooner out of his time, than instead of setting up, or working for himself, he went rambling abroad, and delighting in bad Company, he soon grew in love with their Vices. He went first of all upon the Waterpad, which is, going on Night with a Boat on board any Ship, or other Vessel lying down the River of *Thames*, and finding therein no Persons to watch the same, or else catching the Watch asleep, break open the Padlocks of the Cabbins or Hatchels, and rob 'em.

William Elby, alias *Dun*, having been like to suffer twice or thrice for this sort of Robbery, he kept Company with several notorious House-breakers; particularly with one *Peter Bennet*, alias *Peter Flower*, but commonly called *French Peter*, from the Place of his Birth, as being born at *Niort*, in the Province of *Poitou* in *France*. This Fellow, in the 25th Year of his Age, was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 25th of *October*, 1704.

Elby had also broke open several Houses with one *Samuel Scotland*, a G roiner, who was condemned for 23 Felonies and Burglaries, and hang'd for them on *Wednesday* the 30th of *December*, 1702, at *Tyburn*; where pulling off his Shoes, and flinging 'em among the Spectators, he said, *My Father and Mother often told me that I should die with my Shoes on, but you may all see that now I have made them both Liars*. This impudent Speech has been used by more than one.

At the same Time with *Scotland*, was one *John Goffe* executed there, with whom, and some others, *Will. Elby* having taken a House in *Boswell Court*, in *Cary-street*, near *Lincoln's-Inn-fields*, in the Name of a Lady whose Steward *Goffe* pretended to be, he had the Key thereof delivered to him; then he went to several Goldsmiths about Town, and telling them a plausible Story, that his Lady wanted several Pieces of Plate, as silver Tasters, Spoons, Forks, and Cups, they, by his Appointment, brought what he bespoke, to this empty House, where they expected to be paid for their Goods.

But when these Tradesmen came thither, and were one after another let in by a genteel sort of a Fellow, with a green Apron ty'd before him like a Butler, and introduc'd into a back Parlour, they found no other Furniture but about half a dozen Rogues, who clapt Pistols to their Breasts, and told them, they were certainly dead Men, unless they quietly parted with their Plate. Whereupon, Life being sweet, they surrender'd, as they came one after another, what they had, and suffer'd themselves to be ty'd Hand and Foot into the Bargain, and thrown into a Cellar, where they were found by a Porter's Wife, to whom *Goffe* (who lost his Life for this Fact) had given the Key of the Street Door, with Orders to make a Fire in the House; tho' when she went into the Cellar for Coals, she perceived nothing there to burn but three

Goldsmiths, who, by this Means, escap'd perishing by Hunger and Cold.

Again, *William Elby* had committed many Burglaries with one *James Hacket*, a Taylor's Son, living in *Exeter-street*, behind *Exeter-Change*, in the Strand, who was hang'd when 24 Years of Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Friday* the 6th of *June*, 1707, for breaking and robbing the Houses of *Mr. Churchill*, *Mr. Battersby*, *Mr. Hays*, and *Mrs. Yalden*. Moreover, he had done a few Felonies and Burglaries, with one *Tooth-leis Tom*, so call'd, from having most of his Teeth knock'd out, by a Person whose Pocket he was once attempting to pick, in *St. Margaret's Church*, a *Westminster*; and who was hang'd in the 23d Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 22d of *March* 1703-4.

Will Elby was once concerned with one *John Estrick*, in robbing his Master *Thomas Glover*, Esq at *Hackney*, of as much Plate as came to eight Pounds, for which, one *Susannah Barnwell* an honest Servant, was wrongfully accus'd, and turn'd out of her Service; but when *Estrick* shortly after came to be hang'd for other Crimes, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March*, 1702-3, he there confess'd his coming to that untimely End, was occasioned by *John Proffer*, his Brother-in-law, and the Day before he suffer'd Death, sent the following Letter, to his former Master *Thomas Glover*, Esq;

March the 9th, 1702-3.

S I R,

I heartily beg God's Pardon for all my Sins, and a you forgiveness for the Damage I have done you. But as I am a dying Man, Susan knows nothing your Plate, tho' I falsely accus'd her of it, God forgive me!

JOHN ESTRICK.

Afterwards he went upon the Foot-pad, with one *William Standley*, a Shoemaker, who having robb'd two Men in *Stepney-fields*, from one of whom he had taken a Watch, the Person who lost it, put next Day an Advertisement thereof, in the *London Gazette* and not long after, *Will Standley*, going to pawn to *Mr. Chambers*, a Pawnbroker, living at the Corner of *Blackmore-street*, in *Drury-Lane*, he, knowing it to be that described in the News-Papers, went to stop him, but then running out of his Shop as fast as he could along *Drury-Lane*, and being pursu'd by some who cry'd *Stop Thief* one *John Elliot*, a Watchman, going then on his Duty, and endeavouring seize *Standley*, he ran him thro' the Body with his Sword, so that he dy'd on the Spot; and the Murderer was hang'd for it in the 28th Year of his Age at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 26th of *January* 1705-4.

But tho' *Elby* had seen so many terrible Examples of his wicked Companions being cut off before, taking no Warning thereby, he rather grew more harden'd in his Sins, and never thought Justice would

overtake him. He and his Associates one Evening, meeting with young *Pontack*, the famous Mutton Chop Seller, by *Chips* Church Hospital, as coming from *Newington*, they leaped unawares upon him, out of a Dutch, and having first taken fourteen or fifteen Shillings in Money from him, they then striped him stark naked; then tying his Hands behind him, they hung 5 or 6 Mutton Chops, which they had bought for Supper, about his Neck, and sent him him; saying, at the same Time, *Since your Impudence assumes a French Name, to put off boil'd Mutton and Broth, our Justice directs us to send you home in a French Fashion; that is to say, without Shoes or any Thing else.*

Will Elby never pretended to be an Artift at picking Pockets; nevertheless, when Mr. *Thomas* a Shoemaker, being drinking at the *Dog Tavern* in *Newgate-street*, laid a Wager that he would defie the best Pick pocket in the World to get his Money from him, he was selected to manage *Crispin*, who, to secure a mark'd Guinea which he was to lose, had put it in his Mouth. So following him from Place to Place, till he came into the Piazza's in *Coven Garden*, *Will Elby* pall'd a Handkerchief out of his Pocket in which was some old Shillings, and dropping the Money, a Mob came presently round him, among whom was Mr. *Thomas*, to help him to pick up his Money. Afterwards the Rabble asking *Will* whether he had all? he said, *I have all my Money, thank you, except a Guinea mark'd So and So, which I fancy the Gentleman there* [pointing to the Shoemaker] *has in his Mouth, by what I perceive of him.* Whereupon, the vindictive Mob tearing the Shoemaker's Mouth by force, and finding such a Guinea there as *Elby* described, they did not only give it him, but had like to have knock'd Mr. *Thomas* on the Head; who return'd back strait to the *Dog Tavern*, where the Guinea was got before him, and he was well laugh'd at besides, for losing a Wager of two Guineas more.

But once this Fellow meeting with one Lieutenant *Job Lord*, as he was coming from *Chelsea*, he attempted to rob him, at first the Lieutenant was at a Loss whether he should stand on his own Defence, or no, as imputing the Resistance would turn to no better Account than of one Pirate fighting another, when nothing is got betwixt them but blows and empty Barrels; but rather than lose what he had, he engag'd the Foot-pad, and obtaining the Victory, gave him several Cuts over the Head; and then tying him Neck and Heels, did not only take about eighteen Guineas from him, but left him there bound to assault the next Passenger which came that Way.

After this great Malefactor received this Misfortune, being very poor a long Time, he was so prophane as to say to some of his Comrades, that he would sell himself to the Devil for Money, who (as wicked as they were) exhorted him to the Contrary, telling him that Wizards and Witches were never rich; when they had any familiarity with infernal Powers;

but he said, *I am resolv'd to do it, to better Advantage.*

Being in a little Time after in *Newgate* again, and one Sunday up at Chapel, when several Strangers were there, to hear a Sermon preached to some condemned Persons, among whom was a Country Farmer; as the Bumpkin was leaning against the wooden Grates, thro' which the Felous peep, like the Lions in the Tower, and taking a Nap with the high stiff Collar of his Wastecoat unbuttoned, *Elby* was so dextrous as to take off a Cheat which he wore in the Room of a Shirt, from under all his Cloaths, which was not missed at all by the Country Hick, till he came home, and then he swore and raved like a mad Man, to think which Way he should lose that, without losing his Coat and Wastecoat.

Another Time *Elby*, and some as good as himself at *Roguary*, being at *Bartholomew Fair*, where, among the Crowd, a Country Fellow on Horseback was staring at a merry Andrew playing his Tricks, two of them supporting the Saddle on their Shoulders, *Elby* privately cut the Girts and Bridle, and led away the Horse unperceived, so that the Mob dispersing, after the Fco^l had diverted them a little from the Gallery of the Booth, the Country Fellow tumbled down in the Dirt, in a great Surprize at the Loss of his Fellow Creature, and was oblig'd to go home to *Enfield* a-foot.

Mr. *Abel*, that had once the Honour to sing before the King of Poland's Bear, keeping a Consort of vocal and instrumental Musick in *York Buildings*, *Will Elby*, who had been a Thief a long Time, and was resolv'd to be one till he dy'd, being well dressed in an embroidered Coat, and a long Wig, and getting admittance gratis, among the Quality there, (for now a-days a mere Mountebank, or a Player, the two worst Professions upon Earth, in his laced Suit, shall be more respected than a Gentleman of Merit, in one that is out of Fashion) whilst the People were in the height of their Jollity and Pastime, he privately stole above half a Score gold Watches, which he carried clear off, without seeing the Conclusion of the musical Entertainment.

But, at last, this base Villain, tho' he had receiv'd both the Sentence of the Law, and the Mercy of his Prince before, breaking open the dwelling House of Mr. *James Berry*, at *Fulham*, and killing therein his Servant, *Nicholas Hatfield*, he was committed to *Newgate*. Whilst Sentence of Death was passing on him at the *Sessions-House*, in the *Old Bailey*, his Impudence was so great, as to curse the whole Bench; nor was his ill Behaviour less remarkable under Condemnation, when, being perswaded to discover his Accomplice or Accomplices in the said Murder, he said, *That if any one should ask him again, any such Question, he would presently knock him down.* In this Resolution he continued till he was executed, and hang'd in Chains at *Fulham*, in the County of *Middlesex*, on Saturday the 13th of September, 1707, aged 32 Years.

The LIFE of THOMAS WITHERINGTON.

THIS Person was the Son of a very worthy Gentleman of *Carlisle* in the County of *Cumberland*, who possessed a plentiful Estate, and brought up his Children handsomely, and suitably to his Condition. *Thomas*, of whom we are going to speak, had extraordinary Education given him, and was designed for a Gentleman, to live at his Ease, free from the Toil and Hazard of Business. The good old Gentleman dying, *Thomas* came into Possession of a considerable Estate, which soon procured him a rich Wife, but she proving loose, and violating his Bed, push'd him on, in Revenge, to Extravagancies, which otherwise he had no Inclination to; her Falseness to his Bed was a Mortification to his Thoughts he could never reconcile to his Mind, and being resolved to requite her Perfidy and Treachery, he abandoned himself to the Company of all Manner of Women. These by Degrees perverted all the good Qualities he possessed; nor was his Estate less subject to Ruin and Decay, for the Mortgages he made of it, in order to support his Profusion and Luxury, soon reduced his Circumstances to a low Ebb, and made him miserably poor. What should a Gentleman of Mr. *Witherington's* late affluent Fortune, do in this wretched Case? He was above the mean Submission of stooping to either Relations or Friends for a Dependence; and to ask Charity or crave the Benevolence of his Brother-Men, was a Circumstance his Soul abhor'd. One way he must do to live; to starve presented nothing but frightful and melancholy Ideas to the Mind. The collecting Money on the Road was judg'd the best, though not the surest Expedient, of raising his Fortune. And with this View he committed Robberies in most Parts of *England* for six or seven Years with admirable Success. As none, or but very few Books of Robberies have given any Account of *Witherington's* Transaction, we shall insert a few here, with a View to humour our Readers, that they may not say they have the Life of a Man without any Adventure in it.

Witherington, having left his Wife, on Account of her Falseness to his Bed, and being resolved to maintain himself by the Work of his own Hands, borrowed the Sum of forty Pounds of a Neighbouring Gentleman of his Acquaintance, pretending such a Sum of Money would do him an infinite piece of Service, as it would set him up in some little honest Way, to support him at present. The Gentleman, glad to find his Friend's Temper somewhat altered from its vast Prodigality, and being willing to redeem a vicious Inclination at so small a Purchase, readily lent him the Money, and pronounced several Blessings along with it. But *Witherington* frustrated the Expectations of his Friend, and with the Money bought him a Horse, and other Necessaries fit for his future Enterprizes! He happened to lie one Night at the *Queen's-Head* Inn in *Keswick* in *Cumberland*, where Dr. *Flemming*, Dean of *Carlisle*, was also. Our Adventurer, being no Way inferior to

the Doctor, either in Learning, or Point of Conversation or good Manners, scraped Acquaintance presently with the Clergyman, who was glad to have any one to converse with, as he was alone. Supper being set before them, *Witherington*, to amuse the Doctor, told him he was but arrived a Fortnight in *England*, having been absent a matter of seven Years in the *East-Indies*, where, thank God he had got, by his Industry and good Fortune together, a competent Estate, able to maintain him like a Gentleman all his Life, and that now he was going to see his Friends at *Carlisle*, from whom he had been absent so long.—The Doctor hearing him mention *Carlisle*, was desirous to know who those Friends were, acquainting him that he himself belonged to that City, and he should be glad of his good Company thither in the Morning. Upon this our Adventurer mention'd the Family of the *Witheringtons*, and told the Doctor, that having heard his Uncle was dead, and had left a considerable Estate behind him, he had hasten'd his Return to *England* and was come to see what he had left him. *He had a Son*, said he, *named Thomas, a very hopeful young Man, when last I left him; but the Letter which informed me of my Uncle's Death, told me likewise that his only Son was at the Point of Death and I know the Estate can devolve (if every one has his Right) on no other but me, who am next Heir at Law.* The Doctor being perfectly acquainted with Mr. *Witherington's* Circumstances, as having made his Will, was surpris'd to think he had got into the Company of so near a Relation of that Gentleman, and began to open his Mind to him with greater Freedom. *Sir*, says he, *I have been acquainted several times with a Relation of Mr. Witherington's, being in the East-Indies; but the Family, I can assure you, had frequent Letters (from whom I cannot tell) of his dying at Fort St. George; and what Prejudice this may have done your Affairs at Carlisle, to Morrow will be the best Witnesses. As for Thomas, the only Son of Mr. Witherington, I can assure you, that he is alive, and has run through the Estate his Father left him very profusely: Indeed, at his coming into Possession, he gave the World great Hopes of making an excellent Husband, which soon procured him a Wife with a considerable Fortune; but the Lady, I am told, not proving so virtuous as she ought, forced him into a quite contrary course of Life, for instead of living frugally and temperately, as usual, he abandon'd himself to the Embraces of lewd Women, kept high Company, prosecuted Gaming, and a thousand other wicked Courses, which soon ruin'd his Estate, and brought him to Want: And if I am not misinform'd, to support his usual Extravagancies, he frequents the Road, and takes Purfes.* Our Adventurer pretended all the while to listen with a world of Attention; and when the Doctor acquainted him with his Cousin's Extravagancies, seem'd in the deepest Melancholy imaginable: Re-

Reverend Sir, says Witherington, *I infinite Obligations to you for the Discovery you have made about my Uncle Witherington and his Son; and possibly you made be of extreme Service to my Affairs. I cannot impute our meeting together to any other thing than an Act of Providence, which is willing to intalge me; and, I pray, Sir, let me beg to be a Bottle of Wine for more Acquaintance.* The Doctor, who was a true Bacchanalian, readily accepted the Proffer, and Witherington and he made it up four Flasks before they went to Bed, where they repos'd very sound till eight the next Morning. They got up together, eat their Breakfast, mounted, and took their Journey; when the Doctor, to make their Travelling as pleasing as possible, ran over a great many diverting Stories; and Witherington, to make his art good, was not backward in producing Tales to answer his. All seem'd in good Harmony; the Doctor pleas'd with his Friend, as he suppos'd, and our Adventurer with his Traveller: But we shall soon see the Clergyman's Tone chang'd; for Witherington being arriv'd, with his Companion, at the corner of a Wood, rode up to the Doctor, and whisper'd in his Ear: Sir, tho' the Place we are at very private, yet willing what I do should be more private, I take the Liberty to acquaint you, at you have something about you that will do me an infinite Piece of Service.—What's that, reply'd the Doctor? You shall have it withal my heart, if 'twill do you so much Service as you say. Thank you, Sir, for your Civility, says Witherington; well then, to be plain with you,—'tis the Money in your Breeches-pocket that will be infinitely viceable to me.—Money, reply'd the Doctor; why, Sir, you cannot want Money, your Garb and Person both tell me you are in no Want.—Ay, Sir, I am, for the Ship I came over in happen'd to be wreck'd, so that I have lost all I brought; and I would not enter Carlisle for the whole World without Money in my Pocket.—Friend, I may make the same Plea, and say, I would not go into that City for the World without Money in my Pocket; but, what then? If you are Mr. Witherington's Nephew, as you pretend to be, you would not so peremptorily demand Money of me; for Carlisle being so small a Distance from us, it cannot be such that is wanting to defray your Expences thither, here, on representing your Case, you'll find Friends enough to support you; and I declare, if you have nothing, I'll disburse for you so far. Witherington made Answer, Sir, the Question is not, whether I have any or no Money, but what you carry in your Pockets, for you say my Cousin is oblig'd to take Expenses on the Road to support himself, and so am I; that if I take your's, you may ride to Carlisle, and to the Inhabitants, that Mr. Witherington met you, all demanded your Charity.—The Doctor plainly understanding by this the Drift of his Companion's Intentions, told him, He was amaz'd to think, that a Person who had pretended so much Honesty could deceive him in that manner, by requiring his Money, to which he had no Right.—Right, reply'd the other, why, I tell you, Sir, that whether I have Right or no Right to it, 'tis my Custom to lay hold of it, if so be that I can but get it. He was speaking these Words, a Country Higgler, coming between two Panniers full of Poultry, rode up to them, upon which, says Witherington, You best Fellow, I have a Cause of Conscience to put to you, whom I take to be fittest Person to decide it. Here is a Clergyman, and a fat one let me tell you, who has four Livings, which bring him in an annual Rent of a thousand Pounds; yet for all this, he has not the Sincerity or Heart to give a Far-

thing of his Money to the Poor, tho' he has now above fifty Guineas in his Pockets. What say you, Countryman? Dost not Christianity the Rich that they are to give to the Poor, or else their Way to Heaven is as difficult, as for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle.—The Countryman seeming confounded at the Sight of Witherington's Pistols, which he now began to shew, was in a Dilemma what Answer to make, till our Adventurer forcing him to speak; he spoke thus, Why, Sir, I tell you my Mind, 'tis said, indeed, that the Rich should give to the Needy; but who knows what Occasions the rich Man may have for his Money: If there be an Object of Pity that really has nothing, there I take it, that the rich Man ought to give to the Poor.—Than, my friend, I tell thee, I am that Object of Charity, for the Devil a farthing have I about me, and it cost me ten Shillings last Night to treat this fire-nose Son of a Whore of a Parson.—Come, my Lad, determine quickly, for I must proceed on in my Business.—Then I pronounce, reply'd the Countryman, That the Rich ought to give to the Poor,—Whereupon, Witherington drawing up to the Doctor, the Reverend Clergyman deliver'd him his Green Purse, with fifty Guineas in it. Witherington was rejoiced at the Sight, and taking thence a Guinea, gave it the Countryman for the Equity of his Award, and then rode off, leaving the Doctor to pursue his Journey to Carlisle, and there tell his Misfortune.

Witherington another time being at Newcastle, took up his Quarters at the Sign of the George Inn, which was then in a Street call'd the Broad-Chair. It happen'd, that abundance of young Clergymen, and other Scholars were come to solicit for a Schoolmaster's Place in the adjoining Country, worth about a hundred and fifty Pounds per Ann. It seems, the Gift went by Election, and he that could give the best Proofs of his Capacity and Learning, was to have it. Several Gentlemen were present to gain Votes for their respective Candidates, and no more than five and twenty Freeholders had Votes to dispose of this Benefice. Our Adventurer finding how Matters were like to go, procured the Landlord to lend him a coarser Suit of Cloathes than what he had on, saying, he was sure to obtain the School, provided Merit was to take Place. The Cloathes were instantly procur'd, and Witherington appear'd in the Kitchen, where he sat down with his Mug of Ale by him, and smok'd his Pipe. One of the Freeholders, who was also a Trustee for this School, observing something in our Adventurer's Countenance that insensibly pleas'd him, plac'd himself down in the next Chair to him, and began to tell him every Circumstance about choosing a new School-master. Ay! says Witherington, I hope that Merit will take Place; but I am afraid some one or other of these fine Sparks will carry the Day, by the mere Interest of the Friends they have brought. Nay, nay, replies the Freeholder, as long as I have a Vote, Justice shall be done. What, did thou come hither to put up? Ay, says the other, but I'll return Home, for I believe my Journey's lost.—Not at all yet, Man; never fear, for egad, I say, Merit shall take Place, and if thou be found the best Scholar, thou shall certainly have it. And to convince thee, that I have some Respect for thy Person, tho' thou art a Stranger to me, I here promise thee my Vote before my Landlord, and will not only do that for thee, but gain thee some others to thy Interest. Witherington thank'd him heartily for his Civility; and the old Man was as good as his Word, for, till the Time of the Election's coming on, the good and frank Freeholder took

took several of his Neighbours aside, and procured their Votes, in Opposition to the rest. The Election now is begun, and each by turns are examin'd. A fierce Contest arose between two of the last, (for our Adventurer was concealed all the while) who seem'd to have equal Abilities for the Employment, and the Examiners and Freeholders were going to determine in favour of one of them, when our above-mention'd Trustee, speaking to the Gentlemen assembled on the Occasion, told them he begged they would defer giving Judgment for a quarter of an Hour, till they had heard a Friend of his, a poor Man, examin'd him, and who was so modest, that he had declin'd appearing among a such gaudy Company.

All upon this were importunate to see him. He was brought, and several abstruse Questions was put to him, in order to puzzle his Understanding; but he answer'd all with a surprizing Facility and Judgment, so that the Company could not help tiring upon one another. *Come, said he, you are my Antagonists, let us decide this Controversy by Dint and Force of Argument: for 'tis not a Parcel of Greek and Latin Sentences cull'd out of ancient Authors, that ought to purchase a hundred and fifty Pounds a Year; let's see if you thoroughly understand what you read; or if you are Artificer enough to distinguish betwixt good and bad Writing.*

The Books which he desired were immediately produced, but within half an Hour he made both the Examiners, Freeholders and other Gentlemen assembled on this Occasion, see clearly, that all the Candidates, who had been some Years at the University, except himself, were so far from having any real Knowledge in the Books, out of which they had made their Citations, that they had only gone thither to spend their respective Parents sixty or seventy Pounds a Year. This unexpected Success of our Adventurer made the rest of the Company stare on one another; the several Gentlemen who came to solicit for their Friends were confounded, and obliged to return *re infecta*; and what was most surprizing, *Witherington*, who appear'd at this Election purely to gratify a roving Inclination he had, obtain'd the School with little or no Difficulty, while the others, who had been at considerable Expences in tampering with the Freeholders for their Votes, found themselves and their Hopes intirely frustrated. In short, *Witherington* was invested in the Jurisdiction of the School with the usual formalities; and happening to behave in his Place with a great deal of Moderation and Humility, the Churchwardens of the Parish taking a greater fancy for him, put their Books of Account in his Hands, and made him Overseer and Tax gatherer of their Parish; nay, so fond were all, and so believing in his Justice, that the Rector committed to his Care the collecting his Rents and Tythes. *Witherington* finding himself in a tolerable Way of Subsistence, was very well pleas'd with his Condition, which afforded him Opportunities enough to make his Advantage. The Trustees of the Parish, and the Parson himself were, if we may use the Expression, over credulous, and *Witherington's* Words and Advice were sure to pass current when all the rest failed: So that never Man had better Opportunities (I mean one who had advantageous Views in prospect) of enriching himself. *Witherington* saw how the good Humour towards him diffused itself through the Body of the Parishoners, and was resolved to make a fine Handle of it. To this End he insinuated what Honour it would be to the Memory of the present Heads of the Parish to have a new School erected in the room of the old, which was in a very ruinous Condition; telling them at the same time, that, to

promote so laudable an Undertaking he would sink a Year's Salary himself. This generous Proposition was received with Cheerfulness, and it was unanimously agreed to have a new School erected. *Witherington* seeing his Proposal lik'd, got the Affair to be carry'd on with a great deal of Briskness, Contributions came in pretty thick from the neighbouring Gentlemen, and a Sum of above seven hundred Pounds was immediately rais'd. This enliv'n'd *Witherington's* Hopes, who, finding he was discover'd by two Gentlemen who happened to come from *Carlisle* to see a Friend of theirs in this Place, he made off the following Night with the Money that had been given for rebuilding the School, and went directly into *Buckinghamshire*, where he committed several Robberies; the principal of which we shall set down in the Sequel.

Being one time at the Town of *Buckingham*, he fell into the Company of some Country Farmers, who were come to pay their Rents, having all on Landlord: The Rustics were in a hot Debate about the Price of Corn, and unanimously said, that if their Goods brought them no more Money, 'twas impossible to maintain their Farms any longer, much less to pay their Landlord his Rent. *Witherington*, willing to have some Discourse with them, sat down in an Elbow-chair by the fire-side, and call'd for Pint of Wine: the Rustics imagining by the Dress of our Adventurer, that he was some Gentleman who was travelling farther, ask'd him how far was the Corn was in those Countries he had travelled through. This was what our Adventurer desired. God bethank'd, *said he*, there has not been three Weeks finer Weather than the last these six Years as I know of, and if it continues much longer, 't will be hop'd the Fields will be quite clear'd.—*Ay, said the Countrymen*, but the same fair Weather has not bless'd *Buckinghamshire*, for we have had large intermissive Rains round about us for the six Weeks past, which has done our Corn considerable Damage, and I fear will do more, if the same uncertain Weather continue; yet our Landlord expects his Rent a fortnight after Quarter-day, notwithstanding all the Misfortunes that attend us present.—*Pray what Rent may you pay, replied Witherington?* For having all the same Landlord, *you say*, the Sum must be pretty considerable.—*Considerable indeed, answer'd they*, for to tell you a Word of a Lye, we commonly bring him his Rent once every Quarter a matter of three hundred Pounds.—*That is a round Sum upon my faith, replied Witherington:* and, pray, does he make no Allowances in Cases of bad Weather or otherwise?—*Not a Souce, Sir;* for he's one of the most miserly Fellows this Day in the whole Land; he looks upward of twelve hundred a Year, and yet grudging to allow himself Necessaries.—*Ay, he's a covetous Wretch, indeed, and 'tis a thousand Pities he should be Master of so much Money:* Is there no Way to reclaim him d'ye think?—*What do you mean?*—*I mean, is there no Way to make him a better Man than he is?*—*We apprehend there is vast Difficulty in that.*—*Well, Friends, if you'll let me manage the Affair to me, I'll manage the Payment of your Rents so well for you, that shall only pay half the three hundred Pounds for this Quarter;*—*True I'm a Stranger to you, but you may depend on my Sincerity in serving you:*—*The Countrymen* hearing this unexpected Speech from their new acquaintance, seem'd extraordinarily glad at the News, but wonder'd, as they knew their Landlord's malicious Temper, how he would pretend to see them so beneficially: *Pray, Sir, said they, acquaint us how you intend to do us this particular Piece of*

vice, for we shall be ready to embrace it.—Why, tell you, as soon as your Landlord comes, if he makes any Hesitation at seeing me in your Company, you shall tell him, that being a Relation to one of you, and bred up in the Laws, I had a Mind to come and solicit a Favour from him in your Behalf. This was immediately agreed to; and the Landlord appear'd at a Quarter of an Hour, who sat down among his Tenants, without seeming to take Notice of our Adventurer. *Witherington* observing this spoke to the Farmers, —Gentlemen, I presume this is your Landlord; and now he's come, your Business may be dispatch'd presently. Accordingly the Master of the inn was call'd to shew them to a private Room, because they had Business of the last Importance to transact together. Mr. *Buffer* (so was the Person's Name) order'd one of his Men to conduct them into the Par-chamber, which was over the Brewhouse, and at some Distance from the overhearing of the rest of the House. Hither they were convey'd, and all sat down round a large Table. The Landlord was order'd to produce his last Receipts for Rents, which *Witherington*, as a pretended Lawyer, seem'd to read over with a world of Care.—Well, Mr. Landlord, says he, I find by the Receipts which these Gentlemen, my Acquaintances have from time to time had from you, that they have been extraordinarily exact in paying their Rent every Fortnight as the Quarters became due; and I think you may bless your Fortune that you have so many honest and good Tenants, who, were they other Men in they are, would have left their Farms a considerable time ago. I shall be very short in what I have to say, for abundance of Words are but unnecessary. You must know, Sir, then, that these six good Men about you, have, as I am inform'd, been Tenants to you a considerable number of Years, which, I take it, speaks for them. It seems that none of them owe you Money they have acquired, to the Produce they have made of your Land, but to other Contingencies, which Fortune has thought fit to throw in their Way. Hence comes it, then, that they preserve such an inviolable Esteem for you and your Farms, in paying your Rent so punctually, that no others will please them? They tell me, they are come this Day to pay you three hundred Pounds for a single Quarter's Rent: Pray, what would it be, Sir, to throw them back this Money, as a small Gratitude for the Losses they are likely to sustain this Year, through the Rains at continue to fall in this Country: Tenants, of other People, ought to have peculiar Indulgencies, and, by their Labour and Industry so many miserable Wretches like yourself are supported. And if Providence thinks fit to visit one particular County with a Kingdom with an almost continued Tempest, that the Possessors of the Ground become Losers thereby, 'tis my humble Opinion, that the Head Landlord ought to abate of his Rent in Proportion to the Losses of his Tenants.—The avaricious Landlord look'd on his Tenants with a grim Aspect, raising thereby the ill Opinion he had of the Stranger; and after some Pause broke out into the following Exclamation; Friend, you are an entire stranger to me, and I cannot see what Business you have to intermeddle in the Affairs between me and my Tenants, who are all of them honest Men, and pay me my Rent without grumbling. Have you a Mind to create a Variance betwixt us, and break at good Understanding that has subsisted among for so many Years; if so, declare your Mind, that I may know what I have to do. As for Losses they are likely to sustain; is it in my Power to correct the Weather, or lay Commands on Providence, to make the Season wet or dry just as I or

they please? When a Compact is made between Landlord and Tenant for a Farm, the latter covenants to pay a stated annual Rent, without any Diminution for occasional or accidental Rains, for by the same Way of arguing, you may as well say, that provided a Farmer's entire Crop happens to be blighted with Lightning, the Landlord, in such Case, ought to abate of his Tenant's Rent in Proportion to the Loss he sustain'd. Was ever such a Thing heard of? Supposing now, that the Houses my Tenants dwell in should be blown down by the high Winds that whistle about them at this present, pray who is to erect them again? Why, myself; might not I have just Reason to say, that my Loss and Damage was considerable, and therefore according to Equity, my Tenants ought to augment their Rents in Proportion to my Sufferings. This, Sir, is fair Reasoning; and how you can controvert it, I cannot see, produce all the Laws of England on your Side, if you will.—I have nothing farther to say on this Point, but insist, in behalf of my Friends here, that you remit them a hundred and fifty Pounds of this Quarter's Rent, for I am told you have more than enough to support yourself and Family.—Not one Souce, reply'd the Landlord.—We'll try that presently.—But pray Sir, take your Pen, Ink and Paper in the mean time, and write them their Receipts, and the Money shall be forth coming immediately.—Not a Letter tell the Money is within my Hands.—It must be so then, answer'd *Witherington*; you will force a good-natur'd Man to use Extremes with you: and so saying, he laid a Brace of loaded Pistols on the Table. Immediately the Landlord was on his Knees before *Witherington*. O dear Sir, sweet Sir, kind Sir, loving Sir, for God of Heaven Sake, Sir, be merciful, Sir, and don't take away the Life of an innocent Man, Sir, who never intended you or any Person else any Harm in the whole Course of his Life.—Why, what Harm do I intend you, Friend? Cannot I lay the Pistols I travel with on the Table, but you must throw yourself into this unnecessary Fear? Pray proceed to the Receipts, and write them in full of all Accounts and Demands from the Beginning of the World to this Time, or else—or else—Dear God, Sir, you have an Intention.—Pray dear Sir, have no Intention against my Life.—To the Receipts then—or by *Ju—pi—ter Am—mon*, I'll—With this the old Landlord wrote full Receipts, and deliver'd them to the respective Farmers.

Come, says *Witherington*, this is honest, and to see that you have met with Persons as honest as yourself, you shall have a hundred and fifty Pounds, which is a hundred and fifty Times more than you deserve; and, I promise you, if Things succeed well with these six good Men, you shall have the other Half made up the next Quarter. And having thus said, he ordered the Countrymen to give him their Money, and he would pay him, which was accordingly done, and he paid him a hundred and fifty Pounds. Whereupon the old Landlord seeming extremely cloudy at his Disappointment, but not daring to utter a Word about his Loss, nor the Countrymen venturing to speak a Syllable about what had befallen him, lest worse Consequences might attend this odd Proceeding. The other People in the House plainly discovered an unusual Sadness diffused over the Countenance of the rich Landlord, but could not tell what to impute it to.

Our Adventurer having made an End of this singular Transaction, ordered his Horse to be saddled immediately, and, walking into the Stable to see how the Hostler perform'd his Duty, ask'd him several Questions about the rich Landlord, as how much

Land he possessed, and where he lived, and having got a succinct Account from him, he mounted and rode off, with an Expectation of seeing his Twelve hundred Pounds a Year Landlord in a little Time. He had not rode above a Mile out of Town, when wanting to ease Nature a little, he espied the old Gentleman coming towards him on a gentle Trot, being followed by a Servant with a Portmanteau behind him. On their seeing one another, the old Gentleman seemed very willing to turn back, but *Witherington*, taking hold of his Horse's Bridle, desired him not to refuse him his Company, since he had an Affair of great Importance to communicate to him. The old Gentleman, without making any Answer, set Spurs to his Horse, and seemed determin'd to wrest himself by main Force out of the Hands of one he had Reason to hate the worst in the World. Our Adventurer seeing him a little resolute, told him, that since it was so, he was obliged to use some Violence, which he was sorry for, upon his Person, and therefore, as he tendered the Safety of his own Life, bid him give him the hundred and fifty Pounds, which remained of the Rent he had lately receiv'd; for, said he, I have infinitely more pressing Occasions for such a Sum of Money than you, who, out of Twelve hundred Pounds *per Annum*, cannot find in your Conscience to allow yourself Necessaries. What, d'y'e think that Money was designed for no other Use than to hoard up for a whoring Son, or some distant debauch'd Relation, who, after your Death, will curse your Memory a thousand Times a Day, and triumph over your Grave. No, Money is a Blessing sent us by Heaven, in order that by its Circulation it may afford Nourishment to the Body politic, for if such Rascals as you, by laying up your Thousands in your Coffers to no Advantage, cause a Stagnation, there are Thousands in the World that feel the Consequences, and I am to acquaint you of them; so that a better Deed cannot be done, than to bestow what you have about to me, for to be plain with you, I am not to be refused, and so saying, he rode up with his Pistol in his Hand to the Footman, whose Portmanteau he having untied, and put on his own Horse, he then went up to the old Gentleman, who, extremely afraid of his Life, delivered him his green Purse with the hundred and fifty Guineas, and some old Medals. *Witherington* having receiv'd the Spoil, told him, that Charity extorted in that Manner was of no Signification, for if the Heart was not inclined naturally of itself to give, all the Money he had in the World was but a Plague to him, and then turning his Horse about, he march'd off, leaving this Admonition behind him, to be affable and generous to his Tenants, for they were the Persons that supported him; for had he Eyes to observe with what Difficulty they obtain'd their Money, he would open his Heart a little more, and said, if he heard them speaking against him any more, as he had done in *Buckingham*, he might depend on seeing him at his House, and partake there of such Liberality as his Apartments would afford him, and then he left him.

But *Witherington* after this Adventure found the Country too hot for him to stay any longer in it: For the old Gentleman sent a Hue and Cry after him, and the Description of his Horse, Dress and Person was so truly given, that he was obliged to ride round about the Country for a matter of two Days and a Night. The first House he put up at was at *Nantwich* in *Cheshire*, at the *George* and *Vulture* there, where coming in all of a muck Sweat, and his Horse in a weary Condition, the Gentlewoman of the

House, who was a Widow Woman, thinking he would come off a large Journey (as indeed he was) took more than ordinary Care about him, for fear he should catch Cold, and order'd him something warm to drink. The Landlady was remark'd all round the Country for her extraordinary Civilities to Strangers, which drew Abundance of Travellers to her House. She was not quite past the fix'd Time of her Mourning, having lost a very good Husband about eight Months before; she had Youth on her Side, and a tolerable good Face to set her off, but what was the principal of all the rest, was, that her Husband having had a rolling Trade while he lived, she was left in very good Circumstances. *Witherington*, though very much fatigu'd with his Journey could not but turn his Eyes upon her, and thank her a thousand Times for the Care she shew'd over him. She answer'd him always with a lively Briskness, that he was not Master of himself to go to Bed, but, in spite of all the Fatigue of his long Journey, would make a Party among some Gentlemen that came to sup there that Night. These (who were four) it seems, made Pretensions to the Dance though in a private Way. *Witherington* had too good Eyes not to observe it; and he would now and then smartly point in his Discourse to the Landlady, that she might think herself vastly happy and great, in making a Conquest over so many Hearts. All was carried on with a wonderful deal of Mirth, but still the Widow, as she spoke, drew the Attention of the whole Company. After Supper was over, the Widow addressing herself to our Adventurer, begged him to give the Company a Song, she was sure he could sing, having so clear and strong a Voice. *Witherington* wanting no further Impunity from a Person he had already fix'd his affections on, began thus:

*While rosy Charms, and gay Delight
Sit in thy blooming Looks confess,
I tremble; yet admire the Sight,
And feel the Rapture in my Breast,
Oh! sooth my Flame
Thou killing Dame,
And lull my Soul to balmy Rest.*

*Can gazing, am'rous Man, behold
Those beauteous Eyes, divinely gay,
Or view thy Tresses all of Gold,
And not Love's mighty Hand obey?
Come, and inspire,
Or quench my Fire,
For soon my Soul will melt away.*

*Come fair Venus, Queen of Pleasure,
And fair Widow, endless Treasure,
Fold within my Arms,
For in Love there is no Measure,
When encircled with thy Charms.*

These Verses, and the Air our Adventurer delivered them with, were enough to warm an Imagination like that of the Widow's; she was too penetrating not to understand who the Person was they were address'd to; she was at Loss how to admire the Sing of them too much; and was even going to persuade herself some good Fortune was drawing near her, having so charming a Gallant under her Roof: She considered the rest of the Company singly for a while within her Breast, but found, on a close Examination that our Adventurer had the Ascendant over them all a great deal. But to make Trial of the Abilities of the Rest, she desired them to favour her with each a Song which was complied with, but how distasteful and faint

how distant from the fine and genteel Manner, where-with *Witherington* pronounced his Words. *I cannot but think*, says she, *that as you have favour'd me with a friendly Song, you can also gratify me with some Adventure of your's, for your Person and Mien plainly discover there is something extraordinary in you, more than a thousand other Men can pretend to.* *Witherington* thank'd her for the Honour she did him, but desired no further Commendation, as he very well knew there was nothing in him but what almost every Man might claim as well as he. To please you, Madam, and if it be no Offence to the Gentlemen in Company here, I shall beg Leave to give a Recital of my coming into-er, which may afford some Circumstances of an Adventure not unworthy to be related. All the Company hearing this, were by so much the more solicitous to make him proceed, as they conjectured they should hear some Hints which had been a Mystery to them. *Witherington* finding this, began thus: I was born, Gentlemen and Lady, on the Confines of *Scotland*, of Parents not to be despised; for in my Family have been Persons of Dignity and Repute, some of whom have sacrific'd their Lives in the Bed of Honour, in Defence of their Country and Religion; while others, trained up in the different Branches of a liberal and fine Education, have been advanced to considerable Posts in the Kingdom, which they constantly maintained with Integrity and Uprightness of Mind. At five Years of Age I was put under the Tuition of an Uncle of mine, who, having a large Estate and no Children, took a particular liking to me, insomuch that I became his Favourite, and wheresoever he went, I was sure of being carried with him. As my Age advanced, I was put under the Care of School-masters, eminent for their Learning, and before I was full eleven Years old, I could make a Theme, or a Dozen *Latin* Hexameter and Pentameter Verses tolerably well. But coming into my Fourteenth Year, my Notions of Things began to extend themselves farther; and I thought the School a meer Confinement. Love then began to accrue within me, and, in spite of myself and School, found the Power of *Cupid* too much superior to all my Endeavours to suppress it. It happened that a neighbouring young Lady frequently made Visits at my Uncle's House, in Company with her Mother; who, as the Neighbourhood reported it, was designed for him. They had a thousand Interviews together, but to what End no Body could ever yet discover. Various were the Discourses about them. And amidst the different Sentiments of the Parishioners, the old Gentlewoman died; upon which the fair and young Daughter was removed to my Uncle's House. I had now an Opportunity of distinguishing more Charms than I had ever done before: I had an intimate Acquaintance with her, and though a Scholar, had the Art to gain her Affections. We loved one another with a Passion that is too difficult to describe: For neither of us could ever endure to be a Moment absent from each other's Conversation. We kiss'd one another, and toy'd out those half Days, when we had play, in little but sincere Dalliances. I made her Verses, and sang her Songs. We used to walk together in the Fields, and sit two or three Hours at a Time under the Shade of some Tree, while I diverted her with reading Tales of Love, or Romances. But alas! when we thought our Happiness the most secure, we were unhappily separated; for being at an Age capable of prosecuting nobler and genteeler Studies, my Uncle sent me to the University, to the greatest Regret I ever found in the World. My Uncle was not ignorant of the Love that was between us; he gave us rather Liberty to indulge it, than any Way hindred us in the carrying on of our Amour. The Lady had a considerable Fortune, left her by her

Mother, who before she died, made her Will, and declared therein my own Uncle her sole Executor, with a Power of disposing of her Daughter to whom he pleased. I had behaved myself hitherto with great Circumspection, so far as my tender Age would permit me; and nothing I thought in the World could hinder me from coming into the Arms of a beautiful Bride with an extensive Portion, and enjoying my Uncle's Estate after his Decease; but Experience tells Mankind, there is no Certainty to be found: For during my being at the College, where I had already studied six Years, my Uncle, though seventy Years of Age, takes her, who was mine by all the sacred Ties of Truth and Love, and no more than seventeen Years old yet, to be his Wife. The first News of this Revolution came inclosed in a Letter, a Correspondent of mine in the Country sent me. I was confounded and bewildered, wholly unable to reconcile myself to a Belief of it for several Days: But when I found the Thing too true, what Tongue can express the Anguish of my Soul. I wrote to my Uncle, and signified to him the Injustice he had done me in depriving me of the only Blessing I had in the World, and suggested the monstrous Inequality there was between his and her Age, but my Letter was perused indeed, and afterwards torn to pieces. This I was told of. I was now determined to leave the College, and leaving all the Satisfaction I had received in Books, vindicate myself before my Uncle, and try, since he had done me so much Dishonour, if he had any Inclinations to serve me otherwise. Accordingly, I provided myself with a Horse, and went down into the Country, where he received me with all the outward Marks of extreme Civility. But I could not get a Sight of his Wife for a Fortnight or more, and what were the Reasons of this Conduct I could not find out. One Day I took my Uncle aside into his Closet, and warmly expostulated the Matter with him. How could you, Sir, offer to deprive me of the greatest Jewel in the Universe? had not Love of a long standing cemented our tender Hearts together, you might then pretend some Plea for what you have done. Your great Age ought at least to have convinced you, that a Match between you and her was preposterous, and what all the World would esteem a downright Compulsion on the Lady's Thoughts: For how could it be otherwise? Is it to be suppos'd that a Virgin in the Bloom of her Youth, can receive any Satisfaction from the Embraces of a Body wither'd like yours? If Persons are but left to chuse for themselves, they'll match together a thousand Times more equally than either Parents or Guardians will do for them. Your marrying her has depriv'd her of all the Happiness her Thoughts suggested to her; and to take Advantage of my Absence, was doing me and her the greatest Injury that can be imagined; but what can Women guard against, when the Temptations of Money and Riches are constantly set before them? And so saying, I left him to ruminate on my Words.

After this, I strove to divert myself in the most agreeable manner I could, sometimes by perusing the choicest Books in my Uncle's Library, and sometimes by walking in his Gardens, which were vastly fine and beautiful. One Evening, as the Sun was going to set, I happen'd to take a solitary Turn in his Wilderness; and a Thrush singing very melodiously, I sat down in an Arbour to enjoy the Musick the Bird made. I had not been there long before I heard something tread softly among the Trees; which at first putting me into some Confusion, I started from my Solitude, and casting my Eyes around, what should I espy but my once dear Love: I ran to her with an Emotion of Mind not to be express'd; and throwing my Arms about her Waist, conducted her to a more secret Place
in

in the Wilderness; where sitting down, we at first gaz'd on one another with all the Joy imaginable, and then bursting out into Tears, our Tongues by degrees found Vent. I began to express my Concern that I had been depriv'd from seeing her ever since my Arrival, and could not well tell what to impute it to. At this she pauz'd a while, and then began thus: *Oh! says she, were I to begin at the Original of my Troubles and anxious Hours since your first going to Cambridge, I should swell the Narration to a Day's Length, which the Shortness of the Time will not permit me to relate; but take a Part: You are sensible, my dear Witherington, how pleasingly we liv'd and lov'd together for some Years, till your Absence broke the Alliance between us; and reduc'd me to the miserable Condition I am now in. No sooner was your Back turn'd, but I became too sensible under what a Master I was got; for I wanting to write to you, I was deny'd the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper, and confin'd to the Limits of your Uncle's House and Gardens, with a Woman Servant, one of his own procuring, to attend me. If I spoke at any time of the Respect I had for you, I was answer'd, that my Respect was unseasonable, and I was now under the Care of one who had the absolute Disposal of my Person. At this I would pour out a thousand Tears, and seem'd drown'd with my crying, till sooth'd with some flattering Promises he made me, I was made easy for a short Time: But, alas! my dear Witherington, the Remembrance of you still was uppermost in my Thoughts, and while that possess'd me, all the Pleasures he allow'd me were tasteless and insipid. Finding this, he bought me rich Cloaths, as if he design'd to win me over by this, but his Aim was fruitless. At length, after a thousand Applications to no purpose, in order to wear your Idea out of my Mind, he propos'd Marriage, but without naming the Man. I told him I had entertain'd Thoughts of that honourable State a long Time, but none except his Nephew could make me happy. — My Nephew, reply'd he, why, my Dear, he has nothing but what I support him with, and that's but very little; 'tis true, I have a large Estate, and some tell me he is Heir at Law to it, nay, I have promis'd to leave him it; but 'tis all on a Provision that he acts in Obedience to my Commands, which in courting you he does not.*

I found now how Things were likely to go, and therefore to make my unhappy Condition as pleasing to me as I could, I fancy'd a thousand romantick Dreams in my Head, purely to divert my Melancholy. Sometimes I flatter'd myself I should still see you, and compleat my Happiness, but I found I was only amusing myself with Impossibilities. One Evening your Uncle taking me in his Chaise, put the Question about Marriage to me; I seem'd astonish'd at the Relation, and told him, I wonder'd at his making such an Offer to me, when he knew the Engagements between you and me. He seem'd offended at my Presumption in acquainting him so, and told me, he had a Right to my Person and Fortune above all other Men in the World. I generously reply'd to this, that if it was so, he must never expect to have either my Love or Duty. This home Speech seemingly made no impression upon me; we return'd Home, and sup'd together. In the Morning the Parson of the Parish came to Breakfast with us, and during the Time, he attack'd me with all the Force of Reason in order to induce me to comply with my Guardian's Commands; he represented to me the Advantages of such a Match, and the Superiority such an Alliance would give me over the low Circumstances of a poor Collegian, who was forc'd to acknowledge all he had to the Benevolence of his Uncle. I return'd such an Answer as I was capable of giving; for what could I do, who was only myself, and unassisted by

any body. In short, I found I must be marry'd to the Person I hated the worst in the World; and marry'd I was within a Week: after this Interview between the Parson, my Uncle, and me.

Here she wept abundantly, and both of us, for some Time, were lost in Pity in one another's Arms. I strove to divert her with all the Power of Language I was Master of, but was not able to recover her from her Uneasiness for a considerable Time; she hung upon me, and kiss'd me; I return'd the Salutes with the same Warmth, till fired with uncommon Desire, we acted that together which nothing but the greatest Dishonour in the World could have prompted me to, had I been in my Senses: But alas! 'twas too late to repent, and the dear Creature began to love me the more. We continued in the Bower together till 'twas almost dark, tho' the rising Moon gave us still an Opportunity of seeing and gazing upon one another. Ill Fortune attended this amorous interview, for her Maid having miss'd her, had been searching all over the Garden for a long Time for her, but to no Purpose: At last, Curiosity leading her into the Wilderness, she came near the Place where we were sitting together, and overhearing two Persons talk, she silently drew nigher, and discover'd us together. What were the Consequences d'ye think? Why, the old Man was acquainted with the whole Affair, and to make the Accusation heavier against me, the Maid confronted us in every Particular. My Uncle rav'd and storm'd, and appear'd like a mad Man; he reprimanded me very severely. I strove to vindicate the Lady's Honour, and justify myself; but he was above Conviction, and plainly told me, that I must never expect one Farthing from him; and for his Wife, he would take Care to secure her Conduct for the future; adding, that the World was wide enough for me, and I was at Liberty to see what my Learning could gain me: And having thus said, he flung out of the Room and left me.

Here was a sad Mortification to gaul a Man's Spirits; I found I was inevitably reject'd by my Uncle, and that there was no Recourse left me in the World but to put myself into the Arms of it. Accordingly I made ready in the Morning to depart; when taking Leave of my dear Creature, she convey'd into my Bosom a Purse of fifty Guineas, and bad me think of her. Thus I left the Family, with a Resolve to seek my Fortune some where or other; and Chance has thrown me into this hospitable House, where I cannot but own, I have found as much Beauty as I have been sadly depriv'd of.

Our Adventurer here put an End to his fictitious and artful Tale, which so wrought on the Minds of the Company, especially the fair Widow, that he plainly saw he was no unwelcome Guest. He drew his Chair close to her, and caress'd her in a very moving manner, which put one of the other Gentlemen into some Confusion. *Witherington* found he had a Rival to deal with, and should he stay and prosecute his Suit with Warmth, he would see clearer into the Affair. This Consideration determin'd him to remain a Month at *Nantwich*. All now withdrew, the Gentlemen to their Homes, and the Widow and her Family to Bed.

Next Morning our Adventurer being with the Widow, they had a close Discourse together about the Losses and Profits of Inn keeping. *Witherington* seem'd to hint, as if the Care that attend'd so large a Family, was too much for a Woman to bear, and judg'd that a Man was the fittest Person to bear so large a Burthen on his Back. The Widow return'd him Answer, that what he said was very true, and she should think herself happy in finding a Man proper for it. Why, says *Witherington*, I cannot think but there are Men enough to be found. — Methinks I observ'd

observ'd one in the Company last Night discover how well he loved you. To this she reply'd, That she was too sensible of it, but could not return his Affection suitably; that she had had since her Husband's Decease abundance of Suitors, but that not one amongst them all could please; that she had a delicate Palate with respect to Man, for which the World ought not to censure her, since she sufficient to make the Person she took for her Husband exceeding happy, provided he was frugal and temperate.

This Discourse mightily pleas'd our Adventurer, who finding he had room enough to speak for himself, ask'd if there was any thing in his Person that could win her. The Widow, confounded at the Advances she had made, knew not how to retreat, but putting on a smiling Countenance, told him, That as he was so generous in speaking for himself, he might go on, and doubtless Prosperity and Success would attend him; that to be frank, she could set her Affection on him as soon or sooner than any Man in *England*, but Decency and the Censure of the World made her stop her Desires, which otherwise she should think no Injury in gratifying. *Witherington* praised the Choice and Preference she seem'd to make, but told her, "That he could not impute the Declaration she had made to any thing else but a Motive of Female Gallantry. — You may impute it to what you will, Sir, reply'd she, but I can assure you, if ever Man had an Ascendant over my Heart, you may pretend to some Part of the Conquest; your Narration last Night too warmly engross'd my Thoughts, to let it or the Idea of your Person die so soon in my Memory. What I now speak is from the Reality of my Heart, and tho' you may pretend to an easy Conquest over me, yet, let me warn you to improve it moderately and with Discretion, for, tho' a Woman, I can tell how to revenge an Injury, or requite a Kindness."

What an *Ecclaircissement* was here? Sure *Witherington* wish'd a thousand Blessings on his propitious Stars, who had thus befriended him in the Opinion and Sentiments of the Widow. Ail now was Rapture and Emotion; if the Widow lov'd the Person of *Witherington*, no less was he taken with her Money. Since this licentious Course of Life, he had abandon'd a great many of his good Qualities, for Money was the only Thing he had any View to.

We shall find in the Sequel a very barbarous Murder close the End of this Courtship, which was attended with so promising a Beginning. By this Time the Gentleman, who, the Night before seem'd concern'd at the sudden Familiarity between our Adventurer and the Widow, was acquainted how Things were going; he was confounded at the News, but knew that it was no more than he expected; he vow'd Revenge not on the Person of *Witherington*, but the beautiful Widow; his Intentions squar'd in every Article with those of our Adventurer; for 'twas her Money, that made him offer Love: He had been inform'd by several of his Acquaintance, who knew her Design better than himself, than to wed her, was the sure and ready Way to his Destruction: That she had been tax'd with sending her late Husband out of the World by Poison, and it might be his or any other Person's ill Fortune, who should chance to marry her, to meet with the same inhuman Fate: As the Gentleman had courted her for some Time, and her bewitching Carriage had influenc'd him to a great Degree, it was not easy for him to wipe away so soon the Impression he had receiv'd; he began to think within himself what he was going to do, and seriously consider'd all the Consequences that might attend him, was she really as represented: He had but too aggrant an instance of her fluctuating Temper and

Inclination from what he had seen pass the Night before between him and our Adventurer; therefore he was determin'd to reward her inconstancy by a just Punishment, and do a Piece of Service to the Stranger-Gentleman, (as he term'd our Adventurer) by opening his Eyes against her.

With this View he sent a written Note by his Servant, directed to the Person that came in the Night before to the Inn. *Witherington* received it, and at first, seem'd confus'd, not knowing what the Design was. He perus'd it over three times before he gave any Answer, and then told the Man that he would wait on his Master presently. They met together at the Gentleman's own Houle, and the Widow was amus'd with this Tale, that Mr. ——— having took a Fancy to the Travellers Company and Conversation, must needs have him to dine with him that Day. This was a fine Artifice to make her easy. When they were sat down together, the Gentleman excus'd himself for sending for him in that manner, by acquainting him that he had an Affair of the last Importance to communicate with him, and that it was purely to do him a Piece of signal Service, that made him send for him.

"You must know, Sir, that the Widow of the Inn where you lodge now has bury'd her Husband about eight Months ago: The Man was an excellent Person in his Way, and a great Oeconomist, so that by his Frugality and candid Behaviour to his Customers at all Times, he acquir'd a competent Estate; and leaving no Children behind him, he bequeath'd every Penny of it by his Will to his Wife. I am sorry to think I have just Occasion to speak what I am going to acquaint you with concerning this Woman. I am told by a Abundance of Persons, whose Veracity may be depended on, that she poisoned the poor Man to make way to his Effects, tho' he had before secur'd them to her by his Testament. 'Tis true, I courted the Woman, and have done so almost since her Husband's Decease, thinking her Money sufficient to make me happy in my Circumstances; which, without hiding them from you, are a little involved at present; but having a Mind to prefer my Ease before any other Consideration, I have thought fit, at my Friends importunities and Sollicitations, to wipe her Memory out of my Mind, and be no longer a Slave either to the Love of her Person or her Money. Now the End of my sending for you is this: I had frequent Opportunities of discovering her wavering inclination last Night, while you was reciting your Adventure; not, Sir, that I harbour'd the least Jealousy in the World about it; for I scorn so ignominious a Passion; but I am sorry to think I have made my Addressee to a Woman so abominable, if Report be true: Besides, I am acquainted she is making all the Haste she can to draw you into Marriage, which, how consequential, the Lord above can only tell; but I am afraid of the worst, and would warn you as a Friend, to avoid her insinuations and artful Ways. I cannot help thinking, but that both our Desires are alike? I mean, that we want Money, and I think, I could put us into a Way how to squeeze every Farthing from this Woman, who values herself upon her Effects."

Witherington for some Time could not tell what to reply; however, he return'd the Gentleman a great many Thanks for his timely forwarning him in such an important Case; and told him, if he would leave the Affair to him for two or three Days longer, and not come to Extremes so soon, he'd warrant to find out all the Baseness that lurk'd within her Breast, and then, if they had a Mind, they might make what Use of her they thought proper. The Gentle-

man seem'd satisfy'd with this, and so they parted for this Time.

Our Adventurer returning to the Inn, called the Widow aside, and then acquainted her with the whole Proceeding between him and the Gentleman. She seem'd in a Rage, and protested the World was very censorious, and declared she would have her Revenge on him, cost what it would. *Witherington* foreseeing a Rupture was going to break out, thought it high Time to make his Advantage of the credulous Woman, who was ready to believe any thing he said: So that Night taking her aside, he told her, that the best Way to revenge herself on him, would be, if she had any inclinations of marrying him, to give him some Mark of her Favour that might distinguish him above his Rival. Glad of this Opportunity, she conveys him into a Closet, where shewing him all her Money and Plate, she acquainted him, that all those were at his Service, provided he did her so much Service as to deliver her from the Importunities of the Gentleman. *Witherington* said she might depend upon him, and so they withdrew for that Night, which was indeed the last of their seeing one another — He retired into his Chamber, and there taking Pen, Ink and Paper, he wrote the following Letter.

My Dear,

EVER mindful of what a Woman says, especially one who has been pleas'd to set her Affections on me, I have wrote this Letter purely to acquaint you, that being obliged to go to London, and the Journey being pretty long, I could not do better than make Use of the Money in the Closet, which you was so good as to say was at my Service. I was in exceeding Haste when I began to write this, so that I cannot spare more Time, than to tell you to be sure of thinking upon me till my Return,

Witherington.

After he had wrote this he went privately into the Closet, and secured all the Widow's real Money, which amounted to above Three Hundred Pounds, and returning into his Chamber, got all his Things ready, and going down Stairs into the Yard, got into the Stable, saddled his Horse, mounted and rode out at a back Door, leaving the Family fast asleep, and the Widow and her Gentleman Lover to prosecute their Amours as they thought fit.

Witherington having obtained this large Booty of Money, pursued his Journey within twenty Miles of London, when between *Aston* and *Uxbridge*, not being satisfied with his late Acquisitions, he committed a Robbery on the Highway, for which he was sent to *Newgate*, where he lived a very profligate Life to the very Day of his Execution.

At the same Time flourish'd one *Jonathan Woodward* and *James Philpot*, two most notorious House-breakers, who, in the Cities of London and *Westminster*, the Suburbs thereof, *Southwark*, and most Towns and Villages in the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Surrey*, had committed daily Robberies for some Years, for which they were sent to the *Marshalsea*, and condemned to be hang'd upon *St. Margaret's-Hill*, in the Borough of *Southwark*; but King *James I.* happening this Year to come to the Throne of *England*, they were both pardoned upon an Act then put for all Criminals, excepting for High-Treason and wilful Murther. However, these Villains not making good Use of this Mercy, still pursued their old wicked Courses, committing frequent Burglaries and Robberies, till at last being apprehended again, and sent to *Newgate*, they were try'd with the above-mentioned *Thomas Witherington*, at the *Sessions-House*

in the *Old-Bailey*, and with eight other Malefactors were condemn'd, but these three being most notorious Offenders, were only appointed for Death. And while they continued in the *Condemned-Hold*, they led abominable Lives, abandoning themselves to all Manner of cursing and swearing, notwithstanding the extraordinary Pains and Care of the Ordinary to reclaim them.

At the same Time there was living one *Mrs. Elizabeth Elliot*, who having a Son, that about two or three Years before, was condemn'd to be hang'd for the like Practices, but received Mercy, and became a good Man, in Compassion for other Criminals, and in Acknowledgment of the King's Royal Favour, on her Death Bed willed Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds to the Parish of *St. Sepulchre's* in London, to find a Man who should for ever, betwixt the Hours of Eleven and Twelve of the Clock of the Night before any Prisoners were to die, go under *Newgate*, and giving them Notice of his being come by a solemn Ringing of a Hand-Bell, should then put them in Mind of their approaching End, by repeating several godly Expressions, tending to instruct them for a true Preparation for Death: After which he says to the Prisoners appointed for Death — *Gentlemen, are you Awake? Who from the Condemned-Hold, answering — Yes — he then proceeds thus:*

Gentlemen, I am the unwelcome Messenger who brings you the fatal News that you must to-morrow die. Your Time is but short, the Hours slide away apace, the Glass runs fast, and the last Sand being upon dropping, when you must launch out into boundless Eternity, give not yourselves to sleep, but watch and pray to gain eternal Life. Repent sooner than St. Peter, and weep before the Cock crows, for now Repentance is the only Road to Salvation; be fervent in this great Duty, and without doubt to-morrow you may be with the penitent Thief on the Cross in Paradise. Pray without ceasing. Quench not the Spirit. Abstain from all Appearance of Evil. As your own Wickedness has caused all this Evil to fall upon you, and brought the Day of Tribulation near at Hand, so let Goodness be your sole Comfort, that your Souls may find perpetual Rest with your blessed Saviour, who died for the Sins of the World; he will wipe all Tears from your Eyes, remove your Sorrows, and assuage your Grief, so that your Sin-sick Souls shall be healed for evermore. I exhort you earnestly not to be negligent of the Work of your Salvation, which depends upon your sincere Devotion betwixt this and to-morrow, when the Sword of Justice shall send you out of the Land of the Living. Fight the good Fight of Faith; and lay hold of eternal Life whilst you may, for there is no Repentance in the Grave; ye have pierced yourselves through with many Sorrows; but a few Hours will bring you to a Place where you will know nothing but Joy and Gladness. Love Righteousness, and hate Iniquity, then God, even your God, will anoint you with the Oil of Gladness, above your Fellow-men. Go now boldly to the Throne of Grace, that ye may obtain Mercy, and find Grace to help in Time of Need. The God of Peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole Spirits, and Souls, and Bodies, may be preserved blameless unto the meeting of your Blessed Redeemer: The Lord have Mercy upon you; Christ have Mercy upon you! Sweet Jesus receive your Souls; and to-morrow may you sit with him in Paradise. To all which the Spectators cry, Amen.

Next Day on which they are to die, the Bell in the Steeple is to toll for them, and under *St. Sepulchre's* Church-yard Wall, the Cart or Carts stop ping

ping, the aforeſaid Man, after ringing his Hand-Bell again from over the Wall, repeats again ſome religious Exhortations to the Priſoners, which are as follow :

Said by the Bell-man over St. Sepulchre's Church-Wall

Gentlemen, conſider now you are going out of this World into another, where you will live in Happineſs or Woe for evermore. Make your Peace with God Almighty, and let your whole Thoughts be entirely bent upon your latter End. Curſed is he that hangeth on a Tree; but 'tis hop'd the fatal Tie will bring your pre-

cious Souls to an Union with the great Creator of Heaven and Earth, to whom I recommend your Souls, in this your final Hour of Diſtreſs. Lord have Mercy upon you; Chriſt look down upon you, and comfort you. Sweet Jeſus receive your Souls this Day into eternal Life. Amen.

I thought inserting theſe Particulars would not be unacceptable to the candid Reader, ſince the three Perſons above-mention'd were the firſt to whom theſe Exhortations and Warnings were given. And thus ended the Life of our Adventurer *Thomas Witherington*.

The LIFE of THOMAS RUMBOLD.

THIS *Thomas Rumbold* was deſcended from honeſt and creditable Parents at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*. In his Youth he was put Apprentice to a Bricklayer, but evil Inclinations having an Aſſendant over his Mind, he went from his Maſter before he had well ſerved two Thirds of his Time. This Elopement obliged him to purſue ſome Irregularities to ſupport himſelf: He abſconded from his Father's Houſe, and having a Deſire of ſeeing *London*, he came up to Town, where getting into the Company of a notorious Gang of Robbers, he went on the Highway, and frequently took a Purſe. This Courſe he continued ſome Time, in Conjunction with Confederates; but having a Mind to make Prizes by himſelf, he ventured by himſelf, committing ſeveral Depredations on his Countrymen; the following whereof have come to our Hands.

The Archbiſhop of *Canterbury* being to go from *Lambeth* to *Canterbury*, *Rumbold* was determin'd to Way-lay him; and accordingly getting Sight of him between *Rocheſter* and *Sittingborn* in *Kent*, he gets into a Field, and ſpreading a large Tablecloth on the Graſs, on which he had placed ſeveral Handfuls of Gold, he then takes a Box and Dice out of his Pocket, and falls a playing at Hazard by himſelf. His Grace riding by that Place, and eſpying a Man ſhaking his Elbows by himſelf, ſent one of his Footmen to know the meaning of it. The Man was no ſooner come up to *Rumbold*, who was ſtill playing very eagerly, ſwearing and ſtaring like a Fury at his Loſſes, but he returns to the Reverend Prelate, and telling him what he had ſeen, his Grace ſtept out of his Coach to him, and ſeeing none but him, aſk'd him who he was at play with? Damn it, ſaid *Rumbold*, there's five hundred Pounds gone: Pray, Sir, be ſilent. His Grace going to ſpeak again, Ay, ſaid *Rumbold*, there's a hundred Pounds more loſt. Prithee, ſaid the Archbiſhop, who art thou at play with? *Rumbold* reply'd with —; And how will you ſend the Money to him? — By, ſaid *Rumbold*, his Ambaſſadors; and therefore looking upon your Grace to be one of them extraordinary, I ſhall beg the Favour of you to carry it him: According, giving his Grace about fix hundred Pounds in Gold and Silver, he put it into the Seat of his Coach, and away he rid to *Sittingborn* to bait. *Rumbold* rid thither alſo to bait in another

Inn; and riding ſome ſhort while before his Grace, as ſoon as he had Sight of him again, he had planted himſelf in another Field in the ſame playing Poſture as he had before; which his Grace ſeeing as riding by, went again to ſee this ſtrange Gameſter, whom he then took to be really a Madman. No ſooner was his Grace approaching *Rumbold*, who then had little or no Money upon his Cloth, but he cry'd out — Six hundred Pounds! — What, ſaid the Archbiſhop, loſt again. No, reply'd *Rumbold*, won, by Gad; I'll play this Hand out, and then leave off. So Eight hundred Pounds more, Sir, won; I'll leave off while I'm well. And who have you won of, ſaid his Grace? Of the ſame Perſon, reply'd *Rumbold* that I leſt the Six hundred Pounds with you for before you went to Dinner. And how, ſaid his Grace, will you get your Winnings? Says *Rumbold*, of his Ambaſſador too: So riding up with Sword and Piſtol in Hand to his Grace's Coach, he took Fourteen hundred Pounds out of the Seat thereof over and above his own Money, which he had entrusted in his Hands to give to — and rid off.

When *Rumbold* had got this large Booty by playing, whoſe Happineſs it was never to ſee, without becoming a very great Convert indeed, he bought him a Place, but did not leave off robbing on the Road; and in order for his better Advantages, he kept in Fee with moſt of the Hoſtlers and Chamberlains of the chiefſt Inns in the Country for forty Miles about *London*: So that having one Day a Blow ſet him at *Colebrook*, that is to ſay, being inform'd that a Couple of Travellers lay at a certain Inn in the aforeſaid Town, he roſe early the next Morning, and way-laid them in their Journey to *Reading*, ſo went before them to ſurprize them at *Maidenhead-Thicket*; but the Travellers being cunning, they had given out in Publick the wrong Road they were to go; for inſtead of riding to *Reading*, they went to *Windſor*, ſo that *Rumbold* miſſing of his Prey, rode back again very melancholy; when meeting with the Earl of *Oxford*, who was attended only with one Groom and a Footman, he clapt his Hair into his Mouth to diſguiſe himſelf for his intended Deſign, and attack'd his Lordſhip with the terrifying Words, *Stand and Deliver*, withal ſwearing, that if he made any Reſiſtance he was a dead Man. The Expoſtulations

tions the Earl used to save what he had, were as much in vain, as to pretend to wash a Blackamore white; however he swore too: that since he must lose what he had, *Rumbold* should search his Pockets himself, for he would not be at that Trouble. Upon this our Adventurer commanding his Lordship's Servants to keep at above a hundred Foot Distance upon pain of Death, he took the Pains of searching the Earl; when finding nothing but Boxes and Dice in the Pockets of his Coat and Waistcoat, he began to rend the Skies with many First-Rate Oaths, swearing also, that he believ'd he was the Groom Porter, else some gaming Sharper going to bite the poor Country People at their Fairs and Markets, till searching his Breeches, he found within a good gold Watch and six Guineas; he changed his angry Countenance into smiling Features, and giving his Lordship eighteen Pence, bad him be of good Cheer, go up to his Regiment then at *London* as fast as he could, and do his Duty as he ought, and when he next met with him, he would give him better Encouragement.

Rumbold and an Acquaintance of his being one Day at *Canterbury*, in the Dress of a Country Fellow, they went to a Tavern to drink a Quart of Wine. It seems the Master of a House was a complete Sharper, who, taking his two Guests for ignorant Fellows, was determined to put the Chouse upon them, as he call'd it; accordingly he brought them a Wine Quart Pot, but it was little more than half full: He intended they should have it raw, but it being a cold Morning, they bid him roast it: The Vintner was at a Loss in filling out the first Glas, but not knowing how to help it, he set it down before the Fire, and, as was suppos'd, intended to fill it up afterwards; but he forgetting that, and our Adventurer and his Acquaintance being busy in Discourse, forgot to look after the Pot; when on a sudden they look'd, and the Pot was melted above have way down, which was as far as there was no Wine in it: The Maid observing the Pot melted, call'd out to them, What? honest Men do you melt your Pot? Not we, said they, it was the Fire: But are like to pay for it, reply'd the Wench. That is when we do, said they. Upon this, the Master of the Tavern appears, to whom the Maid tells how the two Fools had been telling their *Canterbury* Tales together till the Pot was melted.— Then they must pay for it, answers the Vintner, for it was given into their Charge and Custody, and that therefore they ought to look after it, and since it was damag'd to pay for it. They reply'd, they took no Charge of it, neither did they touch it, but only order'd him to burn the Wine well. The Vintner insisted to be paid for his Pot. They told him, they would not. Upon this he threaten'd them with a Justice of Peace's Warrant. This Menace somewhat troubling them, and unwilling to have any Dispute in the Affair, they told the Vintner they were content to pay for the Wine, and allow Sixpence more for mending the Pot. The Vintner told them that would not do, for it could not be mended, and he must have a new one. Our Adventurer and his Companion seeing the Vintner so unreasonable, were content to have the Justice determine the Controversy, wherefore before his Worship they went, and the Vintner made his Complaint, how that those two Men had melted his Quart-pot, and refused to pay for it. The Justice perceiving how the Matter lay, and that he told his Tale wrong, desired the Men to speak, who, in plain Terms, told him they took no Charge of the Pot, but only desir'd the Drawer to cause the Wine to be burnt; that he had accordingly set it down by the Fire, and that without their handling or

touching it, the Pot was melted. So, said the Justice, and did neither of you drink of the Wine? No, not one Drop, reply'd our Adventurer, and yet we offer'd to pay for the Wine, and give Six-pence towards mending the Pot. This is more than you shall need to do, answer'd the Justice, and then he thus proceeded with the Vintner.

Friend, with what Confidence can you demand any Money of these Men, who had nothing of you? Since you will not do them Justice, I will. I do hereby acquit them from paying anything for Wine, because they never had any, and for the melting the Pot, how did they do it? It was not they, but your Servant who drew the Wine, who, had he fill'd the Pot full of Wine, the Fire could not have melted no farther than it was empty; and farther, continu'd the Justice, this shall not serve your Turn, for I shall fine you for not filling your Pot: Your Crime is very apparent and evident, and so shall your Punishment be; and I order you, as a Fine, to pay down twenty Shillings for your Misdemeanour, or else I shall make your Mitimus, and send you to Prison. Thus was the Case alter'd, and the Tale now was of another Hog, for the Vintner, who expected Satisfaction, was forc'd to give it, and that immediately, or else go to Prison. This went against the Hair, but Necessity had no Law, and therefore down he paid the Money, and came Home fearfully vexed, no so much for the Money he had paid, as for the Disgrace he receiv'd, for he was now become the Town-talk.

As *Rumbold* was riding along the Road he met a young Girl with a Milk-pail on her Head, but was amaz'd to see so much Perfection in her Face; he rode up pretty close to her, purposely to entertain some Discourse with her, introductory to a new Acquaintance: The first Questions he put to her were frivolous and indifferent, which she seem'd to answer with abundance of Modesty. *Rumbold* seeing her open a Gate to milk a Cow, followed her and tying his Horse to a Hedge, desir'd her Pardon for his Rudeness, and begg'd her to entertain a favourable Opinion of his Actions, for he would not offer the least Injury or Prejudice to her Chastity. Being overpersuaded with his Protestation and Vows to that Purpose, she admitted him to sit down and discourse with her, whilst she perform'd the Office of a Milk-maid. *Rumbold* had much ado to contain his Hands within Bounds when he viewed her stroking the Cow's Dugs, which heightened his amorous Passion, that the Vows and Protestations he had so lately made soon vanish'd out of his Memory. In short, after some Dalliances, Intreaties and Love-persuasions, and using corporal Strength, he obtain'd his Desires. After this they grew more familiar together, but the Burthen of the Song was, that *Rumbold* had undone her; but let the Reader judge the Truth of this. It was concluded that she should go home to her Father's Houie, and that towards Night our Adventurer would come thither likewise according to the Time appointed, as if he had never seen her before, and that he accidentally rode that Way in order to be inform'd what Course he was to take to pursue his Journey right.

The Maid went cunningly in, and acquainted her Father and Mother, that there was a Gentleman without, who appear'd such by his Countenance Garb and Dress, that fearing to travel farther, being Night, and not knowing the Way, he desir'd to rest himself until the Morning. The Parents of the young Woman had more Respect for our Adventurer than to let him travel farther, whereby he might be expos'd to Difficulties, civilly admitted him into their House

Rumbold being handsomely entertain'd, was resolv'd to dedicate that Night to the Charms of his fair and young Mistress; but Heaven cross'd his amorous Design, and all the Stars were against him.

Next Morning our Adventurer feign'd himself very ill, purely to have a Pretence of staying, which he acquainted the Daughter with. The old People were vastly loving and courteous, so that as soon as they heard of it, they came to see *Rumbold* in his Chamber, and express'd extraordinary Compassion and Pity for him. They provided every Thing they thought necessary for him. Our Adventurer offer'd them Money for their Services, but they absolutely refused it; and to make them entertain the better Opinion of him, he shew'd a great Quantity of Gold.

Rumbold lay at the Farmer's House at least a Fortnight in this pretended ill State of Health; several Doctors had been with him, but not one of them all had Knowledge enough to dive into his Dis temper. During this Time he had the charming Daughter every Night, who, contrary to the Custom of most Women, did not seem coy and nice in gratifying his Passion which was the Centre of her Hopes. *Rumbold* fearing too long an Illness might give the old People some Uneasiness, or cause 'em to suspect him, left off counterfeiting any longer Indispositions, and shew'd them some Recovery of his Strength. When the old People at any time came into his Chamber, the main Subject of our Adventurer's Discourse commonly turn'd on the many signal Favours he had receiv'd, and that if he liv'd he would gratefully repay them. Being restor'd to his usual Strength, he told them that he could never well enough recompence the Care and Love they had over him, unless it were by marrying their Daughter, who had already won his Heart. The Parents made many Excuses upon this Article: The first Objection was, that she was but a poor Country Girl, and the like. However, *Rumbold* was not so backward to himself but he made several Enquiries in a neighbouring Town about the Circumstances of the Farmer, whom he found by the Report of every Body to be a very wealthy Person; and that Time had not been more careful in furnishing his Head with Silver Hairs, than he industrious to maintain them by the Procuration of a plentiful Estate. The Girl he pretended to love was the only Darling of the good old People; for the Father furrow'd the Surface of the Earth, and chose rather to sell than to eat his better Sort of Provision, in order to augment and increase her Portion. The old Farmer thought he had bestow'd his Labour to a good Purpose, since he had met with a blest Opportunity, wherein he should add Gentility to his Daughter's Riches. O! the Slaughter of Pigs, Geese and Capon, which, as to some idol, were sacrificed daily to procure our Adventurer's Favour. As he was not sparing of his Food, so was he liberal enough in sending for Wine, which he did to the Quantity of six Bottles at a time; so that the old Man was brought to this Pass, that he ear'd not whether he spent his Estate on *Rumbold* or gave it him; and the Daughter was so pleas'd with the Person and Embraces of our Adventurer, that above all other Satisfaction in the World she lov'd his Company the best. The Endearments *Rumbold* and the Daughter had together are inexpressible, and the old Parents were never more pleas'd than when they saw them together, which gave our Adventurer more Opportunities of being with his Mistress than he could reasonably hope for or expect. *Rumbold's* main Design was to lift the young Woman in relation to the Quantity of Money her Father had, and where it lay. She told him that he had not above five Pounds in the House, having two or

three Days past laid out all his ready Money in a Purchase. This was no small Mortification to our Gentleman, who thought it Labour lost to stay any longer, when he could not glean the Father's Harvest, tho' he had crop'd the Mother's Labour, and so resolv'd to be going, but not without one solemn Night's taking Leave of her. The Night being come, she purposely staid up till all the rest were gone to Bed. But Fortune now had a Mind to play our Adventurer an ill Turn; for he and his Mistress being too imprudently hasty in the Kitchen, both of them stumbled against two Barrels piled one on the other, and fell, and both were so engag'd that they could not disentangle themselves so soon, but that her Father came out crying — In the Name of Goodness what is the Matter? And groping about, caught *Rumbold* by the naked Breech. Seeing there was no Kemeddy, he desir'd him to be silent, and not spread his Daughter's Disgrace; if so, he would shortly make her a Recompence. The old Man was very much perplex'd, and could not forbear telling his Wife of what had pass'd. They both cry'd out, that their Daughter was undone; and the Daughter was in the same 'tune unless *Rumbold* would marry her.

Rumbold, to colour the Matter, stay'd about three or four Days longer, and at last march'd off incognito, sending her twenty Pieces of Gold, and a Copy of Verses, which, as too plain and pertinent to the sweet Treatment that had pass'd between them, we shall at present here omit.

Rumbold taking his Leave thus abruptly of the Farmer and his loving Daughter, rode a long Time, but met with no Body worthy of his Notice: Being weary, he struck into an Inn, and by the Time he had thoroughly refresh'd himself, the Evening began to approach. Upon this he mounted, and so put on. Passing by a small Coppice in a Bottom between two Hills, a Gentleman (as our Adventurer suppos'd him) well armed, and handsomely accoutred, started out upon him, and bid him deliver instantly. *Rumbold* hearing him say so, told him, if he would but have Patience he would, and with that drew out a Pocket-pistol, and fir'd at him without doing any Execution. If you are for a little Sport, reply'd the Gentleman, I'll shew you some instantly; whereupon drawing a Pistol he shot our Adventurer into the Leg; having so done, with his Sword, that hung ready at his Wrist, he neatly cut at one Blow the Reins of *Rumbold's* Bridle, so that he was not able to manage his Horse; but he being good at Command, and used to the Charge, he gave him to understand with the winding of his Body what he was to do. — Come, Sir, said the Adversary, have you enough yet? In Faith, Sir, answer'd our Adventurer, I'll exchange but one Pistol more, and if that proves unsuccessful, I'll then submit to your Mercy. Upon this he shot but mis'd his Mark, however he kill'd his Horse, which instantly fell. The Gentleman, notwithstanding this Loss, was so nimble, that, before *Rumbold* could think what to do, he had sheathed his Sword in his Horse's Belly, which made our Adventurer come tumbling down too. Once more, said my Antagonist, we are upon equal Terms, and since the Obscurity of the Place gives us Freedom, let us try our Courage, one must fall: And upon that with his Sword, which was made for Cut and Thrust, he made a full Pass at his Body, but he putting it by, closed in with him, and upon the Hug threw him with much Facility. Our Adventurer was surpris'd at first, which he needed not have done, since his Nature (as he understood afterwards) was so prone to it. Having him down, Sir, said he, I shall teach you for the future to be careful on whom you set; wherefore now yield, Sir, or I shall compel you. With

much Reluctance he did, and ty'd his Hands and Feet with Cords he had for that Purpose, and so fell to rifling him. Unbuttoning his Coat to find if there was no Gold quilted therein, he wonder'd to see a Pair of Breasts so unexpectedly greater and whiter than any Man's; but being intent upon his Business, his Amazement soon vanish'd out of his Thoughts. Coming, after this, to his Breeches, which he laid open, his curious Search omitted not any Place, in which he might suspect the Concealment of Money; at last, offering to remove his Shirt from between his Legs, he suddenly cry'd out, and strove to lay his Hand there, but could not.——I beseech you, Sir, to be civil, said he. *Rumbold* imagined that some notable Treasure lay conceal'd there, and therefore he pull'd away his Shirt, (*alias* Smock) and found himself not much mistaken.

This unexpected Sight so surpriz'd him, that he look'd as if he had been converted into a Statue by the Head of some *Gorgon*; but after a little Pause he hastily unbound her, and taking her into his Arms, said, *Pardon me most courageous Amazon, for thus rudely dealing with you; it was nothing but Ignorance that caused this Error, for could my disfigured Soul have distinguish'd what you were, the great Love and Respect I bear your Sex would have deterr'd me from contending with you, but I esteem this Ignorance of mine as the greatest Happiness, since Knowledge in this Case would have depriv'd me of the Benefit of knowing there could be so much Valour in a Woman. For your Sake I shall for ever retain a very good Esteem for the worst of Females.* Here our Adventurer paused, upon which she begg'd him not to be too tedious in his Expressions, nor pump for eloquent Phrases, alledging where they were, was no proper Place to make Orations in: But if you will declare yourself, said she, let us go into a Place not far distant from this, better known but to few besides myself. *Rumbold* approv'd well of her Advice, and returning what he had taken from her, follow'd her through several obscure Passages, till they came to a Wood, where in a Place the Sun had not seen since the Deluge, stood an House. At our first Approach the Servants were all in a Hurry who should obey Mrs. *Virago's* Commands, for they all knew her, being no Strangers to her Disguise, but wonder'd to see St. *George* and his trusty Esquire on Foot, neither durst they shew themselves inquisitive presently.

After some short Time they were conducted into a very fine Apartment, where embracing one another, they nit an indissoluble Tie of Friendship. Having refresh'd themselves with what the House afforded, they began to discourse together with the same Familiarity as if they had been born together. *Rumbold* observing her Frankness, press'd her to tell him what she was, and what manner of Life she led. Sir, said she, I cannot deny your Request, wherefore to satisfy you, know I was the Daughter of a Sword-cutler: in my younger Days my Mother would have taught me to handle a Needle, but my martial Spirit gain'd all Persuasions to that Purpose; I could never endure to be among Utensils of the Kitchen, but spent most of my Time in my Father's Shop, taking wonderful Delight in handling the Warlike Instruments he made: To take a Sword in my Hand well mounted and brandish it, was reckon'd by me among the chief of my Recreations. Being about a dozen Years of Age, I studied by all Ways imaginable how I might make myself acquainted with a Fencing-Master. Time brought my Desires to their Compliment; for such a one as I wish'd for accidentally came into my Father's Shop to have his Blade furnished; and Fortune so order'd it, there was none

to answer but myself. Having given him that Satisfaction he desired, tho' not expecting it from me, among other Questions, I ask'd him, whether he was not a Professor of that noble Science? (for I guess too much by his Postures, Looks, and Expressions.) He told me, he was a Well-wisher to it. Being glad of this Opportunity, desiring him to conceal my Intentions, I begg'd the Favour of him to give me some Instructions how I should manage a Sword. At first he seem'd amaz'd at my Proposal; but perceiving I was in Earnest, he granted my Petition, allotting me such a Time to come to him as was most convenient. I became so expert at Backsword and Single Rapier in a little Time, that I need not his Assistance any longer, my Parents not in the least mistrusting any such Thing.

I shall wave what Exploits I did by the Help of my Disguise, and only tell you, that when I arriv'd to the Age of fifteen Years, an Inn-keeper married me, and carried me into the Country. For two Years we liv'd very peaceably and comfortably together, but at length the violent and imperious Temper of my Husband made me shew my natural Humour. Once a Week we seldom miss'd of a Combat betwixt us, which frequently prov'd so sharp, that it was a wonder if my Husband came off with a single broken Pate; by which the gaping Wounds of our Discontents and Differences being not presently salved up, they became in a manner incurable. I was not much inclin'd to love him, because he was of a mean dastardly Spirit, and ever hated that a Dunghill Cock should tread a Hen of the Game. Being stinted likewise of Money, my Life grew altogether comfortable, and I look'd on my Condition as insupportable; wherefore as the only Remedy or Expedient to mitigate my vexatious Troubles, I contriv'd a way how I might sometimes take a Purse. I judg'd this Resolution safe enough, if I were not taken in the very Fact, for who could suspect me to be a Robber, wearing Abroad Mens Apparel upon such Designs, but at Home that which was more agreeable and suitable to my Sex; besides no one could have better Encouragement and Convenience than myself, for, keeping an Inn, who is more proper to have in Custody what Charge my Guests brought into my House than myself? or if committed to my Husband's Tutelage, I could not fail to inform myself of the Richness of the Booty: Besides, the Landlady is the Person whose Company is most desired, before whom they are no ways scrupulous to relate which way they are a going, and frequently what the Affair was that led them that Way.

Courage, I knew, I wanted not (be you my impartial Judge, Sir) what then could hinder me from being successful in such an Enterprize? Being thus resolv'd, I soon provided my necessary Habilliments for these my Contrivances, and never miscarried in any of them till now: Instead of riding to Market, or travelling five or six Miles about such a Business, (the usual Pretences with which I blinded my Husband) I would, when out of Sight, take a contrary Road to this House (in which we now are) and metamorphose myself, and being fitted at all Points, pad incontinently, coming off always victoriously. Not long since my Husband had about one hundred Pounds due to him about some twenty Miles from his Habitation, and design'd such a Day for receiving it. Glad I was to hear of this, resolving now to be reveng'd on him for all those Injuries and churlish Outrages he had committed against me: I knew very well which Way he went, and understood the Time of his coming Home: Upon which I Way-laid him at his Return; and fortunately,

tately, as I would have it, he did not make me wait above three Hours for him.

I let him pass by me, knowing that by the Swiftneſs of my Horſe I cou'd eaſily overtake him; and ſo did, riding with him a Mile or two before I cou'd ſee my intended Buſineſs. At laſt looking about me, I ſaw the Coaſt clear on every Side, wherefore riding cloſe to him, and taking hold on his Bridle, I ſnatch'd a Piſtol to his Breaſt, commanding him to deliver, or he was a dead Man. This imperious Demand ſeem'd Death before his Face, had like to have ſav'd him the Labour, by dying voluntarily without Conſultation, and ſo amaz'd was he at his being ſo ſuddenly ſurpriz'd, that he look'd like an Apparition, ſome lately riſen from the Dead. *Sirrah*, ſaid I, *be expeditious*; but a dead Pally had ſo ſeiz'd every part of him, that his Eyes were incapable of directing his Hands to his Pockets; but I ſoon recall'd his Spirits by two or three Blows with the Flat of my Sword, which ſo awaken'd him out of the deep ſtargy he was in, that, with much Submiſſion, he deliver'd all his Money. After I had diſmount'd him, and cut the Reins of his Bridle and Girths, I beat him ſo ſoundly, till I had made almoſt Jelly of his Bones, and Egyptian Mummy of his Fleſh. *Now you Rogue, ſaid I, I am even with you, have a care the next time how you ſtrike a Woman, (your ſiſter I mean) for none but ſuch as dare not fight a Man will lift up his Hand againſt the weaker Veſſel. Now you ſee what it is to provoke them, for if irritated too much, they are reſtleſs till they accompliſh their Revenge to Satisfaction; I have a good Mind to end your wicked Courſes with your Life, inhuman wretch, but that I am loth to be hang'd for nothing, I ſpare you ſuch a worthleſs Man. Farewel, this Moment ſerve me to purchaſe Wine to drink Healths to Confuſion of ſuch rascally and mean-ſpirited Things.* And ſo I left him.

ſhe was about to proceed on farther with her Adventures and Exploits, when Word was brought her, that two Gentlemen below deſired to ſpeak with her; and ſo begging our Adventurer's Excuse, ſhe ſat down, and in a little Time return'd with them: ſhe made an Apology to me for doing ſo, adding, that if ſhe had committed a Crime herein, my future Knowledge of thoſe Perſons wou'd extenuate it: but their effeminate Countenances I cou'd not miſs judging who they were, I mean Females.

What the female Warrior had advanc'd was too true, for having diſcourſed to her ſome time, *Rumbold* grew ſo well-pleas'd with his new Acquaintance, that he reſolv'd to ſpend ſome Time in their Conſultation and Company. At the Time of going to Bed they were all conducted into one Chamber, where ſix Beds were; but what Satisfaction they enjoy'd there, we leave to the Thoughts of our candid Readers, who, we hope, can conſtrue as well as we. In the Morning, our Adventurer riſing betimes in the Morning, and finding his three Females ſaſt aſleep, examin'd the Pockets of the two laſt, out of which he brought a dozen Guineas, the very Sum he had reſolv'd to give the firſt, he got his Horſe, and rode off.

Rumbold having a long time obſerv'd a Goldſmith in *Lombard-Street* to be very intent in counting ſeveral Bags of Money, was reſolv'd to have a Share of ſome of them; but, having tried ſeveral Efforts, ſtill came off diſappointed. He had ſeveral Thoughts about him which he had got by robbing, one of which had a very fine Diamond ſet in it. Money being wanting, and ſo many Diſappointments obſcuring his Deſires, he went to the Goldſmith's to buy him the Ring, in Company with a Servant he had brought. On entering the Shop, he pull'd the Ring from his Finger, and ask'd him what it was worth? The Goldſmith looking on him, and then on the Ring,

hoping to make the Ring his own for a ſmall Matter; and ſeeing our Adventurer (who had diſguis'd himſelf in a plain Country Dreſs) believ'd that he had little Skill in Diamonds, and that this came accidentally into his Poſſeſſion, and that he might purchaſe it very eaſily, wherefore being doubtful what to anſwer as to the Price, told the Countryman that the Worth of it was uncertain, for he could not directly tell whether it was a right or a counterfeit One. As for that, ſaid our pretended Countryman, I believe it is a right One, and dare warrant it; and indeed I intend to ſell it, and therefore would know what you intend to give me for it. Truly, reply'd the Goldſmith, it may be worth ten Pounds; yes, and more Money, ſaid the Countryman; not much more, anſwer'd the Goldſmith, for look you here, ſaid he, here is a Ring, which I will warrant is much better than your's, and I will alſo warrant it to be a good Diamond, and I will ſell it you for twenty Pounds. This the Goldſmith ſaid ſuppoſing that the Countryman, who came to ſell, had no Skill, Inclination, or Money to buy; but our pretended Countryman believing that the Goldſmith only ſaid this, thinking to draw him on to part with his own Ring the more eaſily, and by that Means cheat him, reſolv'd if he could to be too wiſe for the Goldſmith, wherefore taking both the Rings into his Hands through a Pretence of comparing them together, he thus ſaid, I am ſure mine is a right Diamond, and ſo is mine reply'd the Goldſmith, and ſaid the Countryman ſhall I have it for twenty Pound? yes, reply'd the Goldſmith: But ſaid he, I ſuppoſe you came to ſell and not to buy; and ſince you ſhall ſee I will be a good Customer, I will give you fifteen Pounds for yours: Nay, reply'd the Countryman, ſince I have the Choice to buy or ſell, I will never reſuſe a good Pennyworth, as I think this is, therefore maſter Goldſmith I will keep my own, and give you Money for your's, where is it, ſaid the Goldſmith haſtily? and endeavouring then to ſeize on his Ring, hold a Blow there ſaid *Rumbold*, here's your Money, but the Ring I will keep: The Goldſmith ſeeing himſelf thus caught, flutter'd and ſlounced like a Madman, and *Rumbold* pulling out a little Purſe, told down twenty Pieces of Gold, and ſaid, here Shopkeeper, here's your Money, but I hope you will allow me eighteen Pence a Piece in Exchange for my Gold. Tell not me of Exchange, but give me my Ring, ſaid the Goldſmith. It is mine, ſaid the Countryman, I have bought it, and paid for it, and have Witneſs of my Bargain. All this would not ſerve the Goldſmith's Turn, but he curs'd and ſwore that *Rumbold*, the pretended Countryman, came to cheat him, and his Ring he would have, and at the Noiſe ſeveral People came about the Shop, but he was ſo perplex'd that he could not tell his Tale, and at length a Conſtable came, and altho' the Goldſmith knew not to what Purpoſe, yet before a Juſtice he would go. *Rumbold* ſeem'd content, and therefore before a Juſtice they went together; when they came there, the Goldſmith, who was the Plaintiff, began his Tale, and ſaid, that the Countryman had taken a Diamond Ring from him worth one hundred Pounds, and would give him but twenty Pounds for it. Have a Care, reply'd *Rumbold*, for if you charge me with taking a Ring from you, I ſuppoſe that is ſtealing, and if you ſay ſo, I ſhall vex you more than I have yet done; and then he told the Juſtice the whole Story as here related, which was then a very plain Caſe, and for Proof of the Matter, our pretended Country Gentleman's Man was a Witneſs. The Goldſmith hearing this, alledged, that he believed the Country Gentleman and his Man were both Impoſtors and Cheats. To this our Adventurer reply'd as before, that he had beſt have a Care he did not make his Caſe worſe, and bring an old Houſe over his

his Head by flandering him thus; for it was well known that he was a Gentleman of Three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, and lived at a Place not above twenty Miles from *London*, and that he being desirous to sell a Ring, came to his Shop for that Purpose, but he would have cheated him, but it prov'd that he only made a Rod for his own Breech, and what he intended to him was fallen upon himself: Thus did our Adventurer make good his Case and the Justice seeing there was no Injustice done, dismiss'd him, but order'd that his Neighbour the Goldsmith should have the twenty Pieces of Gold for twenty Pound, though they were worth more in Exchange, and this was all the Satisfaction he had.

Rumbold had a mighty itching after the Goldsmith's Money in *Lombard-Street*; he would not pass thro' that Street, and hear thole Trademen telling their Sums, but his Hands longed to be feeling of them. He had a Boy that constantly attended him, who, every Time his Master had a Mind to make some Advantage to himself, went into a Goldsmith's Shop, took up an handful of Money, and then letting it all fall down on the Counter, ran out. Once on a Time this Boy performed this Trick, the Servants in the Shop ran after him, and taxed him with stealing some of the Money. *Rumbold*, who always vindicated his Youngster, bid them take Care what they said, and positively affirm'd that his Boy had not taken a Farthing, and must be so plain with them, as to tell them, that the Goldsmith should pay for it. Hereupon they fell to hot Words, and the Goldsmith calling our Adventurer a shirking Fellow, said, he would have both him and the Boy sent to *Newgate* for robbing him, and that in Conclusion, he must, and should pay for it. At first our Adventurer desired to know with what Sum they pretended to charge the Boy; they said they knew not, but that he had taken Money from a Heap they were telling, and which was a hundred Pounds.

Rumbold hearing them say thus, told them, that he would stay the telling of it, and then they might judge who had the Abuse. They were content with it, and accordingly went to telling. Half an Hour had dispatch'd that Matter, and then they found all their Money was right to a Farthing; the Goldsmith seeing this, ask'd our Adventurer's Pardon for the Affront they had done him, saying it was a Mistake. *Rumbold* answered to this, that he must pay for his prating; and that being a Person of Quality, he would not put up with the Affront, and that he must expect to hear further from him. The Goldsmith seeing our Adventurer hot, was as cholerick as he, and so they parted for that Time. *Rumbold*, the next Day got the Goldsmith to be arrested in an Action of Defamation, and the Serjeant who arrested him being well feed by our Adventurer, told the Goldsmith, that he had better by far compound the Matter, for the Gentleman he had injured was a Person of Quality, and would not put it up, but make him pay soundly for it, if he proceeded any farther. The Goldsmith being desirous of Quiet, hearkened to his Counsel, and agreed to give ten Pounds; but that would not be taken, but twenty Pounds was given to our Adventurer, and so the Business was made up for the present.

Rumbold having got some of the Goldsmith's Money, was determined to have more, or venture hard for it; wherefore having again given instructions to his Boy what to do, he made several Journeys to the Goldsmith's, walking by his Door to watch an Opportunity; at length he found one; for seeing the Servants telling a considerable Quantity of Gold, he gave the Sign to the Boy, who presently went in, and clapping his Hand on the Heap, took up, and brought

away a full Handful, and coming to his Master, gave it him: neither did the Boy make so much Haile of the Shop, but that he could hear a Stranger who was in the Shop receiving of Money, say to the Apprentice, *Why do not you stop the Boy? No*, said the Apprentice, *I do not mean it, I know him well enough my Master paid Sauce lately for stopping of him; as so they continued telling of their Money.*

Rumbold being intimately acquainted with a Jeweller in *Foster-Lane*, whom he often helped to the Sale of Rings and Jewels, which made his Crec good with him, went one Time into his Work-Room and chancing to spy a very rich Jewel, he told him that he could help him to the Sale thereof. My Lady such a one having spoke to me, said he, about such a Thing. The Jeweller, glad of the Opportunity delivered it to our Adventurer at such a Price to be for him. But *Rumbold* only carried it to another Workman, to have another made like it with counterfeit Stones. Before he went, he ask'd if the Lady dislike'd it, whether he might leave it with his Wife or Servant: Ay, ay, says he, either will be sufficient. *Rumbold* was forced to watch a whole Day to see when he went out, and being gone, presently went to the Shop, and enquired of the Wife for her Husband, and answered him that he was but just gone. Well, my dam, said he, you can do my Business as well as I: 'tis only to deliver these Stones into your Custody and so he went his way.

Not long after, *Rumbold* met the Jeweller in the Street with displeasing Looks, Sir, said he, I thought a Friend would not have served me so, but our Adventurer deny'd it stiffly; whereupon he was very angry, and told him he would prosecute him. *Rumbold* seem'd not to value his Threats, and so left him. *Rumbold* was not gone many Paces before he met with a Friend, who complain'd to him, that he had lost a very valuable Locket of his Wife's, it being ito from her. *Rumbold* was glad to hear of such a Circumstance that had fallen out so favourably to his present Purpose, he ask'd him to give him a Description of it, which he did punctually. Now, said *Rumbold*, what will you give me, if I tell you where it is. A thing in Reason. Then go to such a Shop in *Foster-Lane*, (the same Shop where he had cheated the Master of his Ring) and there ask'd peremptorily for it, for was there at such a Time, and saw it; nay he would have had me help'd him to a Customer for it: My Time, I'll stay at the *Star Tavern* for you. And he went and demanded his Locket. The Jeweller deny'd he had any such Thing (as well he might.) Upon this, *Rumbold* advised him to have a Warrant for him, and to fetch him before a Justice of the Peace, and that he, and the Person who was with him, would swear it. The Goldsmith was instantly seized on by a Constable, and as soon as he saw who they were that would swear against him, desired the Gentleman to drink a Glass of Wine, and then order him Satisfaction. But *Rumbold* had so ordered his Business that it would not be taken, unless he would give all three general Releases. The Goldsmith knowing the Danger that might ensue to Life and Estate if he persisted, consented to the Proposal.

Rumbold walking one time in the Fields with an Attendant or two, who should be constantly before him, if in Company with any Person of Quality, but otherwise, *kind Fellow well met*: He was going far as *Hackney* before he knew he was, for his Thoughts were busied in forming Designs, and his Wit was contriving how to put them into Execution. Casting his Eye on one Side of him, he saw the prettiest built and well situated House that ever his Eyes beheld. He had immediately a covetous Desire to be Master thereof; he was then, as Fortune would

have it in very handsome Dress. He walk'd but a little Way farther before he found out a Plot to accomplish his Desires; and thus it was: He return'd and knock'd at the Gate, and demanded of the Servant whether his Master was within? He understood he was, and thereupon desir'd to speak with him. The Gentleman came out to him himself, and desir'd him to walk in. After *Rumbold* had made a general Apology, he told him his Business, which was only to request the Favour of him, that he might have the Privilege to bring a Workman to survey his House, and to take his Dimensions thereof, because he was so well pleas'd with the Building, that he earnestly desir'd to have another built exactly after the same Pattern. The Gentleman could do no less than grant him so much Civility. Coming home, he went to a Carpenter, telling him he was about buying a House at *Hackney*, and that he would have him go along with him, to give him (in private) the Estimate. Accordingly they went and found the Gentleman at Home; who entertain'd our Adventurer kindly as a Stranger. In the mean Time the Carpenter took an exact Account of the Buts and Bounds of the House on Paper, which was as much as he desired at that Time.

Paying the Carpenter well, he dismiss'd him, and by that Paper had a Lease drawn with a very great Fine (mentioned to have been paid) at a small Rent. Witnesses he could not want to his Deed; and shortly after he demanded Possession. The Gentleman thinking our Adventurer out of his Wits, only laugh'd at him. *Rumbold* commenced a Suit of Law against him, and produc'd his Creatures to swear to his sealing and Delivery of the Lease, and the Carpenter's Evidence, with many other probable Circumstances to corroborate his Cause; whereupon he had a Verdict. The Gentleman by this Time understanding who our Adventurer was, thought it safer to compound with him, and lose something rather than all.

Another Time putting on one of the best Suits of Cloaths he had, he went to a Scrivener in *Bow-lane*, and acquainted him how he had a pretent Occasion for an hundred Pounds. He demanded the Names of his Securities. *Rumbold* told him where they liv'd, being Persons of eminent Worth, (but our Adventurer knew they were out of Town at that Juncture) and desir'd to make Enquiry, but to be private in managing of it. The Scrivener accordingly went as he had desired him, and found them by Report to be what they were, really able and sufficient Men. Two or three Days after, *Rumbold* call'd upon him to know whether he might have the Money upon the Security propounded? He told him that he might on bringing the Persons, and fix'd a Day for meeting. According to the Day he came with two of his Accomplices, dress'd like rich Citizens, who personated such Persons to the Life, that the Scrivener could not entertain the least Suspicion. The Money being ready, he told it over, and put it into a Bag; upon which our Adventurer and his insignificant Bonds-men sealed the Writing, leaving the Scrivener to another Enquiry after them, whom, if he did not mean, 'twas very confidently to be believ'd that he could never find them, by reason of the several Names they went by. It chanced that *Rumbold's* forged Name was the same with that of a Gentleman's in *Surrey*, who was a great Purchaser, which our Adventurer came to know by being accidentally in his Company the next Night after he had cheated the credulous Scrivener, understanding likewise the exact Place of his Abode, and as the D——I would have it his Christian Name was the same as well as his Surname with that of our Adventurer's, which he had bor-

rowed. Upon this he went to the Scrivener again, and told him that now he had a fair Opportunity of benefiting himself very much by a Purchase, provided he wou'd assist him with two hundred Pounds more: But, Sir, said he, take Notice (in a careless and generous Frankness) that it is out of a particular Regard and Respect to you that you might have profit by me, that I come again, neither will I give you any other Security than my own Bond, tho' I did otherwise before; but if you will be satisfy'd as to my Estate, pray let your Servant go to such a Place in *Surrey*, there is a Piece of Gold to bear his Charges, and I will satisfy you farther for the true Lots of Time occasion'd by sending him. He being very greedy of Gain, very officiously promised to do what I requir'd, and would speedily give me an Answer. Imagining what Time his Servant would return, *Rumbold* repaired to him again, and understood from him by the Sequel, that he had receiv'd as much Satisfaction as in Reason any Man wou'd desire. Upon this he procured the two hundred Pounds upon his own Bond; which was accordingly paid him.

Rumbold supported himself by these Cheats a considerable Time, tho' unlike his Companions, he was never known to be very extravagant. He had amassed together a matter of eight hundred Pounds clear, and resolving to leave off in Time, put the Money into the Hand of a Banker a Friend of his, in order to live the Remainder of his Days comfortably on the Interest thereof; he had the Mortification, within a Month or two, to hear that his Trustee was march'd off not only with his Money, but a great many thousand Pounds more of other Peoples; so that being reduc'd to an impoverish'd State, he was forc'd, tho' somewhat against his Inclination, to betake himself again to his former irregular Courses, several merry Pranks of whom the Sequel will soon discover.

Rumbold having a Design of robbing a Gentleman's House near *Uxbridge*, put up at an Inn in that Town, in order, on the first Opportunity, to put his Scheme in practice. Several Companies were in the House, and lodg'd there; and it being the Time of long Nights, much of that tedious Time was spent in Gaming and merry Conversation with one another. All Companies join'd with Pastime; but it growing late, they that were weary and sleepy dropp'd away to Bed; among the rest, a Man who had a very handsome Wife went to Bed, and his Lodging was in a Chamber where there was another Bed. The Man being in Bed laid his Wearing-Cloaths upon him, and putting out the Candle went to sleep. A little Time after our Adventurer, who was to lie in the Bed in the same Chamber, came up, and walking about, a Conceit came into his Head, that it was probable he might have a She-befellow, and in order thereto he thus carry'd on his Device; he put off his own Cloaths, and laid them very orderly on the Bed where the Man was asleep, first taking off those of his Chamber-fellows, and when he had done, he very fairly spread them on the Bed he was to lie in; and having done thus, he went to Bed and put out his Candle, and expecting the Event, which fell out according to his Hopes, for not long after up came the Woman intending to go to Bed to her Husband, undress'd herself, and seeing, and very well knowing her Husband's Cloaths, believing that to be a sufficient Sign of her Husband's being there, not looking on the Face, which was purposely hid; she put out the Candle and went to Bed to our Adventurer; who altho' he pretended to be then asleep, yet he did her Right before Morning, for the still supposing it was her Husband, gave him free Liberty to do what he would. Her Bed-

fellow, tho' he had taken much Pains, and was weary, yet towards Morning, considering that if this Matter was discover'd, he might have lower Sauce to his sweet Meat, studied and contrived how to come off as well as he had come on, and therefore turning to his Bedfellow and kissing her, &c. as a Farewel, he, pretending to rise and make Water, went out of the Bed; he soon found his Way to his Chamber-fellow's Bed-side, and there took off his Cloaths, dress'd himself and departed. The Woman missing her Bedfellow, whom all the while she had took for her Husband, wonder'd much what was become him, and lay and studied in great Confusion without knowing either what to do or say; at length she began to mistrust we had wrong'd her Bedfellow, especially when she began to consider with herself that her Husband was not wont to be so kind: When she was partly sensible of the Mistake, she could not tell how to think of a Remedy; if she should arise and go into the other Bed, she might chance to be mistaken again; and therefore in this Confusion she knew not what to do. While she was in these Thoughts, a Maid with a Candle appear'd, who passing through the Room, gave her a clear View that her Husband was in the other Bed; accordingly she resolv'd to take her Cloaths and go to Bed to her Husband; but he who had slept hard all Night, was now awaken'd with the Noise of the Maid's passing through the Chamber, and therefore he crept out of Bed, and felt for a Chamber-pot; at length having found one, and us'd it, and going to return to Bed where had lain, his Wife then took the Opportunity to call to him, saying, *My Dear, whither are you going? You mistake your Bed. No, sure,* said the Man, *Where are you? Here,* reply'd she. He hearing her Voice, soon found out where she was, but could not presently be persuaded that he had lain there all Night. *You shall see that by and by,* said she, *when you can see your Cloaths on this Bed. If it be so, then you are in the right,* answer'd he. In fine, getting him to sleep again, she, in the Interim, got his Cloaths laid on the Bed; and Day-light coming on, and he seeing them there, was satisfy'd. Thus was this *Christmas* Adventure ended. She, towards one in the Morning, made great Enquiry after her Bedfellow, but no Tidings could be given of him.

Another time *Rumbold* coming early one Morning to an Inn in the Country, called for a Flaggon of Beer, and desir'd a private Room, for, *said he, I have Company coming to me, and we have Business together.* The Tapster accordingly shews him a Room, and brings him a Flaggon of Beer, and with it a Silver Cup worth three Pounds. *Rumbold* drank off his Beer, and call'd for another Flaggon, and at the same time desir'd the Landlord to bear him Company. The Landlord seeing him alone, sat and talk'd with him about State Affairs till they were both weary, and the Landlord was ready to leave him. *Well,* said our Adventurer, *I see my Company will not come, and therefore I will not stay any longer.* Neither did he; but having drank up his Beer, he call'd to pay: *Fourpence,* said the Tapster; *There it is,* answer'd our Adventurer, laying it down, and so he went out of the Room. The Tapster staid behind to bring away the Flaggon and Silver Cup; yet tho' he found the Flaggon, the Cup was not to be found; wherefore running hastily out of the Room, he cry'd, *Stop the Man.* *Rumbold* was not in such haste but that he quickly stop'd of himself; he was not quite gone out of the Doors, and therefore soon return'd to the Bar; where when he was come: *Well,* said he, *what is the Matter? What would you have? The Cup,* answer'd the Tapster,

that I brought you. I left it in the Room, reply'd *Rumbold, I cannot find it,* answer'd the Tapster; and at this Noise the Landlord appear'd, who hearing what was the Matter, said, *I am sure the Cup was there but just now, for I drank out of it. Ay, and it is there for me,* reply'd our Adventurer. *Look then farther,* said the Landlord. The Tapster did so, but neither high nor low could he find the Cup. *We'll then* said the Landlord, *if it be gone you must pay for it, Countryman, for you must either have it or know of its going, and therefore you must pay for it. Not I indeed,* reply'd our Adventurer, *you see I have none of it, I have not been out of your House, nor no Body has been with me, how then can I have it? You may search me.* The Landlord immediately caus'd him to be search'd, but there was no Cup to be found: However the Landlord was resolv'd not to lose his Cup so, and therefore he sent for a Constable, and charged him with our Adventurer, and threaten'd him with the Justice. All this would not do, and *Rumbold* told him, *That threaten'd Folks live long,* and if he would go before a Justice, he was ready to bear him Company to him. The Landlord was more and more perplex'd at this, and seeing he could not have his Cup, nor nothing confess'd, before the Justice they went: When they came, the Landlord told the Story as truly as it was, and our pretended Countryman made the same Answer there as he had done before to the Landlord: The Justice was perplex'd, not knowing how to do Justice: Here was a Cup lost, and *Rumbold* did not deny but he had it, but gone it was, and altho' *Rumbold* was pursued yet he did not fly; he had no Body with him, and therefore it could not be convey'd away by Confederacy; and for his own Part he had been, and was again search'd, but no such Thing found about him, and he in all respects pleaded Innocency.—This tho' consider'd and weighed in the Balance of Justice, he could not think that our Adventurer had it, and therefore to commit him would be Injustice: He consider'd all he cou'd, and was inclin'd to favour the Countryman, who was altogether a Stranger, and he believed innocent, especially when he consider'd what a kind of Person the Landlord was, of whose Life and Conversation he had both heard and known enough, and cause him to believe that it might be possible that all this might be a Trick of the Landlord's to cheat our Adventurer, and therefore he gave his Judgement, that he did not believe by the Evidence that was given that the Countryman had the Cup, and that he would not commit him, unless the Landlord would lay and swear point-blank Felony to his Charge, and of that he desir'd the Landlord to beware. The Landlord seeing how the Affair was like to go, said no more, but that he left to Mr. Justice, who being of the Opinion above-mention'd, discharg'd *Rumbold*, and advis'd the Landlord to let him hear no more of such Matters, and if he could not secure his Plate, and know what Company he had deliver'd it to, then to keep it up. The Landlord thank'd the Justice for his Advice, and so departed, our pretended Countryman going about his Business, and he returning Home being heartily vex'd at his Loss, and the Carriage of the whole Affair, which was neither for his Profit nor Credit, but he was forc'd to sit down with the Loss, being extremely uneasy at thinking which way he should lose the Cup. He threw away some Money upon a Cunning-Man to know what was become of it, but all he could tell him was, that he would hear of it again, and so he did shortly after, tho' it was to his further Cost, and to little Purpose.

He had some Occasion to go to the Market-Town

Town during the Time of the Affizes, and there seeing the Prisoners brought to their Tryals, among others he espied *Rumbold*, whom he had charged with the Silver Cup. He enquired what was his Crime, and was told it was for picking of a Pocket. *Nay, then*, said the Landlord, *probably I may hear of my Cup again*; and therefore, when the Trial was over, and the Prisoners carried back to the Goal, he went and enquired for our Adventurer, to whose Prefence he was soon brought. *O Lord, Master! how do you do? Who thought to have seen you here? I believe you have not met with so good Friends in this Country as you did in our Town of our Justice, but let that pass.—Come, let us drink together.* Hereupon a Jug of Ale was call'd for and some Tobacco, when they very lovingly drank off, and smok'd together; which done, said the Landlord to our Adventurer, *I would gladly be resolv'd in one Point, which I question not but you can do. I suppose you mean*, said *Rumbold*, *about the old Business of the Silver Cup you lost*.—*Yes*, said the Landlord; *and the losing of it does not so much vex me, as the Manner how it was lost, and therefore*, continued he, *if you would do me the Kindness to give me Satisfaction what became of it, I do protest I will acquit you altho' you are directly guilty.* No, that will not do, reply'd *Rumbold*, *there is somewhat else in the Case.* Well then, said the Landlord, *if you will tell me, I will give you ten Shillings to drink.* Ready Money does very well in a Prison, said our Adventurer, *and will prevail much; but how shall I be assured that you will not prosecute me, if I should chance to be concern'd: For that*, reply'd the Landlord, *I can give you no other Warrant than my Oath, which I will inviolably keep.* Well then, said *Rumbold*, *down with the merry Grigs, let me handle the Money, and I'll be very true to you, and as for your charging me with it I fear you not.*

The Landlord being big with Expectation to know how this clean Conveyance was wrought, soon laid down the ten Shillings, and then our Countryman thus proceeded: *"I must confess that I know which Way your Cup went, but when you charg'd me with it I had it not, neither was it out of the Room, and I must tell you thus, that if you had sought narrowly you might have found it, but it was not there long after. We who live by our Wits must act by Policy more than downright Strength, and this cannot be done without Confederates, and I had such in the Management of this Affair, for I left the Cup staid with soft Wax under the Middle of the Board of the Table where I drank; which Place of the Table, by reason it was cover'd with a Cloth, as you may remember it was, it could nor well be seen, and therefore you and your Servants mis'd it: You know that very willingly I went with you to the Justice; and whilst we were gone, those Friends and Confederates of mine, whom I had appointed, and who knew the Room and every thing else, went into the House, and into the same Room, where they found the Silver Cup, and without the least Suspicion went fairly off with it; and at a Place appointed we met, and there acquainted one another with our Adventures, and what Purchases we had made; we equally shared them between us. The Landlord at the hearing this Discourse was extremely surpris'd, altho' fully satisfy'd; but yet, said he, I would be resolv'd one Question, which is this; How, if we had found it where you had put it whilst you were there? Why, truly, said *Rumbold*, then you could have charg'd me with nothing, and I would have put it off with a Jest; and if that would not have done, the most you could have done would have been only to have kick'd and*

beaten me, and those Things we of our Quality must venture: You know the old Proverb, Nothing venture, nothing have; and a faint Heart never won a fair Lady. And we have this other Proverb to help us; Fortune favours the Bold, as it commonly does those of our Quality, and she did me, I thank her in that Attempt." *Rumbold* thus descanted upon his Actions, and the Landlord finding no likelihood of getting his Cup or any Thing else of our Adventurer, return'd Home.

We shall give our Readers now the last Adventure of *Rumbold* which he perform'd upon this mortal Stage. It is this:

Our Adventurer in Company with two or three more Cheats going together, saw a Countryman who had a Purse of Money in his Hand; they had observ'd him to draw it out to pay for some Gingerbread he had bought on the Road; wherefore they clos'd with him, and endeavour'd to nip his Bung, pick his Pocket, but could not, for he knowing he was in a dangerous Place, and among as dangerous Company, put his Purse of Money into his Breeches, which being close at the Knees, secur'd it from falling out, and besides he was very sly in having any Body come too near him. Our Practitioners in the Art of Thieving seeing this would not do, set their Wits to working farther, and having all their Tools ready about them, taking a convenient Time and Place, one of them goes before and drops a Letter; another of our Adventurers who had joined himself to the Countryman, seeing it lie fairly for the Purpose, says to him, *Look you what is here?* But altho' the Countryman did stoop to take it up, yet our Adventurer was too nimble for him in that, and, having it in Hand, said, *Here is somewhat else besides a Letter: I cry Half*, said the Countryman. Well, said *Rumbold*, *you stoop indeed as well as I, but I have it; however I will be fair with you, let us see what it is, and whether it is worth the dividing*; and thereupon he breaks open the Letter, and there sees a fair Chain or Necklace of Gold. Good Fortune, says *Rumbold*, *if this be right Gold. How shall we know that*, reply'd the Countryman, *let us see what the Letter says*; which being short, and to the Purpose, spoke thus:

Brother John,

I Have here sent you back this Necklace of Gold you have sent me, not for any Dislike I have to it, but my Wife is covetous, and would have a bigger; it is comes not to above seven Pounds, and she would have one of ten Pounds, therefore pray get it chang'd for one of that Price, and send it by the Bearer to your loving Brother,

Jacob Thornton.

Nay then, we have good Luck, said the cheating Dog our Adventurer; but I hope, continued he to the Countryman, you will not expect a full Share, for you know I found it, and besides, if we should divide it, I know not how to break it in Pieces, but I doubt it would spoil it, therefore I had rather have my Share in Money. Well, said the Countryman, *I'll give you your Share in Money, provided I may have a full Share.* That you shall, said *Rumbold*, and therefore I must have of you three Pounds ten Shillings, the Price in all being as you see seven Pounds. Ay, but said the Countryman, *(thinking to be too cunning for our Adventurer)* it may be worth seven Pound in Money Fashion and all, but we must not value that, but only the Gold, therefore I think three Pounds in Money is better than half the Chain, and so much I'll give you if you'll let me have it. Well, I'm contented, said *Rumbold*, but then you shall give me a Pint of Wine over and above. To this the Countryman also agreed, and to a Tavern they went,

where *Rumbold* receiv'd the three Pounds, and the Countryman the Chain, who believ'd he had ris'n that Day with his Arse upwards, because he had met with so good Fortune. They drank off their Wine, and were going away, but *Rumbold* having not yet done with him, intended to get the rest of the Money from him, offer'd him his Pint of Wine, which the Countryman accepted of; but before they had drank it off, in comes another of the same Tribe, who asked whether such a Man, naming one, were there? No, said the Bar keeper, *Rumbold* and the Countryman sitting near the other Cheat all the while, asked of the Enquirer, Did not you enquire for such a Man? Yes, said the Enquirer. Why, said *Rumbold*, I can tell you this News of him, that it will not be long before he comes hither, for I met him as I came in, and he appointed me to come in here and stay for him. Well, then 'tis best for me to stay, said the Enquirer, but, continued he, it would be more proper for us to take a larger Room, for we cannot stir ourselves in this. Agreed, said *Rumbold*; so the Reckoning was paid, and they agreed to take a larger Room, leaving Word at the Bar, that if any Enquiry should be made for them, there they should find them; accordingly they went into another Room, and the Countryman having done his Business, gave Signs of going away. No, said *Rumbold*, I beg you would stay and keep us Company, it shall not cost you any thing. Well then, said the Countryman, I am content to stay a little. They being now entred into their Room, called for a Quart of Wine, and drank it off. What shall we do to spend our Time, said the last Cheat? For I am weary of staying for this Man, are you sure you are not mistaken? No, said the other. One of them upon this pretended to walk a Turn round the Room, and coming to the Window, behind a Cushion, finds a Pack of Cards, which indeed he himself had laid there: Look you here, said he to the Countryman, and the others, I have found some Tools, now we may go to work and spend our Time, if you will play. Not I, said the Countryman, I'll not play; then I will, said *Rumbold*, but not for Money. Why then, said the other, for Sixpence to be spent, and the Game shall be Putt. They having agreed, and the Countryman being made Overseer of the Game, fell to playing, and the Countryman's first Acquaintance had the better of it, winning twelve Games to the other's four. Come, said he, what shall we do with all this Drink? We will play Two-pence wet, and Four-pence dry. To this the other agreed, and so they play'd; and at this low Gaming *Rumbold* had, in short, won of his Confederate ten Shillings in Money. The Loofer seem'd to be angry, and therefore propos'd to play for all Money, hoping to make himself whole again. Nay, said the other, I shall not refuse your Proposition, because I have won your Money; and therefore to it they went, and *Rumbold* had still the same Luck, and won ten Shillings more. Then the other would play for Twelve-pence a Game. No, said *Rumbold*, I am not willing to exceed Six-pence a Game; I will not alter what I have began, lest I change my Fortune, unless this honest Countryman will go my Halves. I have no Mind to Gaming, reply'd the Countryman. You need not play, said the other; I'll do that, and you see my Fortune is good; venture a Crown with me, you know we have both had Fortune, which I hope will continue propitious to us still. Well, content, said the Countryman, and so they proceeded; still *Rumbold* had good Fortune, and he and the Countryman won ten Shillings apiece more of the other, which made them merry, and the other was extremely enraged; he therefore told them, he would either win the Horse or lose the Saddle, and venture all now; and drawing out about thirty Shil-

lings, Come, take it all, win it and wear it, and so they play'd; but they had now drawn the Countryman in sufficiently, and he was flush, but it lasted not long thus, before he was taken down a Batton-hole lower, for the Fortune chang'd, and that what he had won was lost, and forty Shillings more. He was now angry, but to no Purpose, for he did not discover their foul Play: and he, in Hopes of his good Fortune, ventur'd, and lost the other forty Shillings, and then he said he would go Halves no longer, for he thought he would be merry and wife, and if he could not make a Winning, he would be sure to make a secure Bargain; which he reckon'd he should do, because altho' he had lost four Pounds in Money, and giving *Rumbold* three Pounds for his Share of the Chain, that yet he should make seven Pounds of the Chain, and so be no Loser.

They seeing he would not play, left off, and he that had won the Money, was content to give a Collation, which was called for; but *Rumbold* pretending much Anger at his Loss, was resolv'd to venture more, and to playing again he went, and in a short time he recover'd a great deal of his Losses. This vexed the Countryman, that he had not join'd with him; and in the End, seeing his good Fortune continue, and that he won, he again went Halves, but it was not long that they thrived: The Countryman was oblig'd to draw his Purse, and in the End lost all his Money, which was near twenty Pounds. He did not think his Condition to be so bad as it was, because he believ'd he had a Chain worth seven Pounds in his Pocket, and therefore he reckon'd he had not lost all.

By this time several other Confederates (having been Abroad, employ'd on the same Account, couzening and cheating of others) came into the Tavern, which was the Place appointed for their Rendezvous, the they acquainted one another of their several Gain and Prizes, afterwards fell to drinking, which they did very plentifully, and the Countryman for Anger call'd up the Landlord to make one of the Company. He soon understood what kind of Guests he had in his House, and how they had cheated the poor Countryman, and therefore he was resolv'd to serve them in the same Sort: Accordingly he put forward the Affair of Drinking; and some being hungred, call'd for Victuals: he told them he would get them what they pleas'd; and they being determin'd to take up their Quarters there for that Night, a Supper was bespoke for all the Company, such as the Master of the House in his Discretion should think fit: He told them they should have it, and accordingly went down to provide Supper: He soon return'd, and help'd them off with their Liquor till Supper-time; by that Time they were all perfectly drunk; he then commands up Supper, and they fall too with a Shoulder of Mutton and two Capons; *they Eat and Drunk hard, and calls for more*, he tells them; *it's coming*. But they now having yet still a while, were all fast asleep; he makes Use of this Opportunity, and brings up half a Dozen empty foul Dishes, or at least full of Bones of several Fowls, as Pigeons, Partridge, Pheasants, and all the Remains of Victuals that had been left in the House that Day, which he strew'd and placed on their Plates, and so left them. Some of them sleeping, and sitting uneasily, fell from their Chairs, and so waked themselves, and their Companions, being thoroughly awak'd, they again fell eating and drinking, some turning over the Bones that were brought, *How came these here?* I do not remember that I eat any such Victuals; Nor said another; upon which the Master of the House was call'd, and the Question was ask'd him: *How surely, Gentlemen, you have forgot yourselves*, said



Capt. Hind Robbing Col. Harrison in. Maidenhead - Tri

you have slept sound and fair indeed, I believe you will forget the Collar of Bravon you had too, that cost me six Shillings out of my Pocket. Now, Bravon, said one. Ay, Bravon, answer'd the Lordlord, you had it, and are like to pay for it; you'll remember nothing presently, this is a fine drunken Bout indeed. So it is, reply'd one of the Company, sure we have been in a Dream, but it signifies nothing, my Landlord, you must and shall be paid; give us another Dozen Bottles, and bring us a Bill, that we may pay the Reckoning we have run up.

This Order was presently obeyed, and a Bill brought, which in all came to seven Pounds; in which 'tis taken for granted, that he mis-reckon'd them above one Half, tho' he acquainted them, that he had us'd them very kindly; they were bound to believe him, and therefore every Man was call'd for to pay his Share: The Countryman thrunk behind, intending to escape; which one of the Company seeing, call'd him forwards, and said, *Come, let us tell Noses, and every Man pay alike.* The Countryman desired to be excused, and said he had no Money; which they knowing well enough, at length they agreed to acquit him: This done, they went to their several Lodgings to Bed, and it was time, for it was past Midnight; they all slept better than the Countryman, who could hardly sleep a Wink for thinking on his Misfortunes, and having such good Fortune in the Morning, it should prove to bad before Night.

But Morning being come, he and they all arose, and the Countryman's Money being all spent, he knew it was to no Purpose for him to stay there, wherefore he resolv'd to go to a Goldsmith in the

City, and sell, or pawn his Chain, that he might have some Money to carry him Home: Being come to the Goldsmith's, he produced the Chain, which tho' at first Sight he took to be Gold, yet upon Trial he found it otherwise, and that it was but Brass gilt; he told the Countryman the same, who, at this heavy News was like to break his Heart. The Goldsmith seeing the Countryman in such a melancholy Taking, he enquired of him how he came by it. He soon acquainted him with the Manner, and every Circumstance; the Goldsmith, as soon as he understood the Cheat, advised him to go to a Justice, and get a Warrant for him that had thus cheated him; and the Countryman telling him that he had no Money, nor Friend, being a Stranger, he himself went with him to the Justice, who, soon understanding the Matter, granted his Warrant, and the Goldsmith procured a Constable to go with him to the Tavern or Night-House, where *Rumbold* was apprehended, but he found Means some Way or other to make his Escape out of the House, as did the rest by main Force.

After *Rumbold* had lost the Money he had put in his Friend the Banker's Hands, he was forc'd to shift after this manner, cheating and cozening any one whom he took for a Prey. He narrowly escap'd being apprehended at his Lodging in *Golden-lane* near *Barbican*; but at length, still pursuing his Courses of Iniquity, he was taken, and sent to *Newgate*; when after five or six Days Imprisonment, he receiv'd his Trial at the *Old Bailey*, was condemned, and executed at *Tyburn*.

The LIFE of Capt. JAMES HIND.

THE Father of Capt. *Hind* was a Sadler, an Inhabitant of *Clipping-Norton* in *Oxfordshire*, where the Captain was born. The old Man liv'd there many Years in very good Reputation among his Neighbours, was an honest Companion, and a constant Churchman. As *James* was his only son, he was willing to give him the best Education he was able, and to that Purpose sent him to School till he was fifteen Years of Age, in which Time he learn'd to read and write very well, and knew Arithmetick enough to make him capable of any common business.

After this he was put Apprentice to a Butcher in his Native Town, where he serv'd about two Years of his Time, and then ran away from his Master, who was a very morose Man, and continually finding something or another to quarrel with him about. When he made this Elopement, he applied immediately to his Mother for Money to carry him to *London*, telling her a lamentable Story of the hardships he suffer'd from his Master's Severity. Others are generally easily wrought upon with stories of that Kind; she therefore very tenderly supplied him with three Pounds for his Expences, and sent him away with Tears in her Eyes.

He had not been long in *London* before he got a relish of the Pleasures of the Place (Pleasures I call

them in Compliance with the Opinion of Gentlemen of the Captain's Taste) I mean, the Enjoyment of his Bottle and his Mistress; both which, as far as his Circumstances would allow, he pursued very earnestly. One Night he was taken in Company with a Woman of the Town, who had just before pick'd a Gentleman's Pocket of five Guineas, and sent with her to the *Poultry Compter* till Morning, when he was released for want of any Evidence against him, he having, in Reality, no Hand in the Affair. The Woman was committed to *Newgate*, but what became of her afterwards we are not certain, nor does it at all concern us. The Captain by this Accident fell into Company with one *Thomas Allen*, a noted Highwayman, who had been put into the Compter upon Suspicion of some Robbery, and was released at the same Time with *Hind*, and for the same Reason. These two Men going to drink together, after their Confinement, they contracted a Friendship which was the Ruin of them both, as the Reader will observe in the Perusal of these Pages.

Their first Adventure was at *Shooters-Hill*, where they met with a Gentleman and his Servant. *Hind* being perfectly raw and unexperienced, his Companion was willing to have a Proof of his Courage; and therefore staid at some Distance while the Cap-

tain rode up, and singly took from them 15 Pounds; but returned the Gentleman twenty Snillings to bear his Expences on the Road, with such a pleasant Air, that the Gentleman protested he would never hurt a Hair of his Head, if it should at any Time be in his Power. *Allen* was prodigiously pleased both with the Bravery and Generosity of his new Comrade, and they mutually swore to stand by one another to the utmost of their Power.

It was much about the Time that the inhuman and unnatural Murder of King *Charles I.* was perpetrated at his own Palace Gate, by the Fanatics of that Time, when our two Adventurers began their Progress on the Road. One Part of their Engagement together was like Capt. *Stafford's* Resolution, never to spare any of the Regicides that came in their Way. It was not long before they met the grand Usurper *Cromwell*, as he was coming from *Huntingdon*, the Place of his Nativity, to *London*. *Olivier* had no less than seven Men in his Train, who all came immediately upon their stopping the Coach, and over-power'd our two Heroes; so that poor *Tom Allen* was taken on the Spot, and soon after executed, and it was with a great deal of Difficulty that *Hind* made his Escape, who resolved from this Time, to act with a little more Caution. He could not, however, think of quitting a Course of Life which he had just begun to taste, and which he found so profitable.

The Captain rode so hard to get out of Danger, after this Adventure with *Cromwell*, that he killed his Horse, and he had not at that Time Money enough to buy another. He resolved, therefore, to procure one as soon as possible; and to this Purpose tramped it along the Road on Foot. It was not long before he saw a Horse hung to a Hedge with a Brace of Pistols before him; and looking round him, he observed, on the other Side of the Hedge, a Gentleman untrussing a Point: *This is my Horse*, says the Captain, and immediately vaults into the Saddle. The Gentleman calling to him, and telling him, that the Horse was his: *Sir*, says *Hind*, you may think yourself well off, that I have left you all the Money in your Pockets to buy another, which you had best lay out before I meet you again, lest you should be worse used; so he rode away in Search of new Adventures.

There is another Story of the Captain's getting himself remounted, which I have seen in a printed Account of his Life. Whether it be only the same Action otherwise related, or another of our Adventurers Pranks, I shall leave the Reader to determine, and proceed.

Being reduced to the humble Capacity of a Foot-Pad, he hired a common Hack of a Man who made it his Business to let out Horses, and took the Road on his Back. He was overtaken (for he was not able to overtake any Body) by a Gentleman well mounted, with a Portmanteau behind him. They fell into Discourse upon such Topics as are common to Travellers, and *Hind* was very particular in praising the Gentleman's Horse, 'till the Gentleman repeated every Thing his Horse could do. There was upon the Side of the Road a Wall, over which was another Way, and the Gentleman told *Hind*, that his Horse could leap that Wall. *Hind* offer'd to lay a Bottle of it; upon which the Gentleman attempted and accomplished what he propos'd. The Captain confessed he had lost his Wager, but desired the Gentleman to let him try if he would do the same with him upon his Back, which the Gentleman consenting, the Captain rode away with his Portmanteau, and left him to return his Horse to the Owner.

Another Time Captain *Hind* met the celebrated Regicide, *Hugh Peters* in *Enfield-Chase*, and commanded him to deliver his Money. *Hugh*, who had his Share of Confidence, began to lay about him with Texts of Scripture, and to cudgel our bold Kober with the eighth Commandment. *It is written in the Law*, says he, *Thou shalt not steal. And furthermore Solomon, who was surely a very wise Man, speaking in this Manner; Rob not the Poor, because he is poor.* *Hind* was willing to answer the finished old Cant in his own Strain; and for that End, began to rub up his Memory from some of the Scraps of the Bible, which he had learned by Heart in his Minority. *Verily*, said *Hind*, *if thou hadst regarded the Divine Precepts as thou oughtest to have done, thou wouldest not have wrested them to such an abominable and wicked Sense as thou didst the Words of the Prophet, when he saith, Bind their Kings with Chains, and their Nobles with Fetters of Iron. Didst thou not, thou detestable Hypocrite, endeavour from these Words to aggravate the Misfortunes of thy Royal Master, whom thy accursed Republican Party, unjustly murdered before the Door of his own Palace?* Here *Hugh Peters* began to extenuate that horrid Crime, and to allude other Parts of Scripture in his Defence, and in Order to preserve his Money: *Pray Sir*, replied *Hind*, *make no Reflections on my Profession; for Solomon plainly says, Do not despise a Thief; but it is to little Purpose for us to dispute: The Substance of what I have to say, is this, Deliver thy Money presently, or else I shall send thee out of the World to thy Master in an Instant.*

These terrible Words of the Captain frightened the old Presbyterian in such a Manner, that he gave him thirty Broad Pieces of Gold, and then they parted. But *Hind* was not thoroughly satisfied with letting such a notorious Enemy to the Royal Cause depart in so easy a Manner. He, therefore, rode after him, full Speed, and overtaking him, spoke as follows: *Sir*, now I think of it, I am convinced that this Misfortune has happened to you, because you do not obey the Words of the Scripture, which say expressly, *Provide neither Gold, nor Silver, nor Bray in your Purses for your Journey. Whereas it is evident that you had provided a pretty Deal of Gold. However, as it is now in my Power to make you fulfil another Command, I would by no Means slip the Opportunity. Therefore, Pray give me your Cloak.* *Peters* was so surpriz'd, that he neither stood to dispute, nor to examine what was the Drift of *Hind's* Demand; but *Hind* soon let him understand his Meaning, when he added, *You know, Sir, our Saviour has commanded, That if any Man take away thy Cloak, thou must not refuse thy Coat also; therefore, I cannot suppose you will act in direct Contradiction to such an express Direction, especially now you can't pretend you have forgot it, because have reminded you of your Duty.* The old Puritan thrugged his Shoulders for some Time, before he proceeded to uncase them; but *Hind* told him his Delay would do him no Service; for he would be punctually obey'd, because he was sure what he requested was consonant to the Scripture: According to *Hugh Peters* delivered his Coat, and *Hind* cried all off,

Next Sunday when *Hugh* came to preach, he chose an Invektive against Theft for the Subject of his Sermon, and took his Text in the *Canticle* Chap. v. Ver. 3. *I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on?* An honest Cavalier who was present, and knew the Occasion of his choosing that Word, cry'd out aloud: *Upon my Word, Sir, I believe there is no Body here can tell you, unless Cap*

Hind was here! Which ready Answer to *Hugh Peters* Scriptural Question, put the Congregation into such an excessive Fit of Laughter, that the Fanatick Parson was ashamed of himself, and descended from his Prating Box, without proceeding any farther in his Harangue.

It has been observed before, that *Hind* was a professed Enemy to all the Regicides; and, indeed, Fortune was so favourable to his Desires, as to put one or other of those celebrated Villians often into his Power.

He met one Day with that Arch-Traytor, Sergeant *Bradshaw*, who had some Time before the insolence to sit as Judge of his lawful Sovereign, and to pass Sentence of Death upon Majesty. The Place where this Rencontre happened, was, upon the Road between *Sherbourn* and *Shaftsbury*, in *Dorsetshire*. *Hind* rode up to the Coach Side, and demanded the Sergeant's Money; who, supposing his Name would carry Terror with it, told him who he was. Quoth *Hind*, *I fear neither you, nor my King-killing Son of a Whore alive. I have now as much Power over you, as you lately had over the King, and I should do God and my Country good Service, if I made the same Use of it; but we, Villain, to suffer the Pangs of thine own Conscience, till Justice shall lay her Iron Hand upon thee, and require an Answer for thy Crimes, in a Way more proper for such a Monster, who art unworthy to die by any Hands, but those of the common Hangman, and at any other Place than Tyburn. Nevertheless, though I spare thy Life as a Regicide, be assured, that unless thou deliverest thy Money immediately, thou shalt die for thy Obstinacy.*

Bradshaw began to be sensible that the Case was not now with him, as it had been when he sat at *Westminster-Hall*, attended with the whole Strength of the Rebellion. A Horror naturally arising from a mind conscious of the blackest Villainies, took Possession of his Soul, upon the Apprehensions of Death, which the Pistol gave him, and discovered itself in his countenance. He put his trembling Hand into his pocket, and pulled out about forty Shillings in Silver, which he presented to the Captain, who swore he would that Minute shoot him through the Heart, if he did not find Coin of another Species. The Sergeant at last, to save a miserable Life, pulled out that which he valued next to it, as of two Evils all Men chuse the least, and gave the Captain a Purse full of *Jacobuses*.

Hind, having thus got Possession of the Cash, he made *Bradshaw* yet wait a considerable Time longer, while he made the following *Eulogium on Money*; which, though in the Nature of it, it be something different from the Harangues, which the Sergeant generally heard on a Sunday, contains, nevertheless, as much Truth, and might have been altogether as pleasing, had it come from another Mouth.

This, Sir, is the Metal that wins my Heart forever! O precious Gold, I admire and adore thee as much as either Bradshaw, Pryn, or any other Villain of the same Stamp, who, for the sake of thee, would sell their Redeemer again, were he now upon Earth. This is that incomparable Medicament which the Republican Physicians call The Wonder-working Plaster: It is truly Catholick in Operation, and somewhat of a Kin to the Jesuits Powder, but more effectual. The Virtues of it are strange and various; it makes Justice deaf as well as blind, and takes out Spots of the deepest Treasons as easily as Castile-Soap does common Stains; it alters a Man's Constitution in two or three Days, more than the Virtuoso's Transfusion of Blood can do in seven Years. 'Tis a great Alexiopharmick, and helps

poisonous Principles of Rebellion, and those that Use them. It miraculously exalts and purifies the Eye-sight, and makes Traytors behold nothing but Innocence in the blackest Malefactors. 'Tis a mighty Cordial for a declining Cause; it stifles Faction and Schism as certainly as the Itch is destroy'd by Butter and Brimstone. In a Word, it makes Fools wise Men, and wise Men Fools; and both of them Knaves. The very Colour of this precious Balm is bright and dazzling. If it be properly applied to the Fist, that is, in a decent Manner, and a competent Dose, it infallibly performs all the above-said Cures, and many others too numerous to be here mentioned.

The Captain having finished his Panegyrick, he pulled out his Pistol, and said farther:

You and your infernal Crew have a long while run on, like Jehu, in a Career of Blood and Impiety, pretending that Zeal for the Lord of Hosts has been your only Motive. How long you may be suffered to continue in the same Course, God only knows. I will, however, for this Time, stop your Race in a literal Sense of the Words. With that he shot all the Six Horses which were in the Sergeant's Coach, and then rode off in Pursuit of another Booty.

Sometime after, *Hind* met a Coach on the Road between *Petersfield* and *Portsmouth*, filled with Gentlewomen: He went up to them in a genteel Manner, told them, that he was a Patron of the Fair-Sex; and that it was purely to win the Favour of a hard-hearted Mistress, that he travelled the Country: But Ladies, added he, *I am at this Time reduced to the Necessity of asking Relief, having nothing to carry me on in my intended Prosecution of Adventures*: The young Ladies, who had most of them read a pretty many Romances, could not help conceiting they had met with some *Quixot* or *Amadis de Gaul*, who was saluting them in the Strain of Knight-Errantry: Sir Knight, said one of the pleafantest among them, We heartily commiserate your Condition, and are very much troubled that we cannot contribute towards your Support; but we have nothing about us but a sacred *Depositem*, which the Laws of your Order will not suffer you to violate.

Hind was pleased to think he had met with such agreeable Gentlewomen, and, for the sake of the Jest, could freely have let them pass unmolested, if his Necessities at this Time had not been very pressing. "May I, bright Ladies, be favour'd with the Knowledge of what this sacred *Depositem*, which you speak of, is, that so I may employ my utmost Abilities in its Defence, as the Laws of Knight-Errantry require?" The Lady who spoke before and who suspected the least of any one in Company told him, that the *Depositem* she had spoken of, was 3000*l.* the Portion of one of the Company, who was going to bestow it upon the Knight who had won her Good-Will by his many past Services. "My humble Duty" he presented to the Knight, said he, and be pleased "to tell him, that my Name is Capt. *Hind*; that "out of mere Necessity I have made bold to borrow "Part of what, for his Sake, I wish were twice as "much; that I promise to expend the Sum in Defence of injured Lovers, and the Support of Gentlemen who profess Knight-Errantry." At the Name of Capt. *Hind*, they were sufficiently startled, there being No-body then living in *England* who had not heard of him: *Hind* however bid them not be affrighted, for he would not do them the least Hurt, and desired no more than one thousand Pound, out of the Three. This the Ladies very thankfully gave in an Instant (for the Money was ty'd up in separate Bags)

Bags) and the Captain wish'd them all a good Journey, and much Joy to the Bride.

We must leave the Captain a little, to display the Corruption of human Nature, in an Instance, which the Captain has often protested was a great Trouble to him. The Young Lady, when she met her intended Husband, told him all that had pass upon the Road, and the mercenary Wretch, as soon as he heard of the Money that was lost adjourned the Marriage, till he had sent to her Father to ask whether or no he would make up the Original Sum agreed upon, which he refusing (partly because he had sufficiently exhausted his Substance before, and partly because he resented the fordid Proposal) our servent Lover entirely broke through all his Vows, and the unfortunate young Lady died of Grief and Indignation. This Account sufficiently demonstrates the Truth of what is advanced in the two Lines of Mr. Cowley's Translation of one of the Odes of *Anacreon*.

*Gold alone does Passion move ;
Gold monopolizes Love.*

Another Time *Hind* was obliged to abscond for a considerable Time in the Country, there being great inquiries made after him ; during this interval, his Money began to run short, and he was a great while before he could think of a Way to replenish his Purse. He would have taken another Turn or two on the High-way ; but he had lived so long here that he had spent his very Horse. While he was in this Extremity, a noted Doctor in his Neighbourhood went to receive a large Sum of Money, for a Cure which he had performed, and our Captain had got information of the Time. It was in the Doctor's Way Home to ride directly by *Hind's* Door, who had hired a little House on the Side of a Common. Our Adventurer took Care to be ready at the Hour the Doctor was to return, and when he was riding by the House, he address'd himself to him in the most submissive Style he was Master of, telling him, " That " he had a Wife within who was violent bad with a " Flux, so that she could not live without present " Help ; intreating him to come in but two or three " Minutes, and he would shew his Gratitude as soon " as he was able."

The Doctor was moved with Compassion at the poor Man's Request, and immediately alighted, and accompanied him in, assuring him that he should be very glad if it was in his Power to do him any Service. *Hind* conducted him up Stairs ; and as soon as they were got into the Chamber, shut the Door, and pulled out a loaded Pistol, and an empty Purse, while the Doctor was looking round for his Patient. *This*, quoth *Hind*, holding up the Purse, " is my Wife ; " she has had a Flux so long, that there is now no " thing at all within her. I know, Sir, you have a " sovereign Remedy in your Pocket for her Dilem- " per, and if you do not apply it without a Word, " this Pistol shall make the Day shine into your Body. The Doctor would have been glad to have lost a considerable Fee, provided he might have had nothing to do with the Patient ; but when he saw there was no getting off, he took forty Guineas out of his Pocket, and emptied them out of his own Purse into the Captain's, which now seem'd to be in pretty good Health. *Hind* then told the Doctor, That he would leave him in full Possession of his House, to make amends for the Money he had taken from him. Upon which he went out and locked the Door on poor *Galen*, mounting his Horse, and riding away as fast as he was able, to find another Country to live in, well knowing that this would now be too hot to hold him.

Hind has been often celebrated for his Generosity

to all Sorts of People ; more especially for his Kindness to the Poor, which it is reported was so extraordinary, that he never injured the Property of any Person, who had not a competent Share of Riches. We shall give one Instance, instead of a great many, which we could produce, which will sufficiently confirm this general Opinion of his Tenderness for those that were needy.

At a Time when he was out of Cash (as he frequently was, by reason of his Extravagancy,) and had been upon the Watch a pretty while, without seeing any worth his Notice, he at last espied an old Man jogging along the Road upon an Ass. He rides up to meet him, and asked him very courteously where he was going : " To the Market, said the old Man at Wantage, " to buy me a Cow that I may have some Milk for my " Children. How many Children, quoth *Hind*, may you " have ? The old Man answered Ten. And how much " do you think to give for a Cow, said *Hind* ? — " I have but forty Shillings, Master, and that I have " been saving together these two Years, says the poor Wretch. — *Hind's* Heart ached for the poor Man's Condition, at the same Time that he could not help admiring his Simplicity ; but being in so great a Strait as I have intimated, he thought of an Expedient, which would both serve him, and the old Man too. Father, " said he, the Money you have " got about you, I must have at this Time ; but I " will not wrong your Children of their Milk. My " Name is *Hind*, and if you will give me your forty " Shillings quietly, and meet me again this Day " Se'ennight at this Place, I promise to make the " Sum double. Only be cautious that you never " mention a Word of the Matter to any Body be- " tween this and then." At the Day appointed the old Man came, and *Hind* was as good as his Word, bidding him buy two Cows, instead of one, and adding twenty Shillings to the Sum promised, that he might purchase the best in the Market.

Never was Highwayman more careful than *Hind* to avoid Blood-shed, yet we have one Instance in his Life, that proves how hard it is for a Man to engage in such an Occupation, without being exposed to a Sort of wretched Necessity some Time or other, to take away the Life of another Man, in order to preserve his own ; and in such a Case, the Argument of Self-Defence can be of no Service to extenuate the Crime, because he is only pursued by Justice ; so that a Highwayman, who kills another Man, upon whatever Pretence, is as actually guilty of Murder, as a Man who destroys another in cold Blood without being able to give a Reason for his so doing.

Hind had one Morning committed several Robberies in and about *Maidenhead-Thicket* ; and, among others, had stopped Col. *Harrison*, a celebrated Regicide, in his Coach and Six, and taken from him seventy odd Pounds. The Colonel immediately procured a Hue-and-Cry for taking him, which was come into that Country before the Captain was aware of it. However he heard at a House of Intelligence, which he always had upon every Road he used, of the Danger he was in ; and thereupon, he instantly thought of making his Escape, by riding as fast as he could to find some safer Way of concealing himself.

In this Condition, any one would imagine, the Captain was apprehensive of every Man he saw. He had got no farther than a Place called *Knowl-Hill*, which is but a little Way of the Thicket, before he heard a Man riding behind him full Speed. It was a Gentleman's Servant, endeavouring to overtake his Master who was gone before, with something that he had forgot. *Hind*, just now thought of nothing but his own Preservation ; and therefore resolved either to ride off, or fire at the Man, who he concluded was pursuing him. As the other Horse was fresh, and

Hind

Hind had pretty well tir'd his, he soon perceived the Man got Ground of him; upon which he pulls out a Pistol, and just as the unfortunate Countryman was at his Horse's Heels, he turns about and shoots him through the Head, so that he fell down dead on the Spot. The Captain, after the Fact, got entirely off; but it was for this that he was afterwards condemn'd at Reading.

There have been a great many more Stories related of this celebrated Highwayman, which were either the Actions of other Men, or so improbable in themselves, that we did not think them worth rehearsing. Any Man who has excelled in his Way will be always loaded with so much Praise as to make his whole History seem a Fable. Whether this be occasion'd by the Partiality of Writers, or by a Fate common to such Men, I shall not determine. The *Hercules of Greece* was the most famous of all that bore that Name; therefore the Actions of all the rest are attributed to him; almost the same may be said of Captain *Hind*. One Relation more, which is universally known to be authentick, and redounds to the Honour of our Hero, shall close our Account of his Life.

After King *Charles I.* was beheaded, the *Scots* received and acknowledged his Son King *Charles II.* and resolved to maintain his Right against the reigning Usurpation. To this End they raised an Army, and marched towards *England*, which they entered with great Precipitation. Abundance of Gentry, and others who were loyal to their Principles, flocked to the Standard of their Sovereign, and resolved to lose their Lives in his Service, or restore him to his Dignity. Among these *Hind*, who had as much natural Bravery as almost any Man that ever lived, resolved to try his Fortune. *Cromwell* was sent by the Parliament into the North to intercept the Royal Army, but in spite of that vigilant Traytor's Expedition the King advanced as far as *Worcester*, where he waited the Enemies Coming.

Oliver came to *Worcester* soon after, and the Consequence of the two Armies meeting was a very Fierce and bloody Battle, in which the Royalists were defeated. *Hind* had the Good-Fortune to escape at that Time, and came to *London*, where he lodged with one Mr. *Denzie*, a Barber, over-against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-street*, and went by the Name of *Brown*. But Providence had now ordered, that he should no longer pursue his Extravagancies; for he was discover'd by a very intimate Acquaintance. It must be granted, that he had sufficiently deserved the Stroke of Justice; but there yet appears something so shocking in a Breach of Friendship, that we cannot help wishing somebody else had been the Instrument.

As soon as he was apprehended, he was carried before the Speaker of the House of Commons, who then lived in *Chancery-Lane*, and, after a long Examination was committed to *Newgate*, and loaded with Irons. He was convey'd to Prison by one Capt. *Compton*, under a strong Guard; and the Warrant for his Commitment commanded that he should be kept in close Confinement; and that no Body should be admitted to see him without Orders.

On *Friday* the 12th of *December*, 1651. Captain *James Hind* was brought to the Bar of the Sessions-house in the *Old-Bailey*, and indicted for several Crimes; but nothing being proved against him that could reach his Life, he was convey'd in a Coach from *Newgate* to *Reading* in *Berkshire*, where on the 1st of *March*, 1651. he was arraigned before Judge *Warberton* for killing one *George Symphon* at *Knole*, a small Village in that County. The Evidence here was very plain against him, and he was

found Guilty of *Wilful Murder*; but an Act of Oblivion being issued out the next Day, to forgive all former Offences but those against the State, he was in great Hopes of saving his Life; 'till by an Order of Council he was removed by *Habeas Corpus* to *Worcester Goal*.

At the beginning of *September*, 1652. he was condemn'd for High-Treason, and on the 24th of the same Month, he was drawn, hang'd and quartered, in Pursuance of the same Sentence, being thirty-four Years of Age. At the Place of Execution, he declared that most of the Robberies which he had ever committed, were upon the republican Party, of whose Principles he professed he always had an utter Abhorrence. He added, That nothing troubled him so much as to die before he saw his Royal Master established on his Throne, from which he was most unjustly and illegally excluded by a rebellious and disloyal Crew, who deserved Hanging more than him.

After he was executed, his Head was set upon the Bridge Gate, over the River *Severn*, from whence it was privately taken down, and buried within a Week afterwards. His Quarters were put upon the other Gates of the City, where they remained 'till they were destroy'd by Wind and Weather.

To the Memory of Captain H I N D.

By a Poet of his own Time.

W Henever Death attacks a Throne,
Nature thro' all her Parts must groan,
The mighty Monarch to bemoan.

He must be wise, and just, and good;
Tho' nor the State he understood,
Nor ever spar'd a Subject's Blood.

And shall no friendly Poet find,
A monumental Verse for *Hind*?
In Fortune less, as great in Mind.

Hind made our Wealth one common Store;
He robb'd the Rich to feed the Poor:
What did immortal *Cæsar* more?

Nay, 'twere not difficult to prove,
That meaner Views did *Cæsar* move:
His was Ambition, *Hind's* was Love.

Our *English* Hero fought no Crown,
Nor that more pleasing Bait, Renown:
But just to keep off Fortune's Frown.

Yet when his Country's Cause invites,
See him assert a Nation's Rights!
A Robber for a Monarch fights!

If in due Light his Deeds we scan,
As Nature points us out the Plan,
Hind was an honourable Man.

Honour, the Virtue of the Brave,
To *Hind* that Turn of Genius gave,
Which made him seem to be a Slave.

This, had his Stars conspir'd to raise,
His natal Hour, This Virtue's Praise
Had shone with an uncommon Blaze.

Some new Epocha had begun,
From ev'ry Action he had done;
A City built, a Battle won.

K k

If one's a Subject, one at Helm,
 'Tis the same Violence, says *Anselm*,
 To rob a House, or waste a Realm.

Be henceforth then forever join'd,
 The Names of *Cæsar*, and of *Hind*,
 In Fortune different, one in Mind.

The LIFE of CLAUDE DU VALL.

SOME have affirmed that this very celebrated Highwayman was born in *Smock-Alley*, without *Bishopsgate*; but this is without Ground, for he really received his first Breath at a Place called *Damfort* in *Normandy*. His Father was a Miller, and his Mother the Daughter of a Taylor: By these Parents he was brought up strictly in the *Roman Catholick* Religion, and his promising Genius was cultivated with as much Learning as qualified him for a Footman.

But though the Father was so careful, as to see that his Son had some Religion, we have good Reason to think, that he had none himself. He used to talk much more of good Cheer, than of the Church; and of great Feasts, than great Faith; good Wine was to him better than good Works; and a sound Courtesan was far more agreeable than a sound Christian. Being once so very sick, there was great Hopes of his dying a natural Death, a ghostly Father came to him with his *Corpus Domini*; and told him, that hearing of the Extremity he was in, he had brought him his Saviour to comfort him before his Departure. Old *Du Vall*, upon this, drew aside the Curtain, and beheld a goodly fat Friar with the Host in his Hand. *I know*, said he, *that it is our Saviour, because he came to me in the same Manner as he went to Jerusalem*, *C'est un Aïne que le porte: It is an Aïsi that carries him*.

Whether the old Man departed at this Time, or lived to dishonour his Family by some more ignominious Death is still very uncertain, nor shall we trouble ourselves about it. This we are credibly informed, neither Father nor Mother took any Notice of young *Claude*, after he was about thirteen Years of Age. Perhaps their Circumstances might then oblige them to send him abroad to seek his Fortune. His first Stage was at *Rouen*, the Capital City of *Normandy*, where he fortunately met with Post-Horses to be returned to *Paris*; upon one of which he got leave to ride, by promising to help to dress them at Night. At the same Time falling in with some *English* Gentlemen, who were going to the same Place, he got his Expences discharged by those generous Travellers.

They arriv'd at *Paris* in the usual Time, and the Gentlemen took Lodgings in the *Faux-bourg St. Germain*, where the *English* generally quarter. *Du Vall* was willing to be as near as possible to his Benefactors, and by their Intercession he was admitted to run on Errands, and do the meanest Offices at the *St. Esprit* in the *Rue de Bourchiere*; a House of general Entertainment, something between a Tavern and an Alehouse, a Cook's Shop and a Bawdy-House. In this Condition he continued till the Restauration of King *Charles II.* in 1660, at which Time Multitudes of all Nations flocking into *England*, among them came *Du Vall*, in the Capacity of a Footman to a Person of Quality.

The universal Joy upon the Return of the Royal Family, made the whole Nation almost mad: Every one ran into Extravagancies; and *Du Vall*, whose Inclinations were as vicious as any Man's, soon became an extraordinary Proficient in Gaming, Whoring, Drunkenness, and all Manner of Debauchery. The natural Effect of these Courses is the want of Money; this our Adventurer experienced in a very little Time; and as he could not think of labouring he took to the Highway to support his Irregularities. In this Profession he was within a little while so famous, as to have the Honour of being named first in the Proclamation for apprehending several notorious Highwaymen. And here we have Reason to complain that our Informations are too short for our Assistance, in writing the Life of such a celebrated Offender. However, such Stories as have been delivered down to us, we shall give our Readers faithfully, and in the best Manner we are able.

He had one Day received Intelligence of a Knt. and his Lady that were travelling with four hundred Pounds in their Coach. Upon this he takes four or five more along with him, and overtakes them on the Road. The Gentry soon perceived they were like to be beset, when they beheld several Horsemen riding backwards and forwards, and whispering one to another; whereupon the Lady, who was a young sprightly Creature, pulls out a Flagelet, and begins to play very briskly. *Du Vall* takes the Hint, and plays excellently well upon a Flagelet of his own, in answer to the Lady, and in this Posture rides up to the Coach Door. Sir, says he to the Knight, *your Lady plays excellently, and I make no doubt but she dances well. Will you please to step out of the Coach, and let me have the Honour to dance one Courant with her on the Heath? I dare not deny any Thing, Sir*, the Knight readily replied, *to a Gentleman of your Quality, and good Behaviour: You seem a Man of Generosity, and your Request is perfectly reasonable*. Immediately the Footman opens the Door, and the Knight comes out. *Du Vall* leaps lightly off his Horse, and hands the Lady down. It was surprizing to see how gracefully he moved upon the Grass; scarce a dancing Master in *London*, but would have been proud to have shew such Agility in a Pair of Pumps, as *Du Vall* shew'd in a great Pair of *French* riding Boots. As soon as the Dance was over, he waits on the Lady back to the Coach, without offering her the least Affront but just as the Knight was sleeping in, Sir, says he *you have forgot to pay the Musick*. His Worship replied, that he never forgot such Things; and instantly put his Hand under the Seat of the Coach, and pulled out a hundred Pound in a Bag, which he delivered to *Du Vall*, who received it with a very good Grace, and courteously answered: *Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no Cause to repent your bein* so



*Vall Robbing Squire Roper, Mast.^r of y.^e Buck. Hounds
to King Charles II. in Windsor Forest.*

B. Cole sc.



This hundred Pound given so generously, is better than ten Times the Sum taken by Force. Your noble Behaviour has excused you the other three hundred Pound, which you have in the Coach with you. After this he gave him the Word that he might be undisturbed, if he met any more of their Crew, and then very civilly wished them a good Journey.

Another Time, as *Du Vall* with some of his Companions were patrolling upon *Blackbeath*, they met with a Coach full of Ladies. One of them had a young Child in her Arms, with a Silver Sucking-Bottle. The Person appointed to act in this Adventure, robbed them very rudely, taking away their Money, Watches, Rings, and even the poor Baby's Sucking-Bottle. The Infant cried, as was natural on such an Occasion; and the Ladies intreated him only to return the Bottle; but the surly Thief refused to give any Ear to their Request, 'till *Du Vall*, observing he staid longer than ordinary, rode up, and demanded what was the Matter. The Ladies, hereupon, renewed their Petition in Behalf of the Child, and *Du Vall* threaten'd to shoot his Companion, unless he restored what they required, adding these Words: *Sirrah, can't you behave like a Gentleman, and raise a Contribution, without stripping People; or, perhaps, you had some Occasion for the Sucking-Bottle; for by your Actions one would imagine, you were hardly weaned*: This sharp reproof had the desired Effect; and *Du Vall* took his Leave of the Ladies in a courteous Manner.

Capt. Smith has been guilty of an unpardonable Murder in his Account of this Robbery; for he tells us, that it was *Du Vall* himself, who behaved in this rustick Manner, and who was compelled to take one of his Comrades to restore the Sucking-Bottle; but the Reader need only reflect on *Du Vall's* general Character, to convince him of the Captain's Error.

One Time *Du Vall* met with Esquire *Roper*, Master of the Buck-Hounds to King Charles II. as he was hunting in *Windor-Forest*. As their Recount happened in a Thicket, *Du Vall* took the Advantage of the Place, and commanded him to stand and deliver his Money, or else he would shoot him. Mr. *Roper*, to save his Life, gave our Adventurer a purse full of Guineas, containing at least fifty, and *Du Vall* afterwards bound him Neck and Heels fastened his Horse by him, and rode away a cross the Country.

The Hunting, to be sure, was over for that Time, but it was a pretty while before the Huntsman could find his Master. When the 'Squire was unbound, he made all the Haste he could to *Windor*, and as he entered the Town, was met by Sir *Stephen*, who asking him whether or no he had had any Sport, Mr. *Roper* replied in a great Passion, *Yes, Sir, I have had Sport enough from a Son of a Whore, who made me pay damn'd dear for it. He bound me Neck and Heels, contrary to my Desire, and then took fifty Guineas from me, to pay him for his Labour, which I had much rather be had omitted.*

But the Proclamation, which we spoke of at the beginning of this Life, and the large Reward that was promised for taking him, made *Du Vall* think it unsafe to stay any longer in England; whereupon he retired into France. At Paris he lived very high, boasting prodigiously of the Success of his Arms and Amours, and affirming proudly, that he never encountered with any one Person of either Sex, whom he did not overcome. He had not been long here, before he relapsed into his old Disease, Want of Money, which obliged him to have Recourse to his Wits again. He had an uncommon Talent at Con-ivance, particularly at suiting his Stratagems to the

Temper of the Person they were designed to ensnare, as the following Instance will prove.

A learned Jesuit, who was Confessor to the French King, was as much noted for his Avarice, as he was for his Politicks; by which latter he had rendered himself very eminent. His Thirst of Money was insatiable; and though he was exceeding rich his Desires seemed to increase with his Wealth. It came immediately into *Du Vall's* Head, that the only Way to squeeze a little Money out of him, was to amuse him with Hopes of getting a great Deal, which he did in the following Manner.

He put himself into a Scholar's Garb, to facilitate his Admittance into the Miser's Company, and then waited very diligently for a proper Time to make his Address, which he met with in a few Days: Seeing him alone in the Piazza of the *Fauxbourg*, he went up to him very confidently, and said: *May it please your Reverence, I am a poor Scholar, who have been several Years travelling over strange Countries, to learn Experience in the Sciences, purely to serve my native Country, to whose Advantage I am determined to apply my Knowledge, if I may be favoured with the Patronage of a Man so eminent as yourself.*—And what may this Knowledge of yours be? replied the Father very much pleased: *If you will communicate any Thing to me that may be beneficial to France, I assure you no proper Encouragement shall be wanting on my Side.*—*Du Vall*, upon this growing bolder, proceeded: *Sir, I have spent most of my Time in the Study of Alchimy, or the Transmutation of Metals, and have profited so much at Rome and Venice, from great Men learned in that Science, that I can change several base Metals into Gold, by the Help of a Philosophical Powder, which I can prepare very speedily.*

The Father Confessor appeared to be brightened with the Joy of this Relation: *Friend*, says he, *such a Thing as this will be serviceable indeed to the whole State, and peculiarly grateful to the King, who, as his Affairs go at present, stands in some need of such a curious Invention. But you must let me see some Experiment of your Skill, before I credit what you say so far as to communicate it to his Majesty, who will sufficiently reward you, if what you promise be demonstrated.* Upon this, he conducted *Du Vall* home to his House, and furnished him with Money to build a Laboratory, and purchase such other Materials as he told him were requisite, in order to proceed in this invaluable Operation, charging him to keep the Secret from every living Soul, 'till he thought proper, when *Du Vall* promised to perform.

The Utensils being fixed, and every Thing in a Readiness, the Jesuit came to behold the wonderful Operation. *Du Vall* took several Metals and Minerals of the basest Sort, and put them into a Crucible, his Reverence viewing every one as he put them in. Our learned Alchymist had prepared a hollow Stick, into which he had convey'd several Sprigs of pure Gold, as Black Lead is in a Pencil: With this Stick he stirred the Preparation as it melted, which with its Heat melted the Gold in the Stick at the same Time; so that it sunk imperceptibly into the Vessel. When the excessive Fire had consumed in a great Measure all the Lead, Tin, Brass, and Powder, which he had put in for a Shew, the Gold remained pure to the Quantity of an Ounce and an Half. This the Jesuit caused to be essayed, and finding it what it really was, all fine Gold, he was immediately devoted to *Du Vall*, and blinded with the Prospect of future Advantage, that he believed every Thing our Impostor could say, still furnish-
ing

ing him with whatever he demanded in Hopes to be at last made Master of this extraordinary Secret, the whole Fame, as well as Profit of which, he did not question would redound to him, as *Du Vall* was but an obscure Person.

Thus were our Alchymist and Jesuit, according to the old Saying, *as great as two Pickpockets*; which Proverbial Sentence, if we examine it a little closely, hits both their Characters. *Du Vall* was a professed Robber, and what is any Court-Favourite, but a Picker of the common People's Pockets? So that it was only two Sharpers endeavouring to out-sharp one another. The Confessor was as open as *Du Vall* could wish. He shewed him all his Treasure, and among it, several rich Jewels, which he had received as Presents from the King, hoping, by these Obligations to make him discover his Art the sooner. In a Word, he grew by Degrees, so importunate and urgent, that *Du Vall* began to apprehend a too close Enquiry, if he denied the Request any longer; and therefore he appointed a Day when every Thing was to be communicated. In the mean Time he took an Opportunity to steal into the Chamber, where all the Riches were deposited, and where his Reverence generally slept after Dinner, and finding him at that Time very fast, with his Mouth wide open, he gagged and bound him, then took his Keys, and unhoarded as much of his Wealth, as he could conveniently carry out unsuspected; and so bid Farewel to both him and France.

Du Vall had several other Ways of getting Money, besides these which I have mentioned, particularly by Gaming, at which he was so expert, that few Men in his Age were able to play with him; No Man living could slip a Card more dexterously than he, nor better understood all the Advantages that could be taken of an Adversary, yet, to Appearance, no Man play'd fairer. He would frequently carry off ten, twenty, thirty, or sometimes an hundred Pounds at a sitting, and had the Pleasure commonly to hear it all attributed to his good Fortune; so that few were discourag'd by their Losses with him from playing with him a second, third, or fourth Time.

He was moreover a mighty Man for laying Wagers, and no less successful in this Particular than any of the former. He made it a great Part of his Study to learn all the Intricate Questions, deceitful Propositions, and paradoxical Assertions, that are made use of in Conversation. Add to this, the smattering he had attained in all the Sciences, particularly the Mathematicks, by means of which, he frequently won considerable Sums on the Situation of a Place, the Length of a Stick, and a hundred such little Things, which a Man may Practice without being liable to any Suspicion, or casting any Blemish upon his Character, as an honest Man, or even a Gentleman, which *Du Vall* affected to appear.

But what he was most of all celebrated for, was his Conquests among the Ladies, which were almost incredible to those who had not been acquainted with Intrigue. He was a handsome Man, and had Abundance of that sort of Wit, which is most apt to take with the Fair-Sex. Every agreeable Woman he saw, he certainly died for, so that he was ten thousand Times a Martyr to Love: *Those Eyes of yours, Madam, have undone me—I am captivated with that pretty good natur'd Smile—O that I could by any Means in the World recommend myself to your Ladyship's Notice—What a poor silly loving Fool am I!*—These, and a Million of such Expressions, full of Flames, Darts, Racks, Tortures, Death, Eyes, Bubbles, Waste, Cheeks, &c. were much more familiar to him than his Prayers, and he had the same Fortune in the Field

of Love, as *Marlborough* had in that of War, *Never to lay Siege, but he took the Place.*

Our Hero had once a Mind to try the utmost of his Influence over the Fair-Sex; and to that End he bought a good sizeable Pocket-Book, and set upon a Progress. It were in vain to pretend to give the Reader a Catalogue of those that fell Victims to his Address. Maids, Widows, and Wives, the Rich, the Poor, the Noble, the Vulgar, all submitted to the powerful *Du Vall*: In a Word, his Pocket-Book was filled, and his Strength almost spent in less than six Months.

While he was on his Journey, he met with a young Gentleman of Wit and Humour, to whom he communicated the Occasion of his travelling. The Gentleman being also a very agreeable Person, and having been lately crossed in Love, he consented to try his Fortune with him. They came together to an Inn, where was a beautiful demure Girl, an only Daughter, of about thirteen Years of Age. It was soon agreed to see what she could do with the Damsel, of whose Virginity there was no Room to doubt. They soon found an opportunity of speaking to her alone, when they presented her a Ring which they then shewed her she would come and lie with them every Night while they tarried at her Father's House.

Wench made no Scruple of the Matter, after a few Words of Form. But now the great Point was debated was who should have her Maidenhead. The Gentleman claimed it as a Thing due to his Dignity, and *Du Vall* as positively insisted upon it, than such Cases there was no Respect of Persons to be observed. At last they both consented to draw lots for the imaginary Treasure, and the longest Stick fell to *Du Vall*.

At Night our young Innocent came and slid in between them, when *Du Vall*, immediately he thought, took Possession of what was his Right, and he was entirely satisfied with what he discovered. There is no Reason to say what further pass'd that Night; it was sufficient that *Du Vall* was very merry with his Companion in the Morning, who was as much at his ill Fortune.

There was a young Lad, Apprentice to her Father, who had some Months before been blessed with Reality (if there be any Reality in such Blessings) with what *Du Vall* had now gotten in Imaginings, and had every Night since came to the Girl's Bed. He was surpriz'd when he found his Mate had forsaken him, and as soon as he had Opportunity, he demanded the Reason of her Slight. The poor Wench freely confess'd the whole Affair, promising that she would stay till the Gentlemen were gone, and should have part of what they gave her, and the entire Possession of her Person for the future. I, said the young Man, *I'll assure you Madam; never indeed, I will have a merry Touch this Night, nor by Heaven, I will never speak to you again. Don't the Gentlemen sleep sound? Yes, when they are asleep, said she, but that is not often, for they teize me between them almost all the Night long. However, I will give a gentle Tap on the Bed's Tester when they are both fast, and then do you come, without saying a Word.* At proper Time the Sign was given, the Boy enter'd, and crept up between the two Gentlemen directly in the right Place. The Bed shook, the Travellers wak'd, and each thought his Companion was in the Saddle, till they felt asleep again, being weary with waiting. The young Man went away without being detected.

In the Morning the Companions were ready to quarrel, each being angry at the other's unreasonable Greediness. *Sure, says the Gentleman, you are*

eaten something more than ordinary yesterday. I wish, quoth Du Vall, you have no Occasion of something to strengthen your Back to Day, for I am sure you laboured hard enough. At last it was agreed that the Girl should decide between them, who confes'd all. They laugh'd at one another, gave the Ring, and departed. Shortly afterwards, the young Virgin was married, and lost her Maidenhead for good and all, with many an artful Struggle.

At another Place on the Road our two Adventurers perform'd another Prank of almost the same Nature. They were benighted, and called at a House not an usual Place of Entertainment. The good Man told them he was willing to serve them as much as he could, but he had no more than one Chamber, with two large Beds, and a Trundle-Bed, in it. If you please, says he, to accept of one of the Beds, as you look like honest Gentlemen, you shall be very welcome. I and my Wife will lay in the other, and my Daughter in the Trundle Bed. Any Proposal, at such a Time, without Doubt, was acceptable.

The Daughter was about sixteen Years of Age, young, plump, and handsome, enough to make any Man's Mouth water. Du Vall took Care to ogle her pretty sufficiently in the Evening without the old People's Notice, so that she understood his meaning, and let him perceive as much. About eleven they went to Bed, and the good Landlord and Landlady as soon as our Assignators could wish. When we heard them snore, Du Vall slipp'd out of his own bed into the Wench's, where we leave them for the present.

There was an Infant in a Cradle by the good People's Bed-side, and the young Gentleman who was sit alone, having some Occasion to go down, ran against the wooden Machine. As he could not otherwise pass, he took and lifted it into the Middle of the Room, did what he wanted, and went to Bed again. It was not long afterwards before the Landlady had a Motion of the same Nature, and it came into her Head at the same Time to feel for the Cradle. She groped about so long in the Dark, that she lost the Bed-side, and walked round about till she happened to fall on the other Bed, where the Gentleman was alone. She felt of his head, and finding there was but one Man, concluded it must be her husband, in which confidence she went to Bed.

Our Gallant quickly discovered her mistake, and, by his Vigour, she soon perceived the same; however, she was not so ill-natur'd as to leave him immediately. We must go no farther in our Relation, because we know not how many Ladies may read it, in a Word, the old Man being still fast asleep, every one in the Room was entirely satisfied, and, getting all into their proper Places before Morning, their Satisfaction continued.

These two Stories may serve for Specimens of our adventurer's Gallantry; all we shall add on that head, is, that Du Vall has often protested, that, after he was deceived by the Inn-keeper's Daughter, he could never fancy he met with a Maid above four-score.

There's no certain Account how long Du Vall followed his vicious Courses in England before he was executed, after his coming from France, before he fell into the hand of Justice. All we know, is, that he was taken drunk at the Hole in the Wall in Chanis Street, committed to Newgate, arraign'd, convicted, condemn'd, and (on Friday the 21st Day of January 1669-70) executed at Tyburn, in the 27th year of his age.

Abundance of Ladies, and those not of the meanest degree, visited him in Prison, and interceded for his pardon: Not a few accompanied him to the Gallows, under their Vizards, with swollen Eyes, and blubber'd

Cheeks. After he had hanged a convenient Time, he was cut down, and, by persons well dress'd, convey'd into a Mourning Coach. In this he was carried to the Tangier Tavern at St. Giles's, where he lay in State all Night. The Room was hung with black Cloth, the Herse cover'd with Scutcheons, eight Wax Tapers were burning, and as many tall Gentlemen attended with long Cloaks. All was in profound Silence, and the Ceremony had lasted much longer, had not one of the Judges sent to interrupt the Pegeantry.

As they were undressing him, in order to his lying in State, one of his Friends put his Hand into his Pocket, and found therein the following Paper, which as appears by the Contents, he intended as a Legacy to the Ladies. It was written in a very fair Hand.

"I should be very ungrateful to you, fair English Ladies, should I not acknowledge the Obligations you have laid me under. I could not have hoped that a Person of my Birth, Nation, Education, and Condition, could have had Charms enough to captivate you all; though the contrary has appeared, by your firm Attachment to my Interest, which you have not abandoned even in my last Distress. You have visited me in Prison, and even accompanied me to an ignominious Death.

"From the Experience of your former Loves, I am confident that many among you would be glad to receive me to your Arms, even from the Gallows.

"How mightily, and how generously have you rewarded my former Services? Shall I ever forget the universal Confectionation that appeared upon your Faces when I was taken; your chargeable Visits to me in Newgate; your Shrieks and Swoonings when I was condemned, and your zealous Intercession and Importunity for my Pardon? You could not have erected fairer Pillars of Honour and Respect to me, had I been a Hercules, able to get fifty of you with Child in one Night.

"It has been the Misfortune of several English Gentlemen to die at this Place, in the Time of the late Usurpation, upon the most honourable Occasion that ever presented itself; yet none of these, as I could ever learn, received so many Marks of your Esteem as myself. How much the greater, therefore is my Obligation?

"It does not, however, grieve me, that your Intercession for me proved ineffectual; for now I shall die with a healthful Body, and, I hope, a prepared Mind; my Confessor has shewn me the Evil of my Ways, and wrought in me a true Repentance: Whereas, had you prevailed for my Life, I must in Gratitude have devoted it to your Service, which would certainly have made it very short; for had you been sound, I should have died of a Consumption; if otherwise, of a Pox."

He was buried with many Flambeauxs, amidst a numerous Train of Mourners (most of them Ladies) Covent-Garden: A white Marble Stone was laid over him with his Arms, and the following Epitaph engraven on it.

Here lies Du Vall, Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse; if Female, to thy Heart.
Much Havock hath he made of both; for all
Men he made stand, and Women he made fall.

The second Conqueror of the Norman Race,
Knights to his Arms did yield, and Ladies to his Face.
Old Tyburn's Glory, England's latest Thief,
Du Vall the Ladies Joy! Du Vall the Ladies Grief.



A PINDARICK ODE.
To the Happy Memory of the most
Renown'd
 DU VALL.

By the Author of HUDIBRAS.

I.

TIS true, to complement the Dead,
 Is as impertinent and vain,
 As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.
 Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em Wives,
 With Settlements for After-Lives.
 For all that can be done or said,
 Tho' ne'er so noble, great, and good,
 By them is neither heard nor understood.
 All our fine Sights, and Tricks of Art,
 First to create, and then adore Desert;
 And those Romances which we frame,
 To raise ourselves not them a Name.
 In vain are stult with ranting Flatteries,
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise:
 For as those Times, the golden Age they call,
 In which there was no Gold at all;
 So we plant Glory and Renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd, nor known.
 But to worse Purpose many Times,
 To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,
 And cheat the World that never seems to mind,
 How good or bad Men dye, but what they leave be-
 [hind.]

II.

And yet the brave *Du Vall*, whose Name,
 Can never be worn out by Fame;
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
 A great Example to Mankind:
 That sell a publick Sacrifice,
 From Ruin to prevent those few
 Who, tho' born false; may be made true;
 And teach the World to be more just and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar Ashes, rest
 Unmention'd in the silent Chest,
 Not for his own, but publick interest.
 He, like a pious Man, some Years before
 Th' Arrival of this fatal Hour,
 Made ev'ry Day he had to live
 'To his last Minute a Preparative.
 Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
 To act in a more genteel Mode,
 Take Prizes more obligingly than those
 Who never had been bred *Filous*,
 And how to hang in a more graceful Fashion,
 Than e'er was known before to the dull *English* Na-
 [tion.]

III.

In France, the Staple of new Modes,
 Where Garbs and Courts are current Goods,
 That serves the ruder Northern Nations
 With Methods of Address and Treat,
 Prefcribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
 And how to drink, and how to eat,
 No out-of-Fashion Wine or Meat.

To understand Cravats and Plemes,
 And the most modish from the old Perfumes.
 To know the Age and Pedigrees,
 Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
 Cast their Nativity, and to Day
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay,
 To affect the purest Negligences,
 In Gestures, Gaits, and Miens,
 And speak by Repartee *Routines*,
 Out of the most authentick of Romances:
 And to demonstrate with substantial Reason,
 What Ribbands all the Year are in or out of Season.

IV.

To this great Academy of Mankind,
 He ow'd his Birth and Education,
 Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
 They understand by Imitation;
 Are taught, improve before they are aware,
 As if they suck'd their Breeding from the Air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid Confidence.
 A Virtue of that precious Use,
 That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues,
 But with a mod'rate Shew of it.
 Can want no Worth, Abilitie, nor Wit.
 In all the deep *Hermetick* Arts,
 (For so of late the Learned call
 All Tricks, if strange and mystical)
 He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,
 And with his magick Rod could found,
 Where hidden Treasure might be found.
 He, like a Lord o'th' Manor, seiz'd upon
 Whatever happen'd in his Way
 As lawful Waif and Stray.
 And after, by the Custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first Rudiments he grew
 To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
 Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse;
 Whom he as bravely did subdue:
 Declar'd all Caravans that go
 Upon the King's High-Way, his Foe,
 Made many desperate Attacks,
 Upon itinerant Brigades
 Of all Professions, Ranks, and Trades;
 On Carriers Loads, and Pedlars Packs,
 Made them lay down their Arms and yield,
 And, to the smallest Piece, restore
 All that by cheating they had got before.
 And after plunder'd all the Baggage of the Field;
 In ev'ry bold Affair of War
 He had the chief Command, and led them on:
 For no Man is judged fit to have the Cure
 Of other's Lives, until he as made it known,
 How much he does despise, and scorn his own

VI.

Whole Provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun,
 Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won;
 And mighty Sums of Money laid
 For Ransom upon ev'ry Man,
 And Hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid.
 Th' Excise, and Chimny-Publican,
 The Jew-forestaller and Inhanfer,
 To him for their Crimes did answer.
 He vanquish'd the nobil Fierce, and Fell,
 Of all his Foes, the Contable,
 That oft had beat his Quarters up,
 And routed him, and all his Troop.

He took the dreadful Lawyers Fees,
That in his own allow'd High-way,
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
And when th' encounter in it, wins the Day;
Safe in his Garrison, the Court,
Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd for't,
To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter,
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,
That he in Time to come
Might in Return from him receive his Doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
And brought his haughty Spirit down;
Have cut it off from all Relief,
And, like a wife and valiant Chief,
Made many a fierce Assault,
Upon all Ammunition-Carts,
And those that bring up Cheese and Malt,
Or Bacon from remoter Parts.
No Convoy, e'er so strong, with Food
Durst venture on the desp'rate Road;
e made th' undaunted Waggoner obey,
And the fierce Higler Contribution pay;
The savage Butcher, and stout Drover
urst not to him their feeble Troops discover:
And if he had but kept the Field,
In Time he'd made the City yield.
Or great Towns, like the Crocodiles, are found
h' Belly aptest to receive a mortal Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
In which his Stars began to frown,
And had in close Cabal contriv'd
pull him from his Height of Glory down,
When he by num'rous Foes oppress'd,
Was in th' enchanted Dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty Guards,
Lest he by Force or Stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their Chains and them,
And break thro' all their Locks and Bolts, and Wards,
He'd both his Legs by Charms committed
To one another's Charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their Fury and Revenge out-witted.
As Jewels of high Value are
Kept under Locks with greater Charge.

Than those of meaner Rates;
So he was in Stone Walls, and pond'rous Chains, and
Iron Grates.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,
To offer up close Pris'ners, Hearts,
Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
And made 'em yield up Love and Honour too,
But in more brave Heroicks,
Than e'er were practis'd yet in Plays:
For those two spiteful Foes who never meet,
But full of hot Contest and Piques,
About Punctilio's and meer Tricks,
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom submit,
And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd; the one
With the fresh Lawrels he had won,
And all the brave renowned Feats
He had perform'd in Arms;
The other with his Person and his Charms:
For just as Larks are catch'd in Nets,
By gazing on a Piece of Glass:
So while the Ladies view his brighter Eyes,
And smother polish'd Face,
Their gentle Hearts, alas! were taken by Surprise.

X

Never did bold Knight to relieve
Distressed Dames such dreadful Feats atchieve,
As feeble Damsels for his Sake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The World's Loss and their own,
Strove who should have the Honour to lay down
And change a Life with him:
But finding all their Hopes in vain,
To move his fix'd determin'd Fate,
They Life itself began to hate,
And all the World beside disdain:
Made loud Appeals and Moans
To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,
Came swell'd with Sighs, and drown'd in Tears,
To yield themselves his Fellow-Sufferers:
And follow him like Prisoners of War,
Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his triumphant Car.

The LIFE of JAMES BATSON.

THE following is the Life and Adventures of an Arch Villain, born in the first Year of the Reign of King *James I.* which we hope will prove diverting, and afford an agreeable Amusement to our Readers.

I suppose, according to Custom, the Reader will expect some Account of my Genealogy, and as I was always a mighty Admirer of Fashions, I will follow the Mode, and give some Account of my Parents and Relations; beginning with my Grandfather, who had the great Fortune to marry a Woman excellently Skilled in Vaulting, and Rope-Dancing, and would play her Part with any Man. She, tho' above fifty Years of Age, and troubled with the Pthifick, died in the Air. Her Husband would not marry again, to avoid seeing other Women fly as she had done; but kept a Puppet-Shew in *Morefields*, and it was reckon'd the curiouslest that ever had been seen in the City. Besides, my Grandfather was so little, that the only Difference between him and his Puppets, was, that they spoke through a Trunk, and he without one. He made such Speeches before his Shews, that the Audience could with he had never done; for he had a Tongue like a Parrot. All the Apple-Women, Hawkers, and Fish-Women were so charmed with his Wit among his Puppets, that they would run to hear him without Leaving any Guard upon their Goods, but their Straw-Hats. Unfortunate Man! being so like a Cock-Sparrow, he took to so many Hens, that when they had devoured his Money, Cloaths, and Puppets, they consumed his Health, and left him like a naked Baby in an Hospital.

When he thought to have died soberly, he fell into a Frenzy to such a Degree, that one Day he fancied he was a *Bull* in a Puppet-Shew, and was to encounter a Stone-Cross that stood near the Hospital-Gate; and, after several Essays, he made at the same Cross, crying, *Now I have you.* This said, he run his Head so furiously against the Cross, that he dropt down, and said no more. A good Hospital-Nurse, who was one of the Family of the *Innocents*, seeing him die in that Manner, cried, *O the precious Soul, he died at the Foot of the Cross, and directing his Discourse to it.*

My Father had two Trades, or two Strings to his Bow; for he was a Painter, and a Gamester, and a Master much alike at both; for his Paintings would hardly rise so high as a Sign-Post, and his Slight of Hand at Play was of such an ancient Date, that it would hardly pass upon the Mob. He had one Misfortune, which he intail'd on all his Children, like Original Sin; and that was, his being born a Gentleman, which is as bad as a Poet; few of whom escape Eternal Poverty, or are above Perpetual Want.

My Mother died unluckily of a Longing for Mushrooms, when they were not to be had, being then with Child by my *Father*, as she said, and departed

as quiet as a Bird. She left two Daughters, great Devotees of *Venus*, tho' they were Christians, just at the Age the Doctors prescribe they are fit to eat; both very handsome and very young; and I was left very little, but much better Skilled in Sharping than my Age seem'd to promise. When the Funeral Ceremonies were over, and the Tears dried up, which were not very many, my Father fell again to his *Daubing*, my Sisters to *Stitching*, and I returned to my little-frequented School, where my Posterior paid for the Slowness of my Feet, and the Lightness of my Hands.

I had such an excellent Memory, that though my wicked idle Temper was the same it has ever since continued, yet I soon learned to read, write, and cast Accounts, well enough to have taken a better Course than I have done. I put so many unlucky Tricks upon my Master, and so often set the Boys together by the Ears, that every Body called me the little *Judas*. It was hard for any Book to escape me, as if once I cast my Eyes on a Picture, it was surely my own, which coil me many a Boxing Bout every Day or else the Complaints were carried Home to my Father and Sisters. The Eldest of them had it in Charge to reprove and convert me; she would sometimes give me a soft Cuff with her delicate white Hand; other Times she would tell me I should be a Disgrace to the Family.

All this Nonsense, and her Reproof, signified more to me than the Barking of a Dog, it went in one Ear, and out at the other; so that, in short, play'd so many unlucky Pranks, and was so full of Roguery, that I was expelled the School in as solemn a Manner, as if it had been by Beat of Drum. My Father, after currying my Hide very well, carried me to a Friend of his, who was Barber to Count *Gommar*, the *Spanish* Ambassador, then residing here, with whom he left me on Trial, in order to be bound Apprentice. Having delivered his hopeful Son, as he returned Home, my Master ordered me into the Kitchen to my Mistress, who presently found me Employment, giving me a Basket full of Childre Blankets, Clouts, Slabbering-Bibs, Barrows, &c. and opening the Yard Door, furnished me with about an Ounce of Soap; then shewing me the Coffer with a great Trough under it, *Jemmy*, says she, *my dear Hitt, there's a good Boy; for this Work belongs to the Apprentices.* I hung down my Head, and tumbled all the filthy Clouts from the Basket into the Trough, and washed them as well as I could, and hung the Linnen to dry: I managed it very well myself, since I was soon discarded from my Office, which, had it continued longer, there had been the End of *Jemmy* in less than a Fortnight.

The next Day I went over my Task again, and while I wanted in Washing of Clouts, was made up in Running on Errands.

The third Day my Master having just given me a small Note to receive, there came into the Shop

Bally Ruffian with a Pair of Whiskers that covered his Face, and would have been worth Money to have made Bruises on; he told my Master *he would have his Whiskers turned up*. It being then so early that the Journeyman he kept was not come, he was going to turn them up himself, and bid me light a fire, and heat the Irons. I did as I was ordered, and just as my Master had turned up one Whisker, there happened to be a Quarrel in the Street, and my Master being always a busy Man, must needs step out to see what was the Matter, leaving the stern Bravo, with one Whisker hanging quite down, and the other turned up. The Scuffle lasting long, and my Master staying to see the End of it, the furious Kill-crow never ceased swearing and cursing. He liked me in a harsh Tone, *Whether I understood my Trade*; and I thinking it an undervaluing to myself to say I did not, boldly answered, *I did. Why then you Son of a Whore, says he, turn up this Whisker for me, or I shall go into the Street as I am, and kick your Master*. I was unwilling to be found in a Lye, and thinking it no hard Matter to turn up a Whisker, ne'er slew'd the least Concern, but took up one of the Irons that was at the Fire, and had been heating ever since the first Alarm of the Fray, and having nothing to try it on, but desiring to be thought Expeditious, I took a Comb, stuck it into my curly Bush, and clapped the Iron to it: No sooner did they meet, but there arose a Smoke, as if it had been out of a Chimney, with a whizzing Noise, and all the Hair vanished. He cried out furiously, *you Son of a thousand Dogs, and ten thousand bitches, dost thou take me for Saint Laurence, that you burnest me alive?* With that he let fly such a bang at me, that the Comb dropping out of my hand, I could not avoid in the fright laying the hot Iron close along his Cheek, and cauterizing him on one Side of his Face: This made him give such a Shriek, as shook the very House, and at the same time drew his Sword to send me to the other World; but I remembering the Proverb, *That one Pair of Hands is worth two Pair of Hands*, got so nimbly to the Street, and so swiftly scoured out of that Part of the Town, that though I was a good Runner, I was amazed when I found myself above a Mile from Home, with the Iron in my Hand and the Turk's Whisker sticking to it: As good Luck would have it, I was near the Person who was to pay the Note my Master gave me to receive for him, I carried it, and received the Money; but thought I should apply it to my own Use, not daring to return home again.

My Money lasted me for about a Month, when I began to think of returning to my Father, but I understood he was gone into the Country to receive the Money owing to him. I rejoiced at the News, and went very boldly into the House as sole Lord and Master of it. My Sisters received me very coolly giving me many a sour Look, and upbraiding me with the Money my Father was forced to pay for my Pranks. We had a thousand Squabbles every Day, particularly about their giving me small instead of strong Beer.

These Animosities ran so high, that perceiving they did not mend, I resolved to make them know me. Accordingly, one Day they having brought me four Bees, and the Meat being on the Table, I threw the Bees at my elder Sister, and the Pot with the Beer at the Younger, overthrew the Table, and marched out of Doors on a Ramble; but accidentally met a Messenger from the Country, who informed me of my Father's Death by a Fever. At this News, I quickly went back to my Sisters, who were more compliable, finding by my Father's Will, I was left

Executor without Restraint of Age: I sold the Goods, got in what Debts I could, and led a merry Life, whilst the Money lasted, keeping all the Rakes about the Town Company, who at last drain'd me of every Farthing.

They obliged me one Night to go Abroad with them, though much against my Will, and one of them having the Keys, like St. Peter, opened the Door of a House, whence they took several Trunks to ease the owner of Lumber. A Cur Dog, who was upon Guard, gave the Alarm, and the People of the House came running into the Street, which compelled my Companions to lay down their Burdens, and act upon the Defensive with their Swords; for my Part I stood quaking for fear before the Robbery, at the Time of the Robbery, and after the Robbery; and always kept, at a Distance, repenting that I had not been acquainted with their Way of Living before I came out of my Lodging, that I might have avoided that Danger: So that seeing my Companions fly, the wounded Men return to their Houses, I kept my Post all in a cold Sweat, lest I should be taken up as a party concerned; and when I should have gone away, I had not the Power to stir one Foot. At the Noise the Watch came in, who finding three Trunks in the Street, besides two Men dangerously wounded, and me not far off, they came up to see who I was. By the Disorder they found me in, they concluded I was one of those who had done the Mischief. They took Care of me that Night, and the next Day I was ordered to a Place where I had Occasion to try all my Friends and Acquaintance, who all proved as I deserved. In about ten Days, I was called to my Tryal, and my Excuses being very frivolous, and my Answers contradictory, I was condemn'd to be hoisted up by the Neck, and go to Heaven in a String: However, just as I was singing the last Stave, a Reprieve came, and in about two Months after, I got a full Pardon.

Frighten'd at this last Disaster, I was resolv'd to associate myself no more with any one, but went about the Streets, selling Wash-Balls, Tooth-Pickers, and Tooth-Powder. I play'd the Merry-Andrew myself, cried up my Rubbish, extolled the Virtues of it, and sold it very dear: For whoever has a Mind to put off his Trumpery, and make a good Hand of it, must pretend his Trash comes from *Japan*, *Peru*, or *Tartary*, because all Nations undervalue their own Product and Workmanship, though never so excellent, and set a great Rate on foreign Trifles.

All my Ware tending to make fine Teeth, and white Hands, the Ladies were my best Customers, but especially the Actresses. There was at that Time one of the best Companies of Players that ever diverted *England*, and a Man at the Head of them famed for his Excellency that Way. By Virtue of my scurvy Ware, I became acquainted with his imaginary Queens, and pretended Princesses; one of whom, about eighteen Years of Age, and married to one of the Actors, told me one Day, *That she had taken a liking to me, because I was a confident sharp forward Youth; and therefore, if I would serve her, she would entertain me with all her Heart; and that when the Company went strolling, I might beat the Drum, and stick up the Bills*. I fancied that was an easier Sort of a Life, so consented at first Word, desiring only two Days to sell my Ware off, which she courteously granted; and to encourage me, gave me a Crown.

Having sold off my Trumpery, I waited on my Mistress, who appointed me four several Employments; the first was tiresome, the second uneasy,

the third sluggish, and the fourth dangerous. At Home I was her *Valet de Chambre*, folding and laying up all her Cloaths; Abroad I was her Porter, fetching and carrying her Cloaths to the Play-house: I was her Gentleman-Usher in her Attiring Room, and her trusty Secretary and Ambassador in all Places. My Master quarrelled with her every Night about me, because he supposed I was no *Eunuch*, saw I had a tolerable good Face, and thought me not so young, but that I knew *What was What*; for which Reason he was looking out for another Servant, that he might turn me off. Such a Multitude of young Beaux resorted daily to my Mistress's House, that it looked like a Fair. They all told me their Secrets, and acquainted me with their Sufferings. Some made me Presents, others promis'd Mountains, and others delivered me Copies of Verses, which being gather'd in the Morning on *Parnassus*, were buried at Night in the Necessary Houle. I play'd the Part of a Prime Minister, and Secretary of State and War, receiving those Memorials, and the Fees, promising every one my Favour and Interest: Some of them I dispatch'd with my Mistress, and many more considering she was so dilatory, I answer'd of my own Head, after this Manner: If the Petitioner was poor or niggardly, *Rejected*: If he was a young Spark near coming to his Estate, *He shall be heard another Time*: If rich and generous, *Granted*. Thus I kept them all in Hand, absolutely dismissing none, but rather feeding them with Hopes.

When I happen'd to lose at Play, for 'tis impossible a Scoundrel should ever be wise, as I took out or laid up her Cloath, I fill'd my Pocket with Ribbands and Garters, and giving them in her Name, as favours to the Gallants, they requited me so plentifully, that I could make what I had filched, and enough left to game all the Week after.

The Devil, who they say never sleeps, so ordered it, that my Master and Mistress being gone a visiting, and I left at Home, two of the Servants belonging to the Play-house, and the Wardrobe-Keeper came to call me out to take a Walk, it being a leisure Day. I went away with them: We dropped into a Tavern, drank six Bottles of the best; play'd at Cards for the Reckoning, and that falling upon me, I was so nettled, that I challenged the Wardrobe-Keeper, to play with me at *Putt*; and he being no Fool at that Sport, soon stripp'd me of all I had. This provoked me so highly, that I told him, if he would but Stay, I would go fetch more Money. He consented, I ran Home with all Speed, took out a rich laced Petticoat my Mistress had, and carried it to a Pastry-Cook I was acquainted with, desiring to lend me three *Jacobus's* upon it, pretending they were for my Mistress, who wanted so much to make up a Sum to pay for a Ring she had bought, assuring him 'of his Money when my Master returned Home, with something for the Favour. The Pastry-Cook finding the Pawn sufficient, delivered me the Money, with which I hurried back to play, and lost as I had done before. I got one *Jacobus* back again of the Winner, by way of Wrangling with him, as if he had not plaid fair, with which I turn'd out into the Street, full of Vexation, that I had lost so beneficial a Place. I went to an Inn, where I supped and lay that Night, but with little Rest or Satisfaction.

As soon as ever I discovered the first Dawn of Day, I got up full of Sorrow to think what a base Return I had made my Mistress for all her Kindness; and considering the Danger I should be in, when she missed her Petticoat, I left *London*, directing my Course towards *Colchester*.

Travelling somewhat Hastily for fear of being

followed, I overtook two of those Sort of Soldiers, called *Decoy Ducks*, who serve to draw in others, when they are Levies. After some Discourse, they told me they were going my Way, being informed, that at *Colchester* there was a Captain raising Men and that none that list'd under him would ever want I travelled on with them very fairly, every one paying his Club by the Way. The next Day we got to that Town, and being kindly received by the Captain, and list'd, we lived in Clover for a Fort night, making our Landlords furnish us with Dainties, and demanding Impossibilities. At last, we received Orders to march, and having left the Town our Captain moved like a Snail, still leaving the Quarters appointed us on one Side, and taking the contrary Way, because the Towns paid him to be exempted. He continued this Cheat three Days but on the fourth, as we were passing by a Wood all his Men, about thirty in Number, left him with only the Colours, Drum, Serjeant, and Ensign, and five Wenches, who went with the Baggage; for he not likely to keep up a Company, who contrives on how to make his Advantage of them without considering, that it is very easy to find a Captain, and less difficult to get thirty Soldiers.

However, I lik'd my Captain well enough; for was civil to me, I stuck by him, and came to *London* with him, where he was so laugh'd at, that resolved to quit the Kingdom, and having a good Estate, intended to go abroad a Volunteer, and fired my Company: He embarked for *Barcelona*, and in a little Time got a Company, which was dered with several others, to sail for *Alicant*: I ing a good Accomptant, and writing a fair *Bill* stuck close all the while we were at Sea, to Steward of the Ship to help him deliver out Allowances to the Sailors, and Landman. He keep up a good old Custom, and avoid being blam'd by others of his Trade, gave the Soldiers all the broken Bisket, and kept that which was whole; and for the Fish, they had what was rotten. As for Bacon, he stuck a Knife into it, and if it stunk, Soldiers had it; if otherwise, he put it up careful. However he took Care to make much of the Office which made them all keep Council, and see nothing and whilst the poor Soldiers fared hard, we lived well. At length we arrived at *Alicant*, where we were quartered, and had a Mixture of good and bad; as soon as they had shewn us any Favour, they were over us with a *Cap de Dieu*, which is that Court Oath, and out came two or three Cases of Pistols. My Captain and I were at Variance, because he cheated me of my Pay, and I had made my Complaint to recover it. For this Reason he bore me ill-Will, there being nothing so certain as that if a Soldier does not put up any Wrong in Point of Interest, but tends to complain, or to stand upon Terms with Officers, all that he says, though never so true, passes for a Lie: He will never be advanced, but rather slighted and hated. My Quarters were in a Tavern, where I was one Day drinking with a Soldier and happened to fall out about a Lie given, and my Sword unluckily running into his Throat, and kick'd up his Heels, thro' his own Fault; for he ran upon my Point; so that he may thank his own Hennes.

To prevent my Captain's taking Revenge, or giving him an Opportunity of satisfying his Malice, by taking upon himself to make an Example of me, I went away to *Barcelona*, and took Revenge in a pinnacery: My Captain, as if I had murdered his Father, stolen his Goods, or taken away his Wife, sent after me to have me secured, and a little *Whipper-Snapper* of his, who was the Tale-Carrier of the Company,

Company, followed his Business so Close, that in Despair of the Fathers, and in Contempt of the Church, he had me taken out of the Sanctuary, and cast into the Prison of the *Arsenal*. They put me into Irons, bolted my Hands and Feet, and so left me. I was prosecuted as a Murderer, Deserter, and Raifer of Mutinies, a d without any Regard to the Pain my Mother endured when she brought me into the World, they put me into a Fright with these terrible Words: *You shall return to the Place from whence you came, and from thence to the Place of Execution, &c.*

In short, as if it had been a Thing of nothing, or but a Matter of Pastime, they gave Sentence, *That I should be led in State along the Streets, then mount upon a Ladder, kick up my Heels before all the People, and take a Swing in the open Air, as if I had another Life in my Smock-Sack.* I was made acquainted with it, by a Publick Notary, who was so nice a Christian, that he never asked me any Gratiuity for the good News, nor any Fees for the Trial. It was impossible to avoid making some wry Faces; when I heard it, some Sighs broke loose in Spite of my Manhood, and the salt Tears trickled down my Cheeks. The Jaylor bid me make Peace with God, without the least Supply from *Bacchus* to raise my Spirits; and I considering what I had to go through, gently squeez'd my Throat with my Hand; and tho' it was done very tenderly, I did not like the Test; but said to myself, *If t'le Hand, which is soft Flesh, hurts so much, what will it be when a hard hempen Rope is there.* I canted down, and cried to Heaven for Mercy, solemnly protesting, if I regained my Liberty, that I would do Penance for my Sins, and begin a new Life; but these were like Vows made in Storms. The News was quickly spread, and several Friends came to see me, others to condemn me; some said it was pity I should lose my Life in the Prime of my Age, others that I looked like a rank Knave; and some, that I was not come to that for my Goodness. At last, in came a *Franciscan Friar*, all in a Sweat, and full of Zeal, asking, *Where is the condemn'd Person?* I answer'd, *Father, I am the Man, though you don't know me.* He said, *Dear Child, it is now Time for you to think of another World, since Sentence is past; and therefore, you must employ this short Time allow'd you, in confessing your Sins, and asking Forgiveness for your Offences.* I answer'd, *Reverend Father, in Obedience to the Commands of the Church, I confess but once a Year, and that is in Lent: But if, according to human Laws, I must atone with my Life for the Crime I've committed, your Reverence being so learned, must be truly sensible, that there is no Divine Precept, which says, Thou shalt not eat or drink; and therefore, since it is not contrary to the Law of God, I desire that you will give Order that I have Meat and Drink, and then we will discourse of what is best for us both; for I am in a Christian Country, and plead the Priviledge of Sanctuary.*

The good Father, much disturbed to hear me talk so wildly at a Time when I should be serious, took a small *Crucifix* out of his Bosom, and began to make a Sermon to me on the Text of the lost Sheep, and the Repentance of the good Thief; and this with such an audible Voice, that he might he heard all over the *Arsenal*. I turned pale, my Heart failed me, and my Tongue was numb'd, when I heard the Charity Bells, which ring when Criminals are executed. I cleared my Apartment, and kneeling down before my Ghostly Father, disgorged a wonderful Budget of Sins, and cleared my Store-house of Iniquity; and having received his Blessing and Absolution, found myself so changed, that it only troubled me to die, because I thought myself so truly contrite, that all

the Bells would ring out of themselves, the whole City would be in an Uproar, and the poor People would lose their Day's Work to come and see me.

In the Height of this Fright, which I would freely bestow on any one that could be fond of it, the Marquis *D'Esse*, then Commanding Officer, ordered me to be brought before him, I having got a Petition presented to him. He like a merciful Man, being informed, that I pleaded the Priviledge of Sanctuary, ordered the Execution to be respited, the Sentence of Death reversed, and me sent to the Gallies for ten Years. My Master was so much my Friend, that he opposed it, *allegding my Constitution was too Dainty to make a Water-Thresher; and therefore it were better to send me out of this wicked World, that I might serve as an Example to all the Army; and that it would have been never the worse had it been done three or four Years sooner.* Notwithstanding all this, I took a little Courage, finding myself backed by some Friends, and told the Marquis, it was Malice, Spight, and Hatred, made my Master so much my Enemy, that he had detain'd my Pay, upon which I threatened to complain, and he vow'd Revenge, and now would have it by my Death. The General said, *It was strange, That two Countrymen could not agree; that he would not trouble himself with my Complaints, but ordered me to be immediately discharged without paying any Fees.* I threw myself at his Feet for the Kindness he had done me, to the Disappointment of the Mob, and the Loss of the Executioner. I presently departed the Palace, and went to be blooded to prevent any ill Consequence of the Fright I had been in.

When the Bodily Fear I had been put into, was over, the Danger I had escaped forgotten, and the Blood I let out recruited in a Tavern, I went out one Day to take a Walk upon the Mole, and understanding there was a new Regiment to be raised, I enquired after the Officers, and by Accident met one of them, who asked me to list, I easily consented for the sake of a little Ready-Money. My new Master seemed to take a Fancy to me, and ordered me to his own Quarters, where it was not long before I got a new Place; for the Cook going away, I was asked, if I understood any Thing that Way, and I always resolved to answer in the Affirmative, declared I did understand Cookery to the greatest Perfection; so that I was both Soldier and Cook.

After several Voyages by Sea to *Rosfas*, and other Places, we were ordered to succour *Alsace*, and for our Winter Residence had the Words of *Barbaria*. My Master took up his Residence in the House of one of the richest Men in those Parts, though he pretended to be very poor, because he had drove away all his Cattle, and removed the best of his Goods. This Contrivance did not serve his Turn, I got information from the Servants. With this, in a very stately Manner, I acquainted him, *That I was my Master's Steward, and Cook; and as such must inform him, that he had a Captain of Horse in his House, who was a Person of considerable Quality; and therefore must take Care to make very much of him and his Servants, that my Master was very much fatigued, and it was Dinner Time, and he must order all Things that were necessary.* He answered, *I need only tell him what Provision I wanted for the Kitchen, and he would order his Servants to fetch it immediately.* I told him we always kept three Tables, the first for the Gentlemen and Pages, the second for the Butler and under Officers, and the third for the Footmen, Grooms, and other Liveries; for all which Tables, he must furnish one Ox, two Calves, four Sheep, twelve Pullets, six Capons, two Dozen of Pidgeons,

Pidgeons, six Pound of Bacon for Larding, four Pounds of Sugar, two of all Sorts of Spice, an hundred of Eggs, half a Dozen Dishes of Fish, a Pot of Wine to every Plate, and six Hogsheads to stand by. He blessed himself, as if he had seen all the Devils in Hell, and answered, *If all that your Worship speaks of be only for the Servants Tables, the whole Village will not be able to furnish the Masters.* I reply'd, *My Master is such a worthy Person, that he had rather see the Servants made much of, than please himself; and therefore he and his Friends never put their Landlords to any more Charge, than a Dish of imperial stuffed Meat, with an Egg in it.* He asked me, *what that stuffed Meat was made of?* And I bid him order me a new-laid Egg, a Squab Pidgeon, and two Loads of Coals, and to send for a Cobler with his Nawl and Ends, and a Grave-Digger with his Spade, and then he should know what else was wanting, that he might provide it whilst we were at Work. The Landlord went and fetched what I demanded, except the two Loads of Coals. I took the Egg and the Pidgeon, which I gutted, and cutting it open enough with my Knife (for I had all my Tools about me) I clapped the Egg into the Belly of it; then said I to him, "Sir, take Notice, this Egg is "in the Pidgeon, the Pidgeon is to be put into a "Partridge, the Partridge into a Pheasant, the "Pheasant into a Pullet, the Pullet into a Turkey, "the Turkey into a Kid, the Kid into a Sheep, the "Sheep into a Calf, the Calf into a Cow; all these "Creatures are to be pulled, sead, and larded, except the Cow, which is to have her Hide on; and "as they are thrust one into another, like a Nest of "Boxes, the Cobler is to sew every one of them "with an End, that they may not slip out; and "when they are all fast sewed into the Cow's Belly, "the Grave-Digger is to throw up a deep Trench, "into which one Load of Coals is to be cast, and "the Cow laid a Top of it; the other Load upon "her, the Fuel set on Fire to burn about four "Hours, more or less, when the Meat being taken out, is incorporated, and becomes such a delicious Dish, that formerly the Emperors used to "dine upon it on their Coronation Day; for which "Reason, and because an Egg is the Foundation of "all that curious Mefs, it was called, *the Imperial "Egg Stuffed Meat.*"

The Landlord, who stood listening to me with his Mouth open, and no more Motion than a Statue, gave such intire Credit to all I said, because I spoke so seriously, and was very earnest to have the Ingredients, that squeezing me by the Hand, he said, *Sir, I am very poor; and I understanding what he would be at, answer'd, fear nothing.* Then leading him into the Kitchen, we agreed the Matter very well between us, and I told my Master he was very poor indeed, and ruined by our Troops, having had all his Cattle stolen: My Master ordered he should not be oppressed, and left the Management of him to me.

The other Servants observing that I had plenty of Wine in the Kitchen, and was supplied with choice Bits, suspected the Fraud, and informed my Master, who upon Enquiry found just the contrary to what I had told him. He sent for my Landlord, and discovered all my Roguery. My Master upon this paid me a Visit in the Kitchen, and taking up one of the neatest Cudgels he found about it, dusted my Jacket so curiously, that he wanted a Cook for a Fortnight.

During our Stay here we were attacked by a Parcel of French Scoundrels; my Master ordered me out with the rest; but I kept back, fearing a chance Bullet might mistake me for some Body else; but

when I heard the French were beaten, I ventured into the Field with my drawn Sword, hacking and hewing the dead Carcasses in a furious Manner. I happen'd as a special instance of my Valour, that as I came up to one of the Enemies to give him half a Dozen good Gashes, thinking he was as dead as the rest, at the first Stroke I let fall, he gave such a dreadful Groan, that I was quite terrified, and thinking he made a Motion to get up to be revenged on me, I had not the Courage to stay so long to draw my Sword out again; but faced about, and run a fait as I could to the Place our Baggage was, looking back a thousand Times for fear he should overtake me. I bought a good Sword of one who had been in the Pursuit, and some other Booty, boasting all about the Army, that I had gained it in the Fight. I met my Master, who being brought along desperately wounded, and past all Hopes, said to me *You Scoundrel, why did you not do as I ordered you.* I answered, *because, Sir, I was afraid to be in your Condition.* He was carried into the Town where he soon ended his Days for want of being discreet as I. He left me rather out of his own innate Goodness and Generosity, than for any good Service I had done him, a Horse, and fifty Ducats. God grant him fifty thousand Ages of Bliss for his Kindness, and double that Term to any one who shall hereafter so far oblige me as to do the like.

By this Time you may suppose I was pretty remarkable; for I had got the Name of the great *Englishman*; and being out of Place, spent my Money like a Lord. My Purse being exhausted, got into the Service of Count *Piccolomini*; and a little afterwards, we were ordered to march toward *Hainault*, and in a few Days encamped under the Walls of *Mons*.

A comical Adventure befel me one Day in the Place: I happen'd to go abroad, after dining in the Town, with my Head so full, that I took Children for Men, and Blue for Black. Staggering along in this Condition, I came up to a Chandler's Shop which was all hung about with Rows of Tallow Candles, and I taking them for Bunches of Radishes asked the Owner, why he pulled the Leaves off. He not understanding what I meant, and perceiving the Pickle I was in, made me no answer, but fell a laughing very heartily; but I who had doubtless a drunken Longing for Radishes, put out my Hand to one of the Rows that hung upon a long Stick, and laying hold of two Candles, pulled so hard, that all the Range came down. The Shopkeeper seeing his Goods broken, took up a Cudgel, and exercised it so, you would have thought he had been beating of Stock-fish. Tho' drunk, I was so sensible of the Pain, that drawing my Sword I charged him as my mortal Enemy. He seeing me void of Fear and Reason, fled into a Room behind the Shop, and shut the Door after him. Finding that though I made a hundred Passes at the Door, the Smart of my Bones did nothing abate I vented my Spleen against the Candles, and laying about me, left the whole Shop strewed with Grease.

It happened a Gang of Soldiers were passing by, and they at the Request of the Neighbours, carried me out into the Street by Force, I still crying, *What cudgel me for a Radish or two which are not worth a Farthing.* A Complaint was carried to my Master, who ordered me to be sent to Goal, and the next Day, when I awaked, I found myself in Irons.

There I suffered for the Radish-Fray, there I fasted though it was not Lent, and there was I dieted without any Liberty of getting drunk. At length my Mistress took Pity on me, and begged my Master to forgive me, who seeing me protected by such

an Angel, ordered me to be set free, on my paying for the Damage done to the Candles. I left the Goal with a full Resolution never more to disoblige my Master.

I lived so sedate and modest for a little Time after this, that it surpriz'd my Master, who continually heap'd new Favours upon me, and I leaving off drinking for the present, grew amorous. To this Purpose I made Choice of a Waiting-Maid, a Country Lads in Dress, but a Courtier in keeping her Word: She was young in Years, but old in Cunning, carried all her Fortune about her, and being Fatherless, for the more Decency and Security of her Person, served an Aunt of hers, who kept a Tavern, where I was acquainted. I set my Heart on this Virgin-Pullet, and one Day putting my Hand upon her soft Bubbles she gave me such a Kick, that I drew the best *Flanders* Mare to have out-done her. She withdrew into her Chamber, and from that Time fled from me, as if I had been the Devil. I was up to the Ears in Love, and knew not what to do: However, at last, I wrote a *Billet-Doux*, and accompanied it with a Present. The poor harmless Creature, who had been several Times upon trial before, and still pleaded, *Lord, I know not what you mean*, bit at the Bit, received the Present, heard the Message, and gave me Leave, under a Pretence of quenching my Thirst, to pay her a Visit, which I did, and from that Moment she began to fleece me, and her Aunt to pluck my Feathers. Our Love grew so hot, that the Customers who used the Tavern, took Notice of it; therefore, to save her Reputation, for she passed for a Maid, I took Lodgings for her, and by that Means got her from her Aunt. My Lady was so nice, that I could not eat Snails, because they had Horns; nor Fish, because of the Bones; nor Rabbits, because they had Tails: She swooned away at the sight of a Mouse; but rejoiced to see a Company of Canadians: Before me she fed by Ounces, and in my Absence by Pounds. She hated to be confined, she loved Liberty; and, under Colour of Melancholy, was never from the Window or Door. At first, I refused to receive Abundance of Visitors, pretending that all the Men were her Cousins; but I began to inform them they were carnal Kindred, put her in a more inclosure, taking a Room that had no Window to the Street, and when I went abroad, left my my upon her Actions.

Very now and then she would be lost, and rise again the third Day, as drowned Bodies do; though I refused Abundance of Tears, and swore a thousand Oaths to persuade me, that my ill Nature made her withdraw herself to her Aunt's; and that she had never been out of her Doors, nor seen by any Body, yet I did not forbear thrashing of her so severely, that she did not for a good while shew any more of her Tricks.

I was confoundedly jealous of this Creature, and so without a Reason; for I had her not in keeping above four Months, before she very civilly tipped me a Distemper very common in *Naples*. Enraged at this, I beat her unmercifully, took away all her Cloaths, but a few Rags, and kicked her out of Doors. I advised with a Surgeon and a Physician about my Case, who both condemned me to be anointed like a *Witch*, and to flabber like a *Necat*. But I hoping to find some Way to avoid enduring the Pains of Hell in this World, went to a Doctor of Note: I told them my Distemper, and they all unanimously told me, *That if I desired to live, I must forbear Drinking* (and they said good have bid me cut my own Throat) and *that the Wine I had so plentifully swallowed, was distilled out of my Body in Water*. Perceiving

they all agreed in the same Story, I resolved to get into the Hospital, and take a gentle Salivation.

I was kindly received, those good People being willing to entertain one Mad-man more in their godly House, and treating me like a Soul in Purgatory, they scalded my Intrails, and stifled me for want of Breath, keeping me always, like *Dives*, with my Tongue hanging out of my Mouth a Quarter of a Yard, still begging a Drop of Wine of some poor *Lazarus*, and preaching up the Works of Mercy; but they told me, *That Patience was a Virtue, and would carry me to Heaven; and that I must suffer for my former Excesses*. At the End of two Months, I had been in the Hospital, I was dismissed perfectly cured, but my Legs look'd like *Trap-sticks*, my Body like a Shotten-Herring, and my Voice like an Eunuch.

The first Enquiry I made, was, for the next Tavern, and there I eat every Thing I could come at, as if I had been a Man in perfect Health, making a Jest of the Doctor, and laughing at the Surgeon, bestowing a thousand Blessings on the good Man that first found out the Vine, and double the Number on those who plant and prune it. After I had got a good Refreshment, I enquired after my kind Mistress and her Aunt, both of whom had left the Place just after I had enter'd the Hospital. I was not at all sorry for it; but went to find out some of my old Comrades, whom I found merrily carousing. At last a Dispute arose among them, and Swords were drawn: I was Fool enough to concern myself, and one of the Party against me, gave me such a Blow with his Sword (but as it happen'd it was the flat Part) that he made me void a Flood of Claret at my Mouth. All the Skip-kennel Troop took to their Heels, thinking I was killed, and I believing myself not far from it, bawled out for a Surgeon, who was called, and he feeling my Pulse beat very unregular, and observing how I reached and sweated, never enquired into the Cause of my Distemper, but bid the Landlord get a Priest to prepare me for Death. The good Man being unwilling, I should die like a *Heathen* in a *Christian Country*, run in all Haste, and brought one, who being curious to see the Wound, took off my Hat, and found my Head clear from Blood, and without any other Hurt but a Bump raised by the Stroke I had received: He asked those who had seen the Fray, *Whether I had any other Wounds besides that?* And being informed I had not, says to the Master of the House, *If this Man was to make his Confession every Time he is troubled with this Distemper, he ought always to have a Chaplain along with him. Sleep is the only Thing will cure this Disorder; therefore carry him to Bed, and I will answer for his Life*. His Orders were obeyed, and the next Morning I found myself out of Danger, and went to wait on my Master, who received me with a frowning Brow, and bid me begone about my Business; that he discarded me his Service, and left me at Liberty to go where I pleased: This was a terrible Blow to me, but I was comforted the next Morning by my generous Master's sending me a handsome Present in Gold, with a Command from him to leave the Place, which I did the next Morning, resolving to go to *France*, and from thence to my native Country.

The Carrier with whom I set out, was a great Gamester, and the second Night invited me to his Room, which was next the Stable, and there by the Light of a scurvy Lamp, I won all his Money. Enraged at his ill-fortune, he threw the Cards in my Face, and I in return, wiped him a-cross the Face with my Hat. He ran to a Corner to lay hold of a rusty Sword, and I discharged the Lamp

at him so furiously, that he was all over Oil, and I half-dead with Fear, being in the dark, and the Door shut. However, I was so fortunate to find the Salley-Port, and fled to the Watch, whither my greasy Carrier followed me with his rusty Tilter. A Corporal met and disarmed him, after giving each of us half a Dozen Bangs, and then inquired into the Affair, and endeavoured to reconcile us, but in vain, the Carrier refusing to consent, till I paid the Damage done to his Coat: I gave him Half his Money again, and the other Part I spent on the Corporal, Watchmen, myself, and the Carrier, drowning the Quarrel, and forgetting all Wrongs.

After travelling many a tedious Mile, I at last got to *Calais*, and from thence to *London*. Being come to the Metropolis, I went directly to my Father's House, that had been, which upon Enquiry, I found in the Hands of a Stranger. I asked for my Sisters, and was told, they were remov'd into another World. I found they had both been married, and had left Children; so that my Hopes of getting any Thing by their Death's proved abortive. Destitute of Friends, I knew not what to do, especially finding the Gout come upon me. At last, by the Advice of an Acquaintance, I took a Publick-House, and understanding several Languages, have now very good Custom from Foreigners. I intend to leave off my foolish Pranks, and as I have spent my juvenile Years, and Money in keeping Company, hope to find some Fools, as bad as myself, who delight in throwing away their Estates, and impairing their Healths.

This is all the Account he gives of himself, and all the information we can get further of him, is that

he kept an Inn in *Smithfield*, and got a considerable Fortune; but being eager to be rich at once, he jointly with his Hostler committed a most barbarous and cruel Murder; for a Gentleman who had purchased an Estate in the Country was obliged to pay the Money in *London*, and accordingly came to Town for that Purpose, putting up at *Batson's-Inn*. The Hostler, in taking the Gentleman's Baggs off, perceived they were very heavy, and acquainted his Master with it, and they two soon agreed to murder the Gentleman, and divide the Booty, the first of which was barbarously executed by the Hostler, who cut the Guest's Throat, and then they removed the Body into a Closet; but a Dispute arose in dividing the Money, which made the Hostler leave his Master with what he could get; and he getting drunk the same Night, discovered the inhuman Deed, producing several Pieces of Gold as a Confirmation. The Neighbours at first thought it was all Fiction, but the Fellow often calling God to Witness, of the Truth and vowing Revenge on his Master (thinking by the Discovery to save himself) that a Stander-by, more penetrating than the rest, sent for a Constable, and got him secured, who being carried before a Magistrate persisted in it, and desired the House of his Master might be searched, which was accordingly done and the Body found. In a small Time after, they were both arraigned and convicted. The Hostler died just after; but *Batson* was deservedly executing penitent, and in the Communion of the Church of *Rome*, whose Principles he had imbibed by going into foreign Parts. And thus ended the Life of this detestable Villain about a Year before the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second.

The LIFE of WILLIAM NEVISON

AS Arts and Sciences of Use and Morality admit of improvement, so likewise those of Villainy grow up with them, the Devil being as industrious to improve his Followers in the Schools of Vice, as our best Instructors are in those of Virtue, which will be illustrated in the following Memoirs of the Life of *William Nevison*, who was born at *Pomfret* in *Yorkshire*, about the Year 1639. of well-reputed, honest, and reasonably-estimated Parents, who bred him up at School, where he made some Progress as to his Learning, and in the Spring of his Youth promised a better Harvest, than the Summer of his Life produced; for, to say Truth, he was very forward and hopeful, 'till he arrived at thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, when he began to be the Ring-leader of all his young Companions, to Rudeness and Debauchery.

So early as this he also took to Thieving, and stole a Silver Spoon from his Father, for which being severely punished at School, the Punishment was the Subject of the next Night's Meditation, which issued into a Resolution of Revenge on his Master, whatever Fate he met with in the Execution thereof; to which End, having hit on a Project for his Purpose, and lying in his Father's Chamber, he gets softly up before such Time as the Day appeared, and hearing

that his Father was asleep, he puts his Hand into his Pocket, where he found the Key of his Closet, which he unperceived he drew thence, and down he creeps to the said Closet, where he supplies himself with what Cash he could readily find, which amounted to about ten Pounds, and with this, knowing that his said Master had a Horse he had particular Desire for, that then grazed behind his House, he goes for a Bridle and Saddle from his Father's Stable, and an Hour before Morning, arrays and mounts the said Horse onward for *London*, where he arrived within four Days; when the Evening coming upon him, he cut the Throat of the Horse, within a Mile or two of the Town, for Fear he should prove a Means of his Discovery, if he should have carried it to an Inn.

When he came to *London*, he changed his Trade and Name, and being a lusty well-looking Lad, and put himself into the Service of a Brewer, where for two or three Years he lived, not at all changing his Mind, though Opportunity was not, during that Time, ripe to put his ill intentions in Practice, so he watched all Seasons to advance himself, by having several Times attempted to rob his Master, which at last he thus effected. Taking the Advantage one Night of the Clerk's Drunkenness, who was his

ner's Cashier, he got up by Stealth after him into the Compting-House, where the said Clerk falling asleep, he rifled the same of all such Cash as he could conveniently come at, which amounted to near two hundred Pounds, and fled to *Holland*, where running away with a Burgher's Daughter, that had robbed her Father of a great Deal of Money and Jewels, he was apprehended, had the Booty taken from him, and clapt in Goal; and, had he not broke out, he had certainly made his Exit beyond Sea. Having thus made his Escape, he got, after divers Difficulties, into *Flanders*, and listed himself amongst the *English* Volunteers, who were under the Command of the Duke of *York*, who about the same Time was made Lieutenant-General of the *Spanish* Forces, under Don *John of Austria*, that were then designed to raise the Siege of *Dunkirk*, which was besieged by the *English* and *French* Armies, and behaved himself very well, while he was in a Military Employment; but not greatly liking it, and having got some Money whilst he was in the Service, he came over to *England*, and bought himself a Horse and Arms, and resolving for the Road, and perhaps a pleasant Life, at the Hazard of his Neck, rather than toil out a long Remainder of unhappy Days in Want and Poverty, which he was always averse to: Being thus supplied very Day, one Booty or other enriched his Stores, which he would never admit a Sharer in, chusing to manage his Designs alone, rather than trust his Life into the Hand of others, who by Favour or Misfortune might be drawn in to accuse him.

One Day *Nevison*, who went otherwise by the Name of *Johnson*, travelling on the Road, and scouring about in Search of a Prize, he met two Countrymen, who, coming up towards him, informed him, that it was very dangerous travelling forward, for that the Way was set, and they had been robbed by three Highwaymen, about half a Mile off; and if he had any Charge of Money about him, it were his safest Course to turn back. *Nevison*, asking them what they had lost, they told him 40 Pounds; whereupon he replied, Turn back with me, and shew me the Way they took, and my Life to a Farthing, I'll make them return you your Money again; they rid along with him till they had Sight of the Highwaymen; when *Nevison* ordering the Countrymen to stay behind him at some Distance, he rid up and spoke to the Foremost of them, Saying, Sir, by your Garb and the Colour of your Horse, you should be one of those I looked after, and if so, my Business is to tell you, that you borrowed of two Friends of mine 40 Pounds, which they desired me to demand of you, and which before we part you must restore. How! quoth the Highwayman, 40 Pounds! Damn you, Sir, what is the Fellow mad? So mad, replied *Nevison*, as that your Life shall answer me, if you do not give me better Satisfaction: With this he draws his Pistol, and suddenly claps it to his Breast, who finding then, that *Nevison* had also his Reign, and that he could not get his Sword or Pistols, he yielded, telling him, his Life was at his Mercy: No, says *Nevison*, 'tis not that I seek for, but the Money you robbed these two Men of, who are riding up to me, which you must refund.

The Thief was forced to consent, and readily to deliver such Part thereof, as he had, saying his Companions had the rest; so that *Nevison* having made him dismount, and taking away his Pistols, which he gave to the Countrymen, ordered them to secure him, and hold his own, whilst he took the Thief's Horse, and pursued the other two, who he soon overtook; for they thinking him their Companion, stopt as soon as they saw him; so that he came up to them in the Midst of a Common. *How now, Jack*, says

one of them, *what made you engage with yon Fellow?* No Gentlemen, replies *Nevison*, you are mistaken in your Man: Thomas, by the Token of your Horse and Arms, he hath sent me to you for the Ransom of his Life, which comes to no less than the Prize of the Day, which, if you presently surrender, you may go about your Business, if not, I must have a little Dispute with you at Sword and Pistol. At which, one of them let fly at him, but missing his Aim, received *Nevison*'s Bullet into his Right Shoulder; and being thereby disabled, *Nevison*, about to discharge at the other, he call'd for Quarter, and came to a Parley, which, in short, was made up; with *Nevison*'s Promise to send their Friend, and their delivering him all the ready Money they had, which amounted to 150 Pounds. With this, *Nevison* rides back to the two Countrymen, and releases their Prisoner, giving them their whole forty Pounds, with a Caution, for the future to look better after it, and not like Cowards, as they were, to surrender the same on such easy Terms again.

In all his Pranks he was very favourable to the female Sex, who generally gave him the Character of a civil obliging Robber; he was charitable also to the Poor, as relieving them out of their Spoils, which he took from them that could better spare it; and being a true Royalist, he never attempted any thing against that Party. One Time *Nevison* meeting with an old Sequestrator on the Road, he stop'd the Coach, and demanded some of that Money which he had thieveslyly extorted from poor Widows and Orphans, and ought to be returned: At which Words the old Man in a Fit of Terror, and especially to, when a Pistol was clapt to his Breast, begun to expostulate for his Life; offering whatsoever he had about him for his Ransom, which he readily delivered to the Value of 60 Broad-pieces of Gold. But this not serving the Turn, *Nevison* told him that he must come thence, and go with him about some other Affairs he had to concert with him, and beg'd Leave of three young Gentlewomen that were also Passengers in the Coach with him, that they would spare one of the Coach-Horses for one Hour or two, which should certainly be returned that Night for the next Days Journey. So *Nevison* left them, and took his Prize with him on the Postillion, which he loos'd from his Coach, and Carried him from them in a great Fright, thinking he was now near his End, the Gentlewomen pursued their Journey about two Hours after they were got to their Inns, in comes the old Sequestrator on the Postillion's Horse before mentioned, and gave a lamentable Relation how he had been used, and forced to sign a Bill under his Hand, of 500 Pounds for his Redemption, payable by a Scrivener in *London* on sight, which he doubted not but would be received before he could prevent the same; and indeed he did not doubt amiss, for *Nevison* made the best of his Way all Night, and the next Day by Noon received the Money, to the no small Vexation of him that owned it.

Having one Day met a considerable Prize, to the Value 450 Pounds, from a rich Country Gentleman, with this he was resolved to set down quietly, and go back to *Pomfret*, where he was most joyfully received by his Father, who never hearing of him in his Absence of seven or eight Years, thought he had been really dead. He lived very honestly with his Father till he died, and then returned to his old Courses again, committing such Robberies, as rendered his Name the Terror of the Road; insomuch, that no Carrier or Drover that pass'd the same, but was either forced to compound for their Safety by a constant Rent, which he usually received from them at such and such Houses, where he appointed them

them to leave it, or they were sure to be rifled for the Failure thereof.

Committing some Robberies in *Leicestershire*, he was there taken; and committed to *Leicester* Goal, where he was so narrowly watch'd, and strongly ironed, that he could scarce stir; yet, by a cunning Stratagem, he procured his Enlargement before the Assizes came. For one Day, feigning himself extremely ill, he sent for two or three trusty Friends, one of which was a Physician, who gave out that he was sick of a pestilential Fever; and that, unless he had the Benefit of some open Air, in some Chamber, he would certainly infect the whole Goal, and die of the said Distemper. Hereupon, the Goaler takes off his Fetters, and removes him into another Room, to lie by himself; in the mean Time, a Nurse was provided him, and his Physician came twice or thrice a Day to visit him, who gave out there was no Hopes of his Life, and that his Distemper was extremely contagious: On which Report, the Goaler's Wife would not let her Husband, nor any of the Servants, go nearer than the Door; which gave *Nevison's* Confederates a full Liberty to practise their Intent, which they did thus: A Painter was one Day brought in, who made all over his Breast blue Spots, resembling those that are the Forerunners of Death in the Disease commonly called the Plague; as likewise, several Marks on his Hands, Face, and Body, which are usually on such that so die: All which being done, the Physician prepared a Dose whereby his Spirits were confined for the Space of an Hour or two, and then immediately gave out that he was dead. Hereupon his Friends demanded his Body, bringing a Coffin to carry him away in. The Goaler, as customary, orders a Jury; the Nurse having formerly laid him out to examine the Cause of his Death, who fearing the Contagion he was said to die of, staid not long to consider thereon; but having view'd him, seeing the Spots and Marks of Death about him, his Eyes set, and his Jaws close muffled, they brought in their Verdict that he died of the Plague; and thereupon he was put in the Coffin, and carried off.

Being thus discharged, he falls to his Trade again, and meeting several of his old Tenants the Carriers, who had used to pay him his Rents, as aforesaid, told them they must advance the same, for that his last Imprisonment had cost him a great Sum of Money, which he expected to be reimburs'd among them. They being strangely surprized at the Sight of Mr. *Nevison*, after the Reports of his Death, brooked about that his Ghost walked, and took upon him the Employment it was wont when living, which was the more confirmed by the Goaler at *Leicester*, who had brought in his Verdict of the Jury on Oath, who had examined the Body, and had found it dead, as abovemention'd; whereby he had been discharged by the Court, as to the Warrant of his Commitment. But afterwards, when the same came to be known, and the Cheat detected, the said Goaler was ordered to fetch him in, at his Peril. Whereupon great Search was made for him in all Places, and a Reward of twenty Pounds set upon his Head for any Person that should apprehend him.

Nevison, after this, was determined to visit *London*; and the Company he happen'd to fall into upon the Road, was a Crew of Canting Beggars, Pilgrims of the Earth, the Offspring of *Cain*, Vagabonds and Wanderers over the whole World, fit Companions for such who made a Trade of Idleness and Roguery, and these were at this Time fit Companions for him, who, seeing the merry Life they led, resolved to make one of their Company; whereupon, after he had a little more ingratiated himself

amongst them, and taken two or three Cups more of Rum-booz, he imparted his Inventions to one of the chief of them; telling him, he was an Apprentice, who had a curst Master, whose Cruelty had caused him to run away from him; and that whatever Fortune might betide him, yet should not the most necessitous Condition he could be plunged into ever make him return to him again: And therefore if he might be admitted into their Society, he should faithfully observe and perform what Rules and Orders were imposed upon him. The chief Beggar very much applauded him for his Resolution, telling him, that to be a Beggar was to be a brave Man, since it was then in Fashion. *Do we, said he, come into the World like arrant Beggars, without a Rag upon us? And do not we go out of the World like Beggars, without a Rag upon us? And do not we all go out of the World like Beggars, without any Thing, saving only an old Sheet over us? Shall we then be ashamed to walk up and down in the World like Beggars, with old Blanket pin'd about us? No, no; that would be a Shame to us, indeed: Have we not the whole Kingdom to roam in, at our Pleasure? Are we afraid of the Approach of a Quarter-day? Do we walk in Fear of Bailiffs, Sergeants, and Catch-poles? Who ever knew an arrant Beggar arrested for Debt? Is not our Meat dress'd in every Man's Kitchen? Does not every Man's Cella afford us Beer? And the best Men's Purfes keep a Penny for us to spend.*

Having by these Words, as he thought, fully fix'd him in Love with Begging, he then acquainted the Company with *Nevison's* Desires, who were all of them very joyful thereat, being as glad to add one to their Society, as a Turk is to gain a profelitte to *Maomet*; the first Question they asked him was, If he had any Loure in his Bung: He stared on them, not knowing what they meant; till, at last, one told him it was Money in his Purse. He told them he had but eighteen Pence, which he freely gave them. This by a general Vote, was condemned to be spent in Booze for his Initiation. Then they commanded him to kneel down, which being done, one of the chief of them took a Gage of Booze, which is a Quart or Drink, and poured the same on his Head, saying, *do by Virtue of this Sovereign Liguor, install thee in the Roage, and make thee a free Denizon of our Ragged Regiment. So that henceforth it shall be lawfull for thee to cant, and to carry a Doxy or Mort along with thee, only observing these Rules: First, that thou art not to wander up and down all Countries, but to keep to that Quarter that is allotted to thee: And, secondly, thou art to give Way to any of us that have born all the Offices of the Wallet before; and upon holding up a Finger, to avoid any Town or Country Village, where thou seest we are foraging for Victuals for our Army that march along with us. Observing these two Rules, we take thee into our Protection, and adopt thee a Brother of our numerous Society.*

Having ended his Oration, *Nevison* rose up, and was congratulated by all the Company's hanging about him like to many Dogs about a Bear, and leaping and shouting like so many Madmen, making such a confused Noise with their Gabling, that the Melody of a Dozen of Oyster-Wives, the Scolding at ten Conduits, and the Gossiping of fifteen Bake-houses, were not comparable unto it. At length he that installed him, cried out for Silence, bidding the French and English Pox to light on their Throats for making such a Yelping. Then fixing their Eyes upon *Nevison*, he read a Lecture to him out of the Devil's Horn-Book, as followeth:

Now, faith he, thou art entered into our Fraternity, thou

thou must not scruple to act any Villainies, which thou shalt be able to perform, whether it be to nip a Bung, bite the Peter Cloy, the Lurries Crash, either a Bleating Cheat, Cackling Cheat, Grunting Cheat, Quacking Cheat, Tib-oth-buttery, Margery Prater, or to cloy a Misch from the Crackman's; that is, to cut a Purse, steal a Cloak-Bag, or Portmanteau, convey all Manner of Things, whether a Chicken, Sucking-Pig, Duck, Goose, Hen, or steal a Shirt from the Hedge; or be that will be a Quier Cove, a profeſt Rogue, must observe this Rule, set down by an antient Patrico in these Words:

*Wilt thou a begging go.
O per se-o, O per se-o.
Then must thou God forsake,
And to the Devil thee betake.
O per se-o, &c.*

And because thou art yet but a Novice in begging, and understandest not the Mysteries of the Canting Language, to principle thee the better; thou shalt have a Doxy to be thy Companion, by whom thou mayst receive Instructions for thy Purpose. And thereupon he singled him out a Girl of about fourteen Years of age, which tickled his Fancy very much, that he had gotten a young Wanton to dally withal, but this was not all, he must presently be married to her, after the Fashion of their Patrico, who amongst Beggars, is their Priest; which was done after this Manner. They got a Hen, and having cut off the Head of laid the dead Body on the Ground, placing him on one Side, and his Doxy on the other; this being done, the Patrico standing by, with a loud Voice, let us live together till Death did us part; then one of the Company went into the Yard, and fetched a

dry Cow-Turd which was broken over his Doxy's Head in Imitation of a Bride-Cake; and so shaking Hands and kissing each other, the Ceremony of the Wedding was over, and for Joy of the Marriage, they were all as drunk as Beggars; but then to hear the Gabbling Noise they made would have made any one burst himself with laughing. Some were jabbering in the Canting Language, others in their own; some did nothing but weep, and protest Love to their Morts, others swore Swords and Daggers to cut the Throats of their Doxies, if they found them tripping; one would drink a Health to the Bride till he flaver'd again; some were for singing Bawdy Songs, others were devising Oaths for Justice of Peace, Headboroughs and Constables. At last Night approaching, and all their Money being spent, they betook to a Barn not far off, where they couched a Hogthead in the Darkman's, and went to Sleep.

Newison having met with this odd Piece of Diversion in his Journey, slept out of the Barn, when all were asleep, took Horse and posted directly away. But coming to *London*, and finding his Name too much noised about to induce him to stay there, he returned into the Country, and fell to his own Pranks again. Several who had been robbed by him, happened to meet him, and could not help thinking but his Ghost walk'd, considering the Report of his Pestilential Death in *Lincoln Goal*. In short, his Crimes became so notorious, that a Reward was offered for any that would apprehend him. This made many way-lay him, especially two Brothers, named *Fletcher*, one of whom *Newison* shooting dead, he got off; from whence going into a little Village about thirteen Miles from *York*, he was taken by Capt. *Hardcastle*, and sent to *York Goal*, where in a Week's Time he was tried, condemned, and executed, aged Forty-Five.

The LIFE of JACK BIRD.

HIS notorious Malefactor was born at *Stainford* in *Lincolnshire*, of very honest Parents, by whom, after he had been at School to learn Reading, Writing, and Accounts, he was put Apprentice to a Baker at *Godmanchester*, near *Huntingdon*. He had not served three Years before he ran away from his Master, came to *London*, and lifted up the Foot-Guards. While he was in the Army, he was at the Siege of *Maestricht*, under the Command of the Duke of *Monmouth*, who was General of the English Forces in the *Low Countries*. Here he was reduced to such Necessities as are common to Men, who engage themselves to kill one another for a Groat or Five-Pence a-Day. This occasion'd him to run away from his Colours, and fly to *Amsterdam*, where he stole a Piece of Silk off a Merchant; for which Fact he was apprehended, and dragged before a Magistrate. The Effect of this was a commitment to the *Rasp-House*, where he was put to Labour, such as Rasping *Log-wood* and other Series, for a Twelve-Month.

As *Jack* had never been used to Work, he fainted under the Sentence, though to little Purpose; for his Task-Masters imputing it to a stubborn Laziness, inflicted a severer Punishment upon him: The Manner of which was as follows: He was chained down to the Bottom of a dry Cistern by one Foot; immediately upon which, several Cocks were set a running into it, and he was obliged to pump for his Life. The Cistern was much deeper than he was high; so that if the Water had prevailed he, must inevitably have been drowned without Relief or Pity. *Jack* was very sensible of his Danger, which occasioned him to labour with all his Might for an Hour, which was as long as the Sentence was to continue.

Having overcome this Difficulty, he ply'd his Business very well the remaining Part of the Year, when being released, he returned into *England*, with a Resolution to try his Fortune on the Highway. Near *St. Edmundsbury* he stole a Horse, and he had before provided half a Dozen good Pistols, and a Sword. Success attended him in his three or four first Robberies

ries; but an unluckly Adventure soon brought about a Turn of his Affairs.

In the Road between *Gravesend* and *Chatham*, he met with one Mr. *Joseph Pinnis*, a Pilot of *Dover*, who had lost both his Hands in an Engagement. He had been at *London* to receive ten or twelve Pounds for carrying a *Dutch Ship* up the River. When *Bird* accosted him with the Salutation common to Gentlemen of his Profession; *You see, Sir*, quoth *Pinnis*, *that I have never a Hand; so that I am not able to take my Money out of my Pocket myself. Be so kind, therefore, as to take the Trouble of Searching me.* *Jack* soon consented to this very reasonable Request; but while he was very busy in examining the Contents of the Pilot's Purse, the boisterous old Tar suddenly clapp'd his Arms about his Neck, and spurring his own Horse, pulled our Adventurer from him; then falling directly upon him, and being a very strong Man, he kept him under, and maul'd him with his Stumps, which were plated. In the Midst of the Scuffle some Passengers came by, and enquired the Occasion of it. Mr. *Pinnis* replied with telling them the Particulars, and desiring them to supply his Place, and give the Villain a little more of the same, adding, *That he was almost out of Breath with what he had done already.* When the Company understood what was the Reason of the Pilot's labouring so hard upon the Bones of our Ruffian, they apprehended him, and carried him before a Justice, who committed him to *Maidstone Goal*, where he continued till the Assizes, and then was condemned to be hang'd.

This Time *Jack* had the good Fortune to receive Mercy, and afterwards to obtain his Liberty. The Remembrance of his being so heartily thumped by a Man without Hands, stuck so much in his Stomach that he had almost a Mind to grow honest; and indeed he continued pretty orderly, till he was again reduced to necessitous Circumstances, for Want of Employment. He had no Trade that he was Master of, nor Learning enough to secure him a Maintenance in a genteel Way; so that when he found himself in the utmost Streights, he could see no other Method of supporting himself, than what he had formerly followed.

The first that he met with, after he had resolved to set out in Pursuit of new Enterprizes, was a *Welch Drover*, about a Mile beyond *Aston*. The Fellow being almost as stout as Mr. *Pinnis*, would not obey the usual Precept, but was going to lay about him with a good Quarter-Staff, which he had in his Hands. *Jack*, when he saw *Taffy's* Courage, leapt nimble out of the Way of his Staff, and told him, *That he had been taken once by a Son of a Whore without Hands; and for that Trick, says he, I shall not venture my Carcass within Reach of one that has Hands, for fear of something worse.* While he was speaking, he pulled out a Pistol, and instantly shot him through the Head. Riffing his Pockets, and finding but Eighteen-Pence, said ironically, *This is a Prize worth killing a Man for at any Time.* He then rode away about his Business as little concern'd as if he had done no Mischief at all.

Another Time *Jack Bird* met with *Poor Robin* the Almanack Writer, on the Road going to *Waltham Abbey*. Poor and rich were all the same to him, when they came in his Way; so the honest Astrologer was greeted with the Salutation of *Stand and Deliver*. It was the first Time that *Robin* had been attacked on the Highway; and as he received no Intimation of this from the Stars, he stood and star'd as if he had been Planet-struck. *Bird* told him he was in Earnest, and *Robin* reply'd with a Complaint

of his Poverty. *That, says Jack, is a common Threadbare Excuse, and will not save your Bacon.*—But quoth the Star-Gazer, *my Name is Poor Robin: I am the Author of those Almanacks that come out yearly in my Name, and I have canoniz'd a great many Gentlemen of your Profession. Look in my Calendar for Guzman, Jonas Allen, Hind, Du Val, Dun, Cambray-Bels, Moll Cutpurse, and others. Let this be my Protection.* All was in vain; our inexorable Free Booter ranfack'd his Pockets of fifteen Shillings, took a new Hat from his Head, and then told him, *That now he had given him Cause to cannonize him too.* Which *Robin* promised to do the first Year after he had suffered Martyrdom at *Tyburn*, and so the parted.

Being again encouraged by a Series of successful Adventures, and having remounted himself on a very good Horse, he was resolved to venture on high Exploits. An Opportunity for putting this Resolution into Practice, soon fell in his Way, by meeting the mad Earl of *P——*, and his Chaplain, who was little better than himself, in a Coach, with more Attendants than the Coachman, and one Footman. *Stand and deliver* was the Word. His Lordship told him, that he did not trouble himself about losing the small Matter he had about him: *But this, says he, I hope you will fight for it.* *Jack*, upon this, pulled out a Brace of Pistols, and let off a Volley of Imprecations. *Don't put yourself into a Passion, Friend, says his Honour, but lay down your Pistols, and I will box you fairly for all the Money I have, against nothing. That's an honourable Challenge, my Lord, quoth Jack, provided none of your Servants be near us.* The Earl immediately ordered them to keep at a Distance.

The Chaplain, like *Withrington* in the old Ballad of *Chevy-Chase*, could not bear to see an Earl on Foot, while he stood looking on; so he decided the Honour of espousing the Cause of his Lordship. To which both Parties readily agreeing, off went he Divinity in a Minute, and to Blows and Bloodshed they came.

Tho' *Jack* had once the ill-Fortune to be stripp'd out of his Liberty by a sturdy old Sailor, he was nevertheless too hard for his Reverence in less than a Quarter of an Hour. He beat him in such a manner that he could not see, and had but just Breath enough to cry, *I'll fight no more.* About two Minutes after this Victory (which he took for a bracing Time) *Jack* told his Lordship, *That now, if he pleased, he would take a Turn with him.*—No Means, quoth the Earl, for if you beat my Chaplain, you will beat me; he and I having tried our valourhood before. So giving our Hero twenty Guineas, his Honour rode off in a whole Skin.

While *Jack* resided in Town, he married a young Woman, who had been Servant to a Dyer near *Water Exchange* in the Strand. This Girl, who he was in Place, us'd to set up a-Nights for her Master, and, in short, to use him to very civilly, that it was the Occasion of her Destruction. A particular Account of this Affair will not be disagreeable, nor entirely foreign to our Design.

The Dyer's Wife, having entertain'd a Jealousy from some Observations she had made, as well as from her Husband's Backwardness in the Performance of Family Duty, she was resolved to exerting into the Bottom of the Affair. According to her one Night commanded the Maid to go to Bed, and undertook to sit up for her Husband herself. About twixt twelve and one he came Home, and immediately open'd the Door in the Dark, without speaking a Word. The good Man was silent as his suppos'd



CAPT. AVERY & his Crew taking one of y^e GREAT MOGULS. Mrs.

Maid, and very orderly laid her on a Counter, exerted his Manhood, and gave her Half-a-Crown, according to Custom. Madam immediately flipp'd away to Bed, and her dear Spouse follow'd her, as soon as he had fasten'd up the Street-Door, without the least Suspicion of what had pass'd.

The next Morning Mr. ——— was amaz'd to see his Servant packing up her Cloaths, as soon as he was out of Bed. The Surprize encreas'd when he observed the surly Behaviour of his Wife, saw her pay the Girl her Wages, and bid her be gone forthwith. The young Woman without Doubt, was as much confus'd as her Master, being altogether as ignorant of the Cause; she durst not speak one Word for herself, such a Hurry was her Mistress in. At last Mr. ——— took the Courage to speak. *Pray, my Dear, what's the Meaning of all this? What has the poor Wench done to be thus turn'd out of Doors at an Hour's Warning? I never found her dishonest; if you have, let her know what you accuse her with. Perhaps she may do better another Time: Or, if you are bent upon discharging her, don't give People Room to say you have us'd her unbandomely.* The Devil a Word could he get more than, *She was a saucy Baggage, and go she should.* Accordingly, when her Things were all ready, she came into the Parlour to bid her Master and Mistress Good-b'ye. Just as she was going out of Doors, *Hold! Hold!* Betty says the Mistress, *here's Half-a-Crown that I earn'd for you last Night upon the Counter; take that along with you.* The Dyer, upon this, apprehended how Matters went, and was willing afterwards to make his Submission, that he might come to Terms with his dear offended Wife, who continually teiz'd him with the *Half-Crown* and the *Counter*.

The *Athenian Society*, who made themselves sufficiently famous about this Time by their Monthly Productions, took a great Deal of Pains in the Case above, before they could resolve whether or no the Dyer had committed Adultery with his own Wife. They concluded at last, that tho' the Act of Copulation was with his own Spouse, yet he was chargeable with the Crime of Adultery, as his Design was on another Person, whom he could not lawfully touch. This Enquiry gave considerable Diversion to the Town, and made the poor Dyer a general Subject of Ridicule.

But though *Bird* was married, he did not confine himself to any one Woman; for we are told that he was continually in Company with Whores and Bawds: One Night in Particular, having a Woman with him, he knock'd down a Man, between *Dutchy-Lane*, and the *Great Savoy-Gate* in the *Strand*, and having robb'd him, made off safely; but the Woman was apprehended, and sent to *Newgate*. Jack went to her, in Hopes to make up the Affair with the Prosecutor, and was thereupon taken, on Suspicion, and confin'd with her.

At his Trial he confessed the Fact, and took it wholly upon himself; so that the Woman was acquitted, and he condemn'd to suffer Death; which Sentence was inflict'd on him at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 12th of *March*, 1690. he being forty-two Years of Age. After Execution his Body was convey'd to *Surgeons Hall*, and there anatomiz'd.

He spoke but very little at the Gallows; what he did say consist'd chiefly of Invektives against lewd Women, and Advice to young Men not to be seduc'd, by their Conversation, from the Rules of Virtue and Morality.

The LIFE of Captain AVERY.

ONE of the bold Adventurers on the Seas were ever so much talk'd of, for a While, as *Avery*: He was represent'd in *Europe* as one that had rais'd himself to the Dignity of a King, and was likely to be the Founder of a new Monarchy; having, as it was said, taken immense Riches, and married the *Great Mogul's* Daughter, who was taken in an *Indian Ship* which fell into his Hands; by whom he had many Children, living in great Royalty and State: That he had built Forts, erected Magazines, and was Master of a stout Squadron of Ships, mann'd with able and desperate Fellows of all Nations.

That he gave Commissions out in his own Name to the Captains of his Ships, and to the Commanders of his Forts, and was acknowledg'd by them as their Prince. A Play was writ upon him, call'd, *The Successful Pirate*; and these Accounts obtain'd such Belief, that several Schemes were offer'd to the Council, for fitting out a Squadron to take him; while others were for offering him and his Companions an Act of Grace, and inviting them to *England*, with all their Treasure, lest his growing Greatness might hinder the Trade of *Europe* to the *East-Indies*.

Yet all these were no more than false Rumours, improv'd by the Credulity of some, and the Humour of others who love to tell strange Things; for, while it was said he was aspiring at a Crown, he wanted a Shilling; and, at the same Time it was given out he was in Possession of such prodigious Wealth in *Madagascar*, he was starving in *England*.

No doubt but the Reader will have a Curiosity of knowing what became of this Man, and what were the true Grounds of so many false Reports concerning him; therefore I shall, in as brief a Manner as I can, give his History.

He was born in the West of *England*, near *Plymouth* in *Devonshire*. Being bred to the Sea, he serv'd as a Mate of a Merchant-Man, in several trading Voyages: It happen'd, before the Peace of *Ryswick*, when there was an Alliance betwixt *Spain*, *England*, *Holland*, &c. against *France*, that the *French* in *Martinico* carried on a Smuggling Trade with the *Spaniards* on the Continent of *Peru*, which by the Laws of *Spain* is not allow'd to Friends in Time of Peace; for none but native *Spaniards* are permitted to traffick in those Parts, or set their Feet on Shore, unless at any Time they are brought as Prisoners: Where-

Wherefore they constantly keep certain Ships cruising along the Coast, whom they call *Guardas del Costa*, who have Orders to make Prizes of all Ships they can light of within five Leagues of Land. Now the *French* growing very bold in Trade, and the *Spaniards* being poorly provided with Ships, and those they had being of no Force, it often fell out, that when they met the *French* Smugglers, they were not strong enough to attack them; therefore it was resolved in *Spain*, to hire two or three stout foreign Ships for their Service. This being known at *Bristol*, some Merchants of that City fitted out two Ships of thirty odd Guns, and 120 Hands each, well furnish'd with Provision and Ammunition, and all other Stores; and the Hire being agreed on, by some Agents for *Spain*, they were commanded to sail for *Corunna*, or the *Groine*, there to receive their Orders, and to take on Board some *Spanish* Gentlemen, who were to go Passengers, to *New-Spain*.

Of one of these Ships, which I take to be call'd the *Duke*, Captain *Gibson* Commander, *Avery* was first Mate; and being a Fellow of more Cunning than Courage, he insinuated himself into the good Will of several of the boldest Fellows on board the two Ships, having founded their Inclinations before he open'd himself. Finding them ripe for his Design, he at length propos'd to them to run away with the Ship, telling them what great Wealth was to be had upon the Coasts of *India*. It was no sooner said than agreed to, and they resolv'd to execute their Plot at Ten o'Clock the Night following.

It must be observ'd, that the Captain was one of those who are mightily addicted to Punch, so that he pass'd most of his Time on Shore in some little drinking Ordinary; but this Day he did not go on Shore as usual: However, this did not spoil the Design, for he took his usual Dose on Board, and so got to Bed before the Hour appointed for the Business: The Men, also who were not privy to the Design, turn'd into their Hammocks, leaving none upon Deck but the Conspirators, who, indeed, were the greatest Part of the Ship's Crew. At the Time agreed on, the Long-Boat of the other Ship, call'd the *Dutchess*, appear'd, which *Avery* hailing in the usual Manner, he was answer'd by the Men in her, with, *Is your drunken Boatswain on Board?* which was the Watch-Word agreed between them. *Avery* replying in the Affirmative; the Boat came a-board with sixteen stout Fellows, and join'd the Company.

When our Gentry saw that all was clear, they secur'd the Hatches, and so went to work: They did not slip the Anchor, but weigh'd it leisurely, and so put to Sea without any Disorder or Confusion, though there were several Ships then lying in the Bay. Among these was a *Dutch* Frigate of forty Guns, the Captain of which was offer'd a great Reward to go out after her; but *Mynbeer*, who perhaps would not have been willing to have been serv'd so himself, could not be prevail'd upon to give such Usage to another; and so he let Mr. *Avery* pursue his Voyage without Molestation.

The Captain, who by this Time was awak'd, either by the Motion of the Ship, or the Noise of working the Tackles, rung the Bell; whereupon *Avery* and two others went into the Cabin: The Captain, half asleep, and in a kind of Fright, ask'd *What was the Matter?* *Avery* answer'd coolly, *Nothing*. The Captain replied, *Something's the Matter with the Ship; Does she drive? What Weather is it?* Thinking nothing less than that it had been a Storm, and that the Ship was driven from her Anchors. *No, no*, answer'd *Avery*, *we're at Sea, with a fair Wind, and good Weather*. *At Sea!* says the Captain, *How can that be?* *Come*, says *Avery*, *don't be in a Fright,*

but put on your Cloaths, and I'll let you into a Secret: You must know, that I am Captain of this Ship now, and this is my Cabin; therefore you must walk out: I am bound to Madagascar, with a Design of making my own Fortune, and that of all the brave Fellows join'd with me.

The Captain, having a little recover'd his Senses, began to apprehend the Meaning: However, his Fright was as great as before; which *Avery* perceiving, bad him fear nothing: For, says he, if you have a Mind to make one of us, we will receive you; and if you'll turn sober, and mind your Business, perhaps in Time I may make you one of my Lieutenants; if not, here's a Boat a-long-side, and you shall be set ashore.

The Captain was glad to hear this, and therefore accepted of his Offer; and the whole Crew being call'd up, to know who was willing to go on Shore with the Captain, and who to seek their Fortunes with the rest, there were not above five or six who were willing to quit this Enterprize; wherefore they were put into the Boat with the Captain that Minute, and made their Way to the Shore as well as they could.

They proceeded on their Voyage to *Madagascar*. but I do not find they took any Ships in their Way. When they arriv'd at the N. E. Part of that Island they found two Sloops at Anchor, who, upon seeing them, slipp'd their Cables, and run themselves ashore, the Men all landing, and running into the Woods. These were two Sloops which the Mer had run away with from the *West-Indies*; and seeing *Avery*, they suppos'd him to be some Frigate sent to take them: Wherefore, not being of Force to engage him, they did what they could to save themselves.

He guess'd what they were, and sent some of his Men on Shore, to let them know they were Friends and to offer them a Union for their common Safety. The Sloop's Men were well arm'd, and had posset themselves in a Wood, with Centinels just on the out-side, to observe whether the Ship landed her Men to pursue them. These Centinels, observing only two or three Men coming towards them without Arms, they did not oppose them; but having challeng'd them, and been answer'd that they were Friends, they led them to their Body, where they deliver'd their Message. At first, they apprehended it was a stratagem to decoy them on board; but when the Ambassadors told them that the Captain himself, and as many of the Crew as they should name, would meet them on Shore without Arms, they believ'd them to be in earnest. Thus they soon enter'd into a Confidence with one another; those on Board going on Shore, and some of those on Shore going on Board.

The Sloop's Men were rejoic'd at the new Alley; for their Vessels were so small that they could not attack a Ship of any Force, so that hitherto they had not taken any considerable Prize; but now they hop'd to fly at high Game. *Avery* was as well pleas'd at this Reinforcement, to strengthen them for any brave Enterprize; and though the Booty must be less'n'd to each, by being divided into so many Shares, yet he found out an Expedient not to suffer by it himself, as shall be shewn in its Place.

Having consulted what was to be done, they resolv'd to sail out together upon a Cruise, the Galleys and two Sloops; they therefore fell to work to get the Sloops off, which they soon effected, and steer'd towards the *Arabian* Coast. Near the River *Indus*, the Man at the Mast-Head spied a Sail, upon which they gave Chase: As they came nearer to her, they perceiv'd her to be a tall Ship, and fancied she might be a *Dutch East-India* Man homeward bound; but

but the prov'd a better Prize: For, when they fir'd at her to bring too, she hoisted *Mogul's* Colours, and seem'd to stand upon her Defence. *Avery* only cannonaded at a Distance, and some of his Men began to suspect that he was not the Hero they took him for: However, the Sloops made use of their Time, and coming one on the Bow, and the other on the Quarter of the Ship, they clapp'd her on Board, and enter'd her; upon which, she immediately struck her Colours, and yielded. She was one of the *Great Mogul's* own Ships, and there were in her several of the greatest Persons of his Court, among whom it was said was one of his Daughters, who were going on a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, (the *Mahometans* thinking themselves oblig'd once in their Lives to visit that Place) and they were carrying with them rich Offerings, to present at the Shrine of *Mahomet*. It is known that the Eastern People travel with the utmost Magnificence; so that they had with them all their Slaves and attendants, their rich Habits and jewels; with Vessels of Gold and Silver, and great Sums of Money to defray the Charges of their journey by Land; wherefore, the Plunder got by his Prize is not easily computed.

Having taken all the Treasure on board their own ships, and plundered their Prize of every Thing else they either wanted or liked, they let her go; and he, not being able to continue her Voyage, returned back: As soon as the News came to the *Mogul*, and he knew that they were *English* who had robbed him, he threatened loud, and talked of sending a mighty Army with Fire and Sword, to extirpate the *English* from all their Settlements on the *Indian* Coast. The *East-India* Company in *England*, were very much alarmed at it; however, by Degrees, they found Means to pacify him, by promising to do their Endeavours to take the Robbers, and deliver them into his Hands. The great Noise this Thing made in *Europe*, as well as *India*, was the Occasion of all those romantick Stories, which were formed of *Avery's* Greatness.

In the mean Time, our successful Plunderers agreed to make the best of their Way back to *Madagascar*, intending to make that Place their Magazine, or Repository, for all their Treasure, to build a small Fortification there, and leave a few Hands always ashore to look after it, and defend it from any Attempts of the Natives; but *Avery* put an End to this Project, and made it altogether unnecessary.

As they were Steering their Course, he sends a Boat on Board of each of the Sloops, desiring the Chiefs of them to come on Board of him, in order to hold a Council; they did so, and he told them he had something to propose to them for the common Good, which was to provide against Accidents: He bid them consider, that the Treasure they were possess'd of, would be sufficient for them all, if they could secure it in some Place on Shore; therefore all they had to fear, was some Misfortune in the Voyage; he told them the Consequence of being separated by bad Weather, in which Case the Sloops, if either of them should fall in with any Ships of Force, must be either taken or sunk, and the Treasure on Board her lost to the rest, besides the common Accidents of the Sea: As for his Part, he was so strong, that he was able to make his Party good with any Ship they were like to meet in those Seas; for if he met with any Ship of such Strength, that he could not take her, he was safe from being taken, because he was so well mann'd; besides, his Ship was a quick Sailer, and could carry Sail when the Sloops could not; wherefore, he proposed to them, to put the Treasure on Board his Ship, to seal up each Chest with three Seals, whereof each was

to keep one, and to appoint a Rendezvous in Case of Separation.

Upon considering this Proposal, it appeared so reasonable to them, that they readily came into it; for they argued to themselves, that an Accident might happen to one of the Sloops, and the other escape, wherefore it was for the common Good. The Thing was done as agreed to, the Treasure put on Board of *Avery*, and the Chests sealed; they kept Company that Day and the next, the Weather being fair; in which Time *Avery* tampered with his Men, telling them they now had sufficient to make them all easy: And what, said he, should hinder us from going to some Country, where we are not known, and living on Shore all the rest of our Days in Plenty? They understood what he meant, and, in short, they all agreed to bilk their new Allies, the Sloop's Men; nor do I find, that any one of them felt any Qualms of Honour rising in his Stomach, to hinder him from consenting to this Piece of Treachery. In fine, they took Advantage of the Darkness that Night, steer'd another Course, and, by Morning, lost Sight of them.

I leave the Reader to judge, what Swearing and Confusion there was among the Sloop's Men in the Morning, when they saw that *Avery* had given them the Slip; for they knew, by the Fairness of the Weather, and the Course they had agreed to steer, that it must have been done on purpose: But we leave them at present to follow Mr. *Avery*.

Avery, and his Men, having consulted what to do with themselves, came to a Resolution, to make the best of their Way towards *America*; and, none of them being known in those Parts, they intended to divide the Treasure, change their Names, and go ashore, some in one Place, some in another, to purchase Settlements, and live at Ease. The first Land they made, was the Island of *Providence*, then newly settled; here they staid some Time, and having considered, that when they should go to *New-England*, the Greatness of their Ship would cause much Enquiry about them; and possibly some People from *England*, who had heard the Story of a Ship's being run away with from the *Groine*, might suspect them to be the People; they took a Resolution of disposing of their Ship at *Providence*: Upon which, *Avery* pretending that the Ship being fitted out upon the privateering Account, and having had no Success, he had received Orders from the Owners, to dispose of her to the best Advantage, he soon met with a Purchaser, and immediately bought a Sloop.

In this Sloop he and his Companions embarked; they touch'd at several Parts of *America*, where no Person suspected them, and some of them went on Shore, and dispersed themselves about the Country, having received such Dividends as *Avery* would give them; for he concealed the greatest Part of the Diamonds from them, which, in the first Hurry of plundering the Ship, they did not much regard, as not knowing their Value.

At length he came to *Boston* in *New-England*, and seem'd to have a Desire of settling in those Parts. Some of his Companions went on Shore here also, but he changed his Resolution, and proposed, to the few of his Companions who were left, to sail for *Ireland*; which they consented to: He found that *New-England* was not a proper Place for him, because a great deal of his Wealth lay in Diamonds; and should he have produced them there, he would have certainly been seized on Suspicion of Piracy.

In their Voyage to *Ireland*, they avoided *St. George's* Channel, and, sailing North about, they put into one of the Northern Ports of that Kingdom: There they disposed of their Sloop, and com-

ing on Shore they separated themselves, some going to *Cork*, and some to *Dublin*. Some of them obtained their Pardons afterwards of King *William*. When *Avery* had remained some Time in this Kingdom, he was afraid to offer his Diamonds to Sale, lest an Enquiry into his Manner of coming by them should occasion a Discovery: Considering therefore with himself what was best to be done, he fancied there were some Persons at *Bristol*, whom he might venture to trust. Upon this, he resolved to pass over into *England*; he did so, and, going into *Devonshire*, sent to one of these Friends to meet him, at a Town called *Biddisford*. When he had communicated himself to his Friend, and consulted with him about the Means of his Effects; they agreed, that the safest Method would be, to put them into the Hands of some Merchants, who being Men of Wealth and Credit in the World, no Enquiry would be made how they came by them. One of these Friends told him he was very intimate with some who were very fit for the Purpose, and who, if he would but allow them a good Commission, would do the Business very faithfully. *Avery* liked the Proposal; for he found no other Way of managing his Affairs, since he could not appear in them himself; therefore his Friend going Back to *Bristol*, and opening the Matter to the Merchants, they made *Avery* a Visit at *Biddisford*; where, after several strong Protestations of Honour and Integrity, he delivered them his Effects, consisting of Diamonds and some Vessels of Gold. They gave him a little Money for his present Subsistence, and so they parted.

He changed his Name and lived at *Biddisford*, without making any Figure, and therefore there was no great Notice taken of him; yet he let one or two of his Relations know where he was, and they came to see him. In some Time his little Money was spent, yet he heard nothing from his Merchants; he writ to them often, and, after much Importunity, they sent him a small Supply, but scarce sufficient to pay his Debts: In fine, the Supplies they sent him from Time to Time, were so small, that they were not sufficient to give him Bread, nor could he get that little without a great deal of Trouble and Importunity. This Usage made him weary of his Life, and obliged him to go privately to *Bristol*, to speak to the Merchants himself, where, instead of Money, he met a most shocking Repulse: For, when he desired them to come to an Account with him, they silenced him by threatening to discover him; so that our Merchants were as good Pirates at Land as he was at Sea.

Whether he was frightened by these Menaces, or had seen some Body else he thought knew him, is not known; but he went immediately over to *Ireland*, and from thence solicited his Merchants very hard for a Supply, but all to no Purpose, so that he was even reduced to Beggary: In this Extremity, he was resolved to return and cast himself upon them, let the Consequence be what it would. He put himself on board a trading Vessel, and work'd his Passage over to *Plymouth*, from whence he travelled on Foot to *Biddisford*. Here he had been but a few Days before he fell sick and died; not being worth so much as would buy him a Coffin.

Thus have I given all that could be collected of any Certainty concerning this Man, rejecting the idle Stories which were made of his fantastick Greatness; by which it appears that his Actions were inconceivable, in comparison of those of other Pirates since him, though he made more Noise in the World.

Now we shall turn back, and give our Readers some Account of what became of the two Sloops.

We took Notice of the Rage and Confusion which must have seized them, upon their missing *Avery*; however, they continued their Course, some of them still flattering themselves, that he had only out-failed them in the Night, and that they should find him at the Place of Rendezvous: But when they came there, and could hear no Tidings of him, there was an End of Hope. It was Time to consider what they should do with themselves; the Stock of Sea Provision was almost spent, and there was Rice, and Fish, and Fowl to be had: shore, yet these would not keep for Sea, without being properly cured with Salt; which they had no Conveniency of Doing. This determined them, since they could not go a Cruizing any more, to think of establishing themselves at Land; to which Purpose they took all Things out of the Sloop, made Tents of the Sails, and encamp'd themselves having a large Quantity of Ammunition, and Abundance of small Arms.

Here they met with several of their Countrymen the Crew of a Privateer Sloop, which was commanded by Captain *Thomas Tew*; and, since will be but a short Digression, we will give an Account how they came here.

Captain *George Drew* and Captain *Thomas Tew* having received Commissions from the then Governor of *Bermudas*, to sail directly for the River *Gambia* in *Africa*; there, with the Advice and assistance of the Agents of the Royal African Company, to attempt the taking the *French* Factory *Goorie*, lying upon that Coast. In a few Days after they sailed out, *Drew*, in a violent Storm, only sprung his Mast, but lost Sight of his Country. Upon this he returned back to rest, and *Tew* instead of proceeding on his Voyage, made for *Cape of Good Hope*, doubled the said Cape, and stepped his Course for the Straits of *Babel-Mandeb*, entering the Entrance into the *Red-Sea*. Here he came up with a large Ship, richly laden, bound from *Indies* to *Arabia*, with three hundred Soldiers Board, besides Seamen; *Tew* had nevertheless Hardiness to board her, and he soon carried her. He said, that, by this Prize, his Men shared near thirty thousand Pounds a Piece: They had Intelligence from the Prisoners, of five other rich Ships to pass that Way, which *Tew* would have attacked, till they were very strong, if he had not been overruled by the Quarter-Master and others.—This differing in Opinion created some ill Blood among them, so that they resolved to leave off Pirating and no Place they thought was so fit to receive them as *Madagascar*: Hither therefore they fled, resolving to live on Shore and enjoy what they had got.

As for *Tew* himself, he, with a few others, in short Time went off to *Rhode-Island*, from whence he made his Peace.

Thus have we accounted for the Company of Pirates met with here.

It must be observed, that the Natives of *Madagascar* are a kind of Negroes; they differ from those of *Guinea* in the length of their Hair, and their Complexion is not so good a Jet; they have innumerable little Princes among them, who are continually making War upon one another; their Prisoners are their Slaves, and they either sell them, put them to death, as they please: When our Pirates first settled amongst them, their Alliance was much courted by these Princes; so they sometimes joined one, sometimes another; but whenever they sided, they were sure to be victorious; for the Negroes here had no Fire-Arms, nor did they understand their Use; so that at length these Pirates

came so terrible to the Negroes, that if two or three of them were only seen on one Side, when they were going to engage, the opposite Side would fly without striking a Blow.

By these Means they not only became feared, but powerful; all the Prisoners of War they took to be their Slaves; they married the most beautiful of the Negroe Women, not one or two only, but as many as they liked; so that almost every one of them had as great a Seraglio as the grand Seigneur at *Constantinople*: Their Slaves they employ'd in planting Rice, in Fishing, Hunting, &c. Besides which, they had abundance of others, who lived, as it were, under their Protection; and, to be secure from the Disturbances or Attacks of their powerful Neighbours, they seemed to pay them a willing Homage. Now they began to divide from one another, each living with his own Wives, Slaves and Dependants, like a separate Prince; and, as Power and Plenty naturally beget Contentment, they sometimes quarrelled with one another, and attacked each other at the Head of their several Armies. In these civil Wars, many of them were killed; but an Accident happened, which oblig'd them to unite again for their common Safety.

It must be observed, that these sudden great Men had used their Power like Tyrants; for they grew wanton in Cruelty, and nothing was more common, than, upon the slightest Displeasure, to cause one of their Dependants to be tied to a Tree, and shot thro' the Heart: Let the Crime be what it would, whether little or great, this was always the Punishment. This occasioned the Negroes to conspire together, to rid themselves of these Destroyers; all in one Night; and, as they now lived separately, the Thing might easily have been done, had not a Woman, who had been Wife or Concubine to one of them, run near twenty Miles, in three Hours, to discover the Matter to them: Immediately upon the Alarm, they ran together as fast as they could; so that when the Negroes approached them, they found them all up in Arms, and retired without making any Attempt.

This Escape made them very cautious from that Time, and it will be worth while to describe the Policy of these brutish Fellows, and to shew what Measures they took to secure themselves.

They found that the Fear of their Power could not secure them against a Surprise: The bravest Man may be killed when he is asleep, by one much his Inferior in Courage and Strength; therefore, as their first Security, they did all they could to foment War betwixt the neighbouring Negroes, remaining Neuter themselves. By these Means, those who were overcome constantly fled to them for Protection, otherwise they must be either killed or made Slaves. Thus they strengthened their Party, and always led some to them by Interest. When there was no War, they contrived to spirit up private Quarrels among them, and, upon every little Dispute or Misunderstanding, push'd on one Side to take revenge on the other; to this Purpose they instructed them how to attack or surprize their Adversaries, and lent them loaded Pistols or Firelocks to dispatch them with. The Consequence of these Things was, that the Murderer was forced to fly to them for the safety of his Life, with his Wives, Children, and Kindred.

Such as these were fast Friends, as their Lives depended upon the Safety of their Protectors; for, as observed before, our Pirates were grown so terrible, that none of their Neighbours had Resolution enough to attack them in an open War.

By such Arts as these, in the Space of a few Years, their Body was greatly increased: They then began

to separate themselves, and remove at a greater Distance from one another, for the Convenience of more Ground. Thus they were divided, like the *Jews*, into Tribes, each carrying with him his Wives and Children, (of which by this Time they had a large Family) as also their Quota of Dependants and Followers. If Power and Command are the Things which distinguish a Prince, these Russians had now all the Marks of Royalty about them; nay more, they had the very Fears which commonly disturb Tyrants; as may be seen by the extreme Caution they took, in fortifying the Places where they dwelt.

In their Plan of Fortification they imitated one another, and their Dwellings were rather Citadels than Houses. They made Choice of a Place overgrown with Wood, and situate near a Water; they raised a Rampart or high Ditch round it, so strait and steep, that it was impossible to climb it, and especially by those who had not the Use of scaling Ladders: Over the Ditch there was one Passage into the Wood; the Dwelling, which was a Hut, was built in that Part of the Wood which the Prince, who inhabited it, thought fit; but so covered that it could not be seen till you came at it. But the greatest Cunning lay in the Passage which led to the Hut, which was so narrow, that no more than one Person could go a Breast, and contrived in so intricate a Manner, that it was a perfect Maze or Labyrinth. The Way going round and round, with several little cross Ways, a Person that was not well acquainted with it, might walk several Hours round without being able to find the Hut: Moreover, all along the Sides of these narrow Paths, certain large Thorns, which grew upon a Tree in that Country, were stuck into the Ground with their Points uppermost; and the Path itself being made crooked and serpentine, if a Man should attempt to come near the Hut at Night, he would certainly have struck upon these Thorns.

Thus Tyrant-like they lived, fearing and feared by all; and in this Situation they were found by Captain *Woods Rogers*, when he went to *Madagascar*, in the *Delicia*, a Ship of forty Guns, with a Design of buying Slaves in order to sell to the *Dutch* at *Batavia* or *New-Holland*: He happened to touch upon a Part of the Island where no Ship had been seen for seven or eight Years before; here he met with some of the Pirates, when they had been upon the Island above 25 Years, having a large motly Generation of Children and Grand-Children descended from them, there being, at that Time, eleven of them remaining alive.

Upon their first seeing a Ship of this Force and Burthen, they supposed it to be a Man of War sent to take them; they therefore lurked within their Fastnesses: But when some from the Ship came on Shore, without any Shew of Hostility, and offered to trade with the Negroes, they ventured to come out of their Holes, attended like Princes; and since they actually were Kings *De Facto*, which is a kind of a Right, we ought to speak of them as such.

Having been so many Years upon this Island, it may be imagined, their Cloaths had long been worn out; so that their Majesties, according to the Phrase, were extremely out at the Elbows, I cannot say they were ragged, since they had nothing to cover them but the Skins of Beasts without any tanning, with all the Hair on, not even a Shoe nor Stocking; so that they looked like the Pictures of *Hercules*, in the Lion's Skin; and, being overgrown with Beard, and Hair upon their Bodies, they appeared the most savage Figures that a Man's Imagination can frame.

However they soon got rigg'd; for they sold great Numbers of the poor People under them, for Cloaths, Knives, Saws, Powder and Ball, and many other Things;

Things; they became moreover so familiar, that they went aboard the *Delicia*, and were observed to be very curious, examining the Inside of the Ship, and talking very familiarly with the Men, inviting them ashore. Their Design in doing this, as they afterwards confessed, was to try if it was not practicable to surprize the Ship in the Night, which they judged very easy, in case there was but a slender Watch kept on Board. They had Boats and Men enough at command, but it seems the Captain was aware of them, and kept so strong a Watch upon Deck, that they found it was in vain to make any Attempt; wherefore when some of the Men went ashore, and they were for drawing them into a Plot, for seizing the Captain and securing the rest of the Men under Hatches, when they should have the Night-Watch, promising a Signal to come on Board to join them, and proposing if they succeeded, to go a Pyrating together, the Captain, observing an Intimacy growing betwixt them, thought it is could be for no Good, and therefore broke it off in Time, not suffering them so much as to talk together. After this, whenever he sent a Boat on shore with an

Officer, to treat with them about the Sale of Slaves, the Crew remained on board the Boat, and no Man was suffered to talk with them, but the Person deputed by him for that Purpose.

Before he sailed away, when they found that nothing was to be done, they confessed all the Designs they had formed against him. Thus he left them as he found them, in a great Deal of dirty State and Royalty, but with fewer Subjects than they had, having, as we observed, bought many of them; and, if Ambition be the darling Passion of Men, no doubt they were happy. One of these great Princes had formerly been a Waterman upon the *Thames*, where having committed a Murder, he fled to the *West-Indies*, and was of the Number of those who run away with the Sloops; the rest had been all fore-mast Men, nor was there a Man amongst them, who could either read or write, their Secretaries of State having just as much Learning as themselves. This is all the Account we can give of these Kings of *Madagascar*, some of whom it is probable are reigning to this Day.

The LIFE of Captain MARTEL.

WE come now to the Pirates that have rose since the Peace of *Utrecht*; in War Time there is no Room for any, because all those of a roving advent'rous Disposition find Employment in Privateers. Thus our Mobs in *London*, when they come to an Height, our Superiors order out the Train Bands, and when once they are raised, the others are suppressed of Course; I take the Reason of it to be, that the Mob go into the tame Army, and immediately, from notorious Breakers of the Peace, become, by being put into order, solemn Preservers of it. Should our Legislators, therefore, put some of the Pirates into Authority, it would not only lessen their Number, but, I imagine, set them upon the rest; and they would be the likeliest People to find them out, according to the Proverb, *set a Thief to catch a Thief*.

To bring this about, there needs no other Encouragement, than to give all the Effects taken on Board a Pirate Vessel to the Captors; for, in Case of Plunder and Gain, they like it as well from Friends, as Enemies; but are not fond, as Things are carry'd, of ruining poor Fellows, as the *Creoleans* exprets it, *with no Advantage to themselves*.

The Multitude of Men and Vessels employ'd this Way, in Time of War, in the *West-Indies*, is another Reason for the Number of Pirates in a Time of Peace: This cannot be supposed to reflect on any of our *American* Governments, much less on the King himself, by whose Authority such Commissions are granted, because of the Reasonableness of the Thing, and absolute Necessity there is for doing of it: Yet the Observation is just; for so many People employing themselves in Privateers, for the sake of Plunder and Riches, which they always spend as fast as they get, when the War is over, and they can have no far-

ther Business in the Way of Life they have been use to, they too readily, and, indeed, too naturally engage in Acts of Piracy: And this being but the same Practice without a Commission, they make very little Distinction betwixt the Lawfulness of the one, and the Unlawfulness of the other.

In all our Enquiries back, we have not been able to find the Original of this Rover, of whom we are now to speak; but we believe he and his Gang were some Privateer's Men, belonging to the Island *Jamaica*, in the preceding War; his Story is but short, for his Reign was so; an End having been put to his Adventures in good Time, when he was growing strong and formidable.

In the first Accounts we have of him, we find him Commander of a Pirate Sloop of eight Guns, a 80 Men, cruising off *Jamaica*, in the Month of September, 1716: about which Time he took the *Bellefleur* Galley, Captain *Saunders*, and plundered him 1000 *l.* in Money; and afterwards met with a Sloop call'd the *King Solomon*, from whom he took so much Money and Provisions, besides Goods to a great Value.

They proceeded after this to the Port of *Cave*, at the Island of *Cuba*, and in their Way took 10 Sloops, which they plundered and let go: Off the Port they fell in with a fine Galley, of 20 Guns, call'd the *John and Martha*, Captain *Wilson*, which they attacked under the pyratrical black Flag, and made themselves Masters of her. They put some of the Men ashore, and others they detain'd, as they did done at several other Times, to encrease their Company. Captain *Martel* then charged Captain *Wilson*, to advise his Owners, that their Ship would answer his Purpose exactly, by taking one *l.* down; and as for the Cargo, which consisted chiefly of

of Logwood and Sugar, he would take Care it should be carry'd to a good Market.

Having fitted up the afore said Ship, as they design'd, they mounted her with 22 Guns, and 100 Men, left 25 Hands in the Sloop, and so proceeded to cruize off the Leeward Islands, where they met but with too much Success. After the taking of a Sloop and a Brigantine, they gave Chase to a stout Ship, which they came up with, and when, at Sight of the Pirate's Flag, it stuck to the Robbers. This was a Vessel of 20 Guns, call'd the *Dolphin*, bound for *Norfolk*. Captain *Martel* made the Men Prisoners, and carry'd the Ship with him.

About the middle of *December*, the Pirates took another Galley in her Voyage from *Jamaica*, call'd the *Kent*, Captain *Larson*, shifted her Provisions aboard their own Ship, and let her go. This obliged her to sail back to *Jamaica* for a Supply for her Voyage. Some Time after they met with a small Ship and a Sloop, belonging to *Barbadoes*; out of both they took Provisions, and then parted with them, having first taken such of their Hands, as were willing to be forced to go along with them. The *Greyhound* Galley of *London*, Captain *Evans*, from *Guinea* to *Jamaica*, was the next that had the Misfortune to fall into their Hands; they did not detain her long; for, as soon as they could get out all her Gold-Duit, Elephant's Teeth, and Slaves, which were about 40, they sent her onward upon her Voyage.

They concluded now, that 'twas very necessary to get into Harbour and rest, hoping at the same Time to get Refreshments for themselves, and an Opportunity to dispose of their Cargo: With this View, 'twas resolv'd to make the best of their Way to *Santa Cruz*, a small Island in the Latitude of 18, 30, N. ten Miles long, and two broad, lying South-East of *Porto Rico*, and belonging to the French Settlements. Here they thought they might lie privately enough for some Time, and fit themselves for further Mischiefe. They met with a Sloop by the Way, which they took along with them, and, in the Beginning of the Year 1716-17, they arrived at their Port. They had now a Ship of 20 Guns, a Sloop of eight, and three Prizes, viz. another Ship of 20 Guns, a Sloop of 4 Guns, and the Sloop last taken: With this little Fleet, they got into a small Harbour, or Road, the N. W. Part of the Island, and wrap'd up two Creeks, which were made by a little Island lying within the Bay; (we are the more particular now, because we shall take Leave of the Gentlemen at this Place.) They had here bare 16 Foot of Water, at the deepest; and but 13 or 14, at the shallowest; and nothing but Rocks and Sands without, which secured them from Wind and Sea, and likewise hinder'd any considerable Force from entering, if any such should come against them.

When they were all got in, the first Thing they had to do, was to guard themselves in the best Manner they could; this they did by making a Battery of four Guns upon the Island, and another of two Guns on the North Point of the Road: They also wrap'd in one of the Sloops with eight Guns, at the Mouth of the Channel, to hinder any Vessel from coming

in. When this was done, they went to work on their Ship, unrigging and unloading, in order to clean; but we shall leave them a while, till we bring other Company to 'em.

In the Month of *November*, 1716, General *Hamilton*, Commander in chief of all the *Leeward Caribbee Islands*, sent a Sloop Express to Capt. *Hume*, at *Barbadoes*, Commander of his Majesty's Ship the *Scarborough*, of 30 Guns, and 140 Men, to acquaint him, that two Pirate Sloops, of 12 Guns each, molested the Colonies, having plunder'd several Vessels. The *Scarborough* had bury'd twenty Men, and, at this Time, had near forty sick, and therefore was but in ill State to go to Sea: However, Captain *Hume* left his sick Men behind, and sail'd to the other Islands, for a Supply of Men. He took 20 Soldiers from *Antegoa*, at *Nevis* 10, and 10 at *St. Christopher's*, and then sail'd to the Island of *Anguilla*. Here he learn'd, that, some Time before, two such Sloops had been at *Spanish-Town*, otherwise call'd one of the *Virgin Islands*: From this Information, the next Day, the *Scarborough* came to *Spanish-Town*, but could hear no other News of the Sloops, than that they had been there about *Christmas*, it being now the 15th of *January*.

Captain *Hume*, finding no certain Account could be had of the Pirates, design'd to go back, the next Day, to *Barbadoes*: but it happen'd that Night, that a Boat anchor'd there from *Santa Cruz*, and inform'd him, that he saw a Pirate Ship of 22 or 24 Guns, with other Vessels, going into the North-West Part of the Island aforesaid. The *Scarborough* weigh'd immediately, and the next Morning came in Sight of the Rovers and their Prizes, and stood to them; but the Pilot refus'd to enter in with the Ship.

All this while the Pirates fir'd red-hot Bullets from the Shore: At length, the Ship came to an Anchor, along Side the Reef, near the Channel, and canonaded, for several Hours, both the Vessels and Batteries. About Four in the Afternoon, the Sloop that guarded the Channel was sunk, by the Shot of the Man of War; then she canonaded the great Pirate Ship of 22 Guns, that lay behind the Island. The next Night, viz. the 18th, it falling calm, Captain *Hume* weigh'd, fearing he might fall on the Reef, and in this Apprehension he stood off and on for a Day or two, to block them up. On the 20th, in the Evening the Pirates observ'd the Man of War to stand off to Sea, and took the Opportunity to warp out, in order to slip away from the Island, which entirely ruin'd them. At 12 o'Clock they run aground, and then, seeing the *Scarborough* about standing in again, as their Case was desperate, they were put into the utmost Confusion; they quitted their Ship, and set her on Fire, with 20 Negroes in her, who were all burnt. Nineteen of the Pirates made their Escape in a small Sloop, but the Captain and the rest, with 20 Negroes, betook themselves to the Woods, where, 'tis probable, they might starve; for we never heard what became of 'em afterwards. Captain *Hume* releas'd the Prisoners, with the Ship and Sloop that remain'd, and then went after the two Pirate Sloops first mention'd.

The LIFE of Captain TEACH, alias BLACK-BEARD.

E*dward Teach* was a *Bristol* Man born, but had sail'd several Times out of *Jamaica* in Privateers, in the late French War: Though he had often distinguish'd himself by his uncommon Boldness, and personal Courage, he was never rais'd to any Command till he went a pyrating, about the latter End of the Year 1716. It was then, that Captain *Benjamin Hornigold* put him into a Sloop, that he had made Prize of; and these two continued in Consortship till a little while before *Hornigold* surrender'd.

In the Spring of the Year 1717, *Teach* and *Hornigold* sail'd from *Providence*, for the Main of *America*, and took, in their Way, a Billop from the *Havanna*, with 120 Barrels of Flour, which they put on board their own Vessels. They took, also, a Sloop from *Bermuda*, *Thurbar* Master, whom they rifled only of some Gallons of Wine, and then let her go; and a Ship from *Madeira* to *South Carolina*, out of which they got Plunder, to a considerable Value.

After cleaning, on the Coast of *Virginia*, they return'd to the *West-Indies*, and, in the Latitude of 24 made Prize of a large French Guiney Man, bound to *Martinico*, which, by *Hornigold's* Consent, *Teach* went aboard of as Captain, and took a Cruize in her. *Hornigold* return'd with his Sloop to *Providence*, where, at the Arrival of Captain *Rogers*, the Governor, he surrender'd to Mercy, pursuant to the King's Proclamation.

Teach mounted 40 Guns aboard of his Guinea Man, and nam'd her *The Queen Ann's Revenge*. Cruising near the Island of *St. Vincent*, he took a large Ship, call'd *The Great Allen*, *Christopher Taylor*, Commander; and having plunder'd her of what he thought fit, and put all the Men a-shore upon the Island above-mention'd, he gave Orders to set Fire to the Ship.

A few Days after, *Teach* fell in with the *Scarborough* Man of War, who engag'd him for some Hours; but the *Scarborough*, finding the Pirate well mann'd, and having tried her Strength, gave over the Engagement, and return'd to *Barbadoes*, the Place of her Station; *Teach* immediately sailing towards the *Spanish America*.

In his Way, he met with a Pirate Sloop, of 10 Guns, commanded by Major *Bonnet*, whose Life we mention'd before. He was lately a Gentleman of good Reputation and Estate in the Island of *Barbadoes*, but now he readily join'd with *Teach*; but in a few Days after, *Teach*, finding that *Bonnet* knew nothing of a maritime Life, with the Consent of his own Men, put in one *Richards* to be Captain of *Bonnet's* Sloop, and took the Major on board his own Ship; telling him, *That, as he had not been us'd to the Fatigues and Care of such a Post, it would be better for him to decline it, and live easy, and at his Pleasure, in such a Ship as his, where he should not be obliged to perform Duty, but follow his own Inclinations.*

At *Turniff*, 10 Leagues short of the Bay of *Hondur-*

ras, the Pirates took in fresh Water, and while they were at an Anchor there, they saw a Sloop coming in; whereupon *Richards*, in the Sloop call'd *The Revenge*, slipp'd his Cable, and ran out to meet her; who, upon seeing the black Flag hoisted, struck his Sail, and came to, under the Stern of *Teach* the Commodore. She was call'd *The Adventure*, from *Jamaica*, *David Harriot* Master. They took him and his Men aboard the great Ship, and sent a Number of their own People with *Israel Hands*, Master of *Teach's* Ship, to man the Sloop for the piratical Service.

On the 9th of *April* they weigh'd from *Turniff*, having lain there about a Week, and sail'd to the Bay, where they found a Ship and four Sloops. Three of the latter belong'd to *Jonathan Barnard*, of *Jamaica*, and the other to Captain *James*: The Ship was of *Boston*, call'd *The Protestant Caesar*, Captain *Wyar* Commander. *Teach* hoisted his black Colours, and fir'd a Gun; upon which, Captain *Wyar*, and all his Men, left their Ship, and got ashore in their Boat. *Teach's* Quarter-Master, and eight of his Crew, took Possession of *Wyar's* Ship, and *Richards* secur'd all the Sloops, one of which they burnt out of Spite to the Owner: The *Protestant Caesar* they also burnt, after they had plunder'd her; because she belong'd to *Boston*, where some Men had been hang'd for Piracy: But the three Sloops belonging to *Barnard* they let go.

From hence, the Rovers sail'd to *Turkill*, and then to the *Grand Caimanes*, a small Island about 30 Leagues to the Westward of *Jamaica*. Here they took a small Turtler, and so sail'd to the *Havana*, from thence to the *Bahama* Wrecks, and from the *Bahama* Wrecks to *Carolina*, taking a Brigantine and two Sloops in their Way. They lay on the *Carolina* Coast, off the Bar of *Charles-Town*, for five or six Days. They took here a Ship as she was coming out, bound for *London*, commanded by *Robert Clark*, with some Passengers on board for *England*; the next Day they took another Vessel coming out of *Charles-Town*, and also two Pinks coming into *Charles-Town*; likewise, a Brigantine with 14 Negroes aboard. All this being done in the Face of the Town, it struck a great Terror into the whole Province of *Carolina*, which had just before been visited by *Vane*, another notorious Pirate. The Inhabitants even abandon'd themselves to Despair, being in no Condition to resist their Force. There were eight Sail in the Harbour, ready for Sea; but none dar'd to venture out, it being almost impossible to escape their Hands. The inward bound Vessels were under the same unhappy Dilemma; so that the Trade of this Place was totally interrupted. What made these Misfortunes yet heavier to them, was a long expensive War, which the Colony had had with the Natives, and which was but just ended when these Robbers infested them.

Teach detain'd all the Ships and Prisoners, and, being





Captain Teach commonly call'd Black Bear

ing in want of Medicines, resolv'd to demand a Chest from the Government of the Province. Accordingly, *Richards*, the Captain of the *Revenge* Sloop, with two or three more Pirates, were sent along with Mr. *Marks*, one of the Prisoners whom they had taken in *Clark's* Ship, to make their Demands, which they did in a very insolent manner; threatening, that if they did not send immediately the Chest of Medicines, and let the Pirate-bossadors return, without offering any Violence to their Persons, they would murder all their Prisoners, send up their Heads to the Governor, and set the Ships they had taken, on Fire.

Whilst Mr. *Marks* was making Application to the Council, *Richards*, and the rest of the Pirates, walk'd the Streets publicly, in the Sight of all People, who were fir'd with the utmost Indignation, looking on them as Robbers and Murderers, and particularly as the Authors of their present Wrongs and Oppressions: But they durst not so much as think of extending their Revenge, for Fear of bringing more animosities upon themselves; and so they were forc'd to let the Villians pass with Impunity. The Government were not long in deliberating upon the Message: though 'twas the greatest Affront that could have been put upon them, yet, for the saving so many Mens Lives, (among them Mr. *Samuel Wragg*, one of the Council) they comply'd with the Necessity, sent on board a Chest, valu'd at between 3 and 4000 *l.* and the Pirates went back safe to their Ships. *Blackbeard*, (for so *Teach* was generally call'd, as shall hereafter shew) as soon as he had receiv'd the Medicines and his Brother Rogues, let go the Sloop and the Prisoners, having first taken out of them, Gold and Silver, about 1500 *l.* Sterling, besides provisions and other Matters.

From the Bar of *Charles Town*, they sail'd to *North-Carolina*; Captain *Teach* in the Ship which he call'd the Man of War, Captain *Richards* and other Hands in the Sloops, which they term'd Tender, and another Sloop serving them as a Tender. *Teach* began now to think of breaking up the Company, and securing the Money and the best of the Effects for himself, and some of his Companions whom he had most Friendship for, and to cheat the rest. Accordingly, on Pretence of running into *Topsham* Inlet to clean, he grounded his Ship, and then if it had been done undesign'dly, and by Accident he orders *Hands's* Sloop to come to his Assistance, and get him off again; which he endeavour'd to do, ran the Sloop a Shore near the other, so they were both lost. This done, *Teach* goes to the Tender Sloop, with 40 Hands, and leaves the *Revenge* there. After this, he took 17 others, and maroon'd them upon a small sandy Island, at a League from the Main, where there was neither Bird, Beast, or Herb, for their Subsistence, and where they must have perish'd if Major *Bonnet* had not, two Days after, taken them off.

Teach now goes up to the Governor of *North-Carolina*, with about 20 of his Men, surrenders to Majesty's Proclamation, and receives Certificates of Pardon from his Excellency; but it did not appear that their submitting to this Pardon was from any Remorse of Manners, but only to wait a more favourable Opportunity to play the same Game over again; which he soon after effected, with greater Success to himself, and with much better Prospect of Success; having in this Time cultivated a very good Understanding with *Charles Eden*, Esq; the Governor above-mention'd.

The first Piece of Service this kind Governor did *Black Beard*, was, to give him a Right to the Spoil which he had taken, when he was a pirating

in the great Ship call'd *The Queen Anne's Revenge*; for which Purpose a Court of Vice-Admiralty was held at *Bath-Town*, where, though *Teach* had never any Commission in his Life, and the Sloop belong'd to the *English* Merchants, and was taken in Time of Peace, yet was she condemn'd as a Prize taken by *Teach* from the *Spaniards*. These Proceedings shew that Governors are but Men.

Before he sail'd upon his Adventures, he married a young Creature of about sixteen Years of Age, the Governor performing the Ceremony: For, as it is a Custom to marry here by a Priest, so it is there by a Magistrate. And this, I have been inform'd, made *Teach's* fourteenth Wife, about a Dozen of whom might be still living. His Behaviour in this State was something extraordinary; for whilst his Sloop lay in *Okecock* Inlet, and he was a-shore at a Plantation, where his Wife liv'd, after he had lain with her all Night, it was his Custom to invite five or six of his brutal Companions a-shore, and he would force her to prostitute herself to them all, one after another, before his Face.

In June 1718, he went to Sea, upon another Expedition, and steer'd his Course towards *Bermudas*. He met with two or three *English* Vessels in his Way, but robb'd them only of Provisions, Stores, and other Necessaries, for his present Expence; but when he came near the Island aforementioned, he fell in with two *French* Ships, one of which was loaded with Sugar and Cocoa, and the other light, both bound to *Martinico*. The Ship that had no Lading, he let go, having first put all the Men of the loaded Ship a-board her; the other he brought Home, with her Cargo, to *North Carolina*, where the Governor and the Pirates shar'd the Plunder.

When *Teach* and his Prize arriv'd, he and four of his Crew went to his Excellency, and made Affidavit that they found the *French* Ship at Sea, without a Soul on board her; whereupon, a Court was called, and the Ship condemn'd. The Governor had 60 Hogheads of Sugar for his Dividend, and one Mr. *Knight*, who was his Secretary, and Collector for the Province, 20; the rest was shar'd among the other Pirates, as we may properly enough express it.

The Business was not yet done; the Ship remained, and it was possible one or other might come into the River, that might be acquainted with her, and so discover the Roguery: But *Teach* thought of a Contrivance to prevent this; for, upon a Pretence that she was leaky, and that she might sink, and so stop up the Mouth of the Inlet or Cove where she lay, he obtain'd an Order from the Governor to bring her out into the River, and set her on Fire. This was accordingly executed, and she was burnt down to the Water's Edge; then her Bottom was sunk, and, with it, their Fears of her ever rising in Judgment against them.

Captain *Teach*, alias *Black-Beard*, pass'd three or four Months in the River; sometimes lying at Anchor in the Coves, at other Times sailing from one Inlet to another, trading with such Sloops as he met for the Plunder he had taken, and often giving them Presents for the Stores and Provisions took from them; that is, when he happen'd to be in a giving Humour; for at other Times he made bold with 'em, and took what he lik'd, without saying *by your Leave*; knowing well that they dar'd not send him a Bill for the Payment. He often diverted himself with going a-shore among the Planters, where he revell'd Night and Day: By these he was well receiv'd; but whether out of Love, or Fear, I cannot say. Sometimes he us'd them courteously enough, and made them, also, Presents of Rum and Sugar, in return for what he took from them; but, as to the Liberties which,

'tis said, he and his Companions often took with the Wives and Daughters of these Planters, I cannot take upon me to say, whether he paid them *ad Valorem*, or no. At other Times he carried it in a lordly Manner towards 'em, and would lay some of them under Contribution; nay, he often proceeded to bully the Governor; not, as I can discover, that there was the least Cause of Quarrel betwixt them, but it seem'd only to be done to shew he dar'd do it.

The Sloops trading up and down this River, being so frequently pillag'd by *Black-Beard*, consulted with the Traders, and some of the best of the Planters, what Course to take: They saw plainly, it would be in vain to make any Application to the Governor of *North-Carolina*, to whom it properly belong'd to find some Redress; so that if they could not be reliev'd from some other Quarter, *Black-Beard* would be like to reign with Impunity: This determin'd them, with as much Secrecy as possible, to send a Deputation to *Virginia*, to lay the Affair before the Governor of that Colony, and to solicit an arm'd Force, from the Men of War lying there, to take or destroy this Pirate.

This Governor consulted with the Captains of the two Men of War, *viz. the Pearl and Lime*, who had lain in *St. James's River* about ten Months. It was agreed, that the Governor should hire a Couple of small Sloops, and the Men of War should man them; this was accordingly done, and the Command of them given to *Mr. Robert Maynard*, first Lieutenant of the *Pearl*; an experienc'd Officer, and a Gentleman of great Bravery and Resolution, as will appear by his gallant Behaviour in this Expedition. The Sloops were well mann'd, and furnish'd with Ammunition and small Arms, but had no Guns mounted.

About the Time of their going out, the Governor call'd an Assembly, in which it was resolv'd to publish a Proclamation with an Offer of certain Rewards, to any Person or Persons, who, within a Year after that Time, should take or destroy any Pirate: The original Proclamation being in our Hands, we shall give it to our Readers; it runs as follows:

By his Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander in Chief, of the Colony and Dominion of *Virginia*,

A PROCLAMATION,

Publishing the Rewards to be given for apprehending or killing Pirates.

WHereas, by an Act of Assembly, made at a Session of Assembly, begun at the Capital in *Williamsburgh*, the eleventh Day of November, in the fifth Year of his Majesty's Reign, entitled, An Act to encourage the apprehending and destroying of Pirates; it is, amongst other Things, enacted, That all and every Person, or Persons, who, from and after the fourteenth Day of November, in the Year of our Lord One thousand seven Hundred and Eighteen, and before the Fourteenth Day of November, which shall

be in the Year of our Lord One Thousand seven Hundred and Nineteen, shall take any Pirate, or Pirate on the Sea or Land, or, in case of Resistance, shall kill any such Pirate, or Pirates, between the Degrees of thirty four and thirty nine of Northern Latitude, and within one hundred Leagues of the Continent of *Virginia*, or *North-Carolina*, upon the Conviction, making due Proof of the killing of all, and every such Pirate, and Pirates, before the Governor and Council, shall be entitled to have, and receive out of the public Money, in the Hands of the Treasurer of this Colony, the several Rewards following; that is to say, *Edward Teach*, commonly call'd *Captain Teach*, *Black-Beard*, one hundred Pounds; for every other Commander of a Pirate Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, fifty Pounds; for every Lieutenant, Master, Quarter-master, Boatswain, or Carpenter, twenty Pounds; every other inferior Officer, fifteen Pounds; and every private Man, taken on Board such Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, ten Pounds; and, that for every Pirate, which shall be taken by any Ship, Sloop, or Vessel, longing to this Colony, or *North-Carolina*, within the Time aforesaid, in any Place whatsoever, the like rewards shall be paid, according to the Quality and Condition of such Pirates. Wherefore, for the Encouragement of all such Persons as shall be willing to join his Majesty, and their Country, in so just and honorable an Undertaking, as the suppressing a Sort of people who may be truly call'd Enemies to Mankind, have thought fit, with the Advice and Consent of his Majesty's Council, to issue this Proclamation, declaring, that the said Rewards shall be punctually and justly paid, in current Money of *Virginia*, according to the Directions of the said Act. And I do hereby appoint this Proclamation to be published by Sheriffs, at their respective County-Houses, and by Ministers and Readers, in the several Churches and Chapels, throughout the Colony.

Given at our Council-Chamber at *Williamsburgh*, this 24th Day of November, 1718, in the fifth Year of his Majesty's Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING
A. SPOTSWOOD

The 17th of November, 1718, the Lieutenant sailed from *Kicquetan*, in *James River* in *Virginia*, and the 21st in the Evening came to the Mouth of *Okerecock Inlet*, where he got Sight of the Pirate. This Expedition was made with all imaginable secrecy, and the Officer managed with all the Prudence that was necessary, stopping all Boats and Vessels met with in the River, from going up, and thereby preventing any Intelligence from reaching *Black-Beard*; and receiving at the same Time an Account from them all, of the Place where the Pirate was lurking. However, notwithstanding this Caution, *Black-Beard* had Information of the Design, from the Excellency of the Province; and his Secretary, a Knight, wrote him a Letter particularly concerning it, intimating, That he had sent him four of his men, which were all he could meet with in or about *Towson*, and so bidding him be upon his Guard. These men who belonged to *Black-Beard*, were sent from *Edwards-Town* to *Okerecock Inlet*, where the Sloop lay, which is about 20 Leagues.

Black-Beard had heard several Reports, which happened not to be true, and so gave the less Credit to this; nor was he convinced till he saw the Sloop. When they came in sight, he put his Vessel in a posture of Defence, having no more than twenty Men on Board, tho' he gave out to all the Vessels he spoke with, that he had 40. When he had prepared

ed for Battle, he sat down and spent the Night in Drinking, with the Muter of a trading Sloop, who, 'twas thought, had more Business with *Teach* than he should have had.

Lieutenant *Maynard* came to an Anchor; for the Place being shoal, and the Channel intricate, there was no getting in where *Teach* lay that Night. The next Morning he weighed, and sent his Boat a head of the Sloops to sound, which, coming within Gun-shot of the Pirate, received his Fire. *Maynard*, ereupon, hoisted the King's Colours, and stood directly towards him, with the best Way that his Sails and Oars could make. *Black-beard* cut his Cable, and endeavoured to make a running Fight, keeping continual Fire at his Enemies, with his large Guns, Mr. *Maynard*, not having any, as we before observ'd, kept a constant Fire with small Arms, while some of his Men labour'd at their Oars. In a little Time *Teach's* Sloop ran a ground, and Mr. *Maynard's*, drawing more Water than that of the Pirate, could not come near him; so that he anchor'd within half Gun-Shot of the Enemy. In order to lighten his Vessel, that he might run him aboard, the Lieutenant ordered all his Ballast to be thrown over-board, and all the Water to be staid, and then weighed and stood for him. *Black-beard*, upon this, said him in this rude Manner: *Damn you for Villains, who are you? and from whence came you?* The Lieutenant made him answer, *You may see by our Colours we are no Pirates.* *Black-beard* bid him send his Boat on Board, that he might see who he was; but Mr. *Maynard* reply'd thus: *I cannot spare my Boat, but I will come aboard of you as soon as I can, with my Sloop.* Whereupon, *Black-beard* took

Glass of Liquor, and drank to him with these Words: *Damnation seize my Soul if I give you Quarters, or take any from you.* In Answer to which, Mr. *Maynard* told him, *That he expected no Quarters from him, nor should he give him any.*

By this Time *Black-beard's* Sloop floated, as Mr. *Maynard's* Sloops were rowing towards him. These Sloops being not above a Foot high in the Waste, consequently the Men were all expos'd, as they came near together; therefore (there being hitherto little or no Execution done on either Side,) the Pirate fired a Broadside, charged with all manner of small Shot.——A fatal Stroke to them! The Sloop the Lieutenant was in had twenty Men killed and wounded, and the other Sloop nine: This could not be help'd, for, there being no Wind, they were oblig'd to keep to their Oars, otherwise the Pirate would have got away from them, which, it seems, the Lieutenant was resolute to prevent.

After this unlucky Blow, *Black-beard's* Sloop fell Broadside to the Shore; Mr. *Maynard's* other Sloop, which was call'd the *Ranger*, fell a-stern, being for the present disabled. Now, the Lieutenant finding his own Sloop had Way, and would soon be on Board of *Teach*, ordered all his Men down, for fear of another Broadside, which must have been their Destruction, and have entirely ruined their Expedition. Mr. *Maynard* was the only Person that kept the Deck, except the Man at the Helm, whom he directed to lye down snug; and the Men in the Hold were ordered to get their Pistols, and their Swords ready, for close fighting, and to come up at his Command; in order to which, two Ladders were placed in the Hatch-way for the more Expedition. When the Lieutenant's Sloop boarded the other, Captain *Teach's* Men threw in several new fashioned sort of Grenadoes, viz. Case-Bottles fill'd with Powder, small Shot, Slugs, and Pieces of Lead or Iron, with a quick Match in the Mouth of them. This Match, being lighted without Side, presently runs into the

Bottle to the Powder, and as that is instantly thrown on board, it generally does great Execution, besides the Confusion it occasions. By good Providence, however, they had not that Effect here; for the Men being in the Hold, *Black-beard*, seeing few or no Hands aboard, told his Men, *That they were all knock'd on the Head, except three or four, and therefore, says he, let's jump on Board, and cut them to Pieces that are alive.*

Upon this, under the Smoak of one of the Bottles just mention'd, *Black-beard* enters, with fourteen Men, over the Bows of *Maynard's* Sloop, and were not seen by him till the Air cleared; however, as it happened, he just then gave the Signal to his Men, who all rose in an Instant, and attack'd the Pirates with as much Bravery as ever was shewn upon such an Occasion: *Black-beard* and the Lieutenant fired the first Pistol at each other, by which the Pirate received a Wound; then they engaged with Swords, till the Lieutenant's unluckily broke; who, thereupon, stepping back to cock a Pistol, *Black-beard*, with his Cutlash, was striking at that Instant, when one of *Maynard's* Men gave him a terrible Wound in the Neck and Throat, by which the Lieutenant came off with a small Cut over his Fingers.

They were now closely and warmly engag'd, the Lieutenant and twelve Men, against *Black-beard* and fourteen, till the Sea was tinctur'd with Blood round the Vessel. Tho' *Black-beard* receiv'd a Shot into his Body from the first Pistol that Lieutenant *Maynard* discharg'd, yet he stood his Ground, and fought with great Fury, till he received twenty Cuts, and five more Shot: At length, as he was cocking a Pistol, having fired several before, he fell down dead. By this Time eight more out of the fourteen dropp'd, and all the rest, much wounded, jump'd over-board, and call'd out for Quarters, which was granted, tho' it was only prolonging their Lives for a few Days. The Sloop *Ranger* came up, and attack'd the Men that remained in *Black-beard's* Sloop, with equal Bravery, till they likewise cry'd for Quarters.

Here was an End of that courageous Brute, who might have pass'd in the World for a Heroe, had he been employ'd in a good Cause; his Destruction, which was of such Consequence to the Plantations, was entirely owing to the Conduct and Bravery of Lieutenant *Maynard* and his Men, who might have destroy'd him with much less Loss, had they had a Vessel with great Guns. But they were oblig'd to use small Vessels, because the Holes and Places he lurk'd in, would not admit those of greater Draught; and it was no small Difficulty for this Gentleman to get to him, even with these, having grounded his Vessel, at least, a hundred Times, in getting up the River, besides other Discouragements, enough to have turn'd back any Man without Dishonour, who had been less resolute and bold than this Lieutenant. The Broadside that did so much Mischief before they boarded, in all Probability saved the rest from Destruction; for before that *Teach* had little or no Hopes of escaping, and therefore had posted a resolute Fellow, a Negroe, whom he bred up, with a lighted Match, in the Powder-Room, with Commands to blow it up, when he should give him Orders; which he designed to have done, as soon as the Lieutenant and his Men could have enter'd, that so he might have destroy'd his Conquerors with himself: And when the Negroes found how it went with *Black-beard*, he could hardly be persuaded from the rash Action, by two Prisoners that were then in the Hold of the Sloop.

What seems a little odd, is, that some of these Men, who behaved so bravely against *Black-beard*, went afterwards a pirating themselves, and one of

them was taken along with *Roberts*; but I do not find that any of them were provided for, except one that was hang'd. However, this is a Digression.

The Lieutenant caus'd *Black-beard's* Head to be severed from his Body, and hung up at the Bolt-spirit End; then he sail'd to *Bath-Town*, to get Relief for his wounded Men.

It must be observ'd, that, in rummaging the Pirate's Sloop, they found several Letters and written Papers, which discovered the Correspondence betwixt Governor *Eden*, the Secretary and Collector, and also some Traders at *New-York*, and *Black-beard*. It is likely he had had Regard enough for his Friends, to have destroy'd these Papers before the Action, in order to hinder them from falling into such Hands, where the Discovery would be of no Use, either to the Interest or Reputation of these fine Gentlemen, had not his fix'd Resolution to have blown up all together prevented him, when he found no possibility of escaping.

When the Lieutenant came to *Bath-Town*, he made bold to seize, in the Governor's Store-House, the sixty Hogheads of Sugar, and from honest Mr. *Knight* the twenty, which, it seems were their Dividends of the Plunder taken in the *French Ship*, as we before noted; the latter did not long survive this shameful Discovery, for, being apprehensive that he might be called to an Account for these Trifles, he fell sick with the Fright, and died in a few Days.

After the wounded Men were pretty well recovered, the Lieutenant sail'd back to the Men of War in *James's River*, in *Virginia*, with *Black-beard's* Head still hanging at the Bolt-spirit End, and fifteen Prisoners, thirteen of whom were afterwards hang'd. It appear'd upon Trial, that one of them, *viz. Samuel Odell*, was taken out of the trading Sloop but the Night before the Engagement. This poor Fellow was a little unlucky at his first entering upon his new Trade, there appearing no less than 70 Wounds upon him after the Action, notwithstanding which, he liv'd, and was cured of them all. The other Person that escap'd the Gallows, was one *Israel Hands*, the Master of *Black-beard's* Sloop, and formerly Captain of the same, before the *Queen Anne's Revenge* was lost in *Topsail Inlet*.

The aforesaid *Hands* happen'd not to be in the Fight, but was taken afterwards ashore at *Bath-Town*, having been sometime before disabled by *Black-beard*, in one of his savage Humours, after the following Manner.——One Night drinking in his Cabin with *Hands*, the Pilot, and another Man, *Black-beard*, without any Provocation, privately draws out a small Pair of Pistols, and cocks them under the Table, which being perceived by the Man, he withdrew and went upon Deck, leaving *Hands*, the Pilot, and the Captain together. When the Pistols were ready, he blew out the Candle, and, crossing his Hands, discharged them at his Company; *Hands*, the Master, was shot thro' the Knee, and lam'd for Life; the other Pistol did no Execution.

——Being ask'd the meaning of this, he only answer'd, by damning them, that if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was.

Hands being taken, he was try'd and condemn'd; but just as he was about to be executed, a Ship arriv'd at *Virginia*, with a Proclamation for prolonging the Time of his Majesty's Pardon, to such of the Pirates as should surrender by a limited Time therein express'd: Notwithstanding the Sentence, *Hands* pleas'd the Pardon, and was allowed the Benefit of it. He was alive a few Years ago in *London*, where he begged his Bread.

Now that we have given some Account of *Teach's*

Life and Actions, it will not be amiss that we speak of his Beard, since it did not little contribute towards making his Name so terrible in those Parts.

Plutarch, and other grave Historians, have taken Notice, that several great Men amongst the *Romans* took their Sir-Names from certain odd Marks in their Countenances; as *Cicero*, from a Mark of a Vetch on his Nose: So our Heroe, Captain *Teach*, assum'd the Cognomen of *Black-Beard*, from that large Quantity of Hair, which, like a frightful Meteor, cover'd his whole Face, and frightn'd *America* more than any Comet that has appear'd there a long Time.

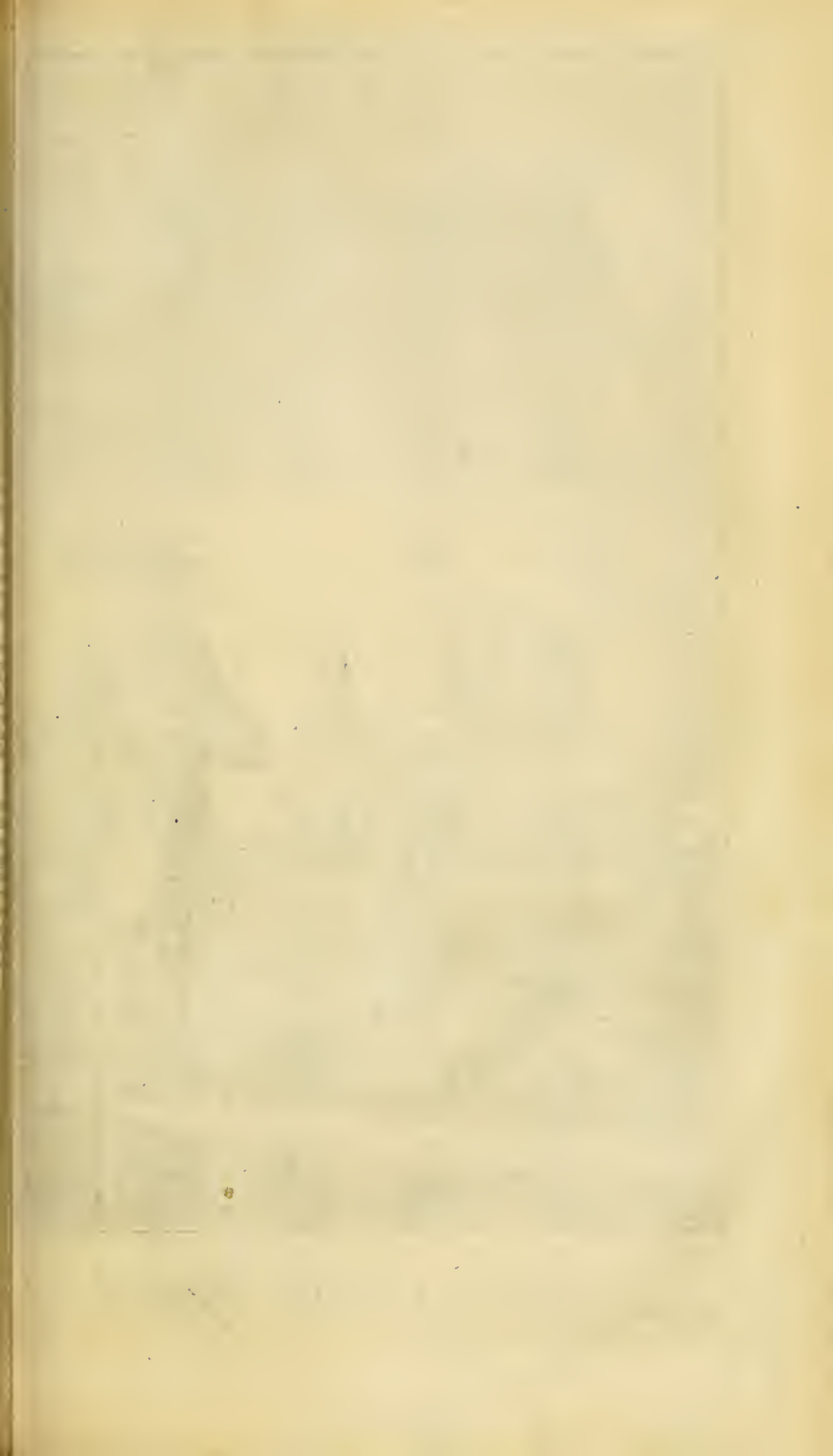
This Beard was black, which he suffer'd to grow to an extravagant Length; as to the Breadth, it came up to his Eyes; he was accus'd to twist it with Ribbons, in small Tails, after the Manner of our Ramily Wigs, and turn them about his Ears: In Time of Action, he wore a Sling over his Shoulders, with three brace of Pistols, hanging in Holsters like Bandoliers: He stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which appearing on each Side of his Face, and his Eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him all together such a Figure, that Imagination cannot form an Idea of a Fury from Hell, to look more frightful.

If he had the Look of a Fury, his Humours and Passions were suitable to it; we shall relate two or three more of his Extravagancies, which we omitted in the Body of his History, by which it will appear to what a Pitch of Wickedness human Nature may arrive, if it's Passions are not checked.

In the Commonwealth of Pirates, he who goes the greatest Length of Wickedness, is look'd upon with a kind of Envy amongst them, as a Person of more extraordinary Gallantry; he is therefore entitl'd to be distinguished by some Post, and, if such a one has but Courage, he must certainly be a great Man. The Hero of whom we are writing was thoroughly accomplished this Way, and some of his Frolicks of Wickedness were as extravagant, as if he aim'd at making his Men believe he was a Devil incarnate. Being one Day at Sea, and a little flush'd with Drink:——Come, says he, let us make a Hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it. Accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the Hold, and, closing up all the Hatches, fill'd several Pots full of Brimstone, and other combustible Matter, then they set it on Fire, and so continu'd till they were almost suffocated, when some of the Men cried out for Air: At length, he open'd the Hatches, not a little pleas'd that he held out the longest.

The Night before he was kill'd, he sat up and drank till the Morning, with some of his own Men and the Master of a Merchant-Man; notwithstanding his having had Intelligence of the two Sloops coming to attack him, as has been before observ'd. It was then that one of his Men ask'd him, in case any Thing should happen to him in the Engagement with the Sloops, whether his Wife knew where he had buried his Money? He answer'd, That no Body but himself and the Devil knew where it was, and the Jorgel Liver should take all.

Those of his Crew who were taken alive, told a Story which may appear a little incredible; however, we think it will not be fair to omit it, since we had it from their own Mouths: That once, upon a Cruise, they found out that they had a Man on board more than their Crew; such a one was seen several Days amongst them, sometimes below, and sometimes upon Deck, yet no Man in the Ship could give any Account who he was, or from whence he came; but that he disappear'd a little before they were





Captain Edward England.

were cast away in their great Ship, and, it seems, they verily believ'd it was the Devil.

One would think these Things should have inclin'd them to reform their Lives; but being so many reprobates of them together, they encourag'd and invited one another up in their Wickedness, to which continual Course of Drinking did not a little contribute. In *Black-Beard's Journal*, which was taken, there were several Memorandams of the following nature, all writ with his own Hand: — *Such a day, Rum all out: — Our Company somewhat for: — A damn'd Confusion amongst us! — argues a plotting; — Great Talk of Separation. — I look'd sharp for a Prize; — Such a Day took us, with a great deal of Liquor on board; so kept the Company hot, damn'd hot, then all Things went all again.*

Thus it was these Wretches pass'd their Lives, with very little Pleasure or Satisfaction, in the Position of what they violently took away from others, and sure to pay for it at last, by an ignominious death.

The Names of the Pirates kill'd in the Engagement, are as follow:

Edward Teach, Commander.
Philip Morton, Gunner,
Garrat Gibbens, Boatswain.
Owen Roberts, Carpenter.
Thomas Miller, Quarter-Master.

John Husk,
Joseph Curtice,
Joseph Brooks (1)
Nath. Jackson.

All the rest were wounded, and, except the two last, afterwards hang'd in *Virginia*.

<i>John Carnes</i> ,	<i>Joseph Philips</i> ,
<i>Joseph Brooks</i> (2)	<i>James Robbins</i> ,
<i>James Blake</i> ,	<i>John Martin</i> ,
<i>John Gills</i> ,	<i>Edward Salter</i> ,
<i>Thomas Gates</i> ,	<i>Stephen Daniel</i> ,
<i>James White</i> ,	<i>Richard Greensail</i> ,
<i>Richard Stiles</i> ,	<i>Israel Hands</i> , pardon'd.
<i>Cæsar</i> ,	<i>Samuel Odell</i> , acquitted.

There were in the Pirate Sloops, and a shore in a Tent near where the Sloops lay, 25 Hogshheads of Sugar, 11 Tierces, and 145 Bags of Cocoa, a Barrel of Indigo, and a Bale of Cotton; all which, with what was taken from the Governor and Secretary, and the Sale of the Sloop, came to 2500 *l.* besides the Rewards paid by the Governor of *Virginia*, pursuant to his Proclamation. The whole was divided among the Companies of the two Ships, the *Line* and the *Pearl*, that lay in *James River*; the brave Fellows that took them coming in for no more than their Dividend amongst the rest, and it was a long Time before even that was paid.

The LIFE of Captain EDWARD ENGLAND.

Edward England went Mate of a Sloop, that sailed out of *Jamaica*, and was taken by Captain *Winter*, a Pirate, just before their Settlement at *Providence*; from which Island *England* had afterwards the Command of a Sloop in the same laudable Employment: It is surprizing that Men of good understanding should engage in a Course of Life, that much debases human Nature, and sets them upon a level with the wild Beasts of the Forest, who live and prey upon their weaker Fellow Creatures: A Crime so enormous! That it includes almost all others, as Murder, Rapine, Theft, Ingratitude, &c. tho' they make these Vices familiar to them by their daily Practice, yet these Men are so inconsistent with themselves, that a Reflection made upon their Honour, their Justice or their Courage, is looked upon as an Offence that ought to be punished with the Death of him that commits it: *England* was one of these Men, who seemed to have such a Share of Reason, as should have taught him much better Things. He had a great deal of good Nature, and did not want for Courage; he was not avaricious, and always easy to the ill Usage Prisoners received: He would have been contented with moderate Plunder, and less ambitious Pranks, could his Companions have brought to the same Temper; but he was generally over-ruled, and, as he was engag'd in that pernicious Society, he was oblig'd to be a Partner in all their vile Actions, in spite of his natural Inclinations.

Captain *England* sail'd to the Coast of *Africa*, after the Island of *Providence* was settled by the *English* Government, and the Pirates had surrendered to his Majesty's Proclamation: Here he took several Ships and Vessels, particularly the *Cadogan* Snow belonging to *Bristol*, at *Sierr Leone*, one *Skinner* Master, who was inhumanly murdered by some of *England's* Crew, that had lately been his own Men, and served in the said Vessel. It seems some Quarrel had happened between them, so that *Skinner* thought fit to remove these Fellows on Board of a Man of War, and at the same Time refused them their Wages; not long after they found Means to desert that Service, and, shipping themselves aboard a Sloop in the *West-Indies*, were taken by a Pirate, and brought to *Providence*, whence they sail'd upon the same Account along with Captain *England*.

As soon as *Skinner* had struck to the Pirate, he was ordered to come on Board in his Boat, which he did, and the Person that he first cast his Eye upon, proved to be his old Boatswain, who star'd him in the Face like his evil Genius, and accosted him in this Manner. — *Ab, Captain Skinner! Is it you? The only Man I wishted to see; I am much in your Debt, and now I shall pay you all in your own Coin.*

The poor Man trembled every Joint, when he found into what Company he had fallen, and dreaded the Event, as he had Reason enough so to do;

do: for the Boatswain immediately called to his Conforts, laid hold of the Captain, and made him fall to the Windless, where they pelted him with Glass Bottles, till they cut him in a sad Manner: After this, they whipp'd him about the Deck, till they were weary, being deaf to all his Prayers and Intreaties; and, at last, because he had been a good Master to his Men, they said, he should have an easy Death, and so they shot him thro' the Head. They took some few Things out of the Snow, but gave the Vessel and all her Cargo to *Howel Davis* the Mate and the rest of the Crew, as will be hereafter mentioned in the Life of Captain *Davis*.

Captain *England* took a Ship called the *Pearl*, Captain *Tyzard* Commander, for which he exchanged his own Sloop, fitted her up for the pyratyical Account, and new christened her by the Name of the *Royal James*. With her he took several Ships and Vessels of different Nations, at the *Azores* and *Cape de Verd Islands*.

In the Spring 1719, the Rovers returned to *Africa*, and beginning at the River *Gambia*, failed all down the Coast; between that River and *Cape Corso*, they took the following Ships and Vessels.

The *Eagle Pink*, Captain *Rickets* Commander, belonging to *Cork*, taken the 25th of *March*, having 6 Guns and 17 Men on Board, seven of whom turned Pirates.

The *Charlotte*, Captain *Oldson* of *London*, taken May the 26th, having 8 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 13 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Sarah*, Captain *Stunt*, of *London*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 3 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Bentworth*, Captain *Gardener*, of *Bristol*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 12 Guns and 30 Men on Board, 12 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Buck Sloop*, Captain *Sikvester*, of *Gambia*, taken the 27th of *May*, having 2 Guns and only 2 Men on Board, who both turned Pirates.

The *Carteret*, Captain *Snow*, of *London*, taken the 28th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 5 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Mercury*, Captain *Maggot*, of *London*, taken the 29th of *May*, having 4 Guns and 18 Men on Board, 5 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Coward Galley*, Captain *Creed*, of *London*, taken the 17th of *June*, having 2 Guns and 13 Men on Board, 4 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Elizabeth* and *Katharine*, Captain *Bridge* of *Barbadoes*, taken *June* the 27th, having 6 Guns and 14 Men on Board, 4 of whom turned Pirates.

The *Eagle Pink* being bound to *Jamaica*, the *Sarah* to *Virginia*, and the *Buck* to *Maryland*, they let them go; but the *Charlotte*, the *Bentworth*, the *Carteret*, and the *Coward Galley*, they burnt: The *Mercury*, and the *Elizabeth* and *Katherine*, were fitted up for Pirate Ships; the former was new nam'd *Queen Anne's Revenge*, and commanded by one *Lane*; and the other was called the *Flying King*, of which *Robert Sample* was appointed Captain. These two left *England* upon the Coast, and failed to the *West-Indies*, where they took some Prizes, cleaned, and failed to *Brazil* in *November*; they took several *Portuguese* Ships there, and did a great Deal of Mischief, but in the height of their Undertakings, a *Portuguese* Man of War, which was an excellent Sailor, came a very unwelcome Guest to them, and gave them Chace. The *Queen Anne's Revenge* got off, but was lost a little while after upon that Coast; and the *Flying King*, giving herself over for lost, ran ashore: There

were then 70 Men on Board, 12 of whom were killed and the rest taken Prisoners; the *Portuguese* hanged 38 of these, of which 32 were *English*, three *Dutch* two *French*, and one of their own Nation.

England, in going down the Coast, took the *Peterborough Galley* of *Bristol*, Captain *Owen*, and the *Victory*, Captain *Ridout*; the former they detained but plundered the latter, and let her go. In *Cape Corso* Road, they saw two Sail at Anchor, but before they could reach them, they slipp'd their Cables, and got close under *Cape Corso Castle*; these were the *Whydah*, Captain *Prince*, and the *John*, Captain *Rider*: The Pirates, upon this, made a fire Ship of Vessel they had lately taken, and attempted to burn them, as tho' they had been a common Enemy, which if they had effected, they could not have been so farthing the better for it; but the Castle firing warm upon them, they withdrew, and failed down to *Whydah* Road, where they found another Pirate, o Captain *la Bouche*, who, having got thither before *England* arrived, had forestall'd the Market, a greatly disappointed his Brethren.

Captain *England*, after this Baulk, went into Harbour, clean'd his own Ship, and fitted up the *Peterborough*, which he called the *Victory*: Th liv'd there very wantonly for several Weeks, ming very free with the Negroe Women, and committing such outrageous Acts, that they came to open Rupture with the Natives, several of whom they killed, and one of their Towns they set Fire.

When the Pirates came out to Sea, they put it a Vote what Voyage to take, and the Majority crying it for the *East-Indies*, they shap'd their Course accordingly, and arrived at *Madagascar*, at the beginning of the Year 1720. They staid not long there, but, after taking in Water and Provisions, sail'd for the Coast of *Malabar*, which is a fruitful Country in the *East-Indies*, in the Empire the *Mogul*, but immediately subject to its own Princes: It reaches from the Coast of *Canara* to *Camorin*, which is between 7 D. 30, and 12 N Latitude, and in about 75 East Longitude, counted from the Meridian of *London*. The old Natives Pagans, but there are a great Number of *Mahometans* inhabiting among them, who are Merchants, and generally rich. On the same Coast, but in a Province to the Northward, lies *Goa*, *Curat*, and *Bombay*, where the *English*, *Dutch*, and *Portuguese* have Settlements.

Hither our Pirates came, having made a Tour half the Globe, going about like roaring Lions, joining whom they might devour, as the Psalmist says of the Devils. They took several Country Ships, and is, *Indian* Vessels, and one European, a *Dutch* Vessel, which they exchanged for one of their own, and then came back to *Madagascar*.

They sent several of their Hands on Shore, with Tents, Powder, and Shot, to kill Hogs, Venison, and such other fresh Provisions as the Island afford; and a Whim came into their Heads to seek out the Remains of *Avery's* Crew, whom they knew to be settled somewhere in the Island. — Accordingly, some of them travelled several Days Journey, without getting any Intelligence of them; and so they were forced to return with the Loss of their Labour; for these Men were settled quite on the other Side of the Island, as has been taken Notice of in the Life of *Avery*.

They staid not long here, after they had cleaned their Ships, but failing to *Juanna*, they met 10 *English*, and one *Osend* Ship, all *India* Men, coming out of that Harbour; one of which, after a de-

ate Resistance, they took : The Particulars of this Action are at length related in the following Letter, wrote by the Captain from *Bombay*.

A LETTER from Captain Mac-
kra, dated at *Bombay*, Novem-
ber 16, 1720.

WE arrived the 25th of July last, in Com-
pany with the *Greenwich*, at *Juanna*, an
Island not far from *Madagascar*: Putting in there
to refresh our Men, we found fourteen Pirates,
that came in their Canoes from the *Mayotta*,
where the Pirate Ship to which they belonged,
viz. the *Indian Queen*, two hundred and fifty Tons,
twenty eight Guns, and ninety Men, commanded
by Captain *Oliver de la Bouche*, bound from the
Guinea Coast to the *East-Indies*, had been bulged
and lost. They said they left the Captain and 40
of their Men, building a new Vessel to proceed
in their wicked Design. Captain *Kirby* and I,
concluded it might be of great Service to the
East-India Company to destroy such a Nest of
Logues, were ready to sail for that Purpose on
the 17th of August, about eight o'Clock in the
Morning, when we discovered two Pirate Ships
standing into the Bay *Juanna*, one of the thirty
four, and the other of thirty Guns. I immedi-
ately went on Board the *Greenwich*, where they seem-
ed very diligent in Preparations for an Engagement,
and I left Captain *Kirby* with mutual Promises
standing by each other. I then unmoored, got
under Sail, and brought two Boats a-head to row
close to the *Greenwich*; but he, being open
a Valley and a Breeze, made the best of his
Way from me; which an *Offender* in our Com-
pany, of 22 Guns, seeing, did the same, tho' the
Captain had promised heartily to engage with us,
and I believe would have been as good as his
Word, if Captain *Kirby* had kept his. About half
an hour after Twelve, I called several Times to the
Greenwich to bear down to our Assistance, and
I did Shot at him, but to no Purpose. For tho'
he did not doubt but he would join us, because
when he got about a League from us, he brought
his Ship to, and looked on, yet both he and the
Offender basely deserted us, and left us engag'd
with barbarous and inhuman Enemies, with their
black and bloody Flags hanging over us, without
the least Appearance of ever elcaping but to be
cut to Pieces. But God, in his good Providence,
determined otherwise; for, notwithstanding their
superiority, we engag'd 'em both about three
Hours; during which Time, the biggest of them
received some Shot betwixt Wind and Water, which
made her keep off a little to stop her Leaks. The
other endeavoured all she could to board us, by
rowing with her Oars, being within half a Ship's
Length of us above an Hour; but by good For-
tune we shot all her Oars to Pieces, which pre-
vented them, and by consequence saved our Lives.
About four o'Clock, most of the Officers and
Men posted on the Quarter-Deck being kill'd and
wounded, the largest Ship making up to us with
vigilance, being still within a Cable's Length of us
often giving us a Broadside; there being now no
Hopes of Capt. *Kirby's* coming to our Assistance,
we endeavoured to run a shoar; and tho' we drew
our foot of Water more than the Pirate, it pleased
God that he stuck fast on a higher Ground than
we happily fell in with; so was disappointed a

' second time from boarding us. Here we had a
' more violent Engagement than before. All my
' Officers, and most of my Men, behaved with un-
' expected Courage; and as we had a considerable
' Advantage by having a Broadside to his Bow, we
' did him great Damage, so that had Captain *Kir-*
' *by* come in then, I believe we should have taken
' both the Vessels, for we had one of them sure?
' but the other Pirate (who was still firing at us)
' seeing the *Greenwich* did not offer to assist us, he
' supplied his Comfort with three Boats full of fresh
' Men. About Five in the Evening, the *Greenwich*
' stood clear away to Sea, leaving us struggling hard
' for Life, in the very Jaws of Death; which the
' other Pirate, that was a-float, seeing, got a-warp
' out, and was hauling under our Stern: By this
' time many of my Men being killed and wounded,
' and no Hopes left us of elcaping being all mur-
' dered by enraged barbarous Conquerors, I order'd
' all that could, to get into the Long-Boat, under
' the Cover of the Smoak of our Guns; so that
' with what some did in Boats, and others by swim-
' ing, most of us that were able got a-shore by
' seven o'Clock. When the Pirates came a-board,
' they cut three of our wounded Men to Pieces. I,
' with a few of my People, made what haste I could
' to the *King's-Town*, twenty five Miles from us,
' where I arrived next Day, almost dead with the
' Fatigue and loss of Blood, having been sorely
' wounded in the Head by a Musket-Ball.

' At this Town I heard, that the Pirates had of-
' fered ten thousand Dollars to the Country People
' to bring me in, which many of them would have
' accepted, only they knew the King and all his chief
' People were in my Interest. Mean Time, I cau-
' sed a Report to be spread, that I was dead of my
' Wounds, which much abated their Fury. About
' ten Days after, being pretty well recovered, and
' hoping the Malice of our Enemies was nigh over,
' I began to consider the dismal Condition we were
' reduced to; being in a Place where we had no
' Hopes of getting a Passage home, all of us in a
' manner naked, not having had Time to get off
' another Shirt, or a Pair of Shoes, than what we
' had on.

' Having obtained Leave to go on Board the
' Pirates, and gotten a Promise of Safety, several
' of the Chief of them knew me, and some of them
' had sailed with me, which I found to be of great
' Advantage; because, notwithstanding their Pro-
' mise, some of them would have cut me, and all
' that would not enter with them, to Pieces, had
' it not been for the chief Captain, *Edward Eng-*
' *land*, and some others whom I knew. They talk-
' ed of burning one of their Ships, which we had to
' intirely disabled, as to be no farther useful to
' them, and to fit the *Cassandra* in her room; but
' in the End I managed the Affair so well, that
' they made me a Present of the said shattered Ship,
' which was Dutch built, and called the *Fancy*; her
' Burden was about three hundred Tons: I pro-
' cured also a hundred and twenty nine Bales of the
' Company's Cloth, tho' they would not give me
' a Rag of my own Cloaths.

' They sailed the 3d of September; and I, with
' Jury-Masts, and such old Sails as they left me,
' made a shift to do the like on the 8th, togetner
' with 43 of my Ship's Crew, including two Pas-
' sengers and 12 Soldiers; having no more than five
' Tons of Water aboard. After a Passage of forty
' eight Days, I arrived here on the 26th of Oc-
' tober, almost naked and starved, having been re-
' duced to a pint of Water a Day, and almost in despair
' of ever seeing Land, by Reason of the Calms we
' met

met with between the Coast of *Arabia* and *Malabar*.—We had in all thirteen Men killed, and twenty four wounded; and we were told, that we had destroyed about ninety or a hundred of the Pirates. When they left us, they were about 300 Whites, and 80 Blacks, in both Ships. I am persuaded, had our Consort the *Greenwich* done his Duty, we had destroyed both of them, and got two hundred thousand Pounds for our Owners and selves; whereas the Loss of the *Cassandra* may justly be imputed to his deserting us. I have delivered all the Bales that were given me into the Company's Warehouse, for which the Governor and Council have ordered me a Reward. Our Governor, Mr. *Boon*, who is extreme kind and civil to me, had ordered me home with this Packet; but Captain *Harvey*, who had a prior Promise, being come in with the Fleet, goes in my room. The Governor hath promis'd me a Country Voyage to help to make up my Losses, and would have me stay, and accompany him to *England* next Year.

Captain *Mackra* certainly run a great Hazard, in going aboard the Pirate, and began quickly to repent his Credulity; for though they had promised, that no Injury should be done to his Person, he found their Words were not to be trusted; and it may be supposed, that nothing but the desperate Circumstances he imagined himself to be in, could have prevailed upon him to fling himself and Company into their Hands: Perhaps he did not know how firmly the Natives of that Island were attach'd to the *English* Nation; for about 20 Years ago, Captain *Cornwall*, Commodore of an *English* Squadron, assisted them against another Island called *Mobilla*, for which they have ever since communicated all the grateful Offices in their Power; insomuch that it became a Proverb, *That an Englishman, and a Juanna Man were all one*.

England was inclined to favour Captain *Mackra*; but he was so free as to let him know, that his Interest was declining amongst them; and that the Pirates were so provoked at the Resistance he made against them, that he was afraid he should hardly be able to protect him: He therefore advised him to sulk up and manage the Temper of Captain *Taylor*, a Fellow of a most barbarous Nature, who was become a Favourite amongst them, for no other Reason than because he was a greater Brute than the rest. *Mackra* did what he could to soften this Beast, and ply'd him with warm Punch, notwithstanding which, they were in a Tumult whether they should make an End of him, or no, when an Accident happen'd which turn'd to the Favour of the unfortunate Captain; a Fellow with a terrible pair of Whiskers, and a wooden Leg, being stuck round with Pistols, like the Man in the Almanack with Darts, comes swearing and vapouring upon the Quarter-Deck, and asks, in a damning Manner, which was Captain *Mackra*: The Captain expected no less than that this Fellow would be his Executioner;—but when he came near him, he took him by the Hand, swearing, *Damn him he was glad to see him; and shew me the Man, says he, that offers to hurt Captain Mackra, for I'll stand by him; and so with many Oaths he told him, he was an honest Fellow, and that he had formerly sail'd with him*.

This put an End to the Dispute, and Captain *Taylor* was so mellow'd with the Punch, that he consented that the old Pirate Ship, and so many Bales of Cloth, should be given to Captain *Mackra*, and so he fell asleep. *England* advised Captain *Mackra*, to get off with all Expedition, lest when

the Beast should awake, he might repent his Generosity: Which Advice was followed by the Captain.

Captain *England* he having sided so much to Captain *Mackra*'s Interest, was a Means of making him many Enemies among the Crew; they thinking such good Usage inconsistent with their Polity, because it looked like procuring Favour at the Aggravation of their Crimes; therefore, upon an Imagination or Report, soon after raised that Captain *Mackra* was firing out against them, with the Company's Force *England* was pulled out of his Government, and married, with three more, on the Island of *Mauritius*. An Island, indeed, not to be complained of, but they accumulated any Wealth by their Villainie they would have afforded some future comfortable Prospect, for it abounds with Fish, Deer, Hogs, and other Flesh. Sir *Thomas Herbert* says, the Shores are stocked with Coral and Ambergrease; but I believe the *Dutch* had not deserted it, had there been much of these Commodities to have been found. It was 1722, resettled by the *French*, who have a Fort on another neighbouring Island, called *Don Mascari*, which is touched at for Water, Wood, and Refreshments, by *French* Ships bound to, or from *India*; *St. Helena* and *Cape Bon Esperance*, are by us called the *Dutch*. From this Place, Captain *England* and his Companions, having made a little Boat of Staves and old Pieces of Deal left there, went over to *Madagascar*, where they subsist at present on the Charity of some of their Brethren, who had made better Provision for themselves, that they had done.

The Pirates detained some Officers and Men belonging to Captain *Mackra*, and having repaired Damages received in their Rigging, they sailed for *India*. The Day before they made Land, they sent two Ships to the Eastward, who, at first Sight, took to be *English*, and thereupon ordered one of the Prisoners, who had been an Officer with Captain *Mackra*, to tell them the private Signals between the Company's Ships, the Captain swearing he would cut him in pound Pieces, if he did not do it immediately; but the poor Man being unable, was forced to bear their Scurillity, till they came up with Vessels, and found they were two *Moor* Ships from *Muscat*, loaded with Horses: They brought the Captains of them, and the Merchants, on Board, toring them, and rifling the Ships, in order to dissect their Riches, as believing they came from *Mocha*; but being baulked in their Expectation, and in the Morning seeing Land, and at the same Time a Fleet in Shore plying to Windward, they were puzzled how to dispose of them: To let them go, was to disappoint and ruin the Voyage, and it was cruel to sink the Men and Horses with the Ships, tho' many of them were inclined to do it, therefore, as a Medium, they brought them to an Anchor, threw all their Stores over-board, and cut one of the Ships Masts through.

While they lay at an Anchor, and were all the next Day employ'd in taking out Water, one of the afore-mentioned Fleet bore towards them with *English* Colours, and was answered with a red Ensign from the Pirates, but they did not speak with one another. At Night they left the *Muscat* Ships, weighed with the Sea Wind, and stood to the Northward with this Fleet: About four next Morning, just as they were getting under sail with the Land Wind, the Pirates came amongst them, made no stop, and fir'd their great and small Guns very briskly, till they got thro': As Day-Light cleared, they were in a great Consternation in their Minds, having all along taken them for *Angria*'s Fleet: What was now the Point, to dispute whether to run or

sure? They were sensible of their Inferiority of Strength, having no more than 300 Men in both their Ships, and 40 of these were Negroes; besides, the *Victory* had then four Pumps at Work, and must inevitably be lost before, had it not been for some Hand-Pumps, and several Pair of Standards brought out of the *Cassandra*, to relieve and strengthen her. At last, observing the Indifference of the Fleet, they chose rather to chase than run; and thought that the best Way to save themselves, was to play at Bull-beggar with the Enemy: So they came up with the Sea Wind, about Gun-Shot to Leeward, the great Ships of the Fleet were a-head, and some others a-stern; which latter they took for Fire-Vessels: Those a-head gaining from them by cutting away their Boats, they could do nothing more than continue their Course all Night. This they did, and found them next Morning out of Sight, excepting a Ketch and some few Gallivats, which are a small sort of Vessels something like the Feluccas of the *Mediterranean*, and like them, triangular Sails. They bore down, which the Ketch perceiving, transported her People on Board a Gallivat, and let fire to her; the other proved too nimble, and made off. The same Day they chased another Gallivat and took her, being come from *Gogo* with Cotton, and bound for *Callicut*. Of these Men they enquired concerning the Fleet, supposing they must have been in it; but they protested they had not seen a Ship or Boat since they left *Gogo*, and pleaded very earnestly for Favour; nevertheless, the Pirates threw all their Cargo over-board, and squeeze'd their Joyns in a Vice, to extort Confession. The poor Wretches entirely ignorant of who what this Fleet should be, were oblig'd to sustain its Torment; and the next Day a fresh easterly Wind having split the Gallivats Sails, the Pirates put her company into the Boat to shift for themselves, with nothing but a Trysail, no Provisions, and only four allons of Water, (half of it Salt) and being then out of Sight of Land.

For the better elucidating of this Story, it may be convenient to inform the Reader, who *Angria* is, and what the Fleet were, that had so scurvily behaved themselves.

Angria, is a famous Indian Pirate, master of considerable Strength and large Territories, that gives continual Disturbance to the *European* Trade, and especially to the *English*: His chief Hold is *Callaba*, many Leagues from *Bombay*, and he has one and in Sight of that Port, whereby he gains frequent Opportunities of annoying the Company. It could not be so insuperable a Difficulty to suppress him, if the Shallowness of the Water did not prevent Ships of War coming nigh; and if he had not had a better Art of bribing the *Mogul's* Ministers to Protection, when he finds an Enemy too powerful.

In the Year 1720, the *Bombay* Fleet, consisting of six Grabs, which are Ships built in *India* by the Company, with three Masts, a Prow like a Rowing-ship, instead of a Bolt-sprit, and of about 150 Tons burden, officered and armed like a Man of War, for the Defence and Protection of the Trade, assisted by the *London*, the *Candois*, and two other Ships, with Gallivats, attempted to bombard and batter *Gayra*, a Port belonging to *Angria*, on the *Malabar* Coast. Besides their proper Complement, they carried down thousand Men for this Enterprize. This was the first time that our Pirates fell in with, who were now returning to *Bombay*, without any Success in what they had undertaken. Captain *Upton*, Commodore of the Fleet, upon Sight of the Rovers, prudently ordered to Mr. *Brown*, the General, That the Ships were not to be hazarded, since they failed without

their Governor *Boon's* Orders to engage; and besides, that they did not come out with such a Design. Their missing this favourable Opportunity of destroying the Pirates, angered the Governor so, that he transferred the Command of the Fleet to Captain *Mackra*, who had Orders immediately to pursue and engage, wherever he met them.

The Viceroy of *Goa*, assisted by the *English* Company's Fleet from *Bombay*, after this, engaged for the Reduction of *Callaba*, *Angria's* principal Place, and to that Purpose landed 8 or 10000 Men the next Year, the *English* Squadron of Men of War being then in those Seas; but having viewed the Fortification well, and expended some of their Army by Sickness, and the Fatigues of a Camp, he carefully withdrew again.

We return to the Pirates, who, after they had sent away the Gallivats People, were resolved to cruise to the Southward: The next Day, between *Goa* and *Canwar*, they heard several Guns, which brought them to an Anchor, and they sent their Boat on the Scent, who returned about two in the Morning, and brought Word of two Grabs lying at Anchor in the Road. They weighed and ran towards the Bay, till Day-Light, gave the Grabs Sight of them; and there was but just Time enough to get under *India Diza* Castle, out of their Reach. This displeased the Pirates the more, in that they wanted Water: Some of them were for making a Descent that Night, and taking the Island, but it not being approved of by the Majority, they proceeded to the Southward, and took next in their Way a small Ship, out of *Onnore* Road, with only a *Dutch* Man and two *Portuguese* on Board. They sent one of these on Shore to the Captain, to acquaint him, that if he would supply them with some Water, and fresh Provisions, he should have his Ship again; and the Master returned for answer, by his Mate *Frank Harmless*, that if they would deliver him Possession over the Barr, he would comply with their Request. This Proposal the Mate thought was collusive, and the Pirates rather jump'd into *Harmless's* Opinion, who very honestly entered with them, and resolved to seek Water at the *Laccadewa* Islands: So having sent the other Persons on Shore, with Threats that he should be the last Man they would give Quarter to, by reason of this uncivil Usage, they put directly for the Islands, and arrived there in three Days. Here, being informed by a *Menchew*, they took with the Governor of *Canwar's* Pass, that there was no Anchor-Ground among them, and *Melinda* being the next convenient Island, they sent their Boats on Shore, to see if there was any Water, and whether it was inhabited or not. The Boats returned with an Answer to their Satisfaction, viz. that there was abundance of good Water, and many Houses, all deserted by the Men, who had fled to the neighbouring Islands on the Approach of Ships, and left only the Women and Children to guard one another. The Women they forced in a barbarous Manner to their Lufts, and, to requite them, destroyed their Cocoa-Trees, and fired several of their Houses and Churches, which we suppose were built by the *Portuguese*, who formerly used to put in there in their Voyages to *India*.

While they were at this Island, they lost three or four Anchors, by the Rockiness of the Ground, and Freshness of the Winds, and at last were forced thence by a harder Gale than ordinary, leaving 70 People, Blacks and Whites, and most of their Water-Casks. In ten Days they regained the Island again, filled their Water, and took the People on Board.

Provisions were grown very scarce, and they now resolved to visit their good Friends the *Dutch*, at *Cochin*, who, if you will believe these Rogues, never fail

fail of supplying Gentlemen of their Profession. After three Days sail, they arrived off *Tellechery*, and took a small Vessel belonging to Governor *Adams*, *John Taroke*, Master, whom they brought on Board very drunk. This Man giving them an Account of Captain *Mackra's* fitting out, it put them into a Tempest of Passion: A Villain, said they, *that we have treated so civilly, as to give him a Ship and other Presents, and now to come armed against us; he ought to be hanged. And since we cannot shew our Resentment on him, let us hang the Dogs his People, who wish him well, and would do the same, if they were clear. If it be in my Power, says the Quarter-Master, both Masters and Officers of Ships shall be carried with us, for the future, only to plague them. Now — d — n England; we may thank him for this.*

Thence they proceeded to *Calicut*, where they endeavoured to take a large *Moorish* Ship out of the Road, but were prevented by some Guns mounted on Shore, and discharged at them. Mr. *Lafinby*, who was one of Captain *Mackra's* Officers, and detained by them, was under the Deck at this Time, and commanded, both by the Captain and Quarter-Master of the Pirates, to tend the Braces on the Brooms, in Hopes, it was believed, that a Shot would take him before they got clear. When he would have excused himself, they threatened, on the least Neglect, to shoot him; at which, the other beginning to expostulate farther, and claim their Promise of putting him ashore, he got an unmerciful beating from the Quarter-Master; Captain *Taylor*, who was now Successor to *England*, and whose Privilege it was to use the Cudgel, being lame of his Hands, and unable.

The next Day, in their Passage down, they came up with a *Dutch* Galliot, bound for *Calicut*, with Lime-Stone, a-board of which they put Captain *Taroke*, and sent him away. At this Time, several of the People interceded for *Lafinby*, but in vain: For, says *Taylor* and his Party, *if we let this Dog go, who has heard our Designs and Resolutions, we over-set all our well-advised Projections, and particularly this Supply we are now seeking for, at the Hands of the Dutch.*

It was but one Day more before they arrived off *Cochin*, where, by a Fishing-Canoe, they sent a Letter on Shore; and in the Afternoon, with the Sea-Breeze, ran into the Road and anchored, saluting the Fort with 11 Guns each Ship, and receiving the Return in an equal Number. This they look'd upon as a good Omen of the welcome Reception they afterwards found, for at Night there came on Board a large Boat, deeply laden with fresh Provisions and Liquors, and with it a Servant of a favourite Inhabitant, called *John Trumpet*. He told them they must immediately weigh, and run farther to the Southward, where they should be supplied with all Things they wanted, whether naval Stores, or Provisions.

They had not been long at Anchor again, before they had several Canoes on Board, with both black and white Inhabitants, who continued, without Interruption, all good Offices, during their Stay. *John Trumpet*, in particular, brought a large Boat of Arrack, than which, nothing could be more pleasing, as also 60 Bales of Sugar; an Offering, it is presumed, from the Governor and his Daughter, who, in Return, had a fine Table-Clock for sent himself, the Plunder of Captain *Mackra's* Ship, and a large Gold Watch for the Lady, Earnests of the Pay they designed to make.

When they had all on Board, they paid Mr. *Trumpet* to his Satisfaction; it was computed to the Sum of 6 or 7000 *l.* gave him three Cheers, 11 Guns each

Ship, and throw'd Ducateons into his Boat by Handfuls, for the Boat-Men to scramble for.

That Night there being little Wind, they did not weigh, and *Trumpet*, in the Morning, waked them to the Sight of more Arrack, Chests of Piece-Goods, and ready-made Clothes, bringing the Fiscal of the Place also with him. At Noon, while those were on Board, they saw a Sail to the Southward, which they weighed, and chased after; but she, having a good Offing, got to the Northward of them, and anchor'd at a small Distance from *Cochin* Fort: The afore-mention'd Gentlemen assuring the Pirates that they would not be molested in taking her from under the Castle, solicited before-hand for the buying her, and advised them to stand in, which they did boldly, to board her; but when they came within a Cable's Length or two of the Chace, now near Shore, the Fort fired two small Guns, whose Shot falling nigh their Muzzles, they instantly bore out of the Road, made an easy Sail to the Southward, and anchored at Night in their former Birth where *John Trumpet*, to engage their Stay a little longer, informed them, that in a few Days, a very rich Ship was to pass by, commanded by the General of *Bombay's* Brother.

This Governor is an Emblem of foreign Power. What Inconvenience and Injury must the Master's Subjects sustain, under one who can truckle to such treacherous and base Means, as corresponding and trading with Pirates to enrich himself? Certainly such a Man will stick at no Injustice to repair or make a Fortune. He has the *Argumentum bacillum*, always in his own Hands, and can convince, when he pleases, in half the Time of other Arguments that Fraud and Oppression is Law. That he employs Instruments in such dirty Work, expresses the Guilt and Shame, but no way mitigates the Crime *John Trumpet* was the Tool; but, as the Dog said in the Fable, on another Occasion, *What is done by the Master's Orders, is the Master's Action.*

I cannot but reflect, on this Occasion, what a vile Government *Sancho Pancho* had of it; he had no only such *Perquisites* rescinded, but was really almost starved; the Victuals was taken from him almost every Day, and only under a Pretence of preserving his Excellency's Health: But Government differ.

From *Cochin* some were for proceeding to *Mada gascar* directly; others thought it proper to cruize till they got a Store-Ship: These latter being the Majority, they ply'd to the Southward; and, after some Days, saw a Ship in Shore, which being to Windward of them, they could not get nigh, till the Sea, Wind and Night favouring, they separated one to the Northward, the other to the Southward thinking to enclose her between: But, to their Astonishment, and contrary to Expectation, when *Dabroke*, instead of the Chace, they found themselves very near five Sail of tall Ships, who immediately making a Signal for the Pirates to bear down, put them in the utmost Confusion, particularly *Taylor's* Ship, because their Consort was at so great a Distance from them, as at least three Leagues to the Southward. However, they stood to one another and joined, and then together made the best of the Way from the Fleet, which they judged to be commanded by Captain *Mackra*, of whose Courage having had Experience, they were glad to shun any farther Proofs of it.

In three Hours Chace, none of the Fleet gaining upon them, excepting one Grab, their dejected Countenances cleared up again; the more, in that Calm succeeded for the Remainder of that Day. In the Night, with the Land Wind, they ran direct

Shore, and found next Day, to their great Consternation, that they had lost Sight of all the Fleet.

This Danger escaped, they proposed to spend their Christmas, which was the Christmas of 1720, in Carousing and Forgetfulness; and, accordingly, they kept for three Days in a wanton and riotous Way, not only eating, but wasting their fresh Provisions in so wretched and inconsiderable a Manner, that, when they had agreed after this to proceed to Mauritius, they were in that Passage at an Allowance of a Bottle of Water *per Diem*, and not above two Pounds of Beef, and a small Quantity of Rice, every Day, for ten Men. So that had it not been for the leaky Ship, they must most of them have perished; but she had a large Quantity of Arrack and Sugar on Board.

In this Condition they arrived at the Island of Mauritius, about the Middle of February, sheathed and refitted the Victory, and, on the 5th of April, sailed again, leaving this terrible Inscription on one of the Walls: *Left this Place the 5th of April, to go to Madagascar for Limes.* This they did lest any Vints should be paid in their Absence, as it often happens to Lawyers, and Men of Business: however, they did not sail directly for Madagascar, but at the Island Mascarine, where, luckily as Rogues could wish, they found at their Arrival, on the 8th, a Portuguese Ship at Anchor, of 70 Guns, but most of them thrown over-board, her Masts lost, and the whole Vessel so much disabled by a violent Storm they had met with in the Latitude of 13° South, that she became a Prize to the Pirates, with very little or no Resistance. A glorious Prize she was, indeed, having the *Comde de Ericeira*, Viceroy of Goa, who made that fruitless Expedition against Angria, the Indian, and several other Passengers on board. These Persons could not be ignorant of the Treasure she had in her; and they asserted, that, in the single Article of Diamonds, there was the Value of between three or four Millions of Dollars.

The Viceroy, who came on Board that Morning, in Expectation of the Ships being English, was made Prisoner, and oblig'd to pay a Ransom; which in Consideration of his great Loss (the Treasure being partly his own,) they agreed, after some Demurrings, should be only 2000 Dollars for himself and the other Prisoners; whom they set ashore, with Promises to leave a Ship, that they might transport themselves, because the Island was not thought in a Condition to maintain so great a Number. However, tho' they had learned from them the Account of an Offender being to Leeward of the Island, and taken on that Information, so that they could conveniently have comply'd with so reasonable a Request; yet they sent the *Offender* (which was formerly the Greyhound Galley of London), with some of their people to Madagascar, with News of their Success, and Orders to prepare Masts for the Prize; and followed themselves soon after, without Regard to the sufferers, carrying 2000 Mozambique Negroes with them in the Portuguese Ship.

Madagascar is an Island larger than Great-Britain, most of it within the Tropick of Capricorn: it lies East from the Eastern Side of Africa, and abounds with Provisions of all Sorts; as Oxen, Goats, Sheep, Poultry, Fish, Citrons, Oranges, Tamarinds, Dates, Cocoa-Nuts, Banana's, Wax, Honey, Rice, Cotton, Indigo, or, in short, with any other Thing they will take Pains to plant, and have Understanding to manage. They have likewise Ebony, a hard Wood like Brasil, of which they make their Lances; and Gum of several Sorts, Benzin, Dragon's Blood, &c. What is most incommodious, are the nu-

merous Swarms of Locusts on the Land, and the Crocodiles, or Alligators, in their Rivers. Hither, in St. Augustine's Bay, the Ships sometimes touch for Water, when they take the inner Passage in India, and do not design to stop at Jobanna; and we may observe, from the sixth general Voyage set forth by the East-India Company in Confirmation of what is hereafter said in Relation to Currents in general, that this inner Passage or Channel, has its Northern and Southern Currents strongest where the Channel is narrowest, and is less, and varies on different Points of the Compass, as the Sea comes to spread again, in the Passage cross the Line.

Since the Discovery of this Island by the Portuguese, A. D. 1506, the Europeans, and particularly the Pirates, have increased a dark Mulatto Race there, tho' still few in Comparison with the Natives. These latter are Negroes, with curl'd short Hair, Active, and formerly represented malicious and revengeful, now tractable and communicable, perhaps owing to the Favours in Cloathing and Liquors, that they from Time to Time have received from these Fellows, who live in all possible Friendship with them; and, can any single Man of them, command a Guard of 2 or 300 at a Minute's warning: This friendship is farther the Native's Interest to cultivate with them, because the Island, being divided into petty Governments and Commands, the Pirates, settled here, who are now a considerable Number, and have little Castles of their own, can carry the Day wherever they think fit to side.

When Taylor's Crew came with the Portuguese Prize hither, they found the Offender had played their Men a Trick, for they took Advantage of their Drink, rose upon them, and as (they heard afterwards) carried the Ship to Mozambique, whence the Governor ordered her for Goa.

Here the Pirates cleaned the *Cassandra*, and divided their Plunder, sharing 42 small Diamonds a Man, or in less Proportion according to their Magnitude. An ignorant, or a merry Fellow, who had only one in this Division, as being judged equal in Value to 42 small ones, muttered very much at his Lot, went and broke it in a Mortar, swearing afterwards, he had a better share than any of them, for he had beat it, he said, in 43 Sparks.

Those who were not for running the Hazard of their Necks, with 42 Diamonds, besides other Treasure, in their Pockets, knocked off, and stayed with their old acquaintance at Madagascar, on mutual Agreements, that the longer Livers should take all. The Residue having therefore no Occasion for two Ships, and the Victory being Leaky, she was burnt, the Men (as many as would) coming into the *Cassandra*, under the Command of Taylor, whom we must leave a Time, projecting either for Cochin, to dispose of their Diamonds among their old Friends the Dutch, or else for the Red or China Seas, to avoid the Men of War, that continually clamoured in their Ears a Noise of Danger; and proceed to give the little Account we are able, of that Squadron who arrived in India, early in the Year 1721.

At the Cape of Good Hope, in June, the Commodore met with a Letter, which was left for him by the Governor of Maderas, to whom it was wrote by the Governor of Pandicherry, a French Factory, on the Coromondel Coast, signifying, that the Pirates, at the Writing of it, were then strong in the Indian Seas, having 11 Sail and 1500 Men; but that many of them went away about that Time, for the Coast of Brazil and Guinea, that others settled and fortified themselves at Madagascar, Mauritius, Jobanna and Mohilla: And that others, under Condern, in a Ship called the *Dragon*, took a large

T t Vessels,

Vessel, coming from *Judda* and *Mocho*, with thirteen Lackies of Rupees on Board, (i. e. 1300000 half Crowns,) which Plunder having divided, they burnt their Ship and Prize, and sat down quietly with their other Friends at *Madagascar*.

The Account contained several other Things which we have before related.—Commodore *Matthews*, upon receiving this Intelligence, and being fond of the Service he came out for, haltened to those Islands, as the most hopeful Places of Success; at *St. Mary's* he would have engaged *England* with Promises of Favour, to communicate what he knew, concerning the *Cassandra*, and the rest of the Pirates, and assist in the Pilotage; but *England* was wary, and thought this was to surrender at Discretion: So they took up the Guns of the *Judda* Ship that was burnt, and the Men of War dispersed themselves on several Voyages and Cruises afterwards, as was thought likeliest to succeed; tho' all to no Purpose. Then the Squadron went down to *Bombay*, were saluted by the Fort, and came home.

The Pirates, I mean those of the *Cassandra*, now Captain *Taylor*, fitted up the *Portuguese* Man of War, and resolved upon another Voyage to the *Indies*, notwithstanding the Riches they had heaped up; but, as they were preparing to sail, they heard of the four Men of War coming after them to those Seas; therefore they altered their Minds, sailed for the Main of *Africa*, and put in at a little place called *Delagoa*, near the River *de Spiritu Sancto*, on the Coast of *Monomotapa*, in 26° South Latitude. They believed this to be a Place of Security, in regard that the Squadron could not possibly get Intelligence of them, there being no Correspondence over Land, nor any Trade carried on by Sea, between that and the Cape, where the Men of War were then supposed to be. The Pirates came to in the Evening, and were surprized with a few Shot from the Shore, not knowing of any Fortification or *European* Settlement in that Part of the World; so they anchored at a Distance that Night. In the Morning, they perceived a small Fort of six Guns, whereupon, they run up to it, and battered it down.

This Fort was built and settled by the *Dutch East-India* Company, a few Months before, for what Purpose, I know not; they had left 150 Men upon the Place, who were then dwindled to a third Part by Sickness and Casualties, and never after received any Relief or Neccessaries; so that Sixteen of those that were left, upon their humble Petition, were admitted on Board the Pirates, and all the rest would have had the same Favour (they said) had they been any other than *Dutch*. I mention this, as an Instance of the Pirates Ingratitude, who had been so much obliged to their Countrymen for Support: But Rogues seldom love one another, tho' their Interest often unites them.

Here they staid above four Months, carreened both their Ships, and took their Diversions with Security, till they had expended all their Provisions; then they put to Sea, leaving considerable Quantities of Mu-

slins, Chintzes, and such like Goods behind, to the half starv'd *Dutch* Men, which enabled them to make good Pennyworths to the next that came, with whom they bartered for Provisions, at the Rate of three Farthings an *English* Yard.

They left *Delagoa* about the latter End of *December*, in 1722, but not agreeing whither, or how to proceed, they concluded to part; so those who were for continuing that sort of Life, went on Board the *Portuguese* Prize, and steered for *Madagascar* to their Friends, with whom I hear they are now settled; and the rest took the *Cassandra* and sailed for the *Spanish West-Indies*. The *Mermaid* Man of War happening then to be down on the Main with a Convoy, about 30 Leagues from these Pirates, would have gone and attacked them; but, on a Consultation of the Masters, whose Safety he was particularly to regard, they agreed their own Protection was of more Service than destroying the Pirate, and so the Commander was unwillingly with-held. He dispatched a Sloop to *Jamaica*, with the News, which brought down the *Lanceston*, only a Day or two too late they having just before he came, surrendered, with all their Riches, to the Governor of *Porto-Bello*.

Here they sat down to spend the Fruits of their dishonest Industry, dividing the Spoil and Plunder of Nations among themselves, without the least Remorse or Compunction; satisfying their Conscience with this Salvo, that other People would have done as much had they the like Opportunity. We can't say, but that if they had known what was doing in *England*, at the same Time, by the *South-Sea* Directors, and their Directors, they would certainly have had this Reflection for their Consolation viz. *That whatever Robberies they had committed they might be pretty sure they were not the greatest Villains then living in the World.*

It is a difficult Matter to make a Computation of the Mischief that was done by his Crew, in about five Years Time, which amounted to much more than the Plunder they gained; for they often sunk or burnt the Vessel they took, as it suited their Humour or Circumstances; sometimes to prevent giving Intelligence, sometimes because they did not leave Men to navigate them, and at other Times out of Wantonness, or because they were displeased at the Master's Behaviour; for any of these Reasons, it was but to give the Word, and down went the Ships and Cargoes to the Bottom of the Sea.

Since their Surrender to the *Spaniards*, I am informed several of them have left the Place, and dispersed themselves elsewhere; eight of them were shipped about *November* last, in one of the *South-Sea* Company's Assiento Sloops, and passed for Shipwreck'd Men; with which Pretence they came to *Jamaica*, and there sailed in other Vessels; and we know one of them that came to *England* last Spring from that Island. 'Tis said, that Captain *Taylor* has taken a Commission in the *Spanish* Service, and that he commanded the Man of War, that lately attacked the *English* Log-Wood Cutters in the Bay of *Honduras*.

The LIFE of Captain CHARLES VANE.

Charles Vane was one of those who stole away the Silver, which the Spaniards had fished up from the Wrecks of the Galleons, in the Gulph of Florida, and was at Providence when Governor Rogers arrived there with two Men of War, as the Reader has been informed before.

All the Pirates who were then found at this Colony of Rogues, submitted, and received Certificates of their Pardon, except Captain Vane and his Crew; so, as soon as they saw the Men of War enter, they cut their Cable, set Fire to a Prize they had in the Harbour, sailed out with their pyratial Colours flying, and fired at one of the Men of War, as they went off from the Coast.

Two Days after they went out, they met with a Sloop belonging to Barbadoes, which they made Prize of, and kept the Vessel for their own Use, putting aboard five and twenty Hands, with one Yeats to command them. A Day or two afterwards they fell in with a small interloping Trader, with a Quantity of Spanish Pieces of Eight aboard, bound into Providence, called the *John and Elizabeth*, which they also took along with them. With these two Sloops Vane went to a small Island and cleaned; where they shared their Booty, and spent some time in a riotous Manner of Living, as is the Custom of Pirates after such Success.

About the latter End of May, 1718, they sailed, being in Want of Provisions, they beat up for the Windward Islands; in the Way they met with a Spanish Sloop, bound from Porto Rico to the Havanna, which they burnt, stowed the Spaniards in a Boat, and left them to get to the Island, by the sight of their Vessel. Steering afterwards between Christopher's and Anguilla, they fell in with a Brigantine and a Sloop, freighted with such Cargo as they wanted; from whom they got Provisions for the Store.

Sometime after this, standing to the Northward, in the Track the Old-England Ships take in their Voyage to the American Colonies, they took several Ships and Vessels, which they plundered of what they thought fit, and let them pass on in their Course.

The latter End of August, Vane, with his Consort *Yeats*, came off South-Carolina, and took a Ship belonging to Ipswich, one Coggeshall Commander, laden with Logwood. This was thought convenient enough for their own Business, and therefore they ordered their Prisoners to work, and throw all the Log over-board; but when they had more than half cleared the Ship, the Whim changed, and then they would not have her; so Coggeshall had his Ship again, and he was suffered to pursue his Voyage home. In his Cruise the Rovers took several Ships and Vessels; particularly a Sloop from Barbadoes, one Dillutter; a small Ship from Antegoa, one Cock Master; a Sloop belonging to Curacao, one Richards; and a large Brigantine, Captain Thompson, from Guinea, with ninety odd Negroes aboard. The Pirates plundered them all and let them go, putting the

Negroes out of the Brigantine a-board of Yeats's Vessel; by which Means they came back again to the right Owners.

For Captain Vane always treated his Consort with very little Respect, and resumed a Superiority over him and his Crew, regarding the Vessel but as a Tender to his own: This gave them a Disgust; for they thought themselves as good Pirates, and as great Rogues as the best of them; so they caball'd together, and resolved the first Opportunity to leave the Company; and accept of his Majesty's Pardon, or set up for themselves; either of which they thought more honourable than to be Servants to Vane: The putting a-board so many Negroes, where they were so few Hands to take Care of them, still aggravated the Matter, tho' they thought fit to conceal or stifle their Repentments at that Time.

A Day or two afterwards, the Pirates lying off at Anchor, Yeats in the Evening slipped his Cable, and put his Vessel under Sail, standing into the Shore; which when Vane saw, he was highly provoked, and got his Sloop under Sail to chase his Consort, who, he plainly perceiv'd, had a Mind to have no more to do with him. Vane's Brigantine sailing best, he gain'd Ground of Yeats, and would certainly have come up with him, had he had a little longer Run for it; but just as he got over the Bar, when Vane came within Gun-shot of him, he fir'd a Broad-side at his old Friend (which did him no Damage) and so took his Leave.

Yeats came into North Edisto, River, about Ten Leagues to the Southward of Charles-Town, and sent an Express to the Governor, to know if he and his Comrades might have the Benefit of his Majesty's Pardon; promising that, if they might, they would surrender themselves to his Mercy, with the Sloops and Negroes. Their Request being granted, they all came up, and receiv'd Certificates; and Captain Thompson, from whom the Negroes were taken, had them all restor'd to him, for the Use of his Owners.

Vane cruiz'd some Time off the Bar, in Hopes to catch Yeats at his coming out again, but therein he was disappointed; however, he there, unfortunately for them, took two Ships from Charles-Town, which were bound home to England. It happen'd, that just at this Time, that two Sloops, well mann'd and arm'd, were equipp'd to go after a Pirate, which the Governor of South Carolina was inform'd lay then in Cape Fear River, a cleaning: But Colonel Rhet, who commanded the Sloops, meeting with one of the Ships that Vane had plunder'd, going back over the Bar, for such Necessaries as had been taken from her; and the giving the Colonel an Account of her being taken by the Pirate Vane, and, also, that some of her Men, while they were Prisoners on board of him, had heard the Pirates say they should clean in one of the Rivers to the Southward; he alter'd his first Design, and, instead of standing to the Northward, in pursuit of the Pirate in Cape Fear River, he turn'd to the Southward after Vane, who had

had order'd such Reports to be given out, on purpose to send any Force that should come after him upon a wrong Seent; for, in Reality, he stood away to the Northward, so that the Pursuit proved to be of no Effect.

Colonel *Rhet's* speaking with this Ship, was the most unlucky Thing that could have happen'd, because it turn'd him out of the Road, which, in all Probability, would have brought him into the Company of *Vane*, as well as of the Pirate he went after; and so they might have been both destroy'd; whereas, by the Colonel's going a different Way, he not only lost the Opportunity of meeting with one, but, if the other had not been infatuated to lie six Weeks together at Cape *Fear*, he would have miss'd of him likewise: However, the Colonel having searched the Rivers and Inlets, as directed, for several Days, without Success, he at length fail'd in Prosecution of his first Design, and met with the Pirate accordingly; whom he fought, and took, as has been before related in the History of Major *Bonnet*, for which Reason we shall say no more of it here.

Captain *Vane* went into an Inlet to the Northward, where he met with Captain *Teach*, otherwise call'd *Black-beard*, whom he saluted (when he found who he was) with his great Guns, loaded with Shot; it being the Custom among Pirates when they meet to do so, tho' they are fired wide of one another, or up into the Air: *Black beard* answered the Salute in the same Manner, and mutual Civilities passed between them some Days; when, about the Beginning of *October*, *Vane* took Leave, and sail'd further to the Northward.

On the 23d of *October*, off of *Long-Island*, he took a small Brigantine, bound from *Jamaica* to *Salem* in *New-England*, *John Shattock* Master, besides a little Sloop: They rifled the Brigantine, and sent her away. From hence, they resolv'd on a Cruise between Cape *Meise* and Cape *Nicholas*, where they spent some Time, without seeing or speaking with any Vessel, till the latter End of *November*; then they fell upon a Ship, which, 'twas expected, would have struck as soon as their black Colours were hoisted; but, instead of that, she discharg'd a Broadside upon the Pirate, and hoisted Colours, which shew'd her to be a *French Man of War*. *Vane* desir'd to have nothing further to say to her, but trembled his Sails, and stood away from the *French Man*; however, Monsieur, having a Mind to be better inform'd who he was, set all his Sails, and crowed after him. During this Chace, the Pirates were divided in their Resolutions what to do: *Vane*, the Captain, was for making off as fast as he could, alledging, the Man of War was too strong for them to cope with; but one *John Rackam*, who was an Officer, and who had a kind of a Check upon the Captain, rose up in Defence of a contrary Opinion, saying, *That though she had more Guns, and a greater Weight of Metal, they might board her, and then the best Boys would carry the Day*. *Rackam* was well seconded, and the Majority was for boarding; but *Vane* urg'd, *That it was too rash and desperate an Enterprize, the Man of War appearing to be twice that Force; and that their Brigantine might be sunk by her before they could reach to board her*. The Mate, one *Robert Deal*, was of *Vane's* Opinion, as were about fifteen more, and all the rest joined with *Rackam*, the Quarter-Master. At length, the Captain made use of his Power to determine this Dispute, which, in these Cases, is absolute and uncontrollable, by their own Laws, viz. in fighting, chasing, or being chased, in all other Matters whatsoever, he is govern'd by a Majority: So the Brigantine having the

Heels, as they term it, of the *French Man*; she came clear off.

But, the next Day, the Captain's Behaviour was oblig'd to stand the Test of a Vote, and a Resolution pass'd against his Honour and Dignity, which branded him with the Name of Coward, depos'd him from the Command, and turn'd him out of the Company, with Marks of Infamy; and with him went all those who did not vote for boarding the *French Man of War*. They had with them a small Sloop that had been taken by them some Time before which they gave to *Vane* and the discarded Members; and, that they might be in a Condition to provide for themselves by their own honest Endeavour: they let them have a sufficient Quantity of Provision and Ammunition along with them.

John Rackam was voted Captain of the Brigantine in *Vane's* Room, and he proceeded towards the *Carbee Islands*; where we must leave him, till we have finish'd our Story of *Charles Vane*.

The Sloop sail'd for the Bay of *Honduras*, and *Vane* and his Crew put her into as good a Condition they could by the Way, that they might follow the old Trade. They cruiz'd two or three Days off the North-West Part of *Jamaica*, and took a Sloop at two Pettiaga's, all the Men of which enter'd with them: The Sloop they kept, and *Robert Deal* was appointed Captain of her.

On the 16th of *December* the two Sloops came into the Bay, where they found only one Vessel at Anchor. She was call'd *The Pearl*, of *Jamaica* Captain *Charles Rowland* Master, who got under Sails at the Sight of them; but the Pirate Sloops coming near *Rowland*, and shewing no Colours, he gave them a Gun or two; whereupon, they hoisted the black Flag, and fir'd three Guns each at the *Pearl*. She struck, and the Pirates took Possession, and carried her away to a small Island call'd *Barnabo*, where they clean'd. By the Way they met with a Sloop from *Jamaica*, Captain *Walden* Commander, as he was going down to the Bay, which they also made Prize of.

In *February*, *Vane* sail'd from *Barnabo*, in order for a Cruise; but some Days after he was out, a violent Turnado overtook him, which separated him from his Consort, and, after two Days Distress, threw his Sloop upon a small uninhabited Island, near the Bay of *Honduras*, where she was staved to Pieces, a most of her Men drowned: *Vane* himself was saved, but reduced to great Streights for want of Necessaries, having no Opportunity to get any Thing from the Wreck. He lived here some Weeks, and was supported chiefly by Fishermen, who frequented the Island with small Craft, from the Main, to catch Turtles, &c.

While *Vane* was upon this Island, a Ship put in there from *Jamaica*, for Water, the Captain of which, one *Holford*, an old Buccaneer, happened to be *Vane's* Acquaintance; he thought this a good Opportunity to get off, and accordingly he applied to his old Friend; but *Holford* absolutely refused him, saying to him, *Charles, I shan't trust you a-board my Ship, unless I carry you as a Prisoner; for I shan't have you caballing with my Men, knock me on the Head, and run away with my Ship a pyrating*. *Vane* made all the Protections of Honour in the World to him; but, it seems, Captain *Holford* was too intimately acquainted with him, to repose any Confidence at all in his Words or Oaths. He told him, *He must easily find a Way to get off, if he had a Mind to it; I am now going down the Bay, says he, and shall return hither in about a Month; and if I find you on the Island when I come back, I'll carry you to Jamaica*

and there hang you. Which Way can I get away? Answers Vane. Are there not Fishermen's Dories upon the Beach? Can't you take one of them? Replies Holford What, says Vane, would you have me steal a Dory then? Do you make it a Matter of Conscience? Said Holford, to steal a Dory, when you have been a common Robber and Pirate, stealing Ships and Cargoes, and plundering all Mankind that fell in your Way? Stay there and be damn'd, if you are so squeamish: And he left him to consider of the Matter.

After Captain Holford's Departure, another Ship out into the same Island, in her Way home, for Water; none of the Company knowing Vane, he easily pass'd upon them for another Man, and so was hipp'd for the Voyage. One would be apt to think that Vane was now pretty safe, and likely to escape his Fate which his Crimes had merited; but here a cross Accident happen'd that ruin'd all: Holford, returning from the Bay, was met with by this Ship, and the Captains being very well acquainted together, Holford was invited to dine aboard of him, which he did; as he pass'd along to the Cabin, he happen'd to cast his Eye down into the Hold, and

there saw Charles Vane at work; he immediately spoke to the Captain, saying, Do you know who you have got aboard there? Why, says he, I have ship'd a Man at such an Island, who was there cast away in a trading Sloop, and he seems to be a brisk Hand. I tell you, says Captain Holford, it is Vane, the notorious Pirate. If it be him, replies the other, I won't keep him: Why then, says Holford, I'll send, and take him aboard, and surrender him at Jamaica. This being agreed to, Captain Holford, as soon as he returned to his Ship, sent his Boat with his Mate, armed, who coming to Vane, shew'd him a Pistol, and told him, He was his Prisoner; no Man opposing, he was brought aboard, and put into Irons; and when Captain Holford arrived at Jamaica, he delivered his old Acquaintance into the Hands of Justice; at which Place he was try'd, convicted, and executed, as was, some Time before, Vane's Consort, Robert Deal, who was brought thither by one of the Men of War. Thus we may see how little ancient Friendship will avail a great Villain, when he is deprived of the Power that had before supported him, and made him formidable.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN RACKAM.

THIS John Rackam, as has been reported in the foregoing Pages, was Quarter Master to Vane's Company, till the Crew were divided, and Vane turned out of it, for refusing to board and fight the French Man of War; in his Room Rackam was voted Captain of that Division that remained in the Brigantine. The 24th of November, 1718, was the first Day of his Command, and his first Cruize was among the Caribbee Islands, where he took and plunder'd several Vessels.

We have already taken Notice, that, when Captain Woods Rogers went to the Island of Providence, with the King's Pardon to such as should surrender, this Brigantine, which Rackam now commanded, made its Escape thro' another Passage, bidding Deference to the Mercy that was offered.

To the Windward of Jamaica, a Madeira Man fell into the Pirates Way, which they detained two or three Days, till they had made their Market out of her, and then they gave her back to the Master, and permitted one Hosea Tisdal, a Tavern-Keeper at Jamaica, who had been pick'd up in one of their Prizes, to depart in her, she being then bound for that Island.

After this Cruize, they went into a small Island and cleaned, and spent their Christmas ashore, drinking and carousing as long as they had any Liqueur left, and then they went to Sea again for more: They succeeded but too well, tho' they took no extraordinary Prize for above two Months, except a Ship laden with Convicts from Newgate, bound for the Antients, which, in a few Days, was retaken, with her Cargo, by an English Man of War that was station'd in those Seas.

Rackam stood off towards the Island of Bermudas,

and took a Ship bound to England from Carolina, and a small Pink from New-England, both which he brought to the Bahama Islands, where, with the Pitch, Tar, and Stores, they clean'd again, and refitted their own Vessel; but staying too long in that Neighbourhood, Captain Rogers, who was Governor of Providence, hearing of these Ships being taken, sent out a Sloop well mann'd and arm'd, which retook both the Prizes, tho' in the mean while the Pirate had the good Fortune to escape.

From hence they sail'd to the Back of Cuba, where Rackam kept a little kind of a Family; at which Place they staid a considerable Time, living ashore with their Dalilahs, till their Money and Provisions were expended, and they concluded it Time to look out for more: They repaired to their Vessel, and were making ready to put to Sea, when a Guarda de Costa came in with a small English Sloop, which she had taken as an Interloper on the Coast. The Spanish Guardship attacked the Pirate, but Rackam being close in behind a little Island, she could do but little Execution where she lay; therefore the Dons warp'd into the Channel that Evening, in order to make sure of her the next Morning. Rackam, finding his Case desperate, and that there was hardly any possibility of escaping, resolv'd to attempt the following Enterprize: The Spanish Prize lying for better Security close into the Land, between the little Island and the Main, our Desperado takes his Crew into the Boat, with their Pistols and Cutlasses, rounds the little Island, and falls aboard their Prize silently, in the dead of the Night, without being discovered, telling the Spaniards that were aboard her, that, if they spoke a Word, or made the least Noise, they all were dead Men; and so they became Masters of

her. When this was done, he split her Cable, and drove out to Sea: The *Spanish* Man of War was so intent upon their expected Prize, that they minded nothing else, and as soon as Day broke, they made a furious Fire upon the empty Sloop; but it was not long before they were rightly apprized of the Matter, when they cursed themselves sufficiently for a Company of Fools, to be bit out of a good rich Prize, as she proved to be, and to have nothing but an old crazy Hull in the room of her.

Rackam and his Crew had no Occasion to be displeased at the Exchange, as it enabled them to continue some Time longer in a Way of Life that suited their depraved Tempers. In August, 1720, we find him at Sea again, scouring the Harbours and Inlets of the North and West Parts of *Jamaica*, where he took several small Craft, which proved no great Booty to the Rovers; but they had but few Men, and therefore they were oblig'd to run at low Game, till they could increase their Company and their Strength.

In the Beginning of September, they took seven or eight Fishing-Boats in *Harbour-Island*, stole their Nets and other Tackle, and then went off to the French Part of *Hispaniola*, where they landed, and took Cattle away, with two or three French Men they found near the Water-Side, hunting of wild Hogs in the Evening. The French Men came on Board, whether by Consent or Compulsion I can't say. They afterwards plundered two Sloops, and returned to *Jamaica*, on the North Coast of which Island, near *Porto Maria* Bay, they took a Scooner, *Thomas Spellow* Master; it being then the 19th of October. The next Day, *Rackam* seeing a Sloop in *Dry Harbour* Bay, he stood in and fired a Gun; the Men all run ashore, and he took the Sloop and Lading; but when those ashore found them to be Pirates, they hailed the Sloop, and let them know they were all willing to come aboard of them.

Rackam's coasting the Island in this Manner proved fatal to him; for Intelligence came to the Governor of his Expedition, by a Canoe, which he had surprized ashore, in *Ocho Bay*: Upon this, a Sloop was immediately fitted out, and sent round the Island in quest of him, commanded by Captain *Barnet*, and mann'd with a good Number of Hands. *Rackam* rounding the Island, and drawing near the Wester-most Point, call'd *Point Negril*, he saw a small Pettiauger, which, at Sight of the Sloop, run ashore and landed her Men; when one of them hail'd her, Answer was made, *They were English Men*, and desired the Pettiauger's Men to come on Board, and drink a Bowl of Punch; which they prevailed upon them to do: Accordingly the Company came all aboard of the Pirate, consisting of nine Persons, in an ill Hour; they were armed with Muskets and Cutlasses, but what was their real Design by so doing, we shall not take upon us to say: They had no sooner laid down their Arms, and taken up their Pipes, but *Barnet's* Sloop, which was in Pursuit of *Rackam's* came in Sight.

The Pirates, finding she stood directly towards

them, fear'd the Event, and weigh'd their Anchor, which they but lately let go, and stood off: Captain *Barnet* gave them Chace, and, having the Advantage of little Breezes of Wind, which blew off the Land, came up with her, and brought her into *Port Royal*, in *Jamaica*.

About a Fortnight after the Prisoners were brought ashore, viz. November 16, 1720. A Court of Admiralty was held at *St. Jago de la Vega*, before which the following Persons were convicted, and Sentence of Death pass'd upon them, by the President, *Si Nicholas Laws*, viz. *John Rackam*, Captain, *George Fetherston*, Mailer, *Richard Corner*, Quarter-Master *John Davis*, *John Howell*, *Patrick Carty*, *Thomas Earl*, *James Dobbin* and *Noah Harwood*. The five first were executed the next Day at *Gallows-Point*, at the Town of *Port-Royal*, and the rest next Day after at *Kingston*; *Rackam*, *Fetherston* and *Corner*, were afterwards taken down, and hang'd up in Chains one at *Plumb Point*, one at *Buth Key*, and the other at *Gun Key*.

But what was very surprizing, was the Conviction of the nine Men that came aboard the Sloop on the same Day she was taken. They were try'd at an Adjournment of the Court, on the 24th of January, the Magistracy waiting all that Time, it suppos'd, for Evidence, to prove the pyratrical Intention of going aboard the said Sloop; for it seem'd there was no Act of Piracy committed by them as appeared by the Witnesses against them, who were two Frenchmen taken by *Rackam*, off from the Island of *Hispaniola*, and who deposed in the following Manner.

' That the Prisoners at the Bar, viz. *John Eaton*, *Edward Warner*, *Thomas Baker*, *Thomas Quin*, *John Cole*, *Benjamin Palmer*, *Walter Rouse*, *John Hanson*, and *John Howard*, came aboard the Pirate Sloop, at *Negril Point*, *Rackam* sending his Canoe ashore for that Purpose: That they brought Guns and Cutlasses on Board with them: That when Captain *Barnet* chased them, some were drinking and others walking the Deck: That there was a great Gun and a small Piece fired by the Pirate Sloop, at Captain *Barnet's* Sloop, when he chased her; and, that when Captain *Barnet's* Sloop fired at *Rackam's* Sloop, the Prisoners at the Bar were down under Deck. That during the Time Captain *Barnet* chased them, some of the Prisoners at the Bar (but which of them he could not tell) helped to row the Sloop, in order to escape from *Barnet's*: That they all seem'd to be comforted together.'

This was the Substance of all that was alledged against them: The Court considered the Prisoners' Cases, and the Majority of the Commissioners being of Opinion, that they were all Guilty of the Piracy and Felony they were charged with, which was, going over with a piratical and felonious Intent, *John Rackam*, &c. then notorious Pirates, and by them known to be so, they all received Sentence of Death and were executed on the 17th of February, at *Gallows Point* at *Port Royal*.

The LIFE of MARY READ.

WE are now to begin a History full of surprising Turns and Adventures; I mean, that of *Mary Read* and *Ann Bonny*, alias *Ann*, which were the true Names of these two Women, Pirates; the Incidents that befel them, are such, that some may be tempted to think the whole Story better than a Novel or Romance; but since it is supported by many thousand Witnesses, I mean the People of *Jamaica*, who were present at their Trials, on the first Discovery of their Sex, and heard the Story of their Lives; the Truth of it can be no more contested, than that there were such Men in the World, as *Jerry* and *Black-beard*, Pirates of whom we have seen an Account.

Mary Read was born in *England*; her Mother married young, to a Man who used the Sea, and, on a Voyage soon after their Marriage, left her a Child, which Infant proved to be a Boy. As the Husband, whether he was cast away, or died on the Voyage, *Mary Read* could not tell; but, however, he never returned more. The Mother, who was young and airy, met with an Accident in his absence, which has often happened to Women who are young, and do not take a great deal of Care; which was, she soon proved with Child again, without a Husband to father it; but how, or by whom, she but herself could tell, for she carried a pretty good Reputation among her Neighbours. Finding her Burthen grow, in order to conceal her Shame, she takes a formal Leave of her Husband's Relations; going out, that she went to live with some Friends of her own, in the Country: Accordingly she went away, and carried with her, her young Son, at this time not a Year old: Soon after her Departure her Husband died, but Providence, in Return, was pleased to give her a Girl in his room, of whom she was safely delivered, in her Retreat; and this was our *Mary Read*.

Here the Mother liv'd three or four Years, till what Money she had was almost gone; then she thought of returning to *London*; and considering that her Husband's Mother was in good Circumstances, she did not doubt but to prevail upon her to provide for the Child, if she could but pass it upon her for a time; but the changing a Girl into a Boy seem'd an difficult Piece of Work, and how to deceive an experienced old Woman, in such a Point, was altogether as impossible; however, she ventured to dress it up as a Boy, brought it to Town, and presented it to her Mother-in-law, as her Husband's Son; the old Woman would have taken it, to have bred it up, but the Mother pretended it would break her Heart to part with it; so it was agreed betwixt them, that the Child should live with the Mother, and the supposed Grandmother should allow a Crown a Week for it's maintenance.

Thus the Mother gained her Point; she bred up her Daughter as a Boy, and when she grew up to some use, she thought proper to let her into the Secret of her Birth, to induce her to conceal her Sex. It

happen'd that the Grandmother died, by which Means the Subsistence, that came from that Quarter, ceased, and they were more and more reduced in their Circumstances; wherefore she was obliged to put her Daughter out, to wait on a *French Lady*, as a Foot-boy, being now thirteen Years of Age: Here she did not live long; for growing bold and strong, and having also a roving Mind, she entered herself on Board a Man of War, where she served some Time. At length, she quitted the Sea Service, went over into *Flanders*, and carried Arms in a Regiment of Foot, as a *Cadet*; and tho' in all Actions, she behaved herself with a great deal of Bravery, yet she could not get a Commission, they being generally bought and sold; therefore she quitted the Service, and took on in a Regiment of Horse: Here she behaved so well in several Engagements, that she got the Esteem of all her Officers; but her Comrade, who was a *Fleming*, happening to be a handsome young Fellow, she fell in Love with him, and, from that Time, grew a little more negligent in her Duty; so that, it seems, *Mars* and *Venus* could not be served at the same Time; her Arms and Accoutrements, which were always kept in the best Order, were quite neglected: 'Tis true, when her Comrade was ordered out upon a Party, she used to go without being commanded, and frequently run herself into Danger, where she had no Business, only to be near him. The rest of the Troopers, little suspecting the secret Cause which moved her to this Behaviour, fancied her to be mad; and her Comrade himself could not account for this strange Alteration in her; but Love is ingenious, and, as they lay in the same Tent, and were constantly together, she found a Way of letting him discover her Sex, without appearing that it was done with Design.

He was much surprized at what he found out, and not a little pleas'd; taking it for granted, that he should have a Mistress solely to himself, which is an unusual Thing in a Camp, since there is scarce one of those Campaign Ladies, that is ever true even to a Troop or Company; so that he thought of nothing but gratifying his Passions with very little Ceremony: But he found himself strangely mistaken, for she proved very reserved and modest, and resisted all his Temptations; yet, at the same Time, was so obliging and insinuating in her Carriage, that she quite changed his Purpose, and made him so far from thinking of making her his Mistress, that he now courted her for a Wife.

This was the utmost Wish of her Heart; in short, they exchanged Promises, and when the Campaign was over, and the Regiment marched into Winter-Quarters, they bought Woman's Apparel for her, with such Money as they could make up betwixt them, and were publicly married.

The Story of two Troopers marrying each other made a great Noise, so that several Officers were drawn by Curiosity to assist at the Ceremony; and they agreed among themselves, that every one of them should make a small Present to the Bride towards House-

House-keeping, in Consideration of her having been their fellow Soldier. Thus being set up, they seemed to have a Desire of quitting the Service, and settling in the World; the Adventure of their Love and Marriage had gained them so much Favour, that they easily obtained their Discharge, and they immediately set up an Eating-House or Ordinary, with the Sign of the *Three Horse-Shoes*, near the Castle of *Breda*, where they soon got into a good Trade, a great many Officers eating with them constantly.

But this Happiness did not last long; for the Husband soon died, and the Peace being concluded, there was no Resort of Officers to *Breda*, as usual; so that the Widow, having little or no Trade, was forced to give up House-keeping, and her Substance being by Degrees quite spent, she again assumes her Man's Apparel, and, going into *Holland*, there takes on in a Regiment of Foot, quarter'd in one of the Frontier Towns: Here she did not remain long, for there was no Likelihood of Preferment in Time of Peace; therefore she took a Resolution of seeking her Fortune another Way; and, withdrawing from the Regiment, ship'd herself on Board of a Vessel bound for the *West-Indies*.

It happened that this Ship was taken by *English* Pirates, and *Mary Read* was the only *English* Person on Board; they kept her amongst them, and having plundered the Ship, let it go again; after following this Trade for some Time, the King's Proclamation came out, and was publish'd in all Parts of the *West-Indies*, for pardoning such Pirates, as should voluntarily surrender themselves by a certain Day therein mention'd. The Crew of *Mary Read* took the Benefit of this Proclamation, and, having surrender'd, liv'd afterwards quietly on Shore; but Money beginning to grow short, and our Adventurers hearing that Captain *Woods Rogers*, Governor of the Island of *Providence*, was fitting out some Privateers to cruise against the *Spaniards*, she, with several others, embark'd for that Island, in order to go upon the privateering Account, being resolv'd to make her Fortune one way or other.

These Privateers were no sooner sail'd out, but the Crews of some of them, who had been pardoned, rose against their Commanders, and turned themselves to their old Trade: In this Number was *Mary Read*, 'Tis true, she often declared, that the Life of a Pirate was what she heartily abhor'd, and went into it only upon Compulsion, both this Time and before, intending to quit it, whenever a fair Opportunity should offer itself; yet some of the Evidences against her, upon her Tryal, who were forced Men, and had sail'd with her, despos'd upon Oath, that, in Times of Action, no Persons amongst them were more resolute, or ready to board, or undertake any Thing that was hazardous, than she and *Anne Bonny*; and particularly at the Time they were attack'd and taken, when they came to close Quarters, none kept the Deck except *Mary Read* and *Anne Bonny*, and one more; upon which, she (*Mary Read*) called to those under Deck, to come up and fight like Men, and, finding they did not stir, fired her Arms down the Hold amongst them, killing one, and wounding others.

This was part of the Evidence against her, which she denied; whether this was true or no, thus much is certain, that she did not want Bravery; nor indeed, was she less remarkable for her Modesty, according to her Notions of Virtue: Her Sex was not so much as suspected by any Person on Board, till *Anne Bonny* took her for a handsome young Fellow, and, for some Reasons best known to herself, first discovered her Sex to *Mary Read*: *Mary Read*, knowing what she would be at, and being very sensible of her own

Incapacity that Way, was forced to come to a right Understanding with her, and so, to the great Disappointment of *Anne Bonny*, she let her know she was a Woman also; but this Intimacy so disturb'd Captain *Rackam*, who was the Lover and Gallant of *Anne Bonny*, that he grew furiously jealous, so that he told *Anne Bonny*, he would cut her new Lover's Throat; whereupon, to quiet him, she let him in the Secret also.

Captain *Rackam*, (as he was enjoin'd,) kept this Thing a Secret from all the Ship's Company; notwithstanding all her Cunning and Reserve, he found her out in this Disguise, and hindered her from forgetting her Sex. In their Cruise they took a great Number of Ships, belonging to *Jamaica*, and other Parts of the *West-Indies*, bound to and from *England*; and whenever they met any good Art or other Person that might be of any great Use to their Company, if he was not willing to enter, it was their Custom to keep him by Force. Amongst these was a young Fellow of a most engaging Behaviour, or, at least, he was so in the Eyes of *Mary Read*, who became so smitten with his Person and Address, that she could not rest, either Night or Day; but as this was nothing more artful than Love, it was no Matter for her, who had before been practis'd in these Wiles, to find a Way to let him discover her Secret. She first insinuated herself into his Liking, by talking against the Life of a Pirate, which he was altogether averse to; so that they became Mess-Mates and Companions: When she found he had a Friend for her, as a Man, she suffered the Discovery to be made, by carelessly shewing her Breasts, which were very White and Swelling.

The young Fellow, who, we may suppose, was made of Flesh and Blood, had his Curiosity and fire so rais'd by this Sight, that he never ceased portuning her, till she confessed what she was. Now begins the Scene of Love; as he had a Liking and Esteem for her, under her supposed Character, it now turned into Fondness and Desire; her Passion was no less violent than his, and she expressed it in one of the most generous Actions, perhaps, that Love inspir'd. It happened that this young Fellow had a Quarrel with one of the Pirates, and their Ship then lying at an Anchor, near one of the Islands, she had appointed to go ashore and fight, according to the Custom of these People: *Mary Read* was to last Degree uneasy and anxious, for the Fate of her Lover; she would not have had him refuse the Challenge, because she could not bear the Thoughts of his being branded with Cowardise; on the other Side, she dreaded the Event, and apprehended the young Fellow might be too hard for him: When Love once enters into the Breast of a Person who has a Spark of Generosity, it stirs the Heart up to the most noble Actions. In this Dilemma, she shew'd that she feared more for his Life than she did for her own; for she took a Resolution of quarrelling with this Fellow herself, and, having challenged him ashore, she appointed the Time two Hours sooner than that when he was to meet her Lover, where she fought him at Sword and Pistol, and killed him upon the Spot.

It is true, she had fought before, when she had been insulted by some of those Fellows; but now it was altogether in her Lover's Cause, for she thought as it were betwixt him and Death, as if she could not live without him. If he had had no regard for her before, this Action would have been enough to have bound him to her for ever; but there was no Occasion for Ties or Obligations, his Inclination towards her was sufficient; in fine, they applied their Troth to each other, which *Mary Read* said, she look'd up

upon to be as good a Marriage, in Conscience, as if it had been done by a Minister in Church; and to this was owing her great Belly, which she pleaded at her Trial, to save her Life.

She declared she had never committed Adultery or Fornication with any Man; she commended the Justice of the Court, before which she was tried, for distinguishing the Nature of their Crimes; her Husband, as she called him, with several others, being acquitted. When she was ask'd, who he was? she would not tell; but said he was an honest Man, and had no Inclination to such Practices, and that they had both resolv'd to leave the Pirates the first Opportunity, and apply themselves to some honest Livelihood.

There is no doubt, but many had Compassion for her; yet the Court could not avoid finding her Guilty; for, among other Things, one of the Evidences against her depos'd, that, being taken by Rackam, and detain'd some Time on Board, he fell accidentally into Discourse with *Mary Read*; whom taking for a young Man, he ask'd her, what Pleasure she could have in being concern'd in such En-

terprizes, where her Life was continually in Danger, by Fire or Sword; and not only so, but she must be sure of dying an ignominious Death, if she should be taken alive?—She answer'd, that, as to the hanging, she thought it no great Hardship; for, were it not for that, every cowardly Fellow would turn Pirate, and so infect the Seas, that Men of Courage must starve:—That if it was put to the Choice of the Pirates, they would not have the Punishment less than Death, the Fear of which kept some dastardly Rogues honest; that many of those who are now cheating the Widows and Orphans, and oppressing their poor Neighbours, who have no Money to obtain Justice, would then rob at Sea, and the Ocean would be crowded with Rogues, like the Land, so that no Merchant would venture out, and the Trade, in a little Time, would not be worth following.

Being found quick with Child, as has been observ'd, her Execution was respited, and it is possible she would have found Favour, but that she was seiz'd with a violent Fever, soon after her Trial, of which she died in Prison.

The LIFE of ANNE BONNY.

WE are so particular in the Lives of these two Women, purely on Account of their Sex: Otherwise, as they did not rise to Command, we should not have mention'd them, except in the List of condemn'd Persons. However, we hope our Attempt will not be displeasing, and so, without more Apology, we proceed to *Anne Bonny*, who was born at a Town near *Cork*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*. Her Father was an Attorney at Law, but *Anne* was not one of his legitimate Issue, which seems to cross an old Proverb, which says, *That Bastards have the best Luck*. Her Father was a married Man, and his Wife, having been brought to Bed, contracted an Illness in her Lying-in, so that, in order to recover her Health, she was advis'd to remove for Change of Air. The Place she chose, was at a few Miles Distance from her Dwelling, where her Husband's Mother liv'd. Here she tojourn'd some Time, her Husband staying at Home, to follow his Affairs.

The Servant Maid, whom she left to look after the House, and attend the Family being a handsome young Woman, she was courted by a young Man of the same Town, who was a Tanner. This Tanner us'd to take all Opportunities, when the Family was out of the Way, of coming to pursue his Amour; and being with the Maid one Day, as she was employ'd in the Household Business, not having the Fear of God before his Eyes, he takes his Opportunity, when her Back was turn'd, of whipping three Silver Spoons into his Pocket. The Maid soon miss'd the Spoons, and knowing that no Body had been in the Room, put herself and the young Man, since she saw them last, the charg'd him with taking them. He very listly denied it; upon which, she grew outrageous, and threaten'd to go to a Constable, in order to arry him before a Justice of Peace. These Menaces frighten'd him out of his Wits, well know-

ing he could not stand Search: Wherefore he endeavour'd to pacify her, by desiring her to examine the Drawers and other Places, by doing which, perhaps, she might find them. In this Time he slips into another Room, where the Maid usually lay, puts the Spoons betwixt the Sheets, and then makes his Escape by a Back-Door; concluding, she must find them when she went to Bed, and so, next Day, he might pretend he did it only to frighten her, and the Thing might be laugh'd off for a Jest.

As soon as she miss'd him, she gave over her Search, concluding he had carried them off, and went directly to a Constable, in order to have him apprehended. The young Man was inform'd that a Constable had been in Search of him, which he regarded but little, not doubting but all would be well next Day. Three or four Days pass'd, and still he was told the Constable was upon the hunt for him: This, at last, made him lie conceal'd; he could not comprehend the Meaning of it; he imagin'd no less, than that the Maid had a mind to convert the Spoons to her own Use, and put the Robbery upon him.

It happen'd, at this Time, that the Mistress, being perfectly recover'd of her late Indisposition, was return'd Home, in Company with her Mother-in-Law; the first News she heard was of the Loss of the Spoons, with the Manner how; the Maid telling her, at the same Time, that the young Man was run away. The Fellow had Intelligence of the Mistress's Arrival, when considering with himself that he could never appear again in his Business, unless this Matter was got over, and that Madam was a good-natur'd Woman, he took a Resolution of going directly to her, and of telling her the whole Story, only with this Difference, that he did it for a Jest.

The Mistress could scarce believe it; however, she went directly to the Maid's Room, and turning downing

downing the Bed-Clothes, there, to her great Surprise, she found the three Spoons. Upon this, she desir'd the young Man to go Home and mind his Business, for he should have no farther Trouble about it.

The Mistress could not imagine the Meaning of this; she never had found the Maid guilty of any pilfering, and therefore it could not enter her Head, that she design'd to steal the Spoons herself. Upon the whole, she concluded the Maid had not been in her Bed from the Time the Spoons were miss'd; so that she grew immediately jealous upon it, and suspected that the Maid supplied her Place with her Husband during her Absence, and that this was the Reason why the Spoons were no sooner found.

She call'd to Mind several Actions of Kindness which her Husband had shew'd the Maid, Things that pass'd unheeded by when they happen'd, but now she had got that Tormenter, Jealousy, in her Head, they amounted to Proofs of their Intimacy. Another Circumstance which strengthen'd the whole, was, that though her Husband knew she was to come Home that Day, and had had no Communication with her in four Months before, which was ever since her Lying-in; yet he took an Opportunity of going out of Town that Morning, upon some slight Pretence:—All these Things put together, confirm'd her in her Jealousy.

As Women seldom forgive Injuries of this Kind, she thought of discharging her Revenge upon the Maid: In order to this, she leaves the Spoons where she found them, and orders the Maid to put clean Sheets upon the Bed; telling her, she intended to lie there herself that Night, because her Mother-in-Law was to lie in her Bed, and that she (the Maid) must lie in another Part of the House. The Maid, in making the Bed, was surpriz'd with the Sight of the Spoons, but there were very good Reasons why it was not proper for her to tell where she found them; therefore she takes them up, puts them in her Trunk, intending to leave them in some Place where they might be found by chance.

The Mistress, that every Thing might look to be done without Design, lies that Night in the Maid's Bed, little dreaming of what an Adventure it would produce. After she had been a Bed some Time, thinking on what had pass'd (for Jealousy kept her awake,) she heard some Body enter the Room: At first she apprehended it to be Thieves, and was so frighten'd, that she had not Courage enough to call out: But when she heard these Words, *Mary, are you awake?* she knew it to be her Husband's Voice. Then her Fright was over; yet she made no Answer, lest he should find her out, if she spoke; therefore she continu'd to counterfeit Sleep, and take what follow'd.

The Husband came to Bed, and that Night play'd the vigorous Lover; but one Thing spoil'd the Diversion on the Wife's Side, which was the Reflection that it was not design'd for her; however, she was very passive, and bore it like a humble Christian. Early before Day she stole out of Bed, leaving him asleep, and went to her Mother-in-Law, telling her what had pass'd, not forgetting how he had us'd her, as taking her for the Maid; the Husband also stole out, not thinking it convenient to be catch'd in that Room. In the mean time, the Revenge of the Mistress wrought strongly against the Maid, and without considering that to her she ow'd the Diversion of the Night before, and that one good Turn deserv'd another, she sent for a Constable, and charged her with stealing the Spoons. The Maid's Trunk was broke open, and the Spoons found; upon which,

she was carried before a Justice of Peace, and by him committed to Goal.

The Husband loiter'd about till Twelve a-Clock at Noon, then came Home, and pretended he was just come to Town. As soon as he heard what had pass'd, in Relation to the Maid, he fell into a great Passion with his Wife: This set the Thing into a greater Flame; the Mother takes the Wife's Part against her own Son, inasmuch that the Quarrel increasing, the Mother and Wife took Horse immediately, and went back to the Mother's House; and the Husband and Wife never bedded together after.

The Maid lay a long Time in the Prison, it being near half a Year to the Assizes; but before it happen'd, it was discover'd she was with Child. When she was arraign'd at the Bar, she was discharg'd for want of Evidence: The Wife's Conscience touch'd her, and as she did not believe the Maid guilty of any Theft, except that of Love, she did not appear against her. Soon after her Acquittal, she was deliver'd of a Girl.

But what alarm'd the Husband most, was, that it was discover'd the Wife was with Child also; he, taking it for granted, that he had had no Intimacy with her since her last Lying-in, grew jealous of her also, in his Turn, and made this a Handle to justify himself for his Usage of her; pretending, now, he had suspected her long, but that here was Proof. Madam was deliver'd of Twins, a Son and a Daughter.

The Mother fell ill, and sent to her Son to reconcile him to his Wife, but he would not hearken to it, therefore she made a Will, leaving all she had in the Hands of certain Trustees, for the Use of the Wife and the two Children lately born, and died a few Days after.

This was an ugly Turn upon him, his great Dependance being upon his Mother: However, his Wife was kinder to him than he deserv'd; for she made him a yearly Allowance out of what was left though they continu'd to live separate: It lasted near five Years. At this Time, having a great Affection for the Girl he had by his Maid, he had a mind to take it Home, to live with him; but as all the Town knew it to be a Girl, the better to disguise the Matter from them, as well as from his Wife, he had it put into Breeches, as if it had been a Boy, pretending it was a Relation's Child, whom he wanted to breed up to be his Clerk.

The Wife heard he had a little Boy at Home that he was very fond of; but as she did not know any Relation of his that had such a Child, she employ'd a Friend to enquire further into it. This Person, by talking with the Child, found it to be a Girl, discover'd that the Servant-Maid was its Mother, and that the Husband still kept up his Correlpondence with her.

Upon this Intelligence, the Wife, being unwilling that her Children's Money should go towards the Maintenance of Bastards, stopp'd the Allowance. The Husband enrag'd, in a kind of Revenge, takes the Maid home, and lives with her publicly, to the great Scandal of his Neighbours; but he soon found the bad Effect of it; for by Degrees he lost his Practice, so that he saw plainly he could not live there. This made him think of removing, and turning what Effects he had into ready Money; whereupon, he goes to *Cork*, and there, with his Maid and Daughter, embarks for *Carolina*.

At first he follow'd the Practice of the Law in that Province, but afterwards fell into Merchandize which prov'd more successful to him; for he gain'd by it sufficient to purchase a considerable Plantation

his Maid, who pass'd for his Wife, happen'd to die after which, his Daughter, our *Anne Bonny*, now grown up, kept his House.

He was of a fierce and courageous Temper, therefore, when he lay under Condemnation, several Stories were reported of her much to her Disadvantage; as that she had kill'd an *English* Servant-Maid once in her Passion, with a Case-Knife, while she look'd after her Father's House; but upon further Enquiry, we found this Story to be groundless: 'Tis certain, she was so robust, that once, when a young Fellow would have lain with her against her Will, she beat him so that he lay ill of it a considerable Time.

While she liv'd with her Father, she was look'd upon as one that would have a considerable Fortune; therefore it was thought her Father design'd a good Match for her; but she spoil'd all, for, without his Consent, she marries a young Fellow who belong'd to the Sea, and was not worth a Groat. This prov'd her Father to such a Degree, that he turn'd her out of Doors; upon which, the young Fellow who married her finding himself disappointed in his Expectation, shipp'd himself and Wife for the Island of *Providence*, expecting Employment there.

Here she became acquainted with *Rackam* the Pirate, who, making Courtship to her, soon found means of withdrawing her Affections from her Husband, so that she consented to elope from him, and to Sea with *Rackam* in Men's Cloaths. She was as good as her Word, and after she had been at Sea some Time, she proved with Child. When she began to grow big, *Rackam* landed her on the Island of

Cuba; and, recommending her there to some Friends of his, they took Care of her till she was brought to Bed. When she was up, and well again, he sent for her to bear him Company in his future Expeditions.

The King's Proclamation for pardoning of Pirates being out, he took the Benefit of it, and surrender'd, afterwards, being sent upon the privateering Account, he return'd to his old Trade, as has been already hinted in the Story of *Mary Read*. In all these Expeditions *Anne Bonny* bore him Company, and when any Business was to be done in their Way, no Body was more forward or courageous than she; and particularly, when they were taken; when she and *Mary Read*, with one more, were all the Persons that durst keep the Deck, as has been before hinted.

Her Father was known to a great many Gentlemen, Planters of *Jamaica*, who had dealt with him, and among whom he had a good Reputation; and some of them, who had been in *Carolina*, remember'd to have seen her in his House. This made them inclin'd to shew her Favour, but the Action of leaving her Husband was an ugly Circumstance against her. The Day that *Rackam* was executed, by special Favour, he was admitted to see her; but all the Comfort she gave him, was, *that she was sorry to see him there, but if he had fought like a Man, he need not have been hang'd like a Dog.*

She was continu'd in Prison till the Time of her Lying-in, and afterwards repriev'd from Time to Time; but what is become of her since, we cannot learn: Only this we know, that she was never executed.

The LIFE of Captain HOWEL DAVIS.

Captain *Howel Davis* was born at *Milford*, in *Monmouthshire*, and from a Boy brought up to the Sea Service. The last Voyage he made in England was in the *Cadogan* Snow of *Bristol*, Captain *Skinner* Commander, bound for the Coast of *Guinea*, of which Snow *Davis* was chief Mate. They were no sooner arriv'd at *Sierraleon*, on the African Coast, but they were taken by the Pirate *England*, who plunder'd them. Captain *Skinner* was at this Time barbarously murder'd, as has been related before in the Story of Captain *England*.

After the Death of Captain *Skinner*, *Davis* pretended that he was mightily sollicit'd by *England* to engage with him; but that he resolutely answer'd, he would sooner be shot to Death than sign the Pirates Articles. Upon which, *England*, pleas'd with his Bravery, sent him and the rest of the Men on board the Snow again, appointing him Captain of her, in the Room of *Skinner*, and commanding him to pursue his Voyage. He also gave him a written Paper seal'd up, with Orders to open it when he should come to a certain Latitude, and, at the Peril of his Life, follow the Orders therein set down. This was done with an Air of Grandeur, like what Princes

practise to their Admirals and Generals. — It was punctually complied with by *Davis*, who read it to the Ship's Company: It contain'd no less than a generous Deed of Gift of the Ship and Cargo to *Davis* and the Crew, and an Order, that they should go to *Brazil* and dispose of the Lading to the best Advantage, making a fair and equal Dividend of the Profit,

Davis demanded of the Crew, whether they were willing to follow their Directions; when, to his great Surprise, he found the Majority of them altogether averse to it; whereupon, in a Rage, he bad them be damn'd, and go where they would. They knew that Part of their Cargo was consign'd to certain Merchants at *Barbadoes*, wherefore they steer'd for that Island. When they arriv'd, they related to these Merchants, the unfortunate Death of *Skinner*, and the Proposal which had been made to them by *Davis*; upon which, *Davis* was seized and committed to Prison, where he was kept three Months; however, as he had been in no Act of Piracy, he was discharged without being brought to any Trial. yet he could not, after this, expect any Employment there. Knowing therefore, that the Island of *Providence* was a kind of Rendezvous of Pirates, he

was

was resolv'd to make one amongst them, if possible, and, to that Purpose, found Means of shipping himself for that Island; but, he was again disappointed; for, when he arriv'd there, the Pirates had newly surrendered to Captain *Woods Rogers*, and accepted of the Act of Grace, which he had just brought from *England*.

However *Davis* was not long out of Business; for Captain *Rogers* having fitted out two Sloops for Trade, one call'd the *Buck*, the other the *Mumvil Trader*, *Davis* found an Employment on board of one of them: The Lading of these Sloops was of considerable Value, consisting of *European Goods*, which were to be exchange'd with the *French* and *Spaniards*; and many of the Hands on board of 'em were the Pirates lately come in upon the Act of Grace. The first Place they touch'd at, was the Island of *Martinico*, belonging to the *French*, where *Davis* having conspir'd with some others, they rose in the Night, secur'd the Master, and seiz'd the Sloop. As soon as this was done, they call'd to the other Sloop, which lay a little Way from 'em, among whom they knew there were a great many Hands ripe for Rebellion, whom they order'd to come on board of them. They did so, and the greatest Part of them agreed to join with *Davis*; those who were otherwise inclin'd, were sent back on board the *Mumvil* Sloop, to go where they pleas'd, *Davis* having first taken out of her every Thing which he thought might be of Service.

After this a Council of War was call'd, over a large Bowl of Punch, at which it was propos'd to choose a Commander. The Election was soon over, for it fell upon *Davis* by a great Majority of *legal Pollers*, so that there was no Scrutiny demanded, for all acquiesced in the Choice. As soon as he was possess'd of his Command, he drew up Articles, which were sign'd and sworn to by himself and the rest; then he made a short Speech, the Sum of which was, a Declaration of War against the whole World.

After this, they consult'd about a proper Place where they might clean their Sloop, a light Pair of Heels being of great Use either to take, or escape being taken. For this Purpose, they made Choice of *Coxon's Hole*, at the East End of the Island of *Cuba*, a Place where they might secure themselves from Surprise, the Entrance being so narrow that one Ship might keep out a hundred.

Here they clean'd with much Difficulty, for they had no Carpenter in their Company, who is a Person of great Use upon such Exigencies. From hence they put to Sea, making to the North-side of the Island of *Hispaniola*. The first Sail which fell in their Way, was a *French* Ship of twelve Guns; it must be observ'd that *Davis* had but thirty-five Hands, notwithstanding which, Provisions began to grow short with him: Upon this Account he attack'd this Ship, which soon struck, and he sent twelve of his Hands on board of her, in order to plunder. This was no sooner done, but a Sail was spied a great Way to the Windward of them; they enquir'd of the *Frenchman* what she might be; he answer'd, that he had spoke with a Ship the Day before, of 24 Guns, and 60 Men, and he took this to be the same.

Davis then propos'd to his Men to attack her, telling them she would be a rare Ship for their Use; but they look'd upon it to be an extravagant Attempt, and discover'd no Fondness for it. However, he assur'd them he had a Stratagem in his Head that would make all safe; wherefore he gave Chace, and order'd his Prize to do the same. The Prize being a slow Sailor, *Davis* first came up with the Enemy, and, standing a long Side of them, shew'd his piratical

Colours: They, much surpriz'd, call'd to *Davis*, telling him, that they wonder'd at his Indulgence in venturing to come so near them, and offering him to strike; but he answer'd, that he intended to keep them in Play, till his Consort came up, who was able to deal with them, and that if they did strike to him, they should have but hard Quarter whereupon he gave them a Broad-Side, which returned.

In the mean Time the Prize drew near, who sent all the Prisoners to come upon Deck in their Shirts, to make a Shew of Force, as they had directed by *Davis*; they also hoisted a dirty Tar-lin, by Way of black Flag, they having nothing better, and fir'd a Gun: The *French* Men were intimidated by this Appearance of Force, that they struck. *Davis* called out to the Captain to come on Board of him, with twenty of his Hands; he did and they were all, for the greater Security, into Irons, the Captain excepted: Then he sent some of his Men on Board the first Prize, and, in order still to carry on the Cheat, spoke aloud, that they should give his Service to the Captain, and bid him to send some Hands on Board the Prize, to see what they had got; but, at the same Time, he sent them a written Paper, with Instructions what they should really do. Here he ordered them to take the Guns in the little Prize, to take out all the Arms and Powder, and to go every Man on Board the second Prize; when this was done, he ordered that more of the Prisoners should be removed out of the great Prize, into the little one, by which he secured himself from any Attempt which might be feared from their Numbers; for those on board the great Prize were fast in Irons, and those in the little had neither Arms nor Ammunition to defend themselves.

Thus the three Ships kept Company for some Time when finding the great Prize to be a very dull Sloop, he thought she would not be fit for his Purpose, wherefore he resolv'd to restore her to the Captain with all his Hands; but first, he took Care to take out all her Ammunition, and every Thing else which he might possibly want. The *French* Captain was so much such a Rage, at being so outwitted, that, when he got on Board his own Ship, he was going to take himself over-board, if he had not been prevented by his Men.

Having let go both his Prizes, he steer'd Northward, in which Course he took a small *Spanish* Ship, after this he made towards the *Western* Islands, but met with no Booty thereabouts; then he steer'd for the *Cape de Verde* Islands, where they call'd a little at *St. Nicholas*, hoisting *English* Colours; the *Portuguese* inhabiting there, took him for an *English* Privateer, and *Davis* going ashore, they both treated him very civilly, and also traded with him. He remained five Weeks, in which Time he and his Crew, for their Pleasure, took a Journey to the Town of the Island, which was 19 Miles up the Country: *Davis*, making a good Appearance, was caressed by the Governor and the Inhabitants, a no diversion was wanting which the *Portuguese* could shew, or their Money could purchase: After but a Week's Stay, he came back to the Ship, and the rest of the Crew went to take their Pleasure in the Town, in their Turn, as the Captain had done.

At their Return they clean'd their Ship, and put to Sea, but not with their whole Company; some of them, like *Hannibal's* Men, were so charmed with the Luxuries of the Place, and the free conversation of some Women, that they staid behind; and one of them, whose Name was *Charles Franklin* a *Manumothshire* Man, married and settled himself

and lived there several Years, being, for ought we know, alive at this Day.

From hence they failed to *Bonewista*, and looked into that Harbour, but finding nothing, they steered for the Isle of *May*: When they arrived here, they met with a great many Ships and Vessels in the Road, all which they plundered, taking out of them whatever they wanted; they also strengthened themselves with a great many fresh Hands, who most of them enter'd voluntarily. One of the Ships they took to their own Use, mounted her with twenty six Guns, and call'd her the *King James*. There being no fresh Water hereabouts, they made towards St. *Jago*, which belonged to the *Portuguese*, in order to lay in a Store. *Davis*, with a few Hands, going ashore, to find the most commodious Place to water; the Governor, with some Attendants, came himself, and examined who they were, and whence they came: Not liking *Davis's* Account of himself, his excellency was so plain as to tell them, that he suspected them to be Pirates. *Davis* seemed mightily affronted, standing much upon his Honour, and replying to the Governor, that he scorn'd his Words; however, as soon as his Back was turn'd, for fear of accidents, he got on Board again as fast as he could. *Davis* related what had happened, and his Men seem'd to resent the Affront which had been offered him. *Davis*, upon this, told them, he was confident he could surprize the Fort in the Night; they agreed with him to attempt it, and accordingly, when it was late, they went ashore well arm'd; and the Guard which was there kept, was so negligent, that they got within the Fort before any Alarm was given: When it was too late there was some little Resistance made, and three Men killed on *Davis's* Side. Some of the Men, in their Hurry, run into the Governor's House to save themselves, which they barricadoed so strongly, that *Davis's* Party could not enter it; however, they threw in Granadoe-Shells, which only ruin'd all the Furniture, but kill'd several men within.

When it was Day the whole Country was alarm'd, and came down to attack the Pirates; who, considering it was not their Business to stand a Siege, made the best of their Way on Board their Ship again, after having dismounted the Guns of the Fort. In this Enterprize they did a great deal of Mischief to the *Portuguese*, and got but very little Good to themselves.

Having put to Sea, they muster'd their Hands, and found themselves near seventy strong; then it was proposed what Course they should steer, and, differing in their Opinions, they divided, tho' by a Majority it was carried for *Gambia* on the Coast of *Guinea*. Of this Opinion was *Davis*, who having been employ'd in that Trade, was acquainted with the Coast: He told them, that there was a great deal of Money always kept in *Gambia* Castle, and that it would be worth their while to make an Attempt upon it. They ask'd him how it was possible, since it was so garrisoned? He desired they would leave the Management of it to him, and he would undertake to make them Masters of it. They began now to conceive so high an Opinion of his Conduct, as well as Courage, that they thought nothing impossible to him that he had a mind to undertake; therefore they agreed to obey him, without enquiring further into his Design.

Having come within Sight of the Place, he order'd all his Men under Deck, except as many as were absolutely necessary for working the Ship, that came from the Fort, seeing a Ship with so few Hands, might have no Suspicion of her being any other than a trading Vessel; then he ran close under the Fort,

and there cast Anchor, and having order'd out the Boat, he commanded six Men into her, with old ordinary Jackers, while he himself, with the Master and Doctor, dress'd themselves like Gentlemen, his Design being, that the Men should look like common Sailors, and they like Merchants. In rowing ashore, he gave his Men Instructions what to say, in case any Questions should be ask'd them by the Garrison.

Being come to the Landing-Place, he was receiv'd by a File of Musquetteers, and conducted into the Fort, where the Governor, accosting them civilly, ask'd them who they were, and whence they came? They answer'd, they were of *Liverpool*, bound for the River of *Sinnegal*, to trade for Gum and Elephant's Teeth, but that they were chas'd on that Coast by two *French* Men of War, and narrowly escap'd being taken, having the Heels of them but a very little. *We are now resolv'd*, says he, *to make the best of a bad Market, and would willingly trade here for Slaves*. Then the Governor ask'd them, What was the chief of their Cargo? They answer'd, Iron and Plate, which were good Things there. The Governor told them he would save them to the full Value of their Cargo, and ask'd them if they had any *European* Liquor on board? They answer'd a little for their own Use; however, a Hamper of it should be at his Service. The Governor then very civilly invited them all to stay and dine with him; but *Davis* told him, that, being Commander of the Ship, he must go on board to see her well moor'd, and give some other necessary Orders; *But these two Gentlemen*, says he, *may stay, and I myself will also return before Dinner, and bring the Hamper of Liquor with me*.

While he was in the Fort, his Eyes were very busy in observing how Things lay; he took Notice that there was a Centry at the Entrance, and a Guard-House just by it, where the Soldiers upon Duty commonly waited, their Arms standing in a Corner, in a Heap; he saw also, a great many small Arms in the Governor's Hall: Now, when he came on board, he assur'd his Men of Success, desiring them not to get drunk, and telling them, that as soon as they saw the Flag upon the Castle struck, they might conclude he was Master, and send twenty Hands immediately ashore; in the mean Time, there being a Sloop at Anchor near them, he sent some Hands in a Boat, to secure the Master and all the Men, and bring them on board of him; lest they observing any Bustle, or arming in his Ship, might send ashore and give Intelligence.

These Precautions being taken, he order'd his Men, who were to go in the Boat with him, to put two Pair of Pistols each under their Cloaths, he doing the like himself, and gave them Directions to go into the Guard-Room, enter into Conversation with the Soldiers, and observe, when he should fire a Pistol through the Governor's Window, to start up at once, and secure the Arms in the Guard-Room.

When *Davis* arriv'd, Dinner not being ready, the Governor propos'd that they should employ themselves in making a Bowl of Punch till Dinner-Time: It must be observ'd, that *Davis's* Cockswain waited upon them, who had an Opportunity of going about all Parts of the House, to see what Strength they had: He whisper'd *Davis*, there being no Person then in the Room but themselves, the Master, and the Doctor; when *Davis* on a sudden drew out a Pistol, and clapp'd it to the Governor's Breast, telling him, he must surrender the Fort, and all the Riches in it, or he was a dead Man. The Governor, being no ways prepar'd for such an Attack, promis'd to be very passive, and do all they desir'd; therefore they shut

the Door, took down all the Arms that hung in the Hall, and loaded them. *Davis* fires his Pistol through the Window, upon which, his Men without executed their Part of the Scheme, like Heroes, in an Instant; getting betwixt the Soldiers and their Arms, all with their Pistols cock'd in their Hands, while one of them carried the Arms out. When this was done, they lock'd the Soldiers into the Guard Room, and kept Guard without.

In the mean Time, one of them struck the Union Flag on the Top of the Castle, at which Signal, those on Board sent on Shore a Reinforcement of Hands, and they got Possession of the Fort without the least Hurry or Confusion, or so much as a Man lost of either Side.

Davis harangued the Soldiers; upon which, a great many of them took on with him; those who refused, he sent on board the little Sloop; and because he would not be at the Trouble of a Guard for them, he ordered all the Sails and Cables out of her, which might hinder them from attempting to get away.

This Day was spent in a kind of Rejoicing, the Castle firing her Guns to salute the Ship, and the Ship paying the same Compliment to the Castle; but the next Day they minded their Business, that is, they fell to plundering. They found Things fall vastly short of their Expectation; for they discovered, that a great deal of Money had been lately sent away; however, they met with the Value of about two thousand Pounds Sterling in Bar Gold, and a great many other rich Effects: Every Thing they liked, which was portable, they brought aboard their Ship; some Things which they had no Use for, they were so generous as to make a Present of to the Master and Crew of the little Sloop, to whom they also returned his Vessel again; and then they fell to work in dismounting the Guns, and demolishing the Fortifications.

After they had done as much Mischief as they could, and were weighing Anchor to be gone, they spy'd a Ship bearing down upon them in full Sail; they soon got their Anchors up, and were in a Readiness to receive her. This Ship proved to be a French Pirate, of fourteen Guns, and sixty-four Hands, half French, half Negroes: The Captain's Name was *La Boufe*; he expected no less than a rich Prize, which made him so eager in the Chase; but when he came near enough to see their Guns, and the Number of their Hands upon Deck, he began to think he should catch a Tarter, and supposed her to be a small English Man of War; however, since there was no escaping, he resolv'd to do a bold and desperate Action, which was to board *Davis*. As he was making towards her, for that Purpose, he fired a Gun, and hoisted his black Colours; *Davis* returned the Salute, and hoisted his black Colours also. The French Man was not a little pleased at this happy Mistake; they both hoisted out their Boats, and the Captains went to meet and congratulate one another, with a Flag of Truce in their Sterns. A great many Civilities passed between them, and *La Boufe* desired *Davis* to sail down the Coast with him, that he might get a better Ship: *Davis* agreed to it, and very courteously promised him, that the first Ship he took, fit for his Use, he would give him being very willing to encourage an industrious Brother.

The first Place they touched at, was *Sierraleon*, where, at first going in, they spied a tall Ship at Anchor; *Davis*, being the best Sailor, first came up with her, and wondering that she did not try to make off, suspected her to be a Ship of Force. As soon as he came along Side of her, she brought a Spring upon

her Cable, and fired a whole Broadside upon *Davis* at the same Time hoisting a black Flag: *Davis* hoisted his black Flag in like Manner, and fired on Gun to Leeward.

In fine, the proved to be a Pirate Ship of twenty four Guns, commanded by one *Cocklyn*, who expecting these two would prove Prizes, let them come in, lest his getting under Sail might frighten them away, and so he should miss the Booty.

The Satisfaction was great on all Sides, at the Junction of Confederates and Brethren in Iniquity: two Days they spent in improving their Acquaintance and Friendship, the third Day *Davis* and *Cocklyn* agreed, to go in *La Boufe's* Brigantine, and attack the Fort; they contrived it so, as to get up thither by high Water; those in the Fort suspected them to what they really were, and therefore stood upon the Defence. When the Brigantine came within Musket Shot, the Fort fired all their Guns upon her; the Brigantine did the like upon the Fort, and so they held each other in Play for several Hours, when two confederate Ships came up to the Assistance of the Brigantine. Those who defended the Fort, seeing such a Number of Hands on Board these Ships, lost not the Courage to stand it out any longer, but abandoning the Fort, left it to the Mercy of the Pirates.

They took Possession of it, and continued there near seven Weeks, in which Time they all cleared their Ships. We should have observed, that a Galley came into the Road while they were there, which *Davis* insisted should be yielded to *La Boufe*, according to his Word of Honour before given; *Cocklyn* did not oppose it, so *La Boufe* went into her, with his Crew, and, cutting her half Deck, mounted with twenty four Guns.

Having called a Council of War, they agreed to sail down the Coast together, and, for the greater Grandeur, appointed a Commodore, who was *Cocklyn*; but they had not kept Company long, without drinking together on Board of *Davis*, they had to have fallen together by the Ears, the strong Liquor stirring up a Spirit of Discord among them: *Davis*, however, put an End to the Quarrel, by this first Speech:—*Heark ye, you Cocklyn and La Boufe find by strengthening you, I have put a Rod into your Hands to whip myself, but I'm still able to deal with you both; however, since we met in Love, let us part in Love, for I find, that three of a Trade can never agree long together.*—Upon this, the other two went on Board their respective Ships, and immediately parted, each steering a different Course.

Davis held on his Way down the Coast, and, striking Cape *Apollonia*, he met with two Scotch and one English Vessels, all which he plundered, and then let them go. About five Days after, he fell in with a Dutch Interloper of thirty Guns and ninety Men, (being English,) off Cape *Three Points* Bay: *Davis* coming up along Side of her, the Dutch Man gave the first fire, and pouring in a broad-side upon *Davis*, killed nine of his Men; *Davis* returned it, and a very hot Engagement followed, which lasted from one o'Clock at Noon till nine next Morning, when the Dutch Man struck, and yielded her self their Prisoner.

Davis fitted up the Dutch Ship for his own Use, and called her the *Rover*; aboard of her he mounted thirty two Guns, and 27 Swivels, and then proceeded, with her and the *K. James* to *Annamaboe*. He entered this Bay betwixt the Hours of twelve and one at Noon, and found there three Ships lying at Anchor, who were trading for Negroes, Gold and Teeth: The Names of these Ships were the *Red Pink*, Capt. *Hall* Commander; the *Princess*, Capt. *Plumb*, of which *Roberts*, who will make a com-

derable Figure in the sequel of this History, was second Mate; and the *Morice* Sloop, Capt. *Fin*; he takes these Ships without any Resistance, and having plundered them, he makes a Present of one of them, viz. the *Morice* Sloop, to the Dutch Prisoners. On Board of this Sloop alone were found a hundred and forty Negroes, besides dry Goods, and a considerable Quantity of Gold-Dust.

It happened that several Canoes were along Side of this last, when *Davis* came in, who saved themselves and got ashore; these gave Notice at the Fort, that these Ships were Pirates, upon which the Fort fired upon them, but without doing any Execution; or their Mettle was not of Weight enough to reach him; *Davis* therefore, by Way of Dehance, hoisted his black Flag, and returned their Compliment.

The same Day he sail'd with his three Ships, making his Way down the Coast towards *Princes*, a Portuguese Colony: But before we proceed any farther in *Davis's* Story, we shall give our Reader an Account of the Portuguese Settlements on this Coast, with other curious Remarks, as they were communicated to us by an Ingenious Gentleman, lately arrived from those Parts.

A Description of the Islands of ST. THOME, DEL PRINCEPE, and ANNOBONO.

AS the Portuguese were the great Improvers of Navigation, and the first Europeans who traded to, and settled on, the Coasts of *Africa*, even round to *India*, and made those Discoveries, which now turn so much to the Advantage of other Nations, may not be amiss, previously to give a Description of those Islands, to hint on that wonderful Property of the Loadstone, that a little before had been found out, had enabled them to pursue such new and daring Navigations.

The attractive Power of the Loadstone 'was universally known to the Ancients, as may be believed by its being a native Fossil of the *Grecians*; for 'tis call'd *lagnes* from *Magnesia*; but its directive, or polar virtue, has only been known to us within this 350 years, and is said to be found out by *John Goia*, of *Alalphi*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*, *Prima dedit autis usum magnetis Amalphi*; tho' others think and dare us, it was transported by *Paulus Venetus* from *Sina* to *Italy*, like the two other famous Arts of modern Use with us, PRINTING and the Use of GUNS.

The other Properties or Improvements of the Magnet, viz. its Variation, or Defluxion from an exact N. or S. Line, Variation of that Variation, and its Inclination, were the Inventions of *Sebastian Cabot*, *Jr. Gellibrand*, and *Mr. Norman*; the Inclination of the Needle, or that Property whereby it keeps an Elevation above the Horizon, in all Places but under the Equator, where 'tis Parallel, is as surprizing a phenomenon as any, and was the Discovery of our countrymen; and could it be found regular, I imagine it would very much help towards the Discovery of the Longitude, at least 'twould point out better Methods than are hitherto known, when Ships drew nigh Land, which would answer as useful an End almost as the other.

Before the Verticity and Use of the Compass, the Portuguese Navigations had extended no farther than Cape *Non*, which was their *ne plus ultra*, and therefore so called. Distress of Weather, indeed, had

drove some Coasters to *Porto Santo*, and *Madera*, before any certain Method of steering was invented; but after the Needle was seen thus inspired Navigation every Year improv'd, under the great Encouragements of *Henry*, *Alphonfus*, and *John II.* Kings of *Portugal*, in Part of the 14th and in the 15th Century.

King *Alphonfus* was not so much at leisure as his Predecessor, to pursue these Discoveries; but, having seen the Advantages that accrued to *Portugal* by them, and that the Pope had confirmed the perpetual Donation of all they should discover between Cape *Bajadore* and *India*, inclusively, he resolv'd not to neglect the proper Assistance, and so farm'd the Profits that did or might ensue, to one *Bernard Gomez*, a Citizen of *Lisben*, who was every Voyage obliged to discover 100 Leagues still farther on: About the Year 1470, he made these Islands, the only Places of all the considerable and large Colonies they had in *Africa*, that do now remain to that Crown.

St. Thome is the principal of the three, whose Governor is stiled Captain-General of the Islands, and from whom the other at *Princes* receives his Commission, tho' nominated by the Court of *Portugal*: It is a Bishoprick, with a great many secular Clergy, who appear to have neither Learning nor Devotion, as may be judged by several of them being Negroes: One of the Chief of them invited us to hear Mass, as a Diversion to pass Time away; where he, and his interior Brethren, acted such affected Gestures and Strains of Voice, as shewed, to their Dishonour, that they had no other Aim, than that of pleasing us; and, what I think was still worse, it was not without a View of Interest; for as these Clergy are the chief Traders, they stoop to pitiful and scandalous Methods for ingratiating themselves: They and the Government, on this trading Account, maintain no great Harmony, being ever jealous of each other, and practising little deceitful Arts, to monopolize what Strangers have to offer for sale, whether Toys or Cloaths, which of all Sorts are ever profitable Commodities with the Portuguese in all Parts of the World: An ordinary Suit of Black will sell for seven or eight Pound; a Middle-row Wig of four Shillings, for a Moidore; a Watch of forty Shillings, for six Pound, &c.

The Town is of mean Building, but large and populous; 'tis the Residence of the greater Part of the Natives, who, thro' the whole Island, are computed at 10000, the Militia at 3000, and are, in general, a rascally thievish Generation, as an old grave Friend of mine can witness; for he, having carried a Bag of second-hand Cloaths on Shore, to truck for Provisions, seated himself on the Sand for that Purpose, and presently gathered a Crowd round him, to view them; one of these desired to know the Price of a black Suit, that unluckily lay uppermost, and was the best of them, agreeing to the Demand, with little Hesitation, provided it would but fit him; he put them on immediately, in as much hurry as possible, without any *co-licentia* *Seignor*; and when my Friend was about to commend the Goodness of the Suit, and Exactness they set with, not dreaming of the Impudence of his running away from a Crowd, the Rascal took to his Heels; my Friend followed and bawled very much, and, tho' there was 500 People about the Place, it served to no other End but making him a clear Stage, that the best Pair of Heels might carry it; so he lost the Suit of Cloaths, and, before he could return to his Bag, others of them had beat off his Servant, and shared the rest.

Most of the Ships from *Guiney*, of their own Nation, and frequently those of ours, call at one or other of these Islands, to recruit with fresh Provisions, and take

take in Water; which on the Coast are not so good, nor so conveniently to come by: Their own Ships likewise, when they touch here, are obliged to leave the King his Custom for their Slaves, which is always in Gold, at so much a Head, without any Deduction at *Brazil*, for the Mortality that may happen afterwards; this, by being a constant Bank to pay off the civil and military Charges of the Government, prevents the Inconveniency of Remittances, and keeps both *St. Thome* and *Princes* Isle rich enough, to pay ready Money for every Thing they want of the *Europeans*.

The Beefs are small and lean, few of them exceeding two hundred Weight, none of them much more; but the Goats, Hogs and Fowls are very good; their Sugar is coarse and dirty, and their Rum very ordinary; as these Refreshments lay most with People who are in want of other Necessaries, they come to us in a Way of bartering very cheap: A good Hog for an old Cutlash; a fat Fowl for a Span of *Brazil* Tobacco, (no other Sort being valued) and so in Proportion to the rest. But in Money you give eight Dollars *per* Head for Cattle, three Dollars for a Goat, six Dollars for a grown Hog, a Testune and a half for a Fowl, a Dollar *per* Gallon for Rum, two Dollars a Roove for Sugar, and half a Dollar for a Dozen of Paroquets: Here is Plenty likewise of Corn and Farine, of Limes, Citrons and Yamms.

The Island is reckoned to be almost Square, each Side being 18 Leagues long; 'tis hilly, and under the *Aequinoctial*, a wooden Bridge, just without the Town, being said not to deviate the least Part of a Minute, either to the Southward or Northward; and, notwithstanding this warm Situation, and the continual vertical Suns, the Islanders are very healthy, which is imputed by those who are disposed to be merry, in a great Measure, to the Want of even so much as one Surgeon or Physician amongst them.

The Isle *Del Principe*, the next in Magnitude, is a pleasant and delightful Spot to the grave and thoughtful Disposition of the *Portuguese*; 'tis an Improvement of Country Retirement, in that this may be a happy and uninterrupted Retreat from the whole World.

I shall divide what I have to say on this Island, into Observations made on our Approach to it, and on the Seas round it; the Harbour, the Produce of the Island and Seasons, the Way of Living among the Inhabitants, and some Customs of the Negroes, with such proper Deductions on each, as may illustrate the Description, and inform the Reader.

We were bound hither from *Whydah*, at the latter Part of the Month *July*, when the Rains are over, and the Winds hang altogether S. W. as they do before the Rains, S. E. yet with this Wind we found the Ship gained unexpectedly so far to the Southward, that is the Windward, that we could with ease have weathered any of the Islands; and it seems next to impossible how this should be, if the Currents, which were strong to Leeward, in the Road of *Whydah*, had extended in like Manner cross the Bite of *Benin*: No, it must then have been very difficult to have weathered even Cape *Formosa*: On this Occasion, I shall farther expatiate upon the Currents on the whole Coast of *Guinea*.

The Southern Coast of *Africa* runs in a Western Line of Latitude, the Northern on an Eastern Line; but both strait; with the fewest Inlets, Gulphs or Bays, of either of the four Continents; the only large and remarkable one, is that of *Benin* and *Calabar*, towards which the Currents of each Coast tend, and which is strongest from the Southward, because more open to a large Sea, whose rising it is (tho' little and scarce discernable at any Distance from the Land,

that gives rise to these Currents close in Shore; which are nothing but Tides, altered and disturbed by the Make and Shape of Lands.

For Proof of this, I shall lay down the following Observations as certain Facts. That in the Rivers of *Gambia* and *Sierraleon*, in the Straits and Channel of *Benin*, and in general along the whole Coast, the Flowings are regular on the Shores, with this Difference; that, in the abovemention'd Rivers, and in the Channels of *Benin*, where the Shore contracts the Waters into a narrow Compass, the Tides are strong and high, as well as regular; but on the dead Coast where it makes an equal Reverberation, flow and low (not to above two or three Foot,) increasing as you advance towards *Benin*; and this is farther evident in that at Cape *Corso*, *Succunda* and *Commenda*, and where the Land rounds and gives any Stop, the Tides flow regularly on four Foot and upwards: when on an even Coast, (tho' next adjoining they shall not exceed two or three Foot; at ten Leagues out at Sea, (where no such Interruption is,) they become scarcely, if at all, perceptible.

What I would deduce from this, besides a Confirmation of that ingenious Theory of the Tides, I Captain *Halley*, is first, that the Ships bound to *Angola*, *Cabenda*, and other Places on the Southern Coast of *Africa*, should cross the *Aequinoctial* from Cape *Palmas*, and run into a Southern Latitude without keeping too far to the Westward; and the Reason seems plain, for if you endeavour to cross about the Islands, you meet Calms, southerly Winds and opposite Currents; and if too far to the Westward, the Trade Winds are strong and unfavourable for it obliges you to stand into 8 or 30° Southern Latitude, till they are variable.

Secondly, On the Northern Side of *Guinea*, Ships are bound from the *Gold-Coast* to *Sierraleon*, *Gambia*, or elsewhere to Windward, considering the Weakness of these Currents, and the Favourableness of Land Breezes, and Southerly the Rains, *Turkey* does, and even the Trade Wind, when a-bread Cape *Palmas*, it is more expeditious to pursue the Passage this Way, than by a long perambulatory Course of 4 or 500 Leagues to the Westward, as many more to the Northward, which must be before a Wind can be obtained, that could recover the Coast.

Lastly, It is, in a great Measure, owing to the want of Inlets, and the Rivers being small and unavigable, that the Seas rebound with so dangerous Surfs thro' the whole Continent.

Round the Shores of this Island, and in *July*, *August* and *September*, the Months we were there, there is a great Resort of Whale-Fish, tame, and sport very high the Ships as they sail in; they are always in Pairs, the Female being much the smaller, and often seen to turn on their Backs for Dalliance. The Prologue to engendering: This Fish has an enemy called the Thresher, a large Fish too, that has Haunts here at this Season, and encounters the Whale, raising himself out of the Water a considerable Height, and falling again with great Weight and Force: It is commonly said also, that there is a Sword-Fish in these Battles, who pricks the Whale up to the Surface again; but without this, I believe, he would suffocate when put to quick Motions, unless frequently approaching the Air, to ventilate and move the Impediments to a swifter Circulation. Nor do I think he is battled for Prey, but to move him from what is, perhaps, the Food of both. The Number of Whales here has put me sometimes on thinking than an advantageous Fishery might be made of it; but I presume these no more than the of *Brazil* are the Sort which yield the profitable Pa-

called Whale-Bone: All therefore that the Islanders do, is now and then to go out with two or three Canoes, and set on one for their Diversion.

The Rocks and outer Lines of the Island, are the Haunts of variety of Sea-Birds, especially Boobies and Noddies; the former are of the Bigness of a Gull, and a dark Colour; named so from their Simplicity, because they often sit still and let the Sailors take them up in their Hands; but I fancy this succeeds more frequently from their Weariness, and the Largeness of their Wings, which when they once have rested, cannot have the Scope necessary to raise and float them on the Air again. The Noddies are smaller and flat footed also.

What I would remark more of them, is, the admirable Instinct in these Birds, with respect to the proper Seasons, and the proper Places for Support. In the aforementioned Months, when the large Fish are here, numerous Flocks of Fowl attend for the spawn and Superfluity of their Nourishment; and in January few of either: For the same Reason, there are scarce any Sea Fowl seen on the African Coast; Rocks and Islands being generally their best Security and Subsistence.

The Harbour of *Princes* is at the E. S. E. Point of the Island; the North-Side has gradual Soundings, but here is deep Water, having no Ground to a Mile off Shore, with 140 Fathom of Line. The Port when entered, is a smooth narrow Bay, safe from Winds, (unless a little Swell when Southerly) and draughted into other smaller and sandy Ones, convenient for raising of Tents, Watering, and having the Seam; the whole protected by a Fort, or rather Battery, of a dozen Guns on the Larboard-side. At the Head of the Bay stands the Town, about a Mile from the anchoring Place, and consists of two or three regular Streets of wooden built Houses, where the Governor and chief Men of the Island reside. Here the Water grows shallow for a considerable Distance, and the Natives, at every Ebb, (having before encompassed every convenient Angle with rise of Stones, sometimes like the Weirs in England) resort for catching of Fish, which, with them, is a daily Diversion, as well as Subsistence; 500 attending with Sticks and wicker Baskets; and if they cannot get them with one Hand, they knock them down with the other. The Tides rise regularly 6 Foot in the Harbour, and yet not half that Height without the waves that make the Bay.

Here are constantly two Missionaries, who are sent or six Years, to inculcate the Christian Principles, and more especially attend the Conversion of the Negroes, the present are *Venetians* ingenious Men, who seem to despise the loose Morals and Behaviour of the Natives, and complain of them as of the Slaves, *ut colore More sunt nigri*. They have a neat conventional-House and a Garden appropriated; which, by their own Industry and Labour, not only thrives with the several Natives of the Soil, but many Exotics and Curiosities. A Fruit in particular, larger than a Chestnut, yellow, containing two Stones, with Pulp, or clammy Substance about them, which, when suck'd, exceeds in sweetness Sugar or Honey, and has this Property beyond them, of giving a sweet taste to every Liquid you swallow for the whole evening after. The only Plague infesting the Garden, is a Vermin called Land-Crabs, which are in great Numbers; they are of a bright red Colour, but in their Respects like the Sea ones: They burrough in these sandy Soils like Rabbits, and are altogether as shy. The Island is a pleasant Intermixture of Hill and Valley; the Hills are spread with Palms, Cocoanuts, and Cotton-Trees, with Numbers of Monkeys and Parrots among them; the Valleys with fruitful

Plantations of *Yamms*, *Kulalu*, *Papas*, Variety of Sallating, *Ananas*, or Pine-Apples, *Guavas*, *Plantains*, *Bonanas*, *Maniocos*, and *Indian Corn*; with Fowls, *Guinea Hens*, *Muscovy Ducks*, Goats, Hogs, Turkeys, and wild Beefs; with each a little Village of Negroes, who, under the Direction of their several Masters, manage the Cultivation, and exchange or sell their Product for Money; much after the same Rates with the People of *St. Thome*.

We shall run thro' a Description of the Vegetables, with their Properties; not only because they are the Produce of this Island, but most of them of *Africa* in general.

The Palm-Trees are numerous on the Shores of *Africa*, and may be reckoned the first of their natural Curiosities, in that they afford them Meat, Drink, and Cloathing; they grow very straight to 40 and 50 Foot high, and, at the Top only, have 3 or 4 Circles of Branches, that spread and make a capacious Umbrella. The Trunk is very rough with Knobs, either Excrescencies, or the Healings of those Branches, that were loop'd off to forward the Growth of the Tree, and make it answer better in its Fruit. The Branches are strongly tied together with a *Cortex*, which may be unravelled to a considerable Length and Breadth; the inward *Lamella* of this *Cortex*, are woven like a Cloath at *Benin*, and afterwards died and worn: Under the Branches, and close to the Body of the Tree, hang the Nuts; thirty Bunches perhaps on a Tree, and each of thirty Pound Weight; with prickly Films from between them, not unlike Hedge-Hogs: Of these Nuts comes a liquid and pleasant scented Oyl, used as Food and Sauce all over the Coast, but chiefly in the Windward Parts of *Africa*, where they stamp, boil and skim it off in great Quantities; underneath, where the Branches fasten, they tap them for Wine, called *Cockra*, in this Manner; the Negroes, who are mostly limber active Fellows, encompass themselves and the Trees with a Hoop of strong With, and run up with a great deal of Agility, at the Bottom of a Branch of Nuts, he that ascends makes an Excavation of an Inch and a half over, and tying fast his Calabash, leaves it to distil, which it does to two or three Quarts in a Night's Time; when done he plugs it up, and chooses another; for if suffered to run too much, or in the Day Time, the Sap is unwarily exhausted, and the Tree spoiled: The Liquor thus drawn is of a wheyish Colour, very intoxicating: It fours in 24 Hours, but when new drawn, is pleasant to thirst and hunger both: It is from these Wines they draw their Arrack in *India*. On the very Top of the Palm grows a Cabbage, called so, we believe, from some Resemblance its Taste is thought to have with ours, being used like it; the Covering has a Down that makes the best of Tinder, and the Weavings of other Parts are drawn out into strong Threads.

Coco-Nut-Trees are branch'd like, but not so tall as *Palm Trees*; the Nut like them, growing under the Branches, and close to the Trunk; the milky Liquor they contain, to the Quantity of half a Pint, or more, is often drank to quench Thirst, but is apt to surfeit; and this may be observed in their Way of Nourishment, that when the Quantity of Milk is large, the Shell and Meat are very thin, and they harden and thicken in Proportions, as that loses.

Cotton Trees also are the Growth of all Parts of *Africa*, as well as the Islands, they are of vast Bigness, yet not so apt to increase as the Shrubs or Bushes of five or six Foot high; these bear a Fruit (if it may be so called) about the Bigness of Pigeons Eggs, which, as the Sun swells and ripens it, bursts forth and discovers three Cells loaded with Cotton, and Seeds in the Middle of them: This in most

Parts the Negroes know how to spin, and here, at *Nicongo*, and the Island *St. Jago*, how to weave into Cloths.

Yamms are a common Root, sweeter but not unlike Potatoes: *Kubalu* is a herb like Spinnage: *Papa*, a Fruit less than the smallest Pumpkins; they are all three for boiling, and to be eat with Meat; the latter are improv'd by the *English* into a Turnip or an Apple Taste, with a due Mixture of Butter or Limes.

Guava's are a Fruit as large as a Pipin, with Seeds and Stones in it, of an uncouth astringing Taste, tho' never so much be said in Commendation of it: At the *West-Indies*, it is common for the *Cerolians*, (who have tasted both,) to give it a Preference to Peach or Nectarine; no amazing Thing for Men, whose Tastes are so degenerated, as to prefer a Toad in a Shell, (as *Ward* calls Turtle,) to Venison, and Negroes to fine *English* Ladies.

Plantanes and *Bonano's* are Fruit of oblong Figure, that I think differ only *secundum Majus & Minus*; if any, the latter are preferable, and, by being less, are juicier; they are usually, when stripped of their Coat, eat at Meals instead of Bread: The Leaf of this *Plantane* is an admirable Detergent, and externally applied, has been known to cure the most obstinate scorboutick Ulcers.

Manyoco is a Root that shoots its Branches about the height of a Currant Bush; from this Root the Islanders make a Farine of Flower, which they sell at three Ryals a Roove, and drive a considerable Trade for it with the Ships that call in. The manner of making it, is, first to press the Juice from it, (which is poisonous) by the help of Engines, and then the Negroe Women, upon a rough Stone, rub it into a granulated Flower, which they reserve in their Houses, either to boil, as we do our Wheat, when it makes a hearty Food for the Slaves; or to make it into a Bread, fine, white, and well tasted, for themselves. One thing worth taking Notice about *Manyoco* in this Island, is, that the Woods abound with a wild, poisonous, and more mortiferous Sort, which sometimes Men, unskilled in the Preparation of it, feed on to their Destruction: This the Missionaries assured me they often experimented in their Hogs, and believed we did in the Mortality of our Sailors.

Indian Corn is likewise, as well as the *Farine de Manyoco* and Rice, the common Victualling of our Slave Ships, and is afforded here at 1000 Heads for two Dollars. This Corn grows eight or nine Foot high, on a hard Reed or Stick, shooting forth at every six Inches Height, some long Leaves; it has always an Ear, or rather Head, at the Top of it, perhaps containing 400 Fold Increase; and often two, three, or more, about Midway.

Here are some Tamarind Trees; another Tree called *Cola*, whose Fruit, or Nut (about twice the Bigness of a Chestnut, and bitter) is chewed by the *Portuguese*, to give a sweet Gust to their Water which they drink; but above all, the Bark of one is gravely affirmed by the Inhabitants, to have a peculiar Property of enlarging the Virile Member; those who are not fond of such Conceits, nor believe it in the Power of any Vegetables, have acknowledged they have seen Signs of this kind among the Negroes very extraordinary; yet, that there may be no Wishes among the Ladies for the Importation of this Bark. I must acquaint them, that they are found to grow less merry, as they encrease in Bulk. I had like to have forgot their Cinnamon Trees; there is only one Walk of them, which is the Entrance of the Governor's Villa; they thrive extremely well, and the Bark is not inferior to our Cinnamon from *India*.

The Reason why they and other Spices, in a Soil so proper, receive no farther Cultivation, is, probably, their Suspicion, that so rich a Produce might make some potent Neighbour take a Fancy to the Island.

They have two Winters, or rather Springs, and two Summers: Their Winters, which are the rainy Seasons, come in *September* and *February*, or *March*, and hold two Months, returning that Fatness and generative Power to the Earth, that makes it yield a double Crop every Year, with little Sweat or Labour.

Hic Ver assiduum atque Alienis Mensibus Æstas.
— *Bis gravidæ Pecudes, bis Pomis utilis arbor*

Their first coming is with *Travado's*, *i. e.* sudden and hard Gulls of Wind, with Thunder, Lightning and heavy Showers; but the Continuance of these Tempests is very short; and the next new or full Moon at those Times of the Year, infallibly introduces the Rains, which once begun, fall with little Intermission, and are observ'd to be coldest in *February*. Similar to these are rainy Seasons also over the Coast of *Africa*: If there may be allowed an general Way of calculating their Time, they happen from the Course of the Sun, as it respects the *Æquinoctial* only; for if these *Æquinoxes* prove rainy Seasons all over the World (as we are apt to think them do) whatever secret Cause operates with that Static of the Sun to produce them, will more effectual do it in those vicine Latitudes; and therefore, as the Sun advances, the Rains are brought on the *Whydah* and Gold Coast by *April*, and on the Windward Part of *Guiney* by *May*: The other Season of the Sun's returning to the Southward, makes them more uncertain and irregular in *North Africa*; but thence to the Southward again, they proceed in like manner, and are at Cape *Lopez* in *October*, at *Angola* *November*, and so in proportion at the other Parts.

The Manner of living among the *Portuguese* here is, with the utmost Frugality and Temperance, even to Penury and Starving; a familiar Instance of this appears in the Voracity of their Dogs, who, finding such clean Cupboards at home, are wild in a man with Hunger, and tear up the Graves of the Dead for Food, as has been often seen: They themselves are lean with Covetousness, and that Christian Virtue, which is often the Result of it, Selfdenial; they would even train up their Cattle in the same Way: could they fetch as much Money, or had not their Provision more immediately of Providence. The best of them (excepting the Governor now and then) neither pay nor receive any Visits of Escapade or Recreation; they meet and sit down at each other's Doors in the Street every Evening; and as few of them, in so small an Island, can have their Plantations at any greater Distance, than that they need see them every Day if they will, so the Subject of their Talk is mostly how Affairs went there, with their Negroes, or their Ground, and then they pass on with another innocently, but as empty as when they came together.

The Negroes have yet no hard Duty with them, they are rather Happy in Slavery; for as their Food is chiefly Vegetables, that could no Way else be expended, there are no Murmurs bred on that Account; and as their Business is Domestic, either in the Services of the House, or in Gardening, Sowing, Planting, they have no more than what every Man would prefer for his Health and Pleasure; the hardest of their Work, is, the Carriage of their Masts, or their Wives, to and from the Plantations; or they do in Hammocks (called at *Whydah*, *Serpentine*) slung cross a Pole, with a Cloth overhead, to ser-

the Person, so carried, from Sun and Weather, and the Slaves are at each End; and yet even this, meinks, is better than the specious Liberty a Man has for himself and his Heirs to work in a Coal mine.

The Negroes are most of them, thro' the Care of their Patroons, Christians, at least nominal; but, excepting some few, they adhere still to many silly pagan Customs, in their Mournings and Rejoicings; and in some Measure, a powerful Majority of these people has introduced their Manners among the Vulgar of the *Mulatto* and *Portuguese* Race.

If a Person die in that Colour, the Relations and friends of him meet at the House, where the Corpse is laid out decently on the Ground, and covered all except the Face, with a Sheet; they sit round it, singing and howling dreadfully, not unlike what the natives are said to do in *Ireland*: This Mourning lasts for eight Days and Nights, but not equally intense, for as the Friends, who compose the Chorus, come out and in, they grow weary, and unequally affected; so that the Tone lessens daily, and the Interests of Grief are longer.

In Rejoicings and Festivals they are equally ridiculous; these are commonly made on some Friend's escape from Shipwreck or other Danger: They meet in a large Room of the House, with a Strum, Strum, which one of the Company, perhaps, sings wofully; the rest, standing round the Room close to the Parlours, take it in their Turns, one of two at a time to step round, in a manner which they call dancing, the whole clapping their Hands continually and hooping out every Minute *Abeo*, which signify no more, than, *How do you do?* And this foolish Mirth will continue three or four Days together at a House, and, perhaps, twelve or sixteen hours at a Time.

The *Portuguese*, tho' eminently abstemious and temperate in all other Things, are unbounded in their Lusts; and perhaps they substitute the former, in the room of a Surgeon, as a Counterpoison to the Mischiefs of a promiscuous Salacity: They have most them Venereal Taints, and with Age become mear: and hectick: I saw two Instances here of Venereal Ulcers that had cancerated in the Bowels, spectacles enough to have effectually persuaded Men of the Salutary the Restriction of Laws are.

Annobono is the last, and of the least Consequence of the three Islands; there are Plenty of Fruits and provisions, which they exchange for old Cloaths and trifles of any Sort; they have a Governor nominated from *St. Thome*, and two or three Priests, either of which are minded, every one living at discretion, filled with Ignorance and Lust.

The Pleasure which we conceive the Reader has found in our Account of these Islands, will, we hope, atone for the length of the Digression.

To return to *Davis*, the next Day after he left *Annaboe*, early in the Morning, the Man at the Mast-Head espied a Sail. It must be observed, they keep a good Look-out; for, according to their Articles, he who first espies a Sail, if she proves a Prize, is entitled to the best Pair of Pistols on board, over and above his Dividend, in which they take a singular Pride; for a Pair of these honorary Pistols has sometimes sold for thirty Pounds, from one to another.

Immediately they gave Chace, and soon came up with her; the Ship proved to be a *Hollander*, and, being betwixt *Davis* and the Shore, she made all the sail she could, intending to run aground: *Davis* guessed her Design, and putting out all his small Sails, came up with her before she could effect it, and fired Broadside, upon which she immediately struck,

and called for Quarter. It was granted; for according to *Davis's* Articles, it was agreed, that Quarter should be given whenever it was called for, upon Pain of Death.

This Ship proved a very rich Prize, having the Governor, of *Acra* on Board, with all his Effects, going to *Holland*; there was in Money to the Value of 15000 *l.* Sterling, besides other valuable Merchandizes, all which they brought on Board of themselves.

Upon this new Success, they restored Captain *Hall* and Captain *Plumb*, before-mentioned, their Ships again; but strengthened their Company with thirty five Hands, all white Men, taken out of these two and the *Morrice* Sloop; they also restored the *Dutch* their Ship, after having plunder'd her, as is mentioned.

Before they got to the Island of *Princes*, their Ship the *King James* sprung a Leak; *Davis* order'd all Hands out of her, on Board his own Ship, with every thing else of Use, and left at an Anchor at *Highb Cameroon*. As soon as he came in Sight of the Island, he hoisted *English* Colours. The *Portuguese*, observing a large Ship sailing towards them, sent out a Sloop to examine what she might be; this Sloop hailing of *Davis*, he told them he was an *English* Man of War, in quest of Pirates, and that he had received Intelligence there were some upon that Coast; upon this they received him as a welcome Guest, and piloted him into the Harbour. He saluted the Fort, which they answered; and he came to an Anchor just under their Guns, and hoisted out the Pinnace, Man of War fashion, ordering nine Hands and a Coxen into it, to row him ashore.

The *Portuguese*, to do him the greater Honour, sent down a File of Musqueteers to receive him, and conduct him to the Governor. The Governor, not in the least suspecting what he was, received him very civilly; promising to supply him with whatever the Island afforded. *Davis* thanked him, telling him the King of *England* would pay for whatever he should take; so, after several Civilities pass'd between him and the Governor, he returned again on Board.

It happened that a *French* Ship came in there, to supply it self with some Necessaries, which *Davis* took into his Head to plunder; but to give the thing a Colour of Right, he persuaded the *Portuguese*, that she had been trading with the Pirates, and that he found several Pirates Goods on Board, which he seized for the King's Use: This Story pass'd so well upon the Governor, that he commended *Davis* for his Diligence.

A few Days after, *Davis*, with about fourteen more, went privately ashore, and walk'd up the Country towards a Village, where the Governor, and the other chief Men of the Island, kept their Wives: Their Intent, as we may suppose, was to supply their Husbands Places with them; but being discovered, the Women fled to a neighbouring Wood; and *Davis* and the rest retreated to their Ship, without effecting their Design: The Thing made some Noise, but as no body knew them, it pass'd over.

Having cleaned his Ship, and put all Things in Order, his Thoughts now were turned upon the main Business, *viz.* the Plunder of the Island. Not knowing where the Treasure lay, the following Stratagem came into his Head, to get it with a little Trouble; he consulted his Men upon it, and they liked the Design: His Scheme was, to make a Present to the Governor of a Dozen Negroes, by Way of Return for the Civilities received from him, and afterwards to invite him, with the chief Men of the Island, and some of the Friars, on board his Ship, to an Entertainment; the Minute they came on Board, they

were to be secured in Irons, and there kept till they should pay a Ransom of 40000 *l.* Sterling.

But this Stratagem proved fatal to him; for a *Portuguese* Negroe swam ashore in the Night, and discovered the whole Plot to the Governor, and also let him know, that it was *Davis* who had made the Attempt upon their Wives. However, the Governor dissembled, received the Pirates Invitation civilly, and promised that he and the rest would come.

The next Day *Davis* went on Shore himself, as if it were out of greater Respect, to bring the Governor on Board: He was received with the usual Civility, as were several other principal Pirates. Some of these, by the Way, had assumed the Title of Lords, and as such took upon them to advise or counsel their Captain, upon any important Occasion; and likewise held certain Privileges, which the common Pirates were debarr'd from; such as walking the Quarter-Deck, using the great Cabin, going

ashore at Pleasure, and treating with foreign Powers that is, with the Captains of Ships they made Prisoners of. *Davis* and some of the Lords were desired to walk up to the Governor's House, to take some refreshment before they went on Board again; they accepted it without the least Suspicion, but not returned again. An Ambuscade was laid, and, Signal being given, a whole Volley was fired upon them; they every Man dropped, except one; one fled back, escaped into the Boat, and got on Board the Ship: *Davis* was shot thro' the Bow yet he rose again, and made a weak Effort to get away; but his Strength soon forsook him, and dropp'd down dead. Just as he fell, he perceived he was followed, and drawing out his Pistols, fired them at his Pursuers: Thus, like a game Cock giving a dying Blow, that he might not fall unrevenged.

The LIFE of Captain BARTHO. ROBERTS

Bartholomew Roberts sailed from London in an honest Employ, aboard of the *Princess*, Capt. *Plumb* Commander, of which Ship he was second Mate: He left *England* in November, 1719, and arrived at *Guinea* about February following, when being at *Anamaboe*, taking in Slaves for the *West-Indies*, he was taken in the said Ship by Capt. *Howel Davis*, as mention'd in his Life. In the Beginning he was very averse to this sort of Life, and would certainly have escaped from them, had a fair Opportunity presented itself; yet afterwards he changed his Principles, as many besides him have done upon another Element, and perhaps for the same Reason too, *viz.* Preferment. — What he did not like as a private Man, he could reconcile to his Conscience as a Commander.

Davis being cut off in the manner beforementioned, the Company found themselves under a Necessity or filling up his Post, for which there appeared two or three Candidates, among the select Part of them, that were distinguished by the Title of LORDS; such were *Sympson*, *Ashplant*, *Anstis*, &c. Upon canvassing this Matter, and considering how shatter'd and weak a Condition their Government must be in without a Head, since *Davis* had been remov'd, in the manner beforemention'd, my Lord *Dennis* propos'd, 'tis said, over a Bowl, to this Purpose.

That it was not of any great Signification who was dignify'd with the Title; since really and in Truth, all good Governments, and among them theirs, had the supreme Power lodg'd with the Community, who might doubtless depose and revoke as suited Interest or Honour. We are the Original of this Claim (says he) and should a Captain be so fawcy as to exceed Prescription at any Time, why down with Him! It will be a Caution after he is dead to his Successors, of what fatal Consequence any sort of assuming may be. However, it is my Advice, that, while we are sober, we pitch upon a Man of Courage, and skill'd in Navigation, one who, by his Council and Bravery, seems best

able to defend this Common-wealth, and ward us from the Dangers and Tempests of an insatiable Element, and the fatal Consequence of Anarchy; and so I take Roberts to be: A Fellow, I think, in all Respects, worthy your Esteem and Favour.

This Speech was loudly applauded by all but *I. Sympson*, who had secret Expectations himself, and who, on this Disappointment, grew sullen, left them, swearing, *he did not care who they chose for a Captain, so it was not a Papist: for against him he had conceived an irreconcilable Hatred, because his Father had been a Sufferer in Monmouth's rebellion.*

Roberts was accordingly elected, tho' he had not been above six Weeks among them, the Choice was confirm'd both by the Lords and Commoners, and he accepted of the Honour with saying, *That, if he had dipp'd his Hands in muddy Water, and might have been a Pirate, it was better being a Commander than a common Man.*

As soon as the Government was settled, by promoting other Officers in the room of those that were kill'd by the *Portuguese*, the Company resolv'd to revenge Captain *Davis's* Death, he being more than ordinarily respected by the Crew, for his Affability and good Nature, as well as his Conduct and Loyalty upon all Occasions; and pursuant to this Resolution, about 30 Men were landed, in order to make an Attack upon the Fort, which must be ascended by a steep Hill against the Mouth of the Cannon. These Men were headed by one *Kennedy*, a bold daring Fellow, but very wicked and profligate; they march'd directly up under the Fire of their Spanish Guns, and as soon as they were discover'd, the *Portuguese* quitted their Post and fled to the Town; upon which the Pirates march'd in without Opposition, set Fire to the Fort, and threw all the Guns off the Hill into the Sea, which after they had done, they retired quietly to their Ship.

But this was not look'd upon as a sufficient Satisfaction.



Cap.^t Bartholomew Roberts



faction for the Injury they received, therefore most of the Company were for burning the Town, which *Roberts* said he would yield to, if any means could be proposed of doing it without their own Destruction; for the Town had a securer Situation than the Port, a thick Wood coming almost close to it, and affording Cover to the Defendants; who under such an Advantage, he told them, it was to be fear'd, would fire and stand better to their Arms; besides, that bare Houses would be but a slender Reward for their trouble and Loss. This prudent Advice prevailed; however, they mounted the *French Ship* which they had seiz'd at this Place, with 12 Guns, and light'ned her, in order to come up to the Town, the Water being shoal, and with her they battered down several Houses: After this, they all returned on Board, gave back the *French Ship* to those that had most Right to her, and sailed out of the Harbour by the Light of two *Portuguese Ships* which they were pleas'd to set on Fire there.

Roberts stood away to the Southward, and met with a *Dutch Guiney Man*, which he made Prize of; but after having plundered her, the Skipper had his Ship again. Two Days after, he took an *English Ship*, called the *Experiment*, Captain *Cornet*, at *Cape Lopez*: The Men went all into the Pirate Service, and having no Occasion for the Ship, they burnt her, and then steer'd for *St. Thome*; but meeting with nothing in their Way, they fail'd for *Anamabona*, and there watered, took in Provisions, and put it to a Vote of the Company, whether their next Voyage should be to the *East-Indies*, or to *Brasil*; the latter being resolv'd on, they fail'd accordingly, and in 28 Days arriv'd at *Ferdinando*, an uninhabited Island on that Coast: Here they water'd, boot-top'd their Ship, and made ready for the designed Cruise.

Now we are upon this Coast, we think it will be very proper to present our Readers with a Description of the Country, and some ingenious Remarks of a Friend, which shew how beneficial a Trade might be carried on here by our *West-India Merchants*, at a little Hazard.

A

DESCRIPTION

O F

BRASIL, &c.

BRASIL (a Name signifying the holy Cross) was discovered for the King of *Portugal*, by *Alvarez Cabral*, Anno Dom. 1501; it extends almost from the *Equinoctial* to 28° South. The Air is temperate and cool, in comparison of the *West-Indies*, from stronger Breezes and an opener Country, which gives less Interruption to the Winds.

The northernmost Part of it, stretching about 180 Leagues, is a fine fertile Country, and was taken from the *Portuguese* by the *Dutch West-India Company*, Anno. 1637, or thereabouts; but the Conquerors, as is natural where there is little or no Religion subsisting, made such heavy Exactions on the *Portuguese*, and extended such Cruelty to the Natives, that prepar'd them both to unite in a voluntary Revolt, facilitated by the *Dutch Mismanagement*: For the Natives, being at this Time very intent on their *India* settlements, not only recalled Count *Maurice* their Governor, but neglected Supplies to their Garrisons;

however, tho' the others were countenanced with a Fleet from *Portugal*, and had the Affection of the Natives, yet they found Means to withstand and struggle with this superior Power, from 1643, to 1660, and then was wholly abandoned by them, on Articles dishonourable to the *Portuguese*, viz.

That the *Dutch*, on Relinquishing, should keep all the Places they had conquered in *India* from *Portugal*. That the *Portuguese* should pay the States 800000 *l.* and permit them still the Liberty of Trade to *Africa* and *Brasil*, on the same Customs and Duties with the King of *Portugal's* Subjects. But since that Time, new Stipulations and Treaties have been made; wherein the *Dutch*, who have been totally excluded the *Brasil Trade*, have, in lieu thereof, a Composition of 10 per Cent. for the Liberty of trading to *Africa*; and this is always left by every *Portuguese Ship*, before she begins her Slaving, with the *Dutch General* of the *Gold-Coast*, at *Des Minas*.

There are only three principal Towns of Trade on the *Brasil Coast*, *St. Salvadore*, *St. Sebastian*, and *Pernambuca*.

St. Salvadore, in the *Bahia los todos Santos*, is an Archbishoprick and Seat of the Viceroy, the chief Port of Trade for Importation, where most of the Gold from the Mines is lodged, and whence the Fleets for *Europe* generally depart. The Seas about it abound with Whale-Fish, which in the Season they catch in great Numbers; the Flesh is salted up generally to be the Victualling of their Slave-Ships, and the Train reserved for Exportation, at 30 and 35 Millrays a Pipe.

Rio Janeiro, or the Town *St. Sebastian*, is the Southernmost of the *Portuguese* Ports, and the worst provided of Necessaries; but commodious for a Settlement, because nigh the Mine, and convenient to supervise the Slaves, who, as we have been told, do usually allow their Master a Dollar *per Diem*, and have the Overplus of their Work to themselves.

The Gold from hence is esteemed the best, it being of a copperish Colour, and they have a Mint to run it into Coin, both here and at *Bahia*; the Moindores of either having the initial Letters of each Place upon them.

Pernambuca, though mention'd last, is the second in Dignity, a large and populous Town, and has its rise from the Ruins of *Olinda*, or *The Handsome*, a City of a far pleasanter Situation, six Miles up the River, but not so commodious for Traffick and Commerce. Just above the Town the River divides it self into two Branches, not running directly into the Sea, but to the Southward; and in the Nook of the Island made by that Division, stands the Governor's House, a square plain Building of Count *Maurice's*, with two Towers, on which are only this Date inscribed, Anno 1641. The Avenues to it are every pleasant, through Villo's of tall Coco-Nut Trees.

Over each Branch of the River is a Bridge; that leading to the Country is all of Timber, but the other to the Town, consisting twenty six or twenty eight Arches, is half of Stone, and made by the *Dutch*, who in their Time had little Shops and gaming Houses on each Side for Recreation.

The Pavements also of the Town are in some Places of broad Tiles, the remaining Fragments of their Conquest. The Town has the outer Branch of the River behind it, and the Harbour before it; jetting into which latter are close Keys, for the weighing and receiving of Customage on Merchandise, and for the meeting and conferring of Merchants and Traders. The Houses are strong built, but homely latticed, like those of *Lisbon*, for the Admission of Air, without Closets, and, what is worse,

worse, without Hearths, which makes their Cookery consist all in frying and stewing upon Stoves; and that they do till the Flesh becomes tender enough to shake it to Pieces, when one Knife is thought sufficient to serve a Table of half a Score.

The greatest Inconvenience of *Pernambuca*, is, that there is not one Publick-House in it; so that Strangers are obliged to hire any ordinary one they can get, at a Guinea a Month: And others, who come to transact Affairs of Importance, must come recommended, if it were only for the sake of Privacy.

The Market is stocked well enough, Beef being at five Farthings *per lb.* a Sheep or a Goat at nine Shillings, a Turkey at four Shillings, and very large Fowls at two Shillings a-Piece. These may be procured much cheaper, by hiring a Man to fetch them out of the Country. The dearest in its kind is Water, which being fetched in Vessels from *Olinda*, will not be put on Board in the Road under two *Cruado's* a Pipe.

The *Portuguese* here are darker than those of *Europe*, not only from a warmer Climate, but their many Intermarriages with the Negroes, who are numerous there, and some of them of good Credit and Circumstances. The Women here, like the *Mulatto* Generation every where else, are fond of Strangers; not only the Courtezans, whose Interest may be supposed to wind up their Affections, but also the married Women; who think themselves obliged, when you favour them with the Secrecy of an Appointment; but the Unhappiness of pursuing Amours, is, that the generality of both Sexes are touched with venereal Taints, without so much as one Surgeon among them, or any Body skilled in Physick, to cure or palliate the progressive Mischief: The only Person pretending that Way, a few Years ago, was an *Irish* Father, whose Knowledge was all comprehended in the Virtues of two or three Simples, and those, with the Salubrity of the Air and Temperance, is what they depend on, for subduing the worst of Malignity: It may not be unworthy of Notice, that, tho' few are exempted from the Misfortune of a Running, Eruptions, or the like, yet few or none are precipitated into those deplorable Circumstances so common in unskilful mercurial Processes.

There are three Monasteries, and about six Churches, none of them Rich or Magnificent, unless one dedicated to *St. Antonio*, the Patron of their Kingdom, which shines all over with exquisite Pieces of Paint and Gold.

The Export of *Brasil*, besides Gold, is chiefly Sugars and Tobacco; the latter are sent off in Rolls of a Quintal Weight, kept continually moistened with Molosses, which, with the Soil it springs from, imparts a strong and peculiar Scent, more sensible in the Snuff made from it, which, tho' under Prohibition of importing to *Lisbon*, sells here at 2 *s.* *per lb.* as the Tobacco does at about 6 Millrays a Roll. The finest of their Sugars sells at 8 *s.* *per* Roove, and a small ill tasted Rum, drawn from the Dregs, and Molosses, at two Testunes a Gallon.

Besides these, they send off great Quantities of *Brasil* Wood, and Whale Oyl, with some Gums and Parrots; the latter are different from the *African* in Colour and Bigness; for as they are blue and larger, these are green and smaller; and the Females of them ever retain the wild Note, and cannot be brought to Talk.

In lieu of this Produce, the *Portuguese*, once every Year by their Fleet from *Lisbon*, import all manner of European Commodities; and whoever is unable to lay in Store, or neglect of supplying him-

self at that Season, buys at a very advanced Rate before the Return of another

To transport Passengers, Slaves, or Merchandize, from one Settlement to another, or in Fishing, they make use of Bark-Logs, by the *Brasilians* called *Jingadabs*: They are made of four Pieces of Timber, the two outermost being the longest, pinned and fastened together, and sharpened at the Ends: Towards each Extremity a Stool is fix'd, to sit on for paddling, or to hold by, when the Agitation is more than Ordinary; with these odd sort of Engines, continually washed over by the Water, do these People, with a little triangular Sail spreeted about the Middle of it, venture out of sight of Land, and along the Coasts for many Leagues, in any sort of Weather; and if they overset with a Squall, which is not uncommon, they swim and presently turn it upright again.

The Natives are of the darkest Copper Colour, with thin Hair, of a square strong make, and muscular; but not so well looking as the *Wooley* Generation: They acquiesce patiently to the *Portuguese* Government, who use them much more humanly and Christian-like than the *Dutch* did, and by that means have extended Quietness and Peace, as well as their Possessions, three or 400 Miles into the Country. A Country abounding with fine Pastures and numerous Herds of Cattle, and which yields a vast Increase from every Thing that is sown: Hence they bring down to us Parrots, small Monkeys, *Armadillos* and *San guins*, and we have been assured, they have, in the inland Parts, a Serpent of a vast Magnitude, called *Sibaya*, able they say, to swallow a whole Sheep: several have seen the Skin of another Specie full 5 Yards long, and therefore we think the Story not improbable.

The Harbour of *Pernambuca* is perhaps singular it is made of a Ledge of Rocks, half a Cable Length from the Main, and but little above the Surface of the Water, running at that equal Distance an Height several Leagues, towards Cape *Augustine*; Harbour running between them, capable of receiving Ships of the greatest Burthen: The Northernmost End of this Wall of Rock, is higher than any Part of the contiguous Line; on this a little Fort built, commanding the Passage either of Boat or Ship as they come over the Bar into the Harbour: On the Starboard Side, or the Side towards the Main, as you have entered a little Way, stands another Fort which is a *Pentagon*, that would prove of small Account, I imagine, against a few disciplined Men and yet in these consist all their Strength and Security either in the Harbour or Town: They have begun indeed a Wall, since their removing from *Olinda*, designed to surround the latter; but the slow Progress they make in raising it, leaves room to suspect 'twill be a long Time in finishing.

The Road without is used by the *Portuguese* when they are nigh sailing for *Europe*, and wait for the Convoy, or are bound to *Babia* to them; and by Strangers only when Necessity compels; the bottom of it is ten Fathom Water, near three Miles *N. W.* from the Town; higher in't is foul with many Anchors lost there by the *Portuguese* Ships and farther out in about 14 Fathom 'tis corally and Rocky. July is the worst and Winter Season of the Coast, the Trade Winds being then very strong and dead, bringing in a prodigious and unsafe Swell in the Road, intermixed every Day with Squalls, Rain and a hazy Horizon, but at other times serene Skies and Sunshine.

In these Southern Latitudes is a Constellation which, from some Resemblance it bears to a *Jerusalem* Cross, has the name of *Crofters*, the brightest of the Hemisphere

here, and Observations are taken by it, as by the North Star in Northern Latitudes. What we mention this for, is to introduce the admirable Phenomenon in these Seas of the Magellanick Clouds, whose Rises and Settings are so regular, that, we have been informed, the same Nocturnal Observations are made by them as by the Stars. They are two Clouds, small whitish, no larger in Appearance than a Man's head and are seen here in *July* in the Latitude of about four of the Clock in the Morning; if their appearance should be said to be the Reflection of it, from some Stellary Bodies above them, yet Difficulty is not easily answered, how these, besides others, become so durable and regular in their Motions.

From these casual Observations on the Country, Towns, Coast, and Seas of *Brazil*, it would be mission to leave the Subject, without some Essay on interloping Slave Trade here, which none of our Countrymen are adventurous enough to pursue, though very probably, under a prudent Manager, it might be attended with Safety and very great Profit; I admire the more it is not struck at, because from the Southern Coast of *Africa*, lengthen the voyage to the *West-Indies* but a very little, by taking it of *Brazil* in their Way.

The Disadvantages the *Portuguese* are under for buying Slaves, are these; that they have very proper Commodities for *Guiney*, and the Gold, was their chiefest, by an Edict in *July* 1722, now prohibited from being carried thither; so the Ships employed therein are few, and insufficient for the great Mortality and Call of their Mines: yet, would they venture at breaking so destructive a Trade as the abovementioned (as no doubt they do, they could make little or no Purchase) yet Gold does not raise its Value like Merchandize in travel, especially to *Africa*, and when the Composition the *Dutch* is also paid, they may be said to buy the Negroes at almost double the Price that the *English*, or *French* do, which necessarily raises the Value extravagantly at *Brazil*; those who can purchase one, buying a certainer Annuity than *South-Stock*.

Thus far of the Call for Slaves at *Brazil*; I shall consider and obviate some Difficulties objected against any Foreigners, *English* or others, interposing on such a Trade, and they are some on theirs, and some on our Side.

On their Side it is prohibited under Pain of Death, how less effectual to the Prevention of it than pecuniary Mulcts would be; because a Penalty to inactivate and disproportioned is only *In terrorem*, and 'tis merciful in the Governor, or his Instructions, to take a Composition of eight or ten Moidors when any Subject is caught, and 'tis the common Custom so to do as often as they are found on our Side.

On our Side it is Confiscation of what they can get, which, considering they have no Men of War to guard the Coast, need be very little, without supine Neglect and Carelessness.

I suppose me a Man of War, or Privateer, and that, in want of Provisions, or in Search of Pirates, I go into *Pernambuco* for Intelligence, to enable me the Pursuit: The Dread of Pirates keeps every one still you have first sent an Officer with the proper compliments to the Governor, who immediately gives you for your buying every Necessary you are in want of, provided it be with Money, and not an Exchange of Merchandize, which is against the Laws of the Country.

At this first time of going on Shore depends the success of the whole Affair, and it requires a cau-

tious and discreet Management in the Person entrusted: He will be immediately furrounded at landing with the great and the small Rabble, to enquire who he is, and whence he comes? and whither bound, &c. And the Men are taught to answer, from *Guiney*, denying any thing of a Slave on Board, they being put under Hatches, that they may make no Shew; nor need they, for those who have Money to lay out will conclude on that themselves.

By that time the Compliment is paid to the Governor, the News has spread all round the Town, and some Merchant addresses you as a Stranger, and offers you the Civility of his House, but privately desires to know what Negroes he can have, and at what Price. A Governor may possibly use an Instrument in sifting this, but the Appearance of the Gentleman, and the Circumstance of being so soon engaged after leaving the other, will go a great way in forming a Man's Judgment, and leaves him no room for the Suspicion of such a Snare; however, to have a due Guard, Intimations will suffice, and bring him Friends enough to carry off the best Part of a Cargo in two Nights time, from 20 to 30 Moidors a Boy, and from 30 to 40 a Man Slave. The Hazard is less at *Rio Janeiro*.

There has been another Method attempted, of settling a Correspondence with a *Portuguese* Merchant or two, who, as they may be certain within a Fortnight of any Vessel's arriving on their Coast with Slaves, might settle Signals for the debarking them at an unfrequented Part of the Coast; but whether any Exceptions were made to the Price, or that the *Portuguese* dread Discovery, and the severe Prosecution on so notorious a Breach of the Law, we cannot tell; but it has hitherto proved abortive.

However, Stratagems so laudable, and attended with so much Profit, at no other Hazard than loss of Time, are worth attempting; it is what is every Day practised with the *Spaniards* from *Jamaica*.

Upon this Coast our Rovers cruiz'd for about nine Weeks, keeping generally out of Sight of Land, but without seeing a Sail; which discouraged them so, that they determined to leave the Station, and steer for the *West-Indies*; and, in order thereto, they stood in to make the Land for the taking of their Departure, by which means they fell in, unexpectedly, with a Fleet of 42 Sail of *Portuguese* Ships, off the Bay of *los todos Santos*, with all their Lading in for *Lisbon*; several of them of good Force, who lay there waiting for two Men of War of 70 Guns each for their Convoy. However, *Roberts* thought it should go hard with him but he would make up his Market among them, and thereupon he mix'd with the Fleet, and kept his Men hid till proper Resolutions could be form'd; that done, they came close up to one of the deepest, and ordered her to send the Master on board quietly, threat'ning to give them no Quarters, if any Resistance, or Signal of Distress was made. The *Portuguese*, being surprized at these Threats, and the sudden flourish of Cutlasses from the Pirates, submitted without a Word, and the Captain came on Board: *Roberts* saluted him after a friendly manner, telling him, that they were Gentlemen of Fortune, and that their Business with him, was only to be informed which was the richest Ship in that Fleet; and if he directed them right, he should be restored to his Ship without Molestation, otherwise, he must expect immediate Death.

Whereupon this *Portuguese* Master pointed to one of 40 Guns, and 150 Men, a Ship of greater Force than the *Rover*; but this no Ways dismayed them; They were only *Portuguese*, they said, and so immediately steered away for him. When they came within Hail,

Hail, the Master whom they had Prisoner was ordered to ask, *How Signior Captain did?* And to invite him on Board, *for that he had a Matter of Consequence to impart to him;* which being done, he returned for Answer, *That he would wait upon him presently:* But by the Bustle that immediately followed, the Pirates perceived, they were discovered, and that this was only a deceitful Answer to gain Time, to put their Ship in a Posture of Defence; so, without farther Delay, they poured in a Broad-Side, boarded and grappled her: The Dispute was short and warm, wherein many of the *Portuguese* fell, and two only of the Pirates. By this Time the Fleet was alarmed, Signals of Top-gallant Sheets flying, and Guns fired, to give Notice to the Men of War, who rid still at an Anchor, and made but scurvy hast out to their Assistance; and, if what the Pirates themselves related be true, the Commanders of those Ships were blameable to the highest Degree, utterly unworthy their Title, or so much as the Name of Men: For *Roberts*, finding the Prize to sail heavy, and yet resolving not to lose her, lay by for the headmost of them, which much out failed the other, and prepared for Battle, which was ignominiously declined, tho' the *Portuguese* was of such superior Force; for not daring to venture on the Pirate alone, he tarried so long for his Comfort, that he gave them both time to make off leisurely.

They found this Ship exceeding rich; being laden chiefly with Sugar, Skins, and Tobacco, and 4000 Moidors in Gold; besides Chains and Trincets, of considerable Value; particularly a Cross set with Diamonds, designed for the King of *Portugal*; which they afterwards presented to the Governor of *Caiana*, by whom they were obliged.

Elated with this Booty, they had nothing now to think of but some safe Retreat, where they might give themselves up to all the Pleasures that Luxury and Wantonness could bestow; and for the present they pitch'd upon a Place called the *Devil's Islands*, in the River of *Surinam*, on the Coast of *Caiana*; where they arrived, and found the civilest Reception imaginable, not only from the Governor and Factory, but their Wives, who exchanged Wares, and drove a considerable Trade with them.

They seiz'd a Sloop in this River, and by her gained Intelligence, that a Brigantine had also sailed in Company with her, from *Rhode-Island*, laden with Provisions for the Coast. A Welcome Cargo! They growing short in the Sea Store, and as *Sancho* says, *No Adventures to be made without Belly-Timber.* One Evening as they were rumaging their Mine of Treasure the *Portuguese* Prize, this expected Vessel was descri'd at Mast-Head, and *Roberts*, imagining no Body could do the Business as well as himself, takes 40 Men in the Sloop, and goes in pursuit of her; but a fatal Accident followed this rash, tho' inconsiderable Adventure, for *Roberts*, thinking of nothing less than bringing in the Brigantine that Afternoon, never troubled his head about the Sloop's Provision, nor inquired what there was on Board to subsist such a Number of Men. Out he sails after his expected Prize, which he not only lost further Sight of, but after eight Days contending with contrary Winds and Currents, found they were thirty Leagues to Leeward. The Current still opposing their Endeavours, and perceiving no Hopes of beating up to their Ship, they came to an Anchor, and inconsiderately sent away the Boat, to give the rest of the Company Notice of their Condition, and to order the Ship to them; but too soon, even the next Day, their Wants made them sensible of their Infatuation; for their Water was all expended, and they had taken no thought how they should be supply'd, till either the Ship came, or

the Boat returned, neither of which was likely to be under five or six Days. Here, like *Tantalus*, they almost famished in Sight of the fresh Streams and Lakes; being drove to such Extremity at last, that they were forc'd to tare up the Floor of the Cabin, and patch up a sort of Tub or Tray with Rope Yarn, to paddle ashore, and fetch off immediate Supplies of Water to preserve Life.

After some Days, the long-wish'd-for Boat came back, but with the most unwelcome News in the World, for *Kennedy*, who was Lieutenant, and in the Absence of *Roberts*, to command the Privateer, Prize, was gone off with both. This was Mortification with a Vengeance, and, you may imagine, did not depart without some hard Speeches from those that were left, and had suffered by their Treachery. That there may need no further mention of this, *Kennedy*, I shall leave Captain *Roberts*, for a Page or with the Remains of his Crew, to vent their Wrath in a few Oaths and Execrations, and follow the Officer whom he may reckon, from that Time, as following his Course towards *Execution Dock*.

Kennedy was now chosen Captain of the revived Crew, but could not bring his Company to an untermind Resolution; some of them were for pursuing the old Game, but the greater part of them led to have Inclinations to turn from those evil Courses and get home privately, there being now no Atonement in Force; therefore they agreed to break up every Man to shift for himself, as he should have Occasion. The first Thing they did, was to with the great *Portuguese* Prize, having the Master of the Sloop, whose Name was *Cane*, about who they said was a very honest Fellow, for he had humoured them upon every Occasion, and told of the Brigantine that *Roberts* went after. *Cane*, when the Pirates first took him, complimented them at an odd Rate, telling them they were come to his Sloop and Cargo, and wish'd that the Vessel had been larger, and the Loading richer than their Sakes: To this good natured Man they gave the *Portuguese* Ship, which was then above half loaded with three or four Negroes, and all his own Men, which he returned Thanks to his kind Benefactor and departed.

Captain *Kennedy*, in the *Rover*, sailed to *Bahama*, near which Island they took a very peaceful Ship belonging to *Virginia*; the Commander was a Quaker, whose Name was *Knot*; he had neither Pistol, Sword, nor Cutlash on Board: Mr. *Knot* appearing so very passive to all they said to him, none of them thought this a good Opportunity to go accordingly eight of the Pirates went aboard, and carried them safe to *Virginia*: They made the Master a Present of 10 Chests of Sugar, 10 Rolls of *West-India* Tobacco, 30 Moidores, and some Gold-Ducats all to the value of about 250 *l.* They also made presents to the Sailors, some more, some less, and led a jovial Life all the while they were upon their Voyage, Captain *Knot* giving them their Way; nor could he help himself, unless he had taken Opportunity to surprize them, when they were either drunk or asleep; for awake they were Arrived aboard the Ship, and put him in a continual Terror; it not being his Principle to fight, unless with Arms Collusion. However, he managed these Weapons well till he arrived at the Capes; after which so the Pirates went off in a Boat, which they had taken with them, for the more easily making their Escape, and made up the Bay towards *Maryland*, but were forced back by a Storm into an obscure Place on the Country. Here meeting with good Entertainment among the Planters, they continued several Days without being discovered to be Pirates. In the mean

Time Captain *Knot*, leaving four others on Board his Ship, who intended to go to *North-Carolina*, made such haste he could not discover to Mr. *Spotswood* the Governor, what sort of Passengers he had been forced to bring with him. The Governor, by good Fortune, got them seized; and Search being made after the others, who were revelling about the Country, they were also taken, and all try'd, convicted and hang'd. Two *Portuguese* Jews, who were taken on the Coast of *Brazil*, and whom they brought with them to *Virginia*, were the principal Evidences. The latter had found Means to lodge Part of their Wealth with the Planters, who never brought it to account: But Captain *Knot* surrendered up every Thing that belonged to them that were taken aboard, even what they presented to him, in lieu of such Things as they had plundered him of in their Passage, and obliged his Men to do the like.

Some Days after the taking of the *Virginia* Man as mentioned, in cruising the Latitude of *Jamaica*, Kennedy took a Sloop bound thither from *Boston*, laden with Bread and Flower; aboard of this Sloop were all the Hands who were for breaking the Gang, and left those behind that had a Mind to pursue further Adventures. Among the former were *Kennedy*, their Captain, of whose Honour they had such a delicate Notion, that they were about to throw him over-board, when they found him in the Sloop, assuming he might betray them all, at their return to *Ireland*; he having in his Childhood been bred a Pick-pocket, and before he became a Pirate, a House-breaker; both which are Professions that these Gentlemen have a very mean Opinion of. However, Captain *Kennedy*, by taking solemn Oaths of Fidelity to his Companions, was suffered to proceed to them.

In this Company there was but one that pretended to any Skill in Navigation; for *Kennedy* could neither write nor read, he being preferred to the command merely for his Courage, which indeed he often signaliz'd, particularly in taking the *Portuguese* Ship. This Man proved to be a Pretender only, shaping their Course to *Ireland*, where they intended to land, they ran away to the North-West Coast of *Scotland*, and there were tost about by hard Storms of Wind for several Days, without knowing where they were, and in great Danger of perishing: At length they pushed the Vessel into a little Creek, and went all ashore, leaving the Sloop at anchor for the next Movers.

The whole Company refreshed themselves at a little Village, about five Miles from the Place where they left the Sloop, and passed there for ship-wreck'd Sailors; nor is there any doubt but they might have travelled on without Suspicion, but the mad and riotous Manner of their Living on the Road occasioned their Journey to be cut short, as we shall observe presently.

Kennedy and another left them here, and, travelling to one of the Sea-Ports, ship'd themselves for *Ireland*, and arrived there in Safety, Six or seven while the rest withdrew from the rest, travelled at their leisure, and got to their much desired Port of *London*, without being disturbed or suspected; but the main Gang arm'd the Country wherever they came, drinking and roaring at such a Rate, that the People shut themselves up in their Houses in some Places, not daring to venture out among so many mad Fellows: In other Villages they treated the whole Town, plundering their Money away, as if, like *Esop*, they wanted to lighten their Burthens: This exclusive manner of Living procured two of their drunken Stragglers to be knock'd on the Head, they being found murdered on the Road, and their Money

taken from them: All the rest, to the Number of seventeen, as they drew nigh to *Edinburgh*, were arrested and thrown into Goal, upon Suspicion of they knew not what. However, the Magistrates were not long at a loss for proper Accusations for two of the Gang offering themselves for Evidences, they were accepted of; and the others were brought to a speedy Tryal, at which nine were convicted and executed.

Kennedy having spent all his Money, came over from *Ireland*, and kept a common Bawdy-House on Deptford Road, and now and then, 'twas thought, made an Excursion abroad in the Way of his former Profession; till one of his Household Whores gave Information against him of a Robbery, for which he was committed to *Bridewell*. But because she would not do the Business by halves, she found out a Mate of a Ship that *Kennedy* had committed Piracy upon, as he foolishly confessed to her: This Mate, whose Name was *Grant*, paid *Kennedy* a Visit in *Bridewell*, and, knowing him to be the Man, procured a Warrant, and had him committed to the Marshalsea Prison.

The Game that *Kennedy* had now to play, was to turn Evidence himself; accordingly he gave a List of eight or ten of his Comrades; but not being acquainted with their Habitations, one only was taken, who, tho' condemn'd, appeared to be a Man of a fair Character, was forced into their Service, and took the first Opportunity to get from them, and therefore receiv'd a Pardon; but *Walter Kennedy*, being a notorious Offender, was executed the 19th of *July*, 1721, at Execution Dock.

The rest of the Pirates who were left in the Ship *Rover*, staid not long behind, for they went ashore to one of the *West-India* Islands; what became of them afterwards, we can't tell, but the Ship was found at Sea by a Sloop belonging to *St. Christophers*, and carried into that Island with only nine Negroes aboard.

Thus we see what a disastrous Fate ever attends the Wicked, and how rarely they escape the Punishment due to their Crimes, who, abandon'd to such a profligate Life, rob, spoil, and prey upon Mankind, contrary to the Light and Law of Nature, as well as the positive Command of God. It might have been hoped, that the Examples of these Deaths, would have been as Marks to the Remainder of this Gang, how to shun the Rocks their Companions had split on; and that they would have surrendered to Mercy, or diverted themselves for ever from such Pursuits, lest in the End they might be subjected to the same Law and Punishment, which they must be conscious they now equally deserved; an impending Law, which never can let them sleep soundly unless when they are drunk. But all the Use that was made of it here, was to commend the Justice of the Court that condemn'd *Kennedy*, for he was a *bad Dog* (they said) and deserved the Fate he met with.

But to go back to *Roberts*, whom we left on the Coast of *Caliana*, in a grievous Passion at what *Kennedy* and the Crew had done; and who was now projecting new Adventures with his small Company in the Sloop. Considering now that hitherto they had been but as a Rope of Sand, they formed a set of Articles, to be signed and sworn to, for the better Conservation of their Society, and doing Justice to one another; excluding all *Irish* Men from the Benefit of it, to whom they had an implacable Aversion upon the Account of *Kennedy*. How indeed *Roberts* could think that an Oath would be obligatory where Defiance had been given to the Laws of God and Man, I can't tell, but he thought their greatest Security lay in this, That it was every one's Interest

to observe the Articles, if they were minded to keep up so abominable a Combination.

The following is the Substance of the Articles, as taken from the Pirates own Informations.

I.

EVERY Man has a Vote in Affairs of Moment, and an equal Title to the fresh Provisions, or strong Liquors, at any Time seized; which he may use at Pleasure, unless a Scarcity make it necessary, for the good of all, to vote a Retrenchment.

II.

Another Particular was, that every Man should be called fairly in turn, by List, on Board of Prizes, because, over and above their proper Share, they were on these Occasions allowed a Shift of Cloaths: But if they defrauded the Company to the Value of a Dollar, in Plate, Jewels, or Money, MAROONING was their Punishment. (This was a barbarous Custom of putting the Offender on Shore, on some desolate or uninhabited Cape or Island, with a Gun, a few Shot, a Bottle of Water, and a Bottle of Powder, to subsist with, or starve.) If the Robbery was only between one another, they contented themselves with slitting the Ears and Nose of him that was Guilty, and set him on Shore, not in an uninhabited Place, but somewhere, where he was sure to encounter Hardships.

III.

No Person to game at Cards or Dice for Money.

IV.

The Lights and Candles to be put out at eight o'Clock at Night: If any of the Crew, after that Hour, still remained inclined for Drinking, they were to do it on the open Deck. This Roberts believed would give a Check to their Debauches, for he was a sober Man himself; but he found at length, that all his Endeavours to put an End to this Debauch, proved ineffectual.

V.

To keep their Piece, Pistols, and Cutlass clean, and fit for Service. In this they were extravagantly nice, endeavouring to out do one another in the Beauty and Richness of their Arms, giving sometimes at an Auction made at the Mail, 30 or 40 l. a Pair, for Pistols. These were slung in Time of Service, with different coloured Ribbands, over their Shoulders, in a Way peculiar to these Fellows, in which they took great Delight.

VI.

No Boy or Woman to be allowed amongst them. If any Man were found seducing any of the latter Sex, and carried her to Sea, disguised, he was to suffer Death: So that when any fell into their Hands, as it chanced in the *Onslow*, they put a Centinel immediately over her, to prevent ill Consequences from so dangerous an Instrument of Division and Quarrel; but then here lies the Roguery; they contend who shall be Centinel, which happens generally to one of the greatest Bullies, who, to secure the Lady's Virtue, will let none lie with her but himself.

VII.

To desert the Ship, or their Quarters in Battle, was punished with Death, or Marooning.

VIII.

No striking one another on Board, but every Man's Quarrels to be ended on Shore, at Sword and Pistol. Thus: The Quarter-Master of the Ship, when the Parties will not come to any Reconciliation, accompanies them on Shore with what Assistance he thinks proper, and turns the Disputants Back to Back, at so many Paces Distance: At the Word of Command they turn and fire immediately, or else the Piece is knocked out of their Hands: If both miss, they come to their Cutlasses, and then he is declared Victor who draws the first Blood.

IX.

No Man to talk of breaking up their Way of Living, till each had shared 1000 l. If in order to this any Man should lose a Limb, or become a Cripple in their Service, he was to have 800 Dollars, out of the publick Stock, and for lesser Hurts proportionably.

X.

The Captain and Quarter-Master to receive two Shares of a Prize; the Master, Boatswain, a Gunner, one Share and a half, and other Office one and a Quarter.

XI.

The Musicians to have Rest on the Sabbath Day but the other six Days and Nights, none, without special Favour.

These, we are assured, were some of Roberts Articles; but as they had taken Care to throw on board the Original they had signed and sworn to there is a great deal of Room to suspect, that the Remainder contained something too horrid to be disclosed to any, except such as were willing to be Shareers in the Iniquity of them; let them be what they will, they were together the Test of all new Comers who were initiated by an Oath taken on a Bible, served for that Purpose only, and were subscribed in Presence of the Worshipful Mr. Roberts. A in Case any Doubt should arise concerning the Construction of these Laws, and it should remain a Doubt whether the Party had infring'd them or no Jury was appointed to explain them, and bring in Verdict upon the Case in Doubt.

Since we are now speaking of the Laws of the Company, I shall go on, and, in as brief a Manner as I can, relate the principal Customs, and Government, of this roguish Common-Wealth; which are pretty near the same with all Pyrates.

For the Punishment of small Offences, which are not provided for by the Articles, and which are of Consequence enough to be left to a Jury of the Mens own chusing, the Quarter-Master, who is principal Officer among the Pyrates, claims all Authority this Way, excepting in Time of Battle: they disobey his Command, are quarrelsome, a mutinous with one another, misuse Prisoners plunder beyond his Order, and, in particular, if they negligent of their Arms, which he musters at Discretion, he punishes at his own Arbitrement, with drubbing or whipping, which no one else dares

with

without incurring the Loss from all the Ships Company: In short, this Officer is Trustee for the whole, is the first on Board any Prize, separating for the Company's Use what he pleases, and returning what he thinks fit to the Owners, accepting Gold and Silver, which they have voted to be returnable.

After a Description of the Quarter-Master, and his Duty, who acts as a sort of a civil Magistrate on Board a Pirate Ship, we shall consider their military Officer, the Captain; and what Privileges and Powers he exerts in such anarchy and unruleliness of the Members: Why truly very little, they only permit him to be Captain, on Condition that they may be obedient over him; they separate to his Use the great Gun, and sometimes vote him small Parcels of Plate from China, (for it may be noted that *Roberts* drank Tea constantly) but then every Man, as the *Hunter* takes him, will use the Plate and China, instead into his Apartment, swear at him, seize a Part of his Victuals and Drink, if they like it, without his daring to find Fault or contest it: Yet *Roberts*, by a better Management than usual, became the chief Director in every Thing of Moment, and it happened thus:—The Rank of Captain being obtained by the Suffrage of the Majority, it falls on one superior in Knowledge and Boldness, who is *Pistol Proof*, as they call it, and can make those fear, who do not like him; *Roberts* is said to have exceeded his Fellows in these Respects, and when he was advanced, he enlarged the Respect that followed it, by making a List of Privy-Council of half a Dozen of the greatest Enemies; such as were his Competitors, and had Interest enough to make his Government easy; yet even so, in the latter Part of his Reign, he had run counter to in every Project that opposed his own Opinion; for which, and because he grew reserved, he would not drink and roar at their Rate, a Cabal was formed to take away his Captainship, which he did more effectually.

The Captain's Power is uncontrollable in Time of Peace, or in Battle, when he drubs, cuts, or even strikes any one who dares deny his Command. The Privilege he takes over Prisoners, who receive good or ill Usage, mostly as he approves of their Behaviour; for tho' the meanest would take upon them to refuse a Master of a Ship, yet *Roberts* would contend herein, when he saw it, and merrily, over a little, give his Prisoners this double Reason for it. First, That it preserved his Precedence; and secondly, That it took the Punishment out of the Hands of a much more rash and mad Set of Fellows than himself. When he found that Rigour was not expected from his People, (for he often practised it to appease them,) then he would give Strangers to understand, that it was pure Inclination that induced him to a good treatment of them, and not any Love or Partiality to their Persons; for, says he, *there is none of you but will hang me, I know, whenever you can clinch me within your Power.*

And now, seeing the Disadvantages they were under for pursuing the Account, *viz.* a small Vessel ill repaired, and without Provisions or Stores; they resolved one and all, with the little Supplies they could get, to proceed for the *West-Indies*, not doubting to find a Remedy for all these Evils, and to retrieve their Losses.

In the Latitude of *Desada*, one of the Islands, they took two Sloops, which supply'd them with Provisions and other Necessaries; and a few Days afterwards, took a Brigantine belonging to *Rhode Island*, and then proceeded to *Barbadoes*; off of which they fell in with a *Bristol* Ship of 10 Guns, in

her Voyage out, from whom they took abundance of Cloaths, some Money, twenty five Bales of Goods, five Barrels of Powder, a Cable, Hawser, 10 Casks, of Oatmeal, six Casks of Beef, and several other Goods, besides five of her Men; and after they had detained her three Days, let her go. This Vessel being bound for the abovesaid Island, she acquainted the Governor with what had happened, as soon as she arrived.

Upon this, a *Bristol* Galley that lay in the Harbour, was ordered to be fitted out with all imaginable Expedition, with 20 Guns, and 80 Men; there being then no Man of War upon that Station; and also a Sloop with 10 Guns, and 40 Men: The Galley was commanded by one Captain *Rogers*, of *Bristol*, and the Sloop by Captain *Graves*, of that Island, and Captain *Rogers*, by a Commission from the Governor, was appointed Commodore.

The second Day after *Rogers* sailed out of the Harbour, he was discovered by *Roberts*, who, knowing nothing of their Design, gave them Chase: The *Barbadoes* Ships kept an easy sail till the Pirates came up with them, and then *Roberts* gave them a Gun, expecting they would have immediately struck to his piratical Flag; but instead thereof, he was forced to receive the Fire of a Broadside, with three Huzzas at the same Time. An Engagement ensued, in which *Roberts*, being hardly put to it, was obliged to crowd all the Sail the Sloop would bear, to get off: The Galley sailing pretty well, kept Company for a long while, keeping a constant Fire, which galled the Pirate; however, at length, by throwing over their Guns, and other heavy Goods, and thereby lightening the Vessel, they, with much ado, got clear; but *Roberts* could never endure a *Barbadoes* Man afterwards, and when any Ships belonging to that Island fell in his Way, he was more particularly severe to them than others.

Captain *Roberts* sailed in the Sloop to the Island of *Dominico*, where he watered, and got Provisions of the Inhabitants, to whom he gave Goods in Exchange. At this Place he met with 13 *Englishmen*, who had been set ashore by a *French Guard de la Cote*, belonging to *Martinico*, taken out of two *New-England* Ships, that had been seized, as Prize, by the said *French* Sloop: The Men willingly entered with the Pirates, and it proved a seasonable Recruitment.

They said not long here, tho' they had immediate Occasion for cleaning their Sloop, because they did not think this a proper Place; and herein they judged right; for the touching at this Island, had like to have been their Destruction, because they having resolved to go away to the *Granada* Islands, for the aforesaid Purpose, by some Accident it came to be known to the *French* Colony, who sending Word to the Governor of *Martinico*, he equipped and manned two Sloops to go in Quest of them. The Pirates sailed directly for the *Granadilloes*, and hall'd into a Lagoon, at *Corvoco*, where they cleaned with unusual Dispatch, staying but a little above a Week, by which Expedition they missed of the *Martinico* Sloops only a few Hours; *Roberts* sailing over Night, and the *French* arriving the next Morning. This was a fortunate Escape, especially considering, that it was not from any Fears of their being discovered, that they made so much hast from the Island; but, as they had the Impudence themselves to own, for the want of Wine and Women.

Thus narrowly escaped, they sailed for *Newfoundland*, and arrived upon the Banks the latter End of *June*, 1720. They entered the Harbour of *Trepassi*, with their black Colours flying, Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding. There was two and twenty Vessels

Vessels in the Harbour, which the Men all quitted upon the Sight of the Pirate, and fled a-shore. It is impossible particularly to recount the Destruction and Havock they made here, burning and sinking all the Shipping, except a *Bristol* Galley, and destroying the Fisheries, and Stages of the poor Planters, without Remorse or Compunction; for nothing is so deplorable as Power in mean and ignorant Hands; it makes Men wanton and giddy, unconcerned at the Misfortunes they are imposing on their Fellow Creatures, and keeps them smiling at the Mischiefs, that bring themselves no Advantage. *They are like mad Men, that cast Fire-Brands, Arrows, and Death, and say, are not we in Sport?*

Roberts mann'd the *Bristol* Galley he took in the Harbour, and mounted 16 Guns on Board her; afterwards cruising out upon the Banks, he met with nine or ten Sail of *French* Ships all which he destroyed except one of 26 Guns which they seized and carried off for their own Use This Ship they christened the *Fortune* and leaving the *Bristol* Galley to the *French* Men they sail'd away in Company with the Sloop on another Cruise, and took several prizes *viz.* the *Richard* of *Biddisford* Jonathan *Whitfield* Master; the *Willing Mind* of *Poole*; the *Expectation* of *Topsbam*; and the *Samuel*, Captain *Cary*, of *London*; out of these Ships they increased their Company, by entring all the Men they could well spare, in their own Service. The *Samuel* was a rich Ship, and had several Passengers on Board, who were used very roughly, in order to make them discover their Money, threatening them every Moment with Death, if they did not resign every Thing up to them. They tore up the Hatches and entered the Hold, like a parcel of Furies, and, with Axes and Cutlasses, cut and broke open all the Bales, Cases and Boxes, they could lay their Hands on; and when any Goods came upon Deck, that they did not like to carry a-board, instead of tossing them into the Hole again, they threw them over-board into the Sea; all this was done with incessant cursing and swearing, more like Fiends than Men. They carried with them, Sails, Guns, Powder, Cordage, and 8 or 9000*l.* worth of the choicest Goods; and told Captain *Cary*, *That they should except of no Act of Grace; that the K ——— and P ———t might be damned with their Acts of G ——— for them; neither would they go to Hope-Point, to be banged up a Sun-drying, as Kidd's and Braddish's Company were; but that if they should ever be over-power'd they would set Fire to the Powder, with a Pistol, and go all merrily to Hell together.*

After they had brought all the Booty a-board, a Consultation was held whether they should sink or burn the Ship; but whilst they were debating the Matter, they spy'd a Sail, and so left the *Samuel*, to give her Chace. At Midnight they came up with the same, which prov'd to be a *Snow* from *Bristol*, bound for *Boston*, Captain *Bowles* Master. They us'd him barbarously, because of his Country; Captain *Rogers*, who attack'd them off *Barbadoes*, being of the City of *Bristol*.

July 16. which was two Days afterwards, they took a *Virginia* Man call'd *The Little York*, *James Philips* Master, and *The Love*, of *Liverpool*; which they plunder'd, and let go. The next Day, a *Snow*, from *Bristol*, call'd *The Phoenix*, *John Richards* Master, met with the same Fate from them; as also a Brigantine, Captain *Thomas*, and a Sloop call'd *The Saddybury*. They took all the Men out of the Brigantine, and sunk the Vessel.

When they left the Banks of *Newfoundland*, they sail'd for the *West-Indies*; and the Provisions growing short, they went for the Latitude of the Island *Desca-*

da, to cruise, it being esteem'd the likeliest Place to meet with those Ships that (as they us'd in their Mouth to say) were consign'd to them with Supplies. Although it has been very much suspected, that Ships have loaden with Provisions at the *English* Colonies, on pretence of trading on the Coast of *Africa*; when they have, in Reality, been consign'd to them: And though a Shew of Violence is offer'd to them when they refuse, yet they are pretty sure of bringing their Cargo to a good Market.

However, at this Time they miss'd of their usual Luck; and Provisions and Necessaries becoming scarce every Day, they ret'r'd towards *St. Christopher's*, where, being denied all Succour or Assistance from the Government, they fir'd, in Revenge, on the Town, and burnt two Ships in the Road, one of them commanded by Captain *Cox*, of *Bristol*. They retreated further, to the Island of *St. Bartholomew*, where they met with much milder Treatment; the Governor not only supplying them with refreshments, but he and the Chiefs treating them in the most friendly Manner: And the Women, from good Example, endeavour'd to out-vie each other in Dress, and Behaviour, to attract the good Graces of such generous Lovers, that paid well for their favours.

Sated, at length, with these Pleasures, and having taken on board a good Supply of fresh Provisions, they voted unanimously for the Coast of *Guinea*, and the Latitude of 22 Degrees North in their Voyage thither, they met with a *French* Ship from *Martinique* richly laden, and, which was unlucky for the *Martinique*, had a Property of being fitter for their Purposes than the *Banker*. Exchange was no Robbery, they said; and so, after a little Mock-compliance to *Martinique* for the Favour he had done them, they shifted Men, and took Leave. This was their first *Fortune*.

In this Ship *Roberts* proceeded on his design'd Voyage; but, before they reach'd *Guinea*, he proposed to touch at *Brazza*, the southernmost of Cape Islands, and clean. But here, again, by an intolerable Stupidity, and Want of Judgment, they got far Leeward of their Port, that, despairing to return, or any of the Windward Parts of *Africa*, they were oblig'd to go back again with the Trade-Wind for the *West-Indies*, which had very near been the Destruction of them all. *Surinam* was the Place design'd for, which was no less than 700 League distant; and they had but one Hoghead of Water to supply 124 Souls for that Passage: A sad Circumstance, that eminently exposes the Folly and Madness common among Pirates; and he must be an inconceivably Wretch, indeed, who, if he could separate the Wickedness and Punishment from the Fact, wd yet hazard his Life amidst such Danger, as the Want of Skill and Forecaust often makes them liable to.

Their Sins, we may presume, were never so troublesome to their Memories, as now, when inevitable Destruction seem'd to threaten them, without the least Glimpse of Comfort or Alleviation to their misery; for, with what Face could Wretches, who had ravag'd and made so many necessitous, look up to Heaven for Relief? They had to that Moment liv'd in Defiance of the Power that now alone they must trust to for their Preservation; and, indeed, without the miraculous Intervention of Providence, there appear'd only this miserable Choice, *viz.* a premature Death by their own Hands, or a lingering one by famine.

They continu'd their Course, and came to an allowance of one single Mouthful of Water for 4 Hours. Many of them drank their Urine, or a

Water, which, instead of allaying, gave them an inextinguishable Thirst, that kill'd 'em: Others pined, and wasted a little more Time in Fluxes and Apoplexies; so that they dropp'd away daily. Those that sustain'd the Misery best, were such as almost starv'd themselves, forbearing all Sorts of Food, unless a mouthful or two of Bread, the whole Day: So that those who surviv'd, were as weak as it was possible for Men to be, and alive.

But if the dismal Prospect they set out with gave them Anxiety, Trouble, or Pain, what must their Fears and Apprehensions be, when they had not one Drop of Water left, or any other Liqueur to moisten or animate? This was their Case when (by the working of Divine Providence, no doubt) they were brought into Soundings, and at Night anchor'd in seven Fathom Water. This was an expressible Joy to them, and, as it were, fed the expiring Lamp of Life with fresh Spirits: But this could not hold long. When the Morning came, they saw Land from the Mast-Head, but it was at so great a Distance, that it afforded but an indifferent Prospect to Men who had drank nothing for the two last Days: However, they dispatch'd their Boat away, and late the same Night it return'd, to their no small Comfort, with a load of Water; informing them, that they had got off the Mouth of *Meriwingia* River, on the Coast of *Surinam*.

One would have thought so miraculous an Escape should have wrought some Reformation; but, alas! they had no sooner quench'd their Thirst, but they had forgot the Miracle, till Scarcity of Provisions awaken'd their Senses, and bid them guard against starving. Their Allowance was very small, and yet they would profanely say, *That Providence which had gave them Drink, would, no doubt, bring them Meat also, if they would use but an honest Endeavour.*

In pursuance of these honest Endeavours, they were steering for the Latitude of *Barbadoes*, with what little they had left, too look out for more, or starve, and in their Way, they met a Ship that answer'd their Necessities, and after that a Brigantine. The former was call'd *The Greyhound*, belonging to *St. Christopher's*, and bound to *Philadelphia*; the Mate of which sign'd the Pirate's Articles, and was afterwards Captain of *The Ranger*, Consort to *The Royal Fortune*.

Out of the Ship and Brigantine the Pirates got a good Supply of Provisions and Liqueur, so that they gave over the design'd Cruise, and water'd at *Tobago*, where hearing of the two Sloops that had been fitted out and sent after them at *Corvuscoo*, they sail'd to the Island of *Martinico*, to make the Governor some sort of an Equivalent for the Care and Expedition he had shewn in that Affair.

It is the Custom at *Martinico* for the *Dutch* Interlopers, that have a Mind to trade with the People of the Island, to hoist their Jacks when they come before the Town. *Roberts* knew the Signal, and, being an utter Enemy to them, he bent his Thoughts upon Mischief. Accordingly, he came in with his Jack flying, which, as he expected, they mistook for a good Market, and thought themselves happiest that could soonest dispatch off their Sloops and Vessels for Trade. When *Roberts* had got them within his Power (one after another) he told them, he would not have it said that they came off for nothing, and therefore order'd them to leave their Money behind, or that they were a Parcel of Rogues, and he hop'd they would always meet with such a *Dutch* Trade as this was. He reserv'd one Vessel to set the Passengers on shore again, and fr'd the rest to the Number of 20.

Roberts was so enrag'd at the Attempts that had been made for taking of him, by the Governors of *Barbadoes* and *Martinico*, that he order'd a new Jack to be made, which they ever after hoisted, with his own Figure pourtray'd, standing upon two Skulls, and under them the Letters *ABH* and *AMH*; signifying a *Barbadian's* and a *Martinican's* Head: As shall be seen in the Plate of Captain *Roberts*.

At *Dominico*, the next Island they touch'd at, they took a *Dutch* Interloper of 22 Guns, and 75 Men, and a Brigantine belonging to *Rhodes* Island, of which one *Norton* was Master. The former made some Defence, till some of his Men being killed, the rest were discourag'd, and struck their Colours. With these two Prizes they went down to *Guadalupe*, and brought out a Sloop, and a *French* Fly-Boat laden with Sugar; the Sloop they burnt, and went on to *Moonay*, another Island, thinking to clean: But finding the Sea ran too high there to undertake it with Safety, they bent their Course for the North Part of *Hispaniola*, where, at *Bennet's* Key, in the Gulf of *Saminab*, they clean'd both the Ship and the Brigantine. For though *Hispaniola* be settled by the *Spaniards* and *French*, and is the Residence of a President from *Spain*, who receives, and finally determines Appeals from all the other *Spanish* West-India Islands; yet is its People by no Means proportion'd to its Magnitude: So that there are many Harbours in it, to which Pirates may securely resort, without Fear of Discovery from the Inhabitants.

Whilst they were here, two Sloops came in, as they pretended, to pay *Roberts* a Visit; the Masters, whose Names were *Porter* and *Tuckerman*, address'd the Pirate as the Queen of *Sheba* did *Solomon*; to wit, *That, having heard of his Fame and Achievements*, they had put in their to learn his Art and Wisdom in the Business of pirating, being Vessels on the same honourable Design with himself; and they hop'd, with the Communication of his Knowledge, they should also receive his Charity, being in Want of Necessaries for such Adventures. *Roberts* was won upon by the Peculiarity and Bluntness of these two Men, and gave them Powder, Arms, and what ever else they had Occasion for, spent two or three merry Nights with them, and at parting, said, *He hoped the L— would prosper their Handy Works.*

They pass'd some Time here, after they had got their Vessel ready, in their usual Debaucheries; they had taken a considerable Quantity of Rum and Sugar, so that Liqueur was as plenty as Water, and few there were who denied themselves the immoderate Use of it; nay, Sobriety brought a Man under a Suspicion of being in a Plot against the Commonwealth, and in their Sense, he was looked upon to be a Villain that would not be drunk. This was evident in the Affair of *Harry Glasby*, chosen Master of the *Royal Fortune*, who, with two others, laid hold of the Opportunity at the last Island they were at, to move off without bidding Farewell to his Friends. *Glasby* was a reserv'd sober Man, and therefore gave Occasion to be suspected, so that he was soon miss'd after he went away. A Detachment being sent in quest of these Deserters, they were all three brought back again the next Day. This was a capital Offence, for which they were ordered to be brought to an immediate Tryal.

Here was the Form of Justice kept up, which is as much as can be said of several other Courts, that have more lawful Commissions for what they do. — Here was no feeling of Council, and bribing of Witnesses was a Custom not known among them; no packing of Juries, no torturing and wresting the Sense of the Law, for bye Ends and Purposes, no puzzling

or perplexing the Cause with unintelligible canting Terms, and useless Distinctions; nor was their Selves burthened with numberless Officers, the Ministers of Rapine and Extortion, with ill boding Aspects, enough to fright *Astræa* from the Court.

The Place appointed for their Trials, was the Steerage of the Ship; in order to the Procedure, a large Bowl of Rum Punch was made, and placed upon the Table; the Pipes and Tobacco being ready, the judicial Proceedings began; the Prisoners were brought forth, and Articles of Indictment against them read; they were arraigned upon a Statute of their own making, and the Letter of the Law being strong against them, and the Fact plainly proved, they were about to pronounce Sentence, when one of the Judges moved, that they should first Smoak t'other Pipe; which was accordingly done.

All the Prisoners pleaded for Arrest of Judgment very movingly; but the Court had such an Abhorrence of their Crime, that they could not be prevailed upon to shew Mercy, till one of the Judges whose Name was *Valentine Ashplant*, stood up, and, taking his Pipe out of his Mouth, said he had something to offer to the Court in behalf of one of the Prisoners; which he delivered to this Effect. — By G —, *Glasby shall not die; d——n me if he shall.* After this learned Speech, he sat down in his Place, and resumed his Pipe. This Motion was loudly opposed by all the rest of the Judges, in equivalent Terms; but *Ashplant*, who was resolute in his Opinion, made another pathetic Speech, in the following Manner. G — d——n ye Gentlemen, I am as good a Man as the best of you; d — m my S——l if ever I turned my Back to any Man in my Life, or ever will, by G —; *Glasby is an honest Fellow, notwithstanding this Misfortune, and I love him, the D——l d——n me if I don't: I hope he'll live and repent of what he has done; but d——n me, if he must die, I will die along with him.* Having delivered this, he pulled out a Pair of Pistols, and presented them to some of the learned Judges upon the Bench; who, perceiving his Argument so well supported, thought it reasonable, that *Glasby* should be acquitted; and so they all came over to his Opinion, and allowed it to be Law.

But all the Mitigation that could be obtained for the other Prisoners, was, that they should have the Liberty of choosing any four of the whole Company to be their Executioners. The poor Wretches were ty'd immediately to the Mast, and there shot dead, pursuant to their villainous Sentence.

When they put to Sea again, the Prizes, which had been detained only for fear of spreading any Rumour concerning them, a Thing that had like to have been so fatal at *Corvoco*, were thus disposed of: They burnt their own Sloop, and mann'd *Morton's* Brigantine, sending the Master away in the *Dutch Interloper*, not dissatisfied.

With the *Royal Fortune*, and the Brigantine, which they christened the *Good Fortune*, they pushed towards the Latitude of *Disfada*, to look out for Provisions, being very short again; and just to their Wish, Captain *Hingshorne's* ill Fortune brought him in their Way, being richly laden for *Jamaica*; him they carried to *Berbadas* and plundered; then stretching back again to the *West-Indies*, they continually met with some Consignment or other, (chiefly *French*), which stored them with Plenty of Provisions, and recruited their starving Condition; so that, stocked with this sort of Ammunition; they began to think of something worthier their Aim; for these Robberies that only supplied what was in constant Expenditure, by no Means answered their Intentions; and accordingly, they proceeded again for the Coast of *Guiney*,

where they thought to buy Gold Dust very cheap. In their Passage thither, they took Numbers of Ships of all Nations, some of which they burnt or sunk, as the Behaviour or Characters of the Masters displeased them.

Notwithstanding the successful Adventures of this Crew, yet it was with great Difficulty they could be kept together, under any kind of Regulation; for being almost always mad or drunk, their Behaviour produced infinite Disorders, every Man being in his own Imagination, a Captain, a Prince, or a King. When *Roberts* saw there was no managing of such a Company of wild ungovernable Brutes, by gentle Means, nor any Method of keeping them from drinking to excess, which was the Cause of all their Disturbances, he put on a rougher Deportment, and a more magisterial Carriage towards them, correcting whom he thought fit: If any seemed to relent his Usage, he told them, *They might go a-shore and take Satisfaction of him, if they thought fit, at Sword and Pistol, for he neither waul'd or fear'd any of them.*

About 400 Leagues from the Coast of *Africa*, the Brigantine, who had hitherto lived with them in all amicable Correspondence, thought fit to take the Opportunity of a dark Night, and leave the Commodore, which leads me back to the Relation of an Accident, that happened at one of the Islands of the *West-Indies*, where they water'd before they undertook this Voyage, which had like to have thrown their Government (such as it was) off the Hinges, and was partly the Occasion of the Separation: The Story is as follows.

Captain *Roberts*, having been insulted by one of the drunken Crew, whose Name we have not learnt, he, in the Heat of his Passion, killed the Fellow on the Spot, which was resented by a great many others, but particularly by one *Jones*, a brisk active young Man, who died lately in the *Marshall's*, and was his Mefs-Mate. This *Jones* was at that Time ashore, a watering the Ship, but as soon as he came on Board, he was told that Captain *Roberts* had killed his Comrade; upon which he boldly cursed *Roberts*, and said, he ought to be served so himself. *Roberts*, hearing *Jones's* Invective, ran to him with a Sword, and ran him into the Body; and *Jones*, notwithstanding his Wound, seized the Captain, threw him over a Gun, and beat him handsomely. This Adventure put the whole Company in an Uproar, and some taking Part with the Captain, and others against him, there had like to have ensued a general Battle with one another, like my Lord *Thomont's* Cocks; however, the Tumult was at length appeas'd, by the Meditation of the Quarter-Master: and as the Majority of the Company were of Opinion, that the Dignity of the Captain ought to be supported on Board; that it was a Post of Honour; and therefore the Person whom they thought fit to confer it on should not be violated by any single Member; there fore they sentenced *Jones* to undergo two Lashes from every one of the Company for his Misdemeanour which was executed upon him as soon as he was well of his Wound.

This severe Punishment did not at all convince *Jones* that he was in the wrong, but rather animated him to some sort of a Revenge: However, not being able to do it upon *Roberts's* Person, on board the Ship, he and several of his Comrades correspond with *Anstis*, Captain of the Brigantine, and conspire with him and some of the principal Pirates on board the Vessel, to go off from the Company. What mad *Anstis* a Malecontent, was, the Inferiority he stood in with respect to *Roberts*, who carried himself with a haughty and magisterial Air to him and his Crew

regarding the Brigantine only as a Tender, and left them no more than the Refuse of their Crew. In short, Jones and his Consort got on of Captain *Anstis*, on Pretence of a Visit, and consulting with their Brethren, they find a Major leaving of *Roberts*, and so came to a Resolution to bid a soft Farewel, as they call it, that Night, throw over-board whosoever should stick out: they prov'd to be unanimous, and effected their purpose as abovemention'd.

shall have no more to say of Captain *Anstis*, the Story of *Roberts* is concluded; therefore we go to him, in the pursuit of his Voyage to Guinea. The Loss of the Brigantine was a sensible Shock to the Crew, she being an Excellent Sailor, and having Hands a-board: However, *Roberts*, who was the occasion of it, put on a Face of Unconcern at his Conduct and Mismanagement, and resolv'd to alter his Purposes upon that Account.

Roberts fell in to Windward nigh the *Senegal*, a great Trade for Gum, on this Part of the Coast monopoliz'd by the *French*, who constantly send Cruizers, to hinder the interloping Trade. At the time they had two small Ships on that Service, one of 16 Guns and 65 Men, and the other of 16 Guns and 75 Men; who, having got a Sight of Mr. *Roberts*, and supposing him to be one of these prohibited Traders, chac'd, with all the Sail they could, to come up with him; but their Hopes, which they thought very nigh, too late deceived them: on the hoisting of *Jolly Roger*, which was the signal they gave their black Flag, their *French* Hearts failed, and they both surrender'd without any, or, at least, with very little Resistance. With these Prizes they went into *Sierraleon*, and made one of them their Consort, by the Name of *The Ranger*, and the other a Store-Ship, to clean by.

Sierraleon River disgorges with a large Mouth, the East-Side of which draughts into little Bays, and is very convenient for cleaning and watering. What makes it preferable to the *Pyrates*, was, that the *French* are settled here are naturally their Friends. There are about 30 *Englishmen* in all, who, in some of their Lives, have been either privateering, or pyrating, and still retain and love Liberty and Humours common to that sort of Life. They live very friendly with the Natives, and have many of them, of both Sexes, to be their *Grometta's*, or Servants. The Men are faithful, and the Women diligent, that they are very ready to prostitute themselves to whomsoever their Masters shall command them. The *Royal African Company* has a small Island, call'd *Bence Island*, but 'tis of little Use, besides keeping their Slaves; the Distance being incapable of giving any Molestation to the Starboard Shore. Here lives at this Place an *Englishman*, who went by the Name of *Crackers*, and was formerly a noted Buccaneer, and, while he held the Calling, had robbed and plundered many Ships. He kept the best House in the Place, had three Guns before his Door, with which he kept his Friends the *Pyrates*, when they put in, and a jovial Life with them all the while they are there. The following is a List of the rest of those lawless Traders, and their Servants, who carry on a private Trade with the Interlopers, to the great Prejudice of the *Royal African Company*, who, with extraordinary Industry and Expence, have made and maintained Settlements, without any Consideration from the Government, who, without such Settlements and Ports, soon be under an Incapacity of pursuing such private Trade. Wherefore, 'tis to be desired, that proper Means will be taken, to root out the Order of such a pernicious Set of People, who

have all their Lives supported themselves by the Labours of other Men.

Two of these Fellows enter'd with *Robert's* Crew, and continu'd with them, till the Destruction of the Company.

A LIST of the White Men, who lived on the High Land of Sierraleon, when Roberts was there, and the Craft they occupy.

JOHNS Leadstone, three Boats and Periagog.

His Man Tom.

His Man John Brown.

Alexander Middleton, one Long Boat.

His Man Charles Hawkins.

John Pierce, } Partners, one Long-Boat.

William Mead, }

Their Man John Vernon.

David Chatmers, one Long-Boat.

John Chatmers, one Long-Boat.

Richard Richardson, one Long-Boat.

Norton,

Richard Warren, } Partners, two Long-Boats, and

Robert Glynn, } two small Boats.

His Man John Franks.

William Waits, and one young Man.

John Bonnerman.

John England, one Long-Boat.

Robert Samples, one Long Boat.

William Presgrove,

Harry,

Davis,

Mitchel,

Richard Lamb,

With Roquis Rodrigus, a Portuguese.

George Bishop.

Peter Brown.

John Jones, one Long Boat.

His Irish young Man.

At Rio Pungo, Benjamin Gun.

At Kidham, George Yeats.

At Gallyneas, Richard Lenmons.

The Harbour is so convenient for Wooding and Watering, that it occasions many of our trading Ships, especially those of *Bristol*, to call in there, with large Cargoes of Beer, Cyder, and strong Liquors, which they exchange with these private Traders, for Slaves and Teeth, purchased by them at the *Rio Nune's*, and other Places to the Northward: So that here was what they call good Living.

Hitherto *Roberts* came about the End of June, 1721. and had Intelligence that *The Swallow*, and *Weymouth*, two Men of War, of 50 Guns each, had left that River about a Month before, and design'd to return about *Christmas*; so that the *Pirates* could indulge themselves with all the Satisfaction in the World, in that they knew they were not only secure whilst there, but that in going down the Coast, after the Men of War, they should always be able to get such Intelligence of their Rendezvous, as would serve to make their Expedition safe. So after six Weeks stay, the Ships being clean'd and fitted, and the Men weary of whoring and drinking, they bethought themselves of Business, and went to Sea the Beginning of *August*, taking their Progress down the whole Coast, as low as *Jaquin*, plundering every Ship they met of what

what was valuable in her, and sometimes, to be more mischievously wicked, they would throw what they did not want over board, accumulating Cruelty to Theft.

In this Range, they exchanged their old *French* Ship, for a fine Frigate built Ship, call'd the *Onslow*, belonging to the Royal *African* Company, Captain *Gee* Commander, which happened to lye at *Sestos*, to get Water and Necessaries for the Company. A great many of Captain *Gee's* Men were a-shore when *Roberts* bore down, and so the Ship was consequently surpriz'd into his Hands, tho' had they been all on Board, it was not likely the Case would have been otherwise, the Sailors, most of them, voluntarily joining the Pirates, and encouraging the same Disposition in the Soldiers, who were going Passengers with them to *Cape-Corso-Castle*. Their Ears being constantly tickled with the Feats and Gallantry of those Fellows, made them fancy, that to go, was only being bound on a Voyage of Night Errantry, to relieve the Distress'd, and gather up Fame, and so they likewise offered themselves; but here the Pirates were at a Stand, they entertained so contemptible a Notion of Landmen, that they put 'em off with Refusals for some Time, till at length being weary'd with Solicitations, and pitying a Parcel of stout Fellows, who, they said, were going to starve upon a little Canky and Plantane, they accepted of them, and allowed them a-quarter Share, as it was then term'd, out of Charity.

There was a Clergyman on Board the *Onslow*, sent from *England*, to be Chaplain of *Cape-Corso-Castle*; some of the Pirates were for keeping him, alledging merrily, that their Ship wanted a Chaplain; accordingly they offered him a Share to take on with them, promising that he should do nothing for his Money, but make Punch, and say Prayers; yet, however brutish they might be in other Things, they bore so great a Respect to his Order, that they resolved not to force him against his Inclinations, and the Parson, having no Relish for this sort of Life, excuse himself from accepting the Honour they designed him; they were satisfied, and generous enough to deliver him back every Thing he owned to be his: The Parson laid hold of this favourable Disposition of the Pirates, and laid Claim to several Things belonging to others, which were also given up, to his great Satisfaction; in fine, they kept nothing which belonged to the Church, except three Prayer-Books, and a Bottle-Screw.

The Pirates kept the *Onslow* for their own Use, and gave Captain *Gee* the *French* Ship; and then fell to making such Alterations as might fit her for a Sea Rover; pulling down her Bulk Heads, and making her flush; so that she became, in all Respects, as complete a Ship for their Purpose, as any they could have found; they continued to her the Name of the *Royal Fortune*, and mounted her with 40 Guns.

She and the *Ranger* proceeded (as we said before) to *Jaquin*, and from thence to *Old Calabar*, where they arrived about *October*, in order to clean their Ships. This Place was the most suitable along the whole Coast; for there is a Bar with not above 15 Foot Water upon it, and the Channel intricate; so that had the Men of War been sure of their being harboured here, they might still have bid Defiance to their Strength; for the Depth of Water at the Bar, as well as the Want of a Pilot, was a sufficient Security to the Rovers, and invincible Impediments to them. Here therefore they sat easy, and divided the Fruits of their dishonest Industry, and drank and drove Care away. The Pilot, who brought them into this Harbour, was Captain *L—e*, who, for this, and other Services, was extremely well paid,

according to the Journal of their own Account, which does not run in the ordinary and common Way, of *Debtor contra Creditor*, but much more concise, lumping it to their Friends, and so carrying the Debt in their Heads, against the next honest Trader they meet.

They took at *Calabar* Captain *Loane*, and two or three *Bristol* Ships, the Particulars of all which would be an unnecessary Prolixity. We therefore come now to give an Account of the Usage they received from the Natives of this Place. The *Calabar* Negroes did not prove so civil as they expected, they refused to have any Commerce or Trade with them, when they understood they were Pirates. An Indication that these poor Creatures, in the most favourable Circumstances they were in, and without the light of the Gospel, or the Advantage of an Education, have, notwithstanding, such a moral innate Humanity as would upbraid and shame the most knowing Christian: But this did but exasperate these lawless Fellows, and so a Party of 40 Men were detached to force a Correspondence, or drive the Negroes to Extremities; and they accordingly landed under Fire of their own Cannon. The Negroes did in a Body of 2000 Men, as if they intended to dispute the Matter with them, and it laid till the advanced within Pistol-shot; but finding the Loss of two or three made no Impression on the rest, the Negroes thought fit to retreat, which they did with some Loss: The Pirates set Fire to the Town, then return'd to their Ships. This terrified the Natives, and put an entire stop to all the Interference between them, so that they could get no Supplies, which obliged them, as soon as they had finished cleaning and trimming of their Ships, to lose no time but depart for *Cape Lopez*, where they watered at *Anna-Bona* took a-board a Stock of fresh provisions, and then sailed for the Coast again.

This was their last and fatal Expedition, which we shall be the more particular in, because it cannot be imagined, that they could have had the Assurance to have undertaken it, but upon a Pretence, that the Men of War, (whom they knew were upon the Coast,) were unable to attack them, unless pursuant to the Rumour that had indiscreetly obtained at *Sierraleon*, were gone thither again.

It is impossible at this Time, to think they could know of the weak and sickly Condition they were in, and therefore, we may suppose, they found the Success of this second Attempt upon the Coast, to be the latter Presumption; and this seems to be confirmed by their falling in with the Coast as *Cape Labou*, (and even that was higher than that designed) in the Beginning of *January*, and taking the Ship called the *King Solomon*, with 20 Men in her Boat, and a trading Vessel, both belonging to the Company. The Pirate Ship happened to fall about a League to Leeward of the *King Solomon*, a *Cape Appollonia*, and the Current and Wind opposing their working up with the Ship, they agreed to send the Long-Boat, with a sufficient Number of Men, to take her: The Pirates are all Volunteers on the Occasions, the Word being always given, *who will go?* And presently the staunch and firm Men offer themselves; because, by such Readiness, they recommend their Courage, and have an Allowance also if a Suit of Cloaths, from Head to Foot, out of the Prize.

They rowed towards the *King Solomon* with a great deal of Alacrity, and being hail'd by the Commander of her, answer'd, *Defiance*. Captain *ra-bern*, before this, observing a great Number of Men in the Boat, began not to like his Visitors, and prepared to receive them, firing a Musket as they came

under his Stern, which they return'd with a Volley, and made greater Speed to get on board: Upon this, he applied to his Men, and ask'd them whether they would stand by him, to defend the Ship, it being a Shame they should be taken by half their Number, without any Repulse? But his Boatswain, *Phips*, took upon him to be the Mouth of the People, and put an End to the Dispute; he said plainly, he would not fight, laid down his Arms in the King's Name, as he was pleas'd to term it, and called out to the Boat for Quarters; so that the rest, by his Example, were mislead to the losing of the Ship.

When they came on Board, they brought her under Sail, by the expeditious Method of cutting her cable; *Walden*, one of the Pirates, telling the Master, that the heaving up the Anchor would be a needless trouble, when they designed to burn the Ship. They sought her under Commodore *Roberts's* Stern, and not only rifled her of what Sails, Cordage, &c. they wanted for themselves, but wantonly thrown'd the Goods of the Company over-board, like Spendrifts, that neither expected or designed any Account. On the same Day also they took the *Flushing*, a Dutch Ship, robb'd her of Masts, Yards, and Stores, and then cut down her Fore-Mast; but what sat as avily as any Thing with the *Skipper*, was, their singing some fine Saulages he had on Board, of his wife's making, and stringing them in a ludicrous manner round their Necks, till they had sufficiently shew'd their Contempt of them; and then they threw them into the Sea. Others chopp'd the Heads of

Fowls off, to be dress'd for their Supper, and courteously invited the Landlord, provided he would furnish Liquor. It was a melancholly Request to the Inn, but it must be comply'd with, and he was oblig'd, as they grew drunk, to sit quietly, and hear them sing *French* and *Spanish* Songs out of his *Dutch* Prayer-Book, with other Prophane's, that he (tho' a Dutch Man) stood amazed at.

In chasing too near in, they alarmed the Coast, and Expresses were sent to the *English* and *Dutch* Governors, giving an Account of it: They were sensible of this Error immediately, and, because they could make the best of a bad Market, they resolv'd to keep out of Sight of Land, and lose the Prizes they might expect between that and *Whydab*, to make the more sure of that Port, where commonly the best Booty; all Nations trading thither, especially *Portuguese*, who purchase chiefly with Gold, to Idol their Hearts were bent upon. Yet notwithstanding this unlikely Course, they met and took several Ships between *Axim* and that Place; the circumstantial Stories of which, and the pannick Terrors they struck into his Majesty's Subjects, being tedious and unnecessary to relate, I shall pass by, and come to their Arrival in that Road.

They came to *Whydab* with a *St. George's* Ensign, a black Silk Flag flying at their Mizzen-Peek, all a Jack and Pendant of the same: The Flag had a Death on it, with an Hour Glass in one Hand, and a Skull Bones in the other, a Dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three Drops of Blood.

The Jack had a Man pourtray'd on it, with a flaming Sword in his Hand, and standing on two Skulls, inscribed, *A B H* and *A M H i. e.* a *Barbadian's* and a *Martinican's* Head, as has been before taken Notice of. Here they found eleven Sail in the Road, *English*, *French*, and *Portuguese*; the *French* were the stout Ships, of thirty Guns, and upwards of 100 Men each; yet when *Roberts* came to Fire, they, like the other Ships, immediately struck their Colours and surrendered to his Mercy. One Reason it might be confes'd of his easy Victory, was, that the Commanders and a good Part of the Men were a-

shore, according to the Custom of the Place, to receive the Cargoes, and return the Slaves; they being oblig'd to watch the Seasons for it, which otherwise, in so dangerous a Sea as this, would be impracticable. These all, except the *Porcupine*, ransom'd with him for eight Pound of Gold-Dust a Ship, not without the trouble of passing or repassing from the Shore, before they could settle it; and, notwithstanding the Agreement and Payment, they took away one of the *French* Ships, tho' with a Promise to return her, if they found she did not sail well, taking with them several of her Men for that End.

Some of the Foreigners, who never had Dealing this Way before, desired, for Satisfaction to their Owners, that they might have Receipts for their Money; which were accordingly given; a Copy of one of them we have here subjoin'd, viz.

THIS is to certify whom it may or doth concern, that we Gentlemen of Fortune, have received eight Pounds of Gold-Dust, for the Ransom of the *Hardey*, Captain *Dittwitt* Commander; so that we discharge the said Ship.

Witness our Hands, this
13th of Jan. 1721-2.

Batt. Roberts.
Harry Glasby.

Others were given to the *Portuguese* Captains, which were in the same Form, but being sign'd by two waggish Fellows, viz. *Sutton* and *Simpson*, they subscrib'd by the Names of,

Aaron Whiffingpin,
Sim. Tugmutton.

But there was something so singularly cruel and barbarous done here to the *Porcupine*, Captain *Fletcher*, as must not be pass'd over without special Remark.

This Ship lay in the Road, almost flayed, when the Pirates came in, and the Commander, being on Shore settling his Accounts, was sent to for the Ransom, but he excus'd it, as having no Orders from the Owners; tho' the true Reason might be, that he thought it dishonourable to treat with Robbers; and that the Ship, separate from the Slaves, towards whom he could mistrust no Cruelty, was not worth the Sum demanded. Hereupon, *Roberts* sends the Boat to transport the Negroes, in order to set her on Fire; but being in haste, and finding that unthackling them would cost much Time and Labour, they actually set her on Fire, with eighty of these poor Wretches on Board, chained two and two together, under the miserable Choice of perishing by Fire or Water: Those who jumped over-board from the Flames, were seized by Sharks, a voracious Fish, very common in this Road, and, in their Sight, tore Limb from Limb alive. A Cruelty unparallel'd! And for which had every Individual been hanged, few could have thought that Justice had been rigorously executed.

The Pirates, indeed, were oblig'd to dispatch their Business here in haste, because they had intercepted a Letter from General *Phips* to Mr. *Baldwin*, the Royal *African's* Company's Agent at *Whydab*, giving an Account, that *Roberts* had been seen to Windward of Cape *Three Points*, that *Baldwin* might the better guard against the Damages to the Company's Ships, if the should arrive at that Road before the *Swallow* Man of War, which he assured him, at the Time of that Letter, was pursuing them at that Place. *Roberts* call'd up his Company, and desired they would hear *Phips's* Speech, (for so he was pleas'd to call the Letter,) and, notwithstanding their vapouring, perswaded them of the Necessity

of moving; 'for, says he, such brave Fellows can-
'not be supposed to be frightened at this News, yet,
'we must all own, that it were better to avoid dry
'Blows, which is the best that can be expected, if
'we are over-taken.

This Advice weighed with them, and they got under Sail, having stay'd only from *Thursday* to *Saturday* Night, and at Sea they voted for the Island of *Anna Bona*; but the Winds, hanging out of the Way, crossed their Purpose, and brought them to Cape *Lopez*, where we shall leave them for their approaching Fate, and relate some further Particulars of his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*, viz. where it was she had spent her Time, during the Mischief that was done, and by what Means she was unable to prevent it; what also was the Intelligence she receiv'd, and the Measure thereon formed, that at last brought two such Strangers as Mr. *Roberts* and Capt. *Ogle*, to meet in so remote a Corner of the World.

The *Swallow* and *Weymouth* left *Sierraleon*, May 28, where, we have already taken Notice, *Roberts* arrived about a Month after, and doubtless learn'd the Intent of their Voyage, and cleaning on the Coast: This made him set down with more Security to his Diversion, and furnished him with such Intimations, as made his first Range down the Coast, in *August* following, more prosperous; the *Swallow* and *Weymouth* being then at the Port of *Princes* a cleaning.

Their Stay at *Princes* was from *July* 28, to *Sept.* 20, 1721, where, by a Fatality, common to the Irregularities of Seamen, who cannot in such Cases be kept under due Restraints, they buried 100 Men in three Weeks Time, and reduced the Remainder of the Ships Companies into so sickly a State, that it was with Difficulty they brought them to fail; and this Misfortune was probably the Ruin of *Roberts*, for it prevented the Men of War's going back to *Sierraleon*, as it was intended, there being a Necessity of leaving his Majesty's Ship *Weymouth* (in much the worse Condition of the two) under the Guns of Cape *Corso*, to impress Men, being unable at this Time, either to hand the Sails, or weigh her Anchor: Now *Roberts*, being ignorant of the Occasion or Alteration of the first Design, fell into the Mouth of Danger, when he thought himself the farthest from it; for the Men of War did not endeavour to attain further to Windward, when they came from *Princes*, but to secure Cape *Corso* Road under their Lee, they luckily hovered in the Track he had took.

The *Swallow* and *Weymouth* fell in with the Continent at Cape *Appollonia*, *October* 20th and there received the ungrateful News from one Captain *Bird*; a Notice that awakened and put them on their Guard; but they were far from expecting any Temerity should ever bring him a second Time on the Coast, while they were there; therefore the *Swallow* having seen the *Weymouth* into Cape *Corso* Road *Novr.* 10th, she ply'd to Windward as far as *Bassam*, rather as an Airing, to recover a sickly Ship's Company, and shew herself to the Trade, which was found every where disturb'd, than to chase the Pirate. Every Thing being quiet, they were returning to their Consort, when accidentally meeting a *Portuguese* Ship, she told them, that the Day before, she saw two Ships chase an English Vessel into *Junk*, which she believed must have fallen into their Hands. On this Story, the *Swallow* clung her Wind, and endeavoured to gain that Place, but receiving soon after, viz. *October* the 14th, a contrary Report from Captain *Plummer*, an intelligent Man, in the *Jason* of *Bristol*, who had come further to Windward, and neither saw or heard any Thing of this; she turned

her Head down the second Time, anchored at Cape *Appollonia* the 23d, at Cape *Tres Puntas* the 27th and in *Corso* Road *January* the 7th, 1721-2.

They learned that their Consort the *Weymouth* was, by the Assistance of some Soldiers from the Castle, gone to Windward, to demand Restitution of some Goods or Men belonging to the *African* Company, that were illegally detained by the *Dutch Des Minas*; and while they were regretting so long a Separation, an Express came to General *Phibbs* from *Axim*, on the 9th, followed by another from *Dixcove*, an English Factory, with Information that three Ships had chased and taken a Galley nigh *Axim* Castle, and a trading Boat belonging to the Company. No doubt was made concerning what they were, being taken for granted they were Pirates, and supposed to be the same that had the *August* before infested the Coast. The natural Result therefore, from these two Advices, was, to hasten for *Whydah*; and it was concluded the Prizes they had taken, had informed them how nigh the *Swallow* was, and withal, how much better in Health than she had been some Months past; so that, unless they were very mad indeed, they would, after being discovered, make the best of their Way for *Whydah*, and seek the Booty there, without which, their Time and Industry had been entirely lost; most of the Goods lying in that Corner.

The *Swallow* weighed from Cape *Corso*, *January* the 10th, but was retarded by waiting some Hours on the *Margeret*, a Company's Ship, at *Accra*, gain on the *Portugal*, and a whole Day at *Appong*, a Person they used to stile *Miss Betty*: A Condition that Mr. *Phibbs* blamed, when he heard the Pirates were missed at *Whydah*, altho' he had given it as Opinion, that they could not be passed by, and estimated, that to stay a few Hours would prove Prejudice.

This, however, hinder'd the *Swallow*'s catching them at *Whydah*, for the Pirates came into the Road, with a fresh Gale of Wind, the same Day the *Swallow* was at *Appong*, and sail'd the 13th *January* from thence, she arriving the 17th. She gained Notice of them by a *French* Shallop from *Grand Papa*, the 14th at Night, and from *Lieut. Papa* next Morning by a *Dutch* Ship; so that a Man of War was on all Sides, as she thought, of her Purchase, particularly when she made out Ships, and discovered three of them to get under Sail immediately at Sight of her, making Signals to one another, as tho' they designed a Defence; these were found to be three *French* Ships, and the *Portuguese* and *English*, all honest Trade, who had been ransack'd and ransom'd.

This Disappointment chagrined the Ship's Company, who were very intent upon their Marks; which was reported to be an Arm-Chest full of Goods, and kept with three Keys; tho' in all likelihood, if they met with them in that open Road, one or both would have made their Escapes; or if they thought fit to have fought, an Emulation in the Defence would probably have made it desperate.

While they were contemplating on the Matter, a Letter was received from Mr. *Baldwin*, Governor here for the Company, signifying, that the Pirates were at *Jaquin*, seven Leagues lower. The *Swallow* weighed at two next Morning, *January* the 16th, and got to *Jaquin* by Day Light, but to the other End, than frightening the Crews of two *Portuguese* Ships on Shore, who took her for the Pirates that had struck so much Terror at *Whydah*: she returned therefore that Night, and having been strengthened with thirty Volunteers, *English* and *French*, the discarding Crews of the *Porcupine*, and

The French Ship they had carried from hence, she at to Sea again January the 19th, conjecturing, at either Calabar, Princes, the River Gabone, Cape Lopez, or Annabona, must be touched at for Water and Refreshment, tho' they should resolve to give the Coast. As to the former of those Places, they have before observed, it was hazardous to think of it, or rather impracticable; Princes had been a great Grape to them, but being the first in the Way, she came before the Harbour the 29th, where learning no News, without losing Time, they steered for the River Gabone, and anchored at the Mouth of it February the 1st.

This River is navigable by two Channels, and is an Island about five Leagues up, call'd Papay, or Parrots, where the Dutch Cruizers for this Coast generally clean, and where sometimes Pirates come in to look for Prey, or to refit, it being very convenient, by Reason of a soft Mud about it, that admits a Ship lying on Shore, with all her Guns and Stores in, without Damage. Hither Captain de la Motte sent his Boat and a Lieutenant, who spoke with a Dutch Ship above the Island, from whom he had an Account, viz. That he had been four Days in Cape Lopez, and had left no Ship there. However, they beat up for the Cape, without regard to the Story, and on the 5th, at Dawning, were surprized with the Noise of a Gun, which, as the Day lightened, they found was from Cape Lopez Bay, where they discovered three Ships at Anchor, the largest with the King's Colours and Pendant flying, which was soon after concluded to be Mr. Roberts and his Consorts. The Swallow being to Windward, and unexpectedly deep in the Bay, was ordered to steer off, for avoiding a Sand, called the Dutchman's Bank, which the Pirates observed for some Time, and rashly interpreting it to be Fear in the French, righted the French Ranger, which was then on the Heel, and ordered her to chase out in all haste, sending several of her Sails in the Pursuit. The Frenchman of War, finding they had foolishly mistaken the Design, humoured the Deceit, and kept off to Sea, as if she had been really afraid, and managed her Steerage so, under the Direction of Lieutenant Roberts, an experienced Officer, as to let the Ranger come up with her, when they thought they had got so far as not to have their Guns heard by her Confrontation at the Cape. The Pirates had such an Opinion of their own Courage, that they never could imagine any Body would use a Stratagem to speak with them, and so were the more easily drawn into the Snare.

The Pirates now drew nigh enough to fire their Case Guns; they hoisted the black Flag that was worn in Whydah Road, and got their Spritsail Yard and Gang-ships, with Intent to board; no one having ever asked all this while, what Country Ship they took the Chase to be; they would have her to be a Portuguese, Sugar being then a Commodity among them, and were swearing every Minute at the Wind or Sails to expedite so sweet a Chase; but, alas! all turned sour in an Instant: It was with the utmost Consternation they saw her suddenly bring to and haul up her lower Ports, now within Pistol-shot, and they struck their black Flag upon it directly. After the first Surprize was over, they kept firing at a Distance, hoisted it again, and vapoured with their Cutlasses on the Poop; tho' wisely endeavouring at the same Time to get away. Being now at their Wits End, Boarding was proposed to the Heads of them, and so to make one desperate Push; but the Motion not being well seconded, and their Main-Top-Mast coming down by a Shot, after two Hours firing, it was declined: They

grew sick, struck their Colours, and called out for Quarters, having 10 Men killed outright, and 20 wounded, without the loss or hurt of one the King's Men. The Ranger had 32 Guns, was manned with 16 French Men, 10 Negroes, and 77 English. The Colours were thrown over board, that they might not rise in Judgment, nor be display'd in Triumph over them.

While the Swallow was sending their Boat to fetch the Prisoners, a Blast and Smoak was seen to pour out of the great Cabin, and they thought they were blowing up; but, upon Enquiry afterwards, they found that half a Dozen of the most desperate, when they saw all Hopes fled, had drawn themselves round what Powder they had left in the Steerage, and fired a Pistol into it; but it was too small a Quantity to effect any Thing, more than burning them in a frightful Manner.

This Ship was commanded by one Skyrme, a Welchman, who, tho' he had lost his Leg in the Action, would not suffer himself to be dressed, or carried off the Deck; but, like Widdrington, fought upon his Stump. The rest appeared gay and brisk, most of them with white Shirts, Watches, and Silk Vests; but the Gold-Dust belonging to them was most of it left in the Little-Ranger in the Bay, this Company's proper Ship, with the Royal Fortune.

I cannot but take Notice of two, among the Crowd of those disfigured from the Blast of Powder just before-mentioned, viz. William Main and Roger Ball. An Officer of the Ship seeing a Silver Call hang at the Waist of the former, said to him, *I presume you are Boatswain of this Ship. Then you presume wrong*, answer'd he, *for I am Boatswain of the Royal Fortune, Captain Roberts Commander. Then Mr. Boatswain you will be hang'd I believe*, replies the Officer. *That is as your Honour pleases*, answered he again, and was for turning away: But the Officer desired to know of him, how the Powder which had made them in that Condition, came to take Fire.—*By G—*, says he, *they are all mad and bewitch'd, for I have lost a good Hat by it* (the Hat and he being both blown out of the Cabin Gallery into the Sea.) *But what signifies a Hat Friend*, says the Officer.—*Not much*, answer'd he. The Men being busy in stripping him of his Shoes and Stockings, the Officer enquired further of him, whether Roberts's Company were all as likely Fellows as these.—*There are 120 of them*, (answer'd he) *as clever Fellows as ever trod in Shoe Leather: Would I were with them. No doubt on't*, says the Officer.—*By G— it is naked Truth* answered he, looking down and seeing himself by this time quite stripp'd.

The Officer then approached Roger Ball, who was seated in a private Corner, with a Look as fullen as Winter, and asked him how he came blown up in that frightful Manner.—*Why*, says he, *John Morris fired a Pistol into the Powder, and if he had not done it I should* (bearing his Pain all the while without the least Complaint.) The Officer gave him to understand he was a Surgeon, and that if he desired it he would dress him; but he swore it should not be done, and that if any thing was applied to him he would tear it off. Nevertheless the Surgeon had good Nature enough to dress him, tho' with much Trouble. At Night he was in a kind of Delirium, and raved on the Bravery of Roberts, saying, he should shortly be released, as soon as they should meet him. This procured him a lashing down upon the Forecastle, which he resisting with all his Force, it caused him to be used with the more Violence, so that he was tied down with so much Severity, that his Flesh being sore and tender with the blowing up, he died next Day of a Mortification.

They

They secured the Prisoners with Pinions and Shackles, but the Ship was so much disabled in the Engagement, that they had once Thoughts to set her on Fire : This however would have given them the Trouble of taking the Pirate's wounded Men on board themselves ; and as they were certain the *Royal Fortune* would wait for her Consort's Return, they lay by her two Days, repaired her Rigging, and other Damages, and sent her into *France* with the *French Men*, and four of their own Hands.

On the 9th in the Evening, the *Swallow* gained the Cape again, and saw the *Royal Fortune* standing into the Bay, with the *Neptune*, Captain *Hill*, of *London* : A good Prefage of the next Day's Success ; for they did not doubt but the Temptation of Liquor and Plunder, which they might find in this their new Prize, would make the Pyrates very confused ; and so it happened.

On the 10th in the Morning, the Man of War bore away to round the Cape. *Roberts's* Crew, discerning their Masts over the Land, went down into the Cabin to acquaint him of it, he being then at Breakfast with his new Guest, Captain *Hill*, on a savory Dish of Solomongundy and some of his own Beer. He took no Notice of it, and his Men almost as little, some saying she was a *Portuguese* Ship, others a *French* Slave Ship, but the major Part swore it was the *French Ranger* returning ; and they were merrily debating for some Time, on the Manner of Reception, as whether they should salute her or not ; but as the *Swallow* approached nigher, Things appeared plainer ; and though they were stigmatized with the Name of Cowards, who shewed any Apprehension of Danger, yet some of them, now undeceived, declared it to *Roberts*, especially one *Armstrong*, who had deserted from that Ship, and knew her well : Those *Roberts* swore at as Cowards, who meant to dishearten the Men asking them if it were so, whether they were afraid to fight or no ? In short, he hardly refrained from Blows. What his own Apprehensions were, till she hawled up her Ports, and hoisted her proper Colours, is uncertain ; but then, being perfectly convinced he slipped his Cable, got under Sail, and ordered his Men to Arms, without any Shew of Timidity, dropping a first Rate Oath, *that it was a Bite*, but, at the same Time, resolved, like a gallant Rogue, to get clear or die.

There was one *Armstrong*, as I just mentioned, a Deserter from the *Swallow*, whom they enquired of concerning the Trim and Sailing of that Ship ; he told them she sail'd best upon a Wind, and therefore, if they designed to leave her, they should go before it.

The Danger was imminent, and the Time very short, to consult of Means to extricate himself ; his Resolution in this Streight, was as follows : To pass close to the *Swallow*, with all their Sails, and receive her Broadside, before they returned a Shot ; if disabled by this, or that they could not depend on sailing, then to run on Shore at the Point, and every one to shift for himself among the Negroes ; or failing in these, to board, and blow up together, for he saw that the greatest Part of his Men were drunk, passively courageous, and unfit for Service.

Roberts himself made a gallant Figure, at the Time of the Engagement, being dressed in a rich crimson Damask Waistcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a Gold Chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a Sword in his Hand, and two Pair of Pistols hanging at the End of a Silk Sling, slung over his Shoulders, according to the Fashion of the Pirates. He is said to have given his Orders with Boldness and Spirit ; coming, according to what he

had purposed, close to the Man of War, he received her Fire, and then hoisted his black Flag, and retired it, shooting away from her, with all the Sails he could pack ; and had he took *Armstrong's* Advice, he have gone before the Wind, he had probably escaped ; but keeping his Tacks down, either by the Wind shifting, or ill Steerage, or both, he was taken abreast with his Sails, and the *Swallow* came a second Time very nigh to him : He had now, perhaps, finish'd the Fight very desperately, if Death, who took the swiftest Passage in a Grape Shot, had not interposed, and struck him directly on the Throat. He left himself on the Tackles of a Gun ; whence *Stephenson*, from the Helm, observing, ran to his Assistance, and not perceiving him wounded, swore at him, and bid him stand up, and fight like a Man ; but when he found his Mistake, and that his Captain was certainly dead, he gushed into Tears, and wished the next Shot might be his Portion. They presently threw him over-board, with his Arms and Ornaments on, according to the repeated Request he made in his Life-time.

Roberts was a tall black Man near forty Years of Age born at *Newey-bagh*, nigh *Harverford* Weir, in *Pembrokeshire*, of good natural Parts, and perfect Bravery, tho' he applied them to such wicked purposes as made them of no Commendation, frequently drinking *D——n to him who ever lived to wear a Halter*. He forc'd himself at first among this Company out of the *Prince*, Captain *Plumb*, at *Anaboe*, about three Years before, where he served as second Mate, and shed, as he us'd to tell the *John Men*, as many Crocodile Tears then, as they did now, but Time and good Company had wore it off. He could not plead Want of Employment, nor Impatience of getting his Bread in an honest Way, to excuse so vile a Change, nor was he so much a Coward as to pretend it ; he frankly own'd, it was to get rid of the disagreeable Superiority of some Masters he was acquainted with, and the love of Novelty had changed that maritime Prereginations had accus'd him to. In an honest Service, said he there is no Commons, low Wages and hard Labour ; in a Plundering one, Plenty and Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power ; and who would not ballance Credit on this Side, when all the Hazard that is run for it, at worst, is only a four Look or two at hanging. No, A merry Life and a short one, shall be my motto. Thus he preach'd himself into an Approbation of what he at first abhorred ; and, being daily begal'd with Musick, Drinking, and the Gaiety and Diversions of his Companions, these depraved propensities were quickly edg'd and strengthened, to the extinguishing of Fear and Conscience. Yet among all the vile and ignominious Acts he had perpetrated, he is said to have had an Aversion towards fighting Men into that Service, and had procured some of his Discharge, notwithstanding so many made it his Plea.

When *Roberts* was gone, as tho' he had been the Life and Soul of the Gang, their Spirits sunk ; many deserted their Quarters, and all stupidly neglected any Means for Defence or Escape ; and the Main-mast soon after being shot by the Board, they had no Way left, but to surrender and call for Quarter. The *Swallow* kept aloof, while her Boat boarded and repas'd for the Prisoners ; because they understood they were under an Oath to blow up ; and some of the Desperadoes shewed a Willingness that Way, Matches being lighted, and Scuffles opening between those who would, and those who oppos'd it : But we cannot easily account for this Humour, which can be termed no more than a false Courage, since any of them had Power to

by his own Life, either by Pistol, or Drowning, without involving others in the same Fate, who are in no Temper of Mind for it: And, at best, had been only dying for fear of Death.

She had 40 Guns, and 157 Men, 45 whereof were Negroes; three only were killed in the Action, without any Loss to the *Swallow*. There was found upwards of 2000 l. in Gold-Dust in her. The Flag could not be got easily from under the fallen Mast, and therefore was recovered by the *Swallow*; it had the Figure of a Skeleton in it, and a Man pourtray'd with a flaming Sword in his Hand, intimating a Defence of Death; but this has been before described. The *Swallow* returned back into Cape Lopez Bay, and found the little *Ranger*, whom the Pirates had deserted in haste, for the better Defence of the Ship: She had been plundered, according to what we have heard of, of 2000 l. in Gold-Dust, (the Shares of the Pirates who belonged to her) and Captain Hill, of the *Neptune*, was not unjustly suspected; for he could not wait the Man of War's returning into Bay again, but sail'd away immediately, making no Scruple afterwards to own the Seizure of other Goods out of her, and surrendering, as a Confirmation of all, 40 Ounces at *Barbadoes*. To sum up the whole, if it be considered, first, that the sickly State of the Men of War, when they sail'd from *Princes* was the Misfortune that hindered their being as far as *Sierracon*, and consequently out of Track the Pirates then took: That those Pirates, directly contrary to their Design in the second Expedition, should get above Cape *Corfo*, and that night a Chase should offer, that inevitably must discover them, and be soon communicated to the Men of War: That the satiating their evil and malicious Tempers at *Whydah*, in burning the *Porcupine*, at running off with the *French Ship*, had strengthened the *Swallow* with 30 Men: That the *Swallow* should miss them in that Road, where probably she had not, or at least had not so effectually, as I need her End: That they should be so far intimated at Cape *Lopez*, as to divide their Strength, which, when collected, might have been so formidable: And lastly, that the Conquest should be without Bloodshed: I say, considering all these Circumstances, it shews that the Hand of Providence was concerned in their Destruction.

As to the Behaviour after they were taken, it was so good that they had great Inclinations to rebel, if they could have laid hold of an Opportunity: For they were very uneasy under Restraint, having been at all Commanders themselves; nor could they break their Diet or Quarters, without cursing and swearing and upbraiding each other, with the Folly that had brought them to it.

So that to secure themselves against any mad desperate Undertaking of theirs, the Crew of the *Swallow* strongly barricado'd the Gun Room, and made another Prison before it; an Officer, with Pistols and Cutlasses, doing Duty, Night and Day, and the Prisoners within being manacled and shackled.

They would yet in these Circumstances be impudently merry, saying, when they viewed their Names. That they had not left them a Halfpenny, to the old Charon, to ferry them over Styx: And at their thin Commons, they would observe, that they sell away so fast, that they should no have been left to hang them. Sutton used to be very humane; he happening to be in the same Irons with another Prisoner, who was more serious than ordinary, and read and pray'd often, as became his Condition; this Man Sutton used to swear at, and say, *Heaven, what he proposed by such Noise and De-*

you Fool, says Sutton, did you ever hear of any Pirates going thither? Give me Hell, it's a merrier Place: I'll give Roberts a Salute of 13 Guns at my Entrance. And when he found such ludicrous Expressions had no Effect on him, he made a formal Complaint, and requested that the Officer would either remove this Man, or take his Prayer-Book away, as a common Disturber.

A Combination and Conspiracy was formed betwixt *Moody*, *Applant*, *Magnez*, *Mare*, and others, to rise, and kill the Officers, and run away with the Ship. This they had carried on by Means of a Mulatto Boy, who was allow'd to attend them, and proved very trusty in his Messages between the Principals; but the Evening of that Night they were to have made this Struggle, two of the Prisoners that sat next to *Applant*, heard the Boy whisper them upon the Project, and name to him the Hour they should be ready; upon which, they presently gave Notice of it to the Captain, which put the Ship in an Alarm for a little Time; and, on Examination, they found that several of them had made Shift to break off, or lose, their Shackles; but all this tended only to procure to themselves worse Usage and Confinement.

In the same Passage to Cape *Corfo*, the Prize, *Royal Fortune*, was in the same Danger. She was left at the Island of *St. Thomas's*, in the Possession of an Officer, and a few Men, to take in some fresh Provisions, (which were scarce at Cape *Corfo*;) with Orders to follow the Ship. There were only some of the Pirates Negroes, three or four wounded Prisoners, and *Scudamore* their Surgeon; from whom they seemed to be under no Apprehension, especially from the last, who might have hoped for Favour on Account of his Employ, and had stood so much indebted for his Liberty, eating and drinking constantly with the Officer; yet this fellow, regardless of the Favour, and lost to all Sense of Reformation, endeavour'd to bring over the Negroes to his Design of murdering the People, and running away with the Ship. He easily prevail'd with the Negroes to come into the Design; but when he came to communicate it to his Fellow Prisoners, and would have drawn them into the same Measures, by telling them, he understood Navigation, that the Negroes were stout Fellows, and, by a Smattering he had in the *Angolan* Language, he had found them willing to undertake such an Enterprize; and that it was better venturing to do this, run down the Coast and raise a new Company, than to proceed to Cape *Corfo*, and be hanged like Dogs, and Sunday'd: One of them abhorring the Cruelty, or fearing the Success, discovered it to the Officer, who made him immediately a Prisoner, and brought the Ship safe.

When they came to be lodged in Cape *Corfo-Castle*, their Hopes of this kind were all cut off, and they were assured they must there soon receive a final Sentence: The Note was now changed among most of them, and, from vain insolent jesting, they became serious and devout, begging for good Books, and joining in publick Prayers, and singing of Psalms, twice at least every Day.

As to their Tryals, if we should give them at length, it might appear tedious to the Reader, for which Reason, we have, for the avoiding Tautology and Repetition, put as many of them together as were try'd for the same Fact, reserving the Circumstances which are most material, with Observations on the dying Behaviour of such of them as came to our Knowledge.

And first, it may be observed, that a great Part of these Pirate Ships Crews, were Men entered on

the Coast of *Africa*, not many Months before they were taken; from whence it may be concluded, that the pretended Constraint of *Roberts* on them, was very often a Comploitment between Parties equally willing: And this *Roberts* several Times openly declared, particularly to the *Onslow's* People, whom he called ast, and ask'd them *who was willing to go, for he would force no Body?* This was apoised, by some of his best Hands, after Acquital; nor is it reasonable to think he should reject *Liss* Volunteers, only from a Pique against *Kennedy*, and force others, that might hazard, and, in Time, destroy his Government: But their Behaviour soon put him out of this Fear, and convinc'd him, that the Plea of Force was the only best Artifice they had no shelter themselves under, in Case they should be taken; and that they were less Rogues than others only in Point of Time.

It may likewise be taken notice of, that the Country, wherein they happened to be tried, is, among other Happineffes, exempted from Lawyers, and Law-Books; so that the Office of Register, of necessity, fell on one not versed in those Affairs; which might justify the Court in want of Form, more essentially supply'd with Integrity and Impartiality.

But, perhaps, if there was less Law, there might be more Justice, than in some other Courts; for, if the civil Law be a Law of universal Reason, judging of the Rectitude or Obliquity of Mens Actions, every Man of common Sense is endued with a Portion of it, at least sufficient to make him distinguish Right from Wrong, or what the Civilians call, *Malum in se*.

Therefore, here, if two Persons were equally guilty of the same Fact, there was no convicting one, and bringing the other off by any Quirk, or Turn of Law; for they form'd their Judgments upon the Constraint, or Willingness, the Aim, and Intention of the Parties, and all other Circumstances, which make a material Difference. Besides, in Crimes of this Nature, Men bred up to the Sea must be more knowing, and much abler than others more learned in the Law; for, before a Man can have a right Idea of a Thing, he must know the Terms standing for that Thing: The Sea Terms being a Language by it self, which no Lawyer can be supposed to understand; he must therefore of Consequence want that discriminating Faculty, which should direct him to judge right of the Facts meant by those Terms.

The Court well knew, it was not possible to get the Evidence of every Sufferer by this Crew, and

therefore, first of all, considered how the Deficient should be supplied; whether or no they could produce one *John Dennis*, who had early offered himself as King's Evidence, and was the best read in the Lives and Conversations: Here indeed, they were at a Loss for Law, and concluded in the Negative, because it looked like compounding with a Man, to swear falsely, losing by it those great Helps he could have afforded.

Another great Difficulty in their Proceedings, was how to understand those Words in the Act of Parliament, of, *particularly specifying in the Charge, the Circumstances of Time, Place, &c. i. e. so as to be able to hold a Court;* if they had been indicted on particular Robberies, as Evidence had happened mostly from the Royal *African* Company's Ships, on which these Gentlemen of *Cape Corso-Castle* were not qualified to sit, the Oath running, *That they have no Interest, directly or indirectly, in the Ship or Goods, for the Robbery in which the Party stands accused:* And this they thought they had, Commissions being paid them on such Goods: And on the other Side, if they were incapacitated, no Court could be formed, the Commission absolutely requiring three of them by Name.

To reconcile all Things, therefore, the Court resolved, to bottom the whole of their Proceedings on the *Swallow's* Depositions, which were clear and plain, and had the Circumstance of Time, Place where, Manner how, and the like, particularly specified, according to the Statute in that made and provided. But this admitted only a general Intimation of Robbery in the Indictment, therefore, *to approve their Clemency*, (it looking Arbitrary on the Lives of Men, to lump them to the laws, in such a summary Way as must have been done, had they solely adhered to the *Swallow's* Charge) they resolved to come to particular Tryals.

Secondly, *That the Prisoners might not bearrant whereon to answer*, and so have all fair Advantages to excuse and defend themselves, the Court further agreed, with Justice and Equanimity, to admit any Evidence that could be brought, to weaken or corroborate the three Circumstances that composed a Pirate: first, being a Volunteer amongst them at the Beginning; secondly, being a Volunteer at the taking or robbing of any Ship; or lastly, voluntarily accepting a Share in the Booty of those that did; or, by a Parity of Reason, where these Actions were of their own disposing, and yet committed by them: it must be believed their Hearts and Hands joined together, in what they acted against his Majesty's ship the *Swallow*.

The TRIALS of the PIRATES,

Taken by His Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*, begun at Cape Corfo-Castle, on the Coast of Africa, March the 28th, 1722.

THE Commission impowred any Three named therein, to call to their Assistance such a Number of qualified Persons, as might make the Court always consist of Seven: And accordingly, Commissions were signed to Lieut. *Jo. Barnsley*, Lieut. *Fanshaw*, Capt. *Samuel Hartsease*, and Capt. *William Menzies*, viz.

BY Virtue of a Power and Authority unto us given, by a Commission from the King, under the Seal of Admiralty, You are hereby required to attend and make one of the Court, for the trying and adjudging of the Pirates, lately taken on this Coast, by his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*.

Given under our Hands this 28th of March, 1722, at Cape Corfo-Castle.

<i>Mungo Heardman,</i>	<i>Francis Boye,</i>
<i>James Phips,</i>	<i>Edward Hyde</i>
<i>Henry Dodson,</i>	

The Commissioners being met in the Hall of the Castle, the Commission was first read; after which, the President, and then the other Members, took the Oath prescribed in the Act of Parliament, and having selected the Form of that for Witnesses, as follows, the Court was opened.

A. B. do solemnly promise and swear on the Holy Evangelists, to bear true and faithful Witness, between the King and Prisoner, or Prisoners, in Relation to the Facts, or Facts, of Piracy and Robbery, be they do now stand accused of.

So help me God.

The Court consisted of

Captain *Mungo Heardman*, President.

<i>James Phips Esq; General</i>	<i>Mr. Edward Hyde, Secretary to the Company.</i>
<i>r. H. Dodson,</i>	<i>Lieut. John Barnsley,</i>
<i>r. F. Boye,</i>	<i>Lieut. Ch. Fanshaw.</i>

There were 78 Prisoners, out of the Pirate Ship the *Ranger*, having been commanded before them, the Charge, or Indictment, was exhibited.

You, *James Skyrn*, *Michael Lemmon*, *Robert Hartley*, &c.

YE, and every one of you, are, in the Name, and by the Authority, of our dread Sovereign Lord George, King of Great Britain, indicted as follows:

' Forasmuch as, in open Contempt of the Laws of your Country, ye have all of you been wickedly united, and articulated together, for the Annoyance and Disturbance of his Majesty's trading Subjects by Sea. And have, in Conformity to the most evil and mischievous Intentions, been twice down the Coast of Africa, with two Ships; once in the Beginning of August, and a second Time, in January last, sinking, burning, or robbing such Ships, and Vessels, as then happened in your Way.

' Particularly, ye stand charged at the Instance, and Information, of Captain *Chaloner Ogle*, as Traytors and Pirates, for the unlawful Opposition ye made to his Majesty's Ship, the *Swallow*, under his Command.

' For that on the 5th of February last past, upon Sight of the aforesaid King's Ship, ye did immediately weigh Anchor from under Cape Lopez, on the Southern Coast of Africa, in a French built Ship, of 32 Guns, called the *Ranger*, and did pursue and chase the aforesaid King's Ship, with such Dispatch and Precipitancy, as declared ye common Robbers and Pirates.

' That about Ten of the Clock the same Morning, drawing within Gun-shot of his Majesty's aforesaid Ship the *Swallow*, ye hoisted a piratical black Flag, and fired several chase Guns, to deter, as much as ye were able, his Majesty's Servants from their Duty.

' That an Hour after this, being very nigh to the aforesaid King's Ship, ye did audaciously continue in a hostile Defence and Assault, for about two Hours more, in open Violation of the Laws, and in Defiance to the King's Colours and Commission.

' And lastly, that in the acting, and compassing of all this, ye were all, and every one of you, in a wicked Combination, voluntarily to exert, and actually did, in your several Stations, use your utmost Endeavours to distress the said King's Ship, and murder his Majesty's good Subjects.

To which they severally pleaded, *Not Guilty*.

Then the Court called for the Officers of the *Swallow*, Mr. *Isaac Sun*, Lieutenant, *Ralph Baldrick*, Boatswain, *Daniel Macklauglin*, Mate, desiring them to view the Prisoners, and say whether they knew them? And requiring them to give an Account in what Manner they had attack'd and fought the King's Ship; and they agreed as follows.

That

That they had viewed all the Prisoners, as they stood now before the Court, and were assured they were the same taken out of one, or other, of the Pyrate Ships, *Royal Fortune* or *Ranger*; but verily believe them to be taken out of the *Ranger*.

That they did in the King's Ship, at break of Day, on *Monday*, the 5th of *February*, 1721-2. discover three Ships at Anchor, under *Cape Lopez*, on the Southern Coast of *Africa*; the Cape bearing then W.S.W. about three Leagues; and perceiving one of them to have a Pendant flying, and having heard their Morning-Gun before, they immediately suspected them to be *Roberts* the Pyrate, his Consort, and a *French* Ship, which they knew had been lately carried out of *Whydah* Road.

The King's Ship was oblig'd to hawl off N.W. and W.N.W. to avoid a Sand called the *French Man's Bank*, the Wind then at S.S.E. and found, in half an Hour's time, one of the three had got under Sail from the *Careen*, and was bending her Sails, in a Chace towards them. To encourage this Rashness and Precipitancy, they kept away before the Wind, as tho' afraid; but with their Tacks on Board, their Main-Yard braced, and making at the same Time, very bad Steerage.

About half an Hour after Ten, in the Morning, the Pyrates Ship came within Gun-shot, and fired four Chace Guns, hoisted a black Flag at the Mizzen-Peek, and got their Sprit-sail Yard under their Bow-sprit, for boarding. In half an Hour more, approaching still nigher, they starboarded their Helm, and gave her a broadside, the Pyrate bringing to, and returning the same.

After this, the Deponents say, their Fire grew slack for some Time, because the Pyrate was shot so far a Head on the Weather-Bow, that few of their Guns could point to her; yet in this Interval their black Flag was either shot away, or hawled down a little Space, and hoisted again.

At length, by their ill Steerage, and the Favour of the Wind, they came near a second Time; and about Two in the Afternoon shot away their Main-Topmast.

The Colours they fought under, besides a black-Flag, were a red *English* Ensign, a King's Jack, and a *Dutch* Pendant, which they struck, at, or about, Three in the Afternoon, and called for Quarters; it proving to be a *French* built Ship of 32 Guns, called the *Ranger*,

Isaac Sun,
Ralph Baldrick,
Daniel Macklauglin.

When the Evidence had been heard, the Prisoners were called upon to answer, how they came on Board this Pyrate Ship; and their Reason for so audacious a Resistance, as had been made against the King's Ship was also demanded.

To this, each, in his Reply, owned himself to be one of those taken out of the *Ranger*; that he had signed their pyraty Articles, and shared in their Plunder, some few only accepted, who had been there too short a Time. But that neither in this signing, or sharing, nor in the Resistance that had been made against his Majesty's Ship, had they been Volunteers, but had acted in these several Parts, from a Terror of Death; which by a Law amongst them, was to be the Portion of these who refused. The Court then ask'd who made those Laws? How those Guns came to be fired? Or why they had not deserted their Stations, and mutiny'd, when so fair a Prospect of Redemption offered? They replied still, with the same Answers, and could extenuate their Crimes with no other Plea, than

being forced Men. Wherefore the Court were of Opinion, that the Indictment, as it charged them with an unlawful Attack and Resistance of the King's Ship, was sufficiently proved; but then, it being undeniably evident, that many of these Prisoners had been forced, and some of them of very short standing they did, on mature Deliberation, come to this merciful Resolution.

That they would hear further Evidence for, or against, each Person singly, in Relation to those Parts of the Indictment, which declared them Volunteers, or charged them with aiding and assisting at the burning, sinking, or robbing of other Ships for if they acted, or assisted, in any Robberies or Devastations, it would be a Conviction they were Volunteers; here such Evidence, though it might want the Form, still carried the Reason of the Law with it.

The Charge was exhibited also against 86 Prisoners taken out of the *Royal Fortune*.

You, *Harry Glasby, William Davison, William Champnies, Samuel Morawell, &c.*

‘YE, and every one of you, are, in the Name of, and by the Authority, of our dread Sovereign Lord George, King of Great Britain, indicted as follows:

‘Forasmuch as, in open Contempt and Violation of the Laws of your Country, to which ye ought have been subject, ye have all of you been wickedly united, and articulated together, for the Annoyance and Disturbance of his Majesty's trading Subjects in Sea. And in Conformity to so wicked an Agreement and Association, ye have been twice late down this Coast of *Africa*, once in *August*, and a second Time in *January* last, spoiling and destroying many Goods and Vessels of his Majesty's Subjects and other trading Nations.

‘Particularly, ye stand indicted at the Information and Instance of Captain *Chaloner Ogle*, as Traitors, Robbers, Pirates, and common Enemies to Mankind.

‘For that on the 10th of *February* last, in a Ship ye were possess'd of called the *Royal Fortune*, 40 Guns, ye did maintain a hostile Defence against his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*, nigh *Cape Lopez* Bay, on the Southern Coast of *Africa*.

‘That this Fight and insolent Resistance against the King's Ship, was made, not only without a Pretence of Authority, more than that of your own private depraved Wills, but was done also under a black Flag, flagrantly by that, denoting yourselves common Robbers and Traytors, Opposers and Violators of the Laws.

‘And lastly, that in this Resistance, ye were all you Volunteers, and did, as such, contribute your utmost Efforts, for disabling and distressing the foresaid King's Ship, and deterring his Majesty's Servants therein from their Duty.

To which they severally pleaded, *Not Guilty*.

Whereupon the Officers of his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow* were called again, and testified as follows.

That they had seen all the Prisoners now before the Court, and knew them to be the same which were taken out of one or other of the Pirate Ship *Royal Fortune* or *Ranger*, and verily believed them to be those taken out of the *Royal Fortune*.

That the Prisoners were possess'd of a Ship of

Guilty

Guns, called the *Royal Fortune*, and were at an Anchor under Cape *Lopez*, on the Coast of *Africa*, with two others, when his Majesty's Ship the *Swallow*, (to which the Deponents belong'd, and were Officers) stood in for the Place, on *Saturday* the 10th of *February*, 1721-2. The largest had a Jack, Ensign and Pendant flying, being this *Royal Fortune*, who, on Sight of them, had their Boats passing and repassing, from the other two, which they supposed to be with Men: The Wind not favouring the aforefaid King's Ship, she was oblig'd to make two Trips to gain nigh enough the Wind, to fetch in with the Pirates; and; and being at length little more than random Shot from them, they found she slipped her Cable, and got under Sail.

At Eleven the Pirate was within Pistol-Shot, a Breast of them, with a black Flag, and Pendant hoisted at their Main-topmast Head. The Deponents say, they then struck the *French* Ensign, that had continued hoisted at their Staff all the Morning till then, and display'd the King's Colours; giving her, at the same Time, their Broadside, which was immediately return'd.

The Pirates Mizzen-topmast fell, and some of her Rigging was torn, yet she still out sailed the Man of War, and slid half Gun-Shot from them, while they continued to fire without Intermission, and the other to return such Guns as could be brought to bear, ill, by favour of the Winds, they were advanced very nigh again; and, after exchanging a few more shot, about half an Hour past one, his Main-Mast came down, having received a Shot a little below the Barrel.

At Two she struck her Colours, and called for Quarters, proving to be a Ship formerly called the *Dufrow*, but by them, the *Royal Fortune*; and the Prisoners from her assured them, that the smallest ship of the two, then remaining in the Road, belong'd to them, by the Name of the *Little Ranger*, which they had deserted on this Occasion.

Isaac Sun,
Ralph Baldrick,
Daniel Macklauglin.

The Prisoners were ask'd several Questions by the Court, to the same purpose with those put to the others in the Morning, as, What Exception they had to make against what had been sworn? And what they had to say in their Defence? And their Replies were much the same with the other Prisoners; that they were forced Men, had not fired a Gun in this Resistance against the *Swallow*; and that what little Assistance they did give on this Occasion, was to the Sails and Rigging, to comply with the arbitrary Commands of *Roberts*, who had threatened, and they were persuaded would, have shot them on Refusal.

The Court, to dispense equal Justice, mercifully refused for these, as they had done for the other Pirate Crew; that further Evidence should be heard against each Man singly, to the two Points, of being a Volunteer at first, and to their particular Acts of Piracy and Robbery since: That so Men, who had been lately received amongst them, and as yet had not been at the taking, or plundering, of any Ship, might have the Opportunity and Benefit of clearing their Innocence, and not fall promiscuously with the Guilty.

By Order of the Court,
John Atkins, Register.

Wm. Magnes, Tho. Oughterlauney, Wm. Main,
Wm. Mackintosh, Val. Ashplant, John Walden, Is-
rael Hind, Marcus Johnson, Wm. Petty, Wm. Fer-

non, Abraham Harper, Wm. Wood, Tho. How,
John Stephenjon, Ch. Bunce, and John Griffin.

Against these it was deposed by Captain *Joseph Trabern*, and *George Fenn* his Mate that they were all of them, either at the attacking and taking of the Ship *King Solomon*, or afterwards at the robbing and plundering of her, and in this Manner;

That on the 6th of *January* last, their Ship riding at Anchor near Cape *Appollonia* in *Africa*, they discovered a Boat rowing towards them, against Wind and Stream, from a Ship that lay about three Miles to Leeward: They judged from the Number of Men in her, as she nearer advanced, that she was a Pirate, and made some Preparations for receiving her; believing, on a nigher View, they would think fit to withdraw from an Attack, that must be on their Side with great Disadvantage in an open Boat, and against double the Number of Men, yet by the Rashness and the Pusillanimity of his own People (who laid down their Arms, and immediately called for Quarter) the Ship was taken, and afterwards robbed by them.

President. Can you charge your Memory with any Particulars in the Seizure and Robbery?

Evidence. We know that *Magnes*, Quarter-Master of the Pirate Ship, commanded the Men in this Boat that took us, and assumed the Authority of ordering her Provisions and Stores out, which being of different kinds, we soon found were seized and sent away under more particular Directions; for *Main*, as Boatswain of the Pirate Ship, carried away two Cables, and several Coils of Rope, as what belonged to his Province, beating some of our own Men for not being brisk enough at working in the Robbery. *Petty*, as Sail-maker, saw to the Sails and Canvas; *Harper*, as Cooper, to the Cask and Tools; *Griffin*, to the Carpenter's Stores; and *Oughterlauney*, as Pilot, having shifted himself with a Suit of my Cloathes, a new tie Wig, and called for a Bottle of Wine, ordered the Ship, very arrogantly, to be steer'd under Commodore *Roberts's* Stern, which I supposed was to know what Orders there were concerning her. So far particularly. In the general, Sir, they were very outrageous and emulous in Mischief.

President. Mr *Castel*, acquaint the Court of what you know in Relation to this Robbery of the *King Solomon*; in particular, after what Manner the Pirate-Boat was dispatch'd for this Attempt.

Tho. Castel. I was a Prisoner, Sir, with the Pirates, when their Boat was ordered upon that Service, and found, upon a Resolution of going, Word was pass'd through the Company, Who would go? And I saw all that did, did it voluntarily; there being no Compulsion, but rather a pressing who should be foremost.

The Prisoners yielded to what had been sworn about the Attack and Robbery, but denied the latter Evidence, saying, *Roberts* hector'd and upbraided them with Cowardice on this very Occasion; and told some, they were very ready to step on board of a Prize when within Command of the Ship, but now there seem'd to be a Trial of their Valour, they were backward and fearful.

President. So that *Roberts* forced ye upon this Attack.

Prisoners. *Roberts* commanded us into the Boat, and the Quarter-Master to rob the Ship; neither of whose Commands we dared to have refused.

President. And granting it so, those are still your own Acts, since done by Orders from Officers of your own Election. Why would Men, honestly disposed, give their Votes for such a Captain and such a Quar-

ter-Master, as were every Day commanding them on distastful Services?

Here succeeded a Silence among the Prisoners; but at length *Fernon* very honestly own'd, that he did not give his Vote to *Magnes*, but to *David Symphon*? (the old Quarter-Master,) for in Truth, says he, *I took Magnes for too honest a Man, and unfit for the Business.*

The Evidence was plain and home, and the Court, without any Hesitation, brought them in *Guilty*.

William Church, Phil. Haak, James White, Nich. Brattle, Hugh Riddle, William Thomas, Thomas Roberts, Jo. Richards, Jo. Cane, R. Wood, R. Scot, Wm. Davison, Sam. Moravell, Edward Evans, Wm. Guineys, and 18 French Men.

The four first of these Prisoners, it was evident to the Court, served as Musick on board the Pirate, were forced lately from the several Merchant Ships they belonged to; and that they had, during this Confinement, an uneasy Life of it, having sometimes their Fiddles, and often their Heads broke, only for excusing themselves, or saying they were tired, when any Fellow took it in his Head to demand a Tune.

The other *English* had been a very few Days on board the Pirate, only from *Whydah* to *Cape Lopez*; and no Capture or Robbery done by them in that Time. And the *French* Men were brought with a Design to reconduct their own Ship, or the *Little Ranger* in exchange, to *Whydah* Road again, and were used like Prisoners; neither quarter'd, nor suffered to carry Arms. So that the Court immediately acquiesced in acquitting them.

TH O. Sutton, David Symphon, Christo. Moody, Phil. Bill, R. Hardy, Hen. Dennis, David Rice, Wm. Williams, R. Harris, Geo. Smith, Ed. Watts, Jo. Mitchell, and James Barrow.

The Evidence against these Prisoners, were *Geret de Haen*, Master of the *Flushingham*, taken nigh *Axim*, about the Beginning of *January* last.

Benj. Krest Master, and *James Groet* Mate of the *Gertruycht*, taken nigh *Gabone* in *December* last, and *Mr. Castel*, *Wingfield*, and others, that had been Prisoners with the Pirates.

The former deposed, that all these Prisoners (excepting *Hardy*) were on board at the Robbery and Plunder of their Ships, behaving in a vile outrageous Manner, putting them in bodily Fears, sometimes for the Ship, and sometimes for themselves; and in particular, *Krest* charged it on *Sutton*, that he had ordered all their Gunner's Stores out; on which the Prisoner presently interrupted, and said, he was perjured, *That he had not taken Half*. A Reply, I believe, not design'd as any faucy Way of jesting, but to give their Behaviour an Appearance of more Humanity than the *Dutch* would allow.

From *Mr. Castel*, *Wingfield*, and others, they were proved to be distinguish'd Men; Men, who were consulted as Chiefs in all Enterprizes; belonged to the House of Lords (as they call'd it) and could carry an Authority over others. The former said particularly of *Hardy*, Quarter-Master of the *Ranger*, that when the *Diligence* Sloop was taken (whereto he belonged) none was busier in the Plunder, and ne was the very Man who scuttled and sunk that Vessel.

From some of the Prisoners acquitted, it was farther demanded, Whether the Acceptance or Refusal of any Office was not in their own Option? And it was declared, that every Officer was chosen by a majority of Votes, and might refuse, if he pleased,

since others gladly embraced what brought with it an additional Share of Prize. *Guilty*.

The Court on the 31st of *March*, remanded the following Six before them for Sentence, viz. *David Symphon*, *Wm. Magnes*, *R. Hardy*, *Thomas Sutton*, *Christo. Moody*, and *Valen. Asplant*.

To whom the President spoke to the following Purpose: 'The Crime of Piracy, of which all of you have been justly convicted, is of all other Robberies the most aggravating and inhumane; in that being removed from the Fears of Surprize, in remote and distant Parts, ye do in Wantonness of Power often add Cruelty to Theft.

'Pirates, unmoved at Distress or Poverty, not only spoil and rob, but do it from Men needy, and and who are purchasing their Livelihoods thro' Hazards and Difficulties, which ought rather to move Compassion; and what is still worse, do often, by Persuasion or Force, engage the inconsiderate Part of them, to their own and Families Ruin; removing them from their Wives and Children, and, by that, from the Means that should support them from Misery and Want.

'To a trading Nation, nothing can be so destructive as Piracy, or call for more exemplary Punishment; besides, the national Reflection it infers. It cuts off the Returns of Industry, and those plentiful Importations that alone can make an Island flourishing; and it is your Aggravation, that ye have been the Chiefs and Rulers in these licentious and lawless Practices.

'However, contrary to the Measures ye have dealt, ye have been heard with Patience, and though little has, or possibly could, have been said in Excuse or Extenuation of your Crimes, yet Charity makes us hope, that a true and sincere Repentance (which we heartily recommend) may entitle ye to Mercy and Forgiveness, after the Sentence of the Law has taken Place, which now remains upon me to pronounce.

YOU *David Symphon*, *Wm. Magnes*, *R. Hardy*, *Tho. Sutton*, *Christo. Moody*, and *Val. Asplant*. Ye, and each you, are adjudged and sentenced, to be carried back to the Place from whence ye came, thence to the Place of Execution, without the Gate of this Castle, and there, within the Flood-Marks to be hanged by the Neck till ye are dead.

After this, ye, and each of you, shall be taken down, and your Bodies hanged in Chains.

Warrant of Execution.

Pursuant to the Sentence given on *Saturday*, by the Court of Admiralty, at *Cape-Corso Castle*, against *David Symphon*, *Wm. Magnes*, *R. Hardy*, *Tho. Sutton*, *Christo. Moody*, and *Val. Asplant*.

You are hereby directed to carry the aforesaid Malefactors to the Place of Execution, without the Gates of this Castle, To-morrow Morning at Nine of the Clock, and there, within the Flood-Marks cause them to be hanged by the Neck till they are dead, for which, this shall be your Warrant. Given under my Hand this 2d Day of *April*, 1722.

To *Joseph Gorayn*, Mungo Heardman
Provost-Marshal.

The Bodies remove in Chains, to the Gibbets already erected on the adjacent Hillocks.

M. H

William Phillips.

IT appeared by the Evidence of Captain *Jo. Trahern*, and *George Fenn*, Mate of the *King Solomon*, that this Prisoner was Boatwain of the same Ship.

when she was attacked and taken off Cape
Allania, the 6th of January last, by the Pirates

When the Boat drew nigh, (they say,) it was
d from the Number of Men in her, that they
e Pirates, and being hailed, they answered, De-
; at which the Commander snatched a Mus-
from one of his Men, and fired, asking them
e same Time, Whether they would stand by
to defend the Ship? But the Pirates return-
Volley, and crying out, they would give no
ers if any Resistance was made, this Prisoner
upon him to call out for Quarters, without the
r's Consent, and mislead the rest to the laying
their Arms, and giving up the Ship, to half
lumber of Men, in an open Boat. It was
e evident, he became, after this, a Volun-
tier of them. First, because he was presently very
rd and brisk, in robbing the Ship *King Solom-*
her Provisions and Stores. Secondly, because
deavoured to have his Captain ill used; and
becaus'd he had confest to *Fenn* that he had
bliged to sign their Articles that Night (a Pis-
sing laid on the Table, to signify he must do it,
I shot) when the whole appeared to be an Un-
from other Evidence, who also asserted his
armed in the Action against the *Swallow*.

In Answer to this, he first observed, 'The Unhap-
ne he was under, of being Friendsless in this
rt of the World, which, elsewhere, by witness-
the Honesty of his former Life, would, he
ied, in a great Measure, have invalidated the
or Evidence that had been given of his being a
volunteer with the Pirates. He own'd, indeed, he
de no Application to his Captain, to intercede
a Discharge; but excus'd it with saying, he had
Duke to him, and therefore was sure that such
plication would have availed him nothing.

Court observed the Pretences of this, and o-
rs of the Pirates, of a Pistol and their Articles
gerv'd up in a Dish together, or of their be-
trus'd and forced from an honest Service, was
an Complotment of the Parties, to render them
pected of those they came from, and was to
the End of being put in a News Paper or
it; and the Pirates were so generous as not
refuse a Compliment to a Brother that cost them
hi, and, at the same Time, secured the best
ad the best I call them, because such a De-
dote made them act more boldly. *GUILTY.*

Harry Glasby, Master.

WERE appearing several Persons in Court, who
had been taken by *Roberts's* Ship, whereof the
one was Master, their Evidence was accepted as

Trabern, Commander of the *King Solomon*,
oil, that the Prisoner, indeed, attempted to act
Master of the Pirate Ship, while he was under
treat there, but was observed like no Master,
ry ne obeying at Discretion, of which he had
notice, and complain'd to him, how hard a
id on it was, to be a Chief among Brutes;
et he was weary of his Life, and such other
reons, now out of his Memory, as shew'd
a great Measure not inclined to that Course

Lingfield, a Prisoner with them at *Calabar*,
same, as to the Quality he acted in; but
was civil beyond any of them, and verily
ew, that when the Brigantine he served on
as a Factor for the *African* Company, was
be burnt, this Man was the Instrument of
ing it, expressing himself with a great deal

of Sorrow, for this and the like malicious Rogueries
of the Company he was in; that to him shew'd,
he had acted with Reluctancy, as one who could
not avoid what he did. He adds further, that when
one *Hamilton* a Surgeon was taken by them, and
the Articles were about to be impos'd on him, he
opposed, and prevented it. And that *Hunter*, ano-
ther Surgeon among them, was clear'd at the Pri-
soner's Instance and Persuasion; from which last,
this Deponent had it assur'd to him, that *Glasby*
had once been under Sentence of Death, on board
of them, with two more, for endeavouring an Es-
cape in the *West-Indies*, and that the other two were
really shot for it.

Elizabeth Trengrove, who was taken a Passenger
in the *African* Company's Ship *Onflow*, strengthen'd
the Evidence of the last Witness; for having heard
a good Character of this *Glasby*, she enquir'd of
the Quarter-Master, who was then on board a rob-
bing, Whether or no she could see him? And he told
her *No*; they never ventured him from the Ship,
for he had once endeavour'd his Escape, and they
had ever since continued jealous of him.

Edward Crisp, Captain *Trengrove*, and Captain
Sharp, who had all been taken in their Turns, ac-
knowledg'd for themselves and others, who had un-
luckily fallen into those Pirates Hands, that the
good Usage they had met with, was chiefly thro'
the Prisoner's Means, who had often interpos'd,
and was for leaving sufficient Stores and Instruments
on board the Ships they had robbed, alledging
they were superfluous and unnecessary on board
their own Vessel.

James White, whose Business was Musick, and
who was on the Poop of the Pirate Ship in Time
of Action with the *Swallow*, depos'd, that during
the Engagement, and the Defence she made, he
never saw the Prisoner bustle about the Guns, or
giving Orders, either to the loading or firing of
them; but that he wholly attended to the setting
or trimming of the Sails, as *Roberts* commanded;
and that in the Conclusion, he verily believ'd him
to be the Man, who prevented the Ship's being
blown up, by setting trusty Centinels below, and
opposing himself against such hot-headed Fellows,
as had procur'd lighted Matches, and were going
down for that Purpose.

Isaac Sun, Lieutenant of the Man of War, de-
pos'd, that when he came to take Possession of the
Prize, in the King's Boat, he found the Pirates in
a very distracted and divided Condition; some be-
ing for blowing up, and others (who suppos'd them-
selves least culpable) opposing it: That in this Con-
fusion he enquir'd for the Prisoner, of whom he
had before heard a good Character; who then ren-
dered all the Service in his Power, for preventing
the Mischief; in particular, he understood by all
Hands, that he had seiz'd and taken from one
James Philips, a lighted Match, at the Instant he
was going down to the Magazine, swearing, that
he would send them all to H—l together. He
had heard also, that, after *Roberts* was killed, the
Prisoner order'd the Colours to be struck, and had
since shewn, how opposite his Practice and Princi-
ples had been, by discovering who were the greatest
Rogues among them.

The Prisoner in his own Defence said, That when
he had the Misfortune of falling into the Pirates
Hands, he was chief Mate of the *Samuel of London*,
Captain *Carey*; and when he had hid himself, to pre-
vent the Design of carrying him away, they found
him, and beat him, and threw him over-board. Se-
ven Days afterwards, upon his objecting against, and
refusing to sign their Articles, he was cut and abus'd
again:

lural a Share in fresh Provisions, or Wine, as the *Tune's* People, who thought they had born the *Then* and Heat of the Day, which had given *Ocean*, indeed, to some Grumbings and Whispers, altho' they would take an Opportunity to leave u but we never supposed, if they did, that it would b with any other Design than setting up for themselves, they having, many of them, behaved with giter Severity than the old Standers.

The Prisoner appeared undaunted, and rather solious about resting his Stump, than giving any Awer to the Court, or making any Defence for himself till called upon; and then he related in a caless, or rather hopeless Manner, the Circumstances of his first Entrance, being forced, he said, out of the *Blessing* of *Lemington*, at *Newfoundland*, abt 12 Months past; this he was sure, most of the ol Pirates knew, and that he was for some Time as sic of the Change as any Man; but Custom and ill Cpany had altered him. He then own'd very freely, that he was at the Attack, and Taking of th *King Solomon*, that he did cut her Cable, and th none was forced on those Occasions.

to the last Expedition in the *Ranger*, he confessed he went on board of her, but that it was by *Roberts's* Order; and in the Chace he loaded one *B*, to bring her to; but when he saw it was a Bite, declared to his Comrades, that it was not worth nt: to resist, forbore firing, and assisted to reeve he races, in order, if they could, to get away; in whi sort of Service he was busied, when a Shot re the Man of War took off his Leg: And being sk, What he would have done, supposing the Chace proved a *Portuguese*? Why then, says he, I lo know what I might have done; intimating whi, that every Body then would have been ready nigh at plundering. Guilty.

Peter Scudamore.

Arry Glasby, Jo. Windfield, and Nicholas Brattle, deposed thus much, as to his being a Volunteer with the Pirates, from Capt. *Roels*, at *Calabar* First, That he quarrell'd with *Moody*, one of the leads of the Gang, and fought with him, because he opposed his going; asking *Rolls* in a leering Manner, Whether he would not be so kind as t him into the *Gazette*, when he came Home. ine at another Time, when as he was going from the Pirate Ship, in his Boat, a Turnado arose, *I wish*, sye, the *Rascal* may be drowned, for he is a real Rogue, and has endeavoured to do me all the offices he could among these Gentlemen (i. e. ires.)

And secondly, That he had signed the Pirate's Article with a great deal of Alacrity, and gloried in avg been the first Surgeon that had done so (for before this, it was their Custom to change their Surgeon when they desired it, after having served a lin, and never obliged them to sign; but he was sloed to break thro' this, for the Good of those he were to follow) swearing immediately upon it, e is now, he hoped, as great a Rogue as any of

Captain *Jo. Trabern*, and *George Fenn*, his Mate, p'd, That the Prisoner had taken out of the *K. don* their Surgeon's capital Instruments, some ecines, and a Back-Gammon Table; which lat became the Means of a Quarrel between one *lin*, and he, whose Property they should be, and ey were yielded to the Prisoner.

Sharp, Master of the *Elizabeth*, heard the ask *Roberts* leave, to force *Comry*, his Surgeon from him, which was accordingly done, and

with him, he carried also some of the Ships Medicines: But what gave a fuller Proof of the Dishonesty of his Principles, was, the treacherous Design he had formed of running away with the Prize, in her Passage to *Cape Corso*, tho' he had been treated with all Humanity, and very unlike a Prisoner, on Account of his Employ and better Education, which had rendered him less to be suspected.

Mr. *Child* deposed, That in their Passage from the Island of *St. Thomas*, in the *Fortune* Prize, this Prisoner was several Times tempting him into Measures of rising with the Negroes, and killing the *Swallow's* People, shewing him, how easily the white Men might be demolished, and a new Company raised at *Angola*, and that Part of the Coast; for, says he, I understand how to navigate a Ship, and can soon teach you to steer; and is it not better to do this, than to go back to *Cape Corso*, and be hang'd and Sun-dry'd? To which the Deponent replying, That he was not afraid of being hang'd, *Scudamore* bid him be still, and no Harm should come to him; but before the next Day-evening, which was the designed Time of executing this Project, the Deponent discovered it to the Officer, and assured him, that *Scudamore* had been talking all the preceding Night to the Negroes, in the *Angolan* Language.

Isaac Burnet heard the Prisoner ask *James Harris*, a Pirate who had been left with the wounded in the Prize, whether he was willing to come into the Project of running away with the Ship, and endeavouring to raise a new Company; but he turned the Discourse to Horse-racing, as the Deponent crept nigher; he acquainted the Officer with what he had heard, who kept the People under Arms all Night, their Apprehensions of the Negroes not being groundless; for many of them, having lived a long Time in this pyratrical Way, were by the thin Commons they were reduced to, as ripe for Mischief as any.

The Prisoner in his Defence said, That he was a forced Man from Captain *Rolls*, in *October* last, and if he had not shewn such a Concern as became him, at the Alteration, he must remark the Occasion to be, the Disagreement and Enmity between them; but that both *Roberts* and *Val. Ashplant*, threatened him into signing their Articles, and that he did it in Terror.

The *King Solomon*, and *Elizabeth* Medicine-Chest, he own'd, he plundered, by Order of *Hunter*, the then chief Surgeon, who, by the Pirates Laws, always directs in this Province, and Mr. *Child*, tho' now acquitted, had by the same Orders taken out a whole *French* Medicine-Chest, which he must be sensible for me, as well as himself, we neither of us daring to have denied; it was their being the proper Judges, that made so ungrateful an Office impoted. If after this he was elected chief Surgeon himself, both *Comry* and *Wilson* were set up also, and it might have been their Chance to have carried it, and as much out of their Power to have refused.

As to the Attempt of rising and running away with the Prize, he denied it altogether as untrue: He own'd, indeed, a few foolish Words, but only by Way of Supposition, that if the Negroes should take in their Heads (considering the Weakness and ill look-out that was kept) it would have been an easy Matter, in his Opinion, for them to have done it; but that he encouraged such a Thing was false. His talking to them in the *Angolan* Language, was only a Way of spending his Time, and trying his Skill to tell Twenty, he being incapable of further Talk. As to his understanding Navigation, he had frequently

quently acknowledged it to the Deponent Child, and wonder'd he should so circumstantiate this Skill against him. *Guilty.*

Robert Johnson.

IT appeared to the Court, that the Prisoner was one of the twenty Men, in that Boat of the Pirates, which afterwards robb'd the *King Solomon*, at an Anchor near Cape *Appollonia*: That all Pirates on this, and the like Services, were Volunteers, and he, in particular, had contended his going on board a second Time, tho' out of his Turn.

The Prisoner, in his Defence, called for *Harry Glasby*, who witnessed to his being so very drunk, when he first came among their Crew, that they were forced to hoist him out of one Ship into the other, with a Tackle, and therefore without his Consent; but he had since been a trusty Man, and was placed to the Helm, in that running Battle they made with the *Swallow*.

He insisted for himself likewise, on Captain *Turner's* Affidavit of his being forc'd on which others, who were his Ship-mates had been clear'd.

The Court considering the Partiality that might be objected in acquitting one, and condemning another of the same standing, thought fit to remark it as a clear Testimony of their Integrity, that their Care and Indulgence to each Man, in allowing his particular Defence, was to exempt from the Rigour of the Law, such, who, it must be allowed, would have stood too promiscuously condemned, if they had not been heard upon any other Fact than that of the *Swallow*; and herein what could better direct them, than a Character and Behaviour from their own Associates; for tho' a voluntary Entry with the Pirates may be doubtful, yet his consequent Actions are not, and it is not so material how a Man comes among Pirates, as how he acts when he is there. *Guilty.*

George Wilson.

John Sharp, Master of the *Elizabeth*, in which Ship the Prisoner was Passenger, and which fell a second Time into the Pirates Hands, deposed, That he took the said *Wilson* off from *Sestos*, on this Coast, paying to the Negroes for his Ransom, the Value of three Pounds five Shillings in Goods, for which he had taken a Note; that he thought he had done a charitable Act in this, till meeting with one Captain *Canning*, he ask'd, Why he would release such a Rogue as *Wilson* was? For that he had been a Volunteer with the Pirates, out of *John Tarlton*. And when the Deponent came to be a Prisoner himself, he found *Thomas*, the Brother of this *John Tarlton*, a Prisoner also, who was immediately, on *Wilson's* Instigation, in a sad Manner misused and beat, and had been shot, through the Fury and Rage of some of those Fellows, if the Town-side (i. e. *Liverpool* Men) had not hid him in a Stay-sail, under the Bow-sprit; for *Moody* and *Harper*, with their Pistols cock'd, searched every Corner of the Ship to find him, and came to this Deponent's Hammock, whom they had like fatally to have mistaken for *Tarlton*; but on his calling out, they found their Error, and left him with this comfortable Anodyne, That he was the honest Fellow who bought the Doctor. At coming away, the Prisoner asked about his Note, whether the Pirates had it or no? Who not being able readily to tell, he reply'd, it's no Matter, Mr. *Sharp*, I believe I shall hardly ever come to *England* to pay it.

Adam Comry, Surgeon of the *Elizabeth*, said, altho' the Prisoner had, on Account of his Indisposition and Want, received many Civilities from him,

before meeting with the Pirates, he yet understood it was thro' his and *Scudamore's* Means, that he had been compelled among them: The Prisoner was very alert and cheerful, he said, at meeting with *Roberts*, hailed him, told him he was glad to see him, and would come on board presently, borrowing of the Deponent a clean Shirt and Drawers, for his better Appearance and Reception; he signed their Articles willingly, and used Arguments with him to the same, saying, they should make their Voyage in eight Months to *Brasil*, share 6 or 700 l. a Man, and then break up. Again, when the Crew came to an Election of a chief Surgeon, and this Deponent is set up with the others, *Wilson* told him, he hoped he should carry it from *Scudamore*, for that a quarter Share, which they had more than others, would be worth looking after; but the Deponent missed his Preferment, by the good Will of the *Ranger's* People, who, in general, voted for *Scudamore*, to get rid of him, the chief Surgeon being always to remain with the Commodore.

It appeared likewise, by the Evidence of Captain *Jo. Travern*, *Thomas Castel*, and others, who had been taken by the Pirates, and thence had Opportunities of observing the Prisoner's Conduct, that he seem'd thoroughly satisfy'd with that Way of Life, and was particularly intimate with *Roberts*; he often scoffing at the Mention of a Man of War, saying, if they should ever meet with any of the King-man's Ships, they would blow up, and go to Hell together. Yet, setting aside these Frights to recommend himself, his Laziness got many Enemies; even *Roberts* told him (on the Complaint of a wounded Man whom he refused to dress) that he was a double Rogue to be there a second Time, and threaten'd to cut his Ears off.

The Evidence further assured the Court, from Captain *Thomas Tarlton*, that the Prisoner was taken out of his Brother's Ship, some Month before, a second Time; and, being forward to oblige his new Company, he presently ask'd for the Pirate's Boat to fetch the Medicine Chest away; when the Wind and Current proving too hard to contend with, they were drove on Shore at Cape *Montzerado*.

The Prisoner called for *William Darling*, *Samuel Morvel*, and *Nicholas Butler*.

William Darling deposed, That the first Time the Prisoner fell into their Hands, *Roberts* mistook him for *Jo. Tarlton* the Master, and being inform'd he was the Surgeon who came to represent him, he presently swore he should be his Mess mate, to which *Wilson* reply'd, he hop'd not, for he had a Wife and Child, which the other laughed at. This Evidence added, that he had been two Days on board, before he went in that Boat, which was drove on Shore at Cape *Montzerado*. And at his second coming on the *Elizabeth*, he heard *Roberts* order he should be brought on board in the first Boat.

Samuel Morvel said, That he had heard him bewail his Condition, while on board the Pirates, and desire one *Thomas* to use his Interest with *Roberts* for a Discharge, saying, his Employ, and the Company he had left at Home, would, he hop'd, exempt him from the further Trouble of seeking his Brethren in Sea.

Nicholas Butler, who had remained with the Pirates about 48 Hours, when they took the *French Ships* at *Whydah*, deposed, That in this Space of Time the Prisoner address'd him in the *French* Language several Times, deploring the Wretchedness and ill-tune of being confin'd in such Company.

The Prisoner desiring the Liberty of two or three Questions, ask'd, Whether or no he had not exchanged with *Roberts*, for a Reason of his obliging

sons to sign their Articles, when heretofore they did not? Whether he had not expressed himself glad having formerly escaped from them? Whether he did not said, at the taking the Ships in *Hydab Road*, that he could not like the Sport, were it lawful? And whether he had not told him, that should the Company discharge any Surgeon, he would insist on it as a Turn? The Deponent answered Yes, to every question separately; and farther, that he believed *Madamore* had not seen *Wilson* when he first came and und him out of the *Elizabeth*.

He added, in his own Defence, that being Surgeon to one *John Tarlton* of *Liverpool*, he was met at first Time on this Coast of *Guiney*, by *Roberts* the pirate; who, after a Day or two, told him to his sorrow, that he was to stay there, and ordered him to fetch his Chest; (not Medicines, as was asserted) which Opportunity he took to make his Escape; for the Boat's Crew happening to consist of five French and one English Man, all as willing as himself, they agreed to push the Boat on Shore, and trust themselves with the Negroes of *Cape Montzerado*: Hazardous, not only in Respect of the dangerous Seas it run there, but the Inhumanity of the Natives, who sometimes take a liking to human Carcasses. Near he remained five Months, till *Thomas Tarlton*, brother to his Captain, chanced to put in the Road for trade, to whom he represented his Hardships and wretched Condition; but was, in an unchristian Manner, both refused a Release of this Captivity, or so much as a small Supply of Biscuit and salt Meat; because, as he said, he had been among the Pyrates. A little Time after this, the Master of a French Ship offered a Ransom for him, and took him off; but, by reason of a nasty leperous Indisposition he had contracted by hard and bad Living, he was, to his great misfortune, set ashore at *Sestos* again, when Captain *Arp* met him, and generously procured his Release the Manner himself has related, and for which he stands infinitely obliged. — That ill Luck threw him a second Time into the Pirates Hands, in this ship *Elizabeth*, where he met *Thomas Tarlton*, who thoughtlessly used some Reproaches of him, for his severe Treatment at *Montzerado*; but without Design at his Words should have had so bad a Conference; for *Roberts* took upon him, as a Dispenser of Justice, to correct Mr. *Tarlton*, beating him unmercifully; which Severity, he hopes it will be believed, was contrary to any Intention of his, because a Stranger, he might be supposed to have no Influence, and he believed, there were some other Moves for it. — He could not remember that he expressed himself glad to see *Roberts* this second Time, that he dropped those Expressions about *Comry*, as were sworn; but if immaturity of Judgment had reasoned him to slip rash and inadvertent Words, that he had paid any undue Compliments to *Roberts*, it was to ingratiate himself, as every Prisoner would, for a more civil Treatment, and in particular, to procure his Discharge, which he had been promised, and was afraid would have been revoked, if such a Person as *Comry* did not remain there to supply his Room; and of this, he said, all the Gentlemen (meaning the Pirates) could witness for him.

He urged also his Youth in Excuse for his Rashness — The first Time he had been with them, which was only a Month in all, and that in no military Employ; but in particular, the Service he had done, in discovering the Design the Pirates had to use in their Passage on board the *Swallow*.

But Execution to be respited till the King's Plea could be known, because the Commander of the

Swallow had declared, that the first Notice he received of this Design of the Pirates to rise, was from him.

Benjamin Jefferys.

BY the Depositions of *Glasby* and *Lilburn*, (both acquitted) against this Prisoner, it appeared, that his Drunkenness was what at first detained him from going away in his proper Ship, the *Norman Galley*; and next Morning, for having been abusive in his Drink, and saying to the Pirates, there was not a Man amongst them, he received for a Welcome, six Lashes from every Person in the Ship, which disordered him for some Weeks; but on Recovery, he was made Boatwain's Mate; the serving of which, or any Office on board a Pirate, is at their own Option (tho' elected) because others are glad to accept what brings an additional Share in Prize.

The Deponents further said, that at *Sierraleon* every Man had more especially the Means of escaping; and that this Prisoner in particular neglected it, and came off from that Place, after their Ship was under Sail, and going out of the River.

The Prisoner in his Defence, protested he was at first forced; and that the Office of Boatwain's Mate was imposed on him, and what he would have been glad to have relinquish'd. That the barbarous Whipping he had received from the Pirates at first, was for telling them, that none who could get their Bread in an honest Way, would be on such an Account. And he had certainly taken the Opportunity which presented at *Sierraleon*, of ridding himself from so distasteful a Life, if there had not been three or four of the old Pirates on shore at the same Time, who, he imagin'd, must know of him, and would doubtless have served him the same, if not worse, than they once had done *William Williams*; who, for such a Design, being delivered up by the treacherous Natives, had received two Lashes thro' the whole Ship's Company.

The Court observed, that the Excuse of these Pirates, about want of Means to escape, was oftentimes as poor and evasive, as their Pleas of being forced at first; for here at *Sierraleon*, every Man had his Liberty on shore, and it was evident might have kept it, if he, or they, had so pleased. And such are further culpable, who, having been introduced into the Society by such uncivil Methods as whipping or beating, neglect less likely Means of regaining Liberty; it shews strong Inclinations to Dishonesty, and they stand inexcusably. *Guilty*.

Jo. Mansfield.

IT was proved against this Prisoner, by Captain *Trakern*, and *George Fenn*, that he was one of those Volunteers who was at the Attack and Robbery of the Company's Ship, called the *King Solomon*: That he bully'd well among them who dar'd not make any Reply, but was very easy with his Friends, who knew him; for *Moody*, on this Occasion, took a large Glass from him, and threatned to blow his Brains out (a favourite Phrase with these Pirates) if he muttered at it.

From others acquitted, it likewise appeared, that he was at first a Volunteer among them, from an Island call'd *Dominico* in the *West-Indies*, and had, to recommend himself, told them, he was a Defector from the *Rose* Man of War, and before they had been on the High-way; he was always drunk, they said, and so bad at the Time they met the *Swallow*, that he knew nothing of the Action, but came up vapouring with his Cutlash, after the *Fortune* had struck her Colours, to know who would go on board the Prize; and it was some Time before they could persuade him into the Truth of their Condition.

He

He could say little in Defence of himself, and acknowledged this latter Charge of Drunkenness; a Vice, he said, that had too great a Share in ensnaring him into this Course of Life, and had been a greater Motive with him than Gold. *Guilty.*

William Davis.

William Allen deposed, That he knew this Prisoner at *Sierraleon*, belonging to the *Anne* Galley; that he had a Quarrel with, and beat the Mate of that Ship, for which, as he said, being afraid to return to his Duty, he conformed to the idle Customs and Ways of living among the Negroes, from whom he received a Wife, and ungratefully sold her one Evening for some Punch to quench his Thirst. After this, having put himself under the Protection of Mr. *Plunket*, Governor there for the Royal African Company, the Relations and Friends of the Woman apply'd to him for Redress, who immediately surrendered the Prisoner, and told them, he did not care if they took his Head off; but the Negroes, wisely judging it would not fetch so good a Price, they sold him in his Turn again to Seignior *Jessie*, a Christian Black, and Native of that Place; who expected and agreed for two Years Service from him, on Consideration of what he had disbursed, for the Redemption of the Woman: But long before the Expiration of this Time, *Roberts* came into *Sierraleon* River, where the Prisoner (as Seignior *Jessie* assur'd the Deponent) entered a Volunter with them.

The Deponent further corroborates this Part of the Evidence; in that he being obliged to call at *Cape Mount*, in his Passage down hither, met there with two Deserters from *Roberts's* Ship, who assured him of the same; and that the Pyrates did design to turn *Davis* away the next Opportunity, as an idle good for-nothing Fellow.

From *Glasby* and *Lilburn* it was evident, that every Pirate, while they staid at *Sierraleon*, went on shore at Discretion. That *Roberts* had often assur'd Mr. *Glyn* and other Traders, at that Place, that he would force no Body; and, in short, there was no Occasion for it; in particular, the Prisoner's Row-mate went away, and consequently he might have done the same, if he had pleas'd.

The Prisoner alledged his having been detained against his Will, and said, that returning with Elephants Teeth for *Sierraleon*, the Pirate's Boat pursued and brought him on board, where he was kept on Account of his understanding the Pilotage and Navigation of that River.

It was obvious to the Court, not only how frivolous the Excuses of Constraint and Force were among these People, at their first commencing Pyrates; but also it was plain to them, from these two Deserters met at *Cape Mount*, and the discretionary Manner they lived in at *Sierraleon*, through how little Difficulty several of them did, and others might, have escap'd afterwards, if they could but have obtained their own Consents for it. *Guilty.*

This is the Substance of the Tryals of *Roberts's* Crew, which may suffice for others that occur in this Book.

We are not ignorant how acceptable the Behaviour and dying Words of Malefactors are to the generality of our Countrymen, and therefore shall deliver what occur'd, worthy of Notice, in the Behaviour of these Criminals.

The first Six that were called to Execution, were *Magnes*, *Moody Symphon*, *Sutton*, *Affeplant*, and *Hardy*; all of them old Standers and notorious Offenders. When they were brought out of the Hold, on the Parade, in order to break off their Fetters, and

fit the Halters; none of them, it was observ'd, appear'd the least dejected, unless *Sutton*, who spoke faint, but it was rather imputed to a Flux that had seiz'd him two or three Days before, than Fear. A Gentleman, who was Surgeon of the Ship, was so charitable at this Time, as to offer himself in the Room of an Ordinary, and represented to them, as well as he was able, the Heinousness of their Sin, and the Necessity which lay on them of Repentance; one particular Part of which, he observ'd ought to be, acknowledging the Justice they had met with. They seem'd heedless for the present, some calling for Water to drink, and others applying to the Soldiers for Caps; but when this Gentleman press'd them for an Answer, they all exclaim'd against the Severity of the Court, and were so hardened, as to curse, and wish the same Justice might overtake all the Members of it, as had been dealt to them. *They were poor Rogues*, they said, *and so hang'd; while others, no less guilty in another Way, escap'd.*

When he endeavour'd to compose their Minds, exhorting them to die in Charity with all the World, and would have diverted them from such vain Discourse, by asking them their Country, Age, and the like; some of them answer'd, *What was that to him, they suffer'd the Law, and should give no Account but to God.* They walk'd to the Gallows without a Tear in Token of Sorrow for their past Offences, or shewing so much Concern as a Man would express at travelling a bad Road; nay, *Symphon*, at seeing a Woman that he knew; said, *he had lain with the B——h three Times, and now she was come to see him hang'd.* And *Hardy*, when his Hands were ty'd behind him (which happened from their not being acquainted with the Way of bringing Malefactors to Execution) observ'd, *That he had seen many a Man hang'd, but this Way of the Hands being ty'd behind them, he was a Stranger to, and never saw before in his Life.* We mention these two little Instances, to shew how stupid and thoughtless they were of their End, and that the same abandon'd and reprobate Temper that had carried them thro' their Rogueries abided with them to the last.

Samuel Fletcher, another of the Pirates order'd for Execution, but reprieved, seem'd to have a quicker Sense of his Condition; for when he saw those that were allotted, gone to Execution, he sent a Message by the Provost-Marshal to the Court, to be, *inform'd of the Meaning of it, and humbly desired to know, whether they design'd him Mercy, or not? If they did, he stood infinitely obliged to them, and thought the whole Service of his Life an incompetent Return for so great a Favour; but that if he was to suffer, the sooner the better, he said, that he might be out of his Pain.*

There were others of these Pirates the reverse of this, and, tho' destitute of Ministers, or fit Persons to represent their Sins to them, and assist them with spiritual Advice, were yet always employing their Time to good Purposes, and behaving with a great deal of seeming Devotion and Penitence; among these may be reckon'd *Scudamore*, *Williams*, *Philips*, *Stephenson*, *Jefferys*, *Lesty*, *Harper*, *Armstrong*, *Bunce*, and others.

Scudamore too lately discern'd the Folly and Wickedness of the Enterprize that had chiefly brought him under Sentence of Death; from which, seeing there was no Hopes of Escaping, he petitioned for two or three Days Reprieve, which was granted, and for that Time he applied himself incessantly to Prayer, and reading the Scriptures, seem'd to have a deep Sense of his Sins, and of this in particular, and desired

ired at the Gallows, that they would have Patience with him, to sing the first Part of the thirty first Psalm, which he did by himself throughout.

Armstrong, having been a Defenter from his Majesty's Service, was executed on board the *Weymouth* and the only one that was there was no Body to refs him to an Acknowledgment of the Crime he y'd for, nor of sorrowing in particular for it, which could have been exemplary, and made suitable Imreffions on Seamen; so that his last Hour was spent lamenting and bewailing his Sins in general, exorting the Spectators to an honest and good Life, which alone they could find Satisfaction. In the end, he desired they would join with him in singing two or three latter Verses of the 140th Psalm; and that being concluded, he was, at the firing of Gun, tric'd up at the Fore-Yard Arm.

Bunce was a young Man, not above 26 Years old,

but made the most patheticall Speech of any at the Gallows. He first declaim'd against the gilded Baits of Power, Liberty, and Wealth, that had ensnar'd him among the Pyrates, his unexperienc'd Years not being able to withstand the Temptation; but that the Briskness he had shewn, which so fatally had procured him favour amongst them, was not so much a Fault in Principle, as the Liveliness and Vivacity of his Nature. He was now extreemly afflicted for the Injuries he had done to all Men, and begg'd theirs and Gods Forgiveness, very earnestly exhorting the Spectators to remember their Creator in their Youth, and guard betimes, that their Minds took not a wrong Byass, concluding with this apt Similitude, *That he stood there as a Beacon upon a Rock (the Gallows standing on one) to warn erring Mariners of Danger.*

The LIFE of Madam CHURCHILL.

Eborah Churchill, alias *Miller*, was born within six Miles of the City of *Norwich*, in the County of *Norfolk*, of worthy honest Parents, who gave her very good Education, and brought her up in her younger Years in the Ways of Religion and good Manners; but she had wickedly thrown all those good Things, which were endeavour'd to be fix'd in her, and abandoned herself to all manner of Filthiness and Uncleaness, which afterwards prov'd her Shame and Ruin. She was first married to one *John Churchill*, an Ensign in Major General *Brindon's* Regiment; by whose Name she commonly went, but seldom by her second Husband's; so, two or three Years before her Misfortunes, was married to her in the *Fleet Prison*, upon Agreement made between them both, that they should not lie together, nor have any Thing to do with each other. Which Agreement was strictly performed; so she continued freely to keep Company with one *Hunt* a Life-Guard Man, as she had begun to do in her former Husband's Time.

She had lived with the aforesaid Bully *Hunt* for seven Years together, in a lascivious and adulterous Manner, which broke her first Husband's Heart, by whom she had two Children surviving at the Time of her unfortunate Death. She had liv'd also in Intemperance about three Months, with one *Thomas Stib*, a Cooper, who was hanged at *Tyburn*, on *Friday*, the 16th Day of *December*, 1709, for breaking open and robbing the House of the Right Honourable *Earl of Westmoreland*; at which Time were likewise hanged *Aaron Jones* and *Joseph Wells*, for the Murder of one *Mr. Lamas* near *Marybone*.

This noted Jilt bore a great Sway in *Drury-Lane*, as taking Tribute of all new Whores who preferred to walk there at Night, to venture their Souls, if men would their Bodies, for the small Price of Two-pence wet, and Two-pence dry. She was here a common Strumpet, and prostituted herself to all Coers and Goers, whose Pockets she constantly pick'd. An Instance of her Manner, was what she

did with one *Mr. Jeffery W——*, a Bookseller, living in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, from whom taking a Pocket-Book, in which were several Notes and Bills of Value, *Hunt* her Bully, went the next Day to his Shop, and returning the Pocket-Book to him, said, *By this I understand you have been more familiar with my Wife than became you; but take Notice, I shall require Satisfaction for the Affront, or otherwise take what follows.* The Bookseller being conscious of what was laid to his Charge, rather than the Scandal should come to his Wife's Ears, to whom he was newly married, he gave him ten Guineas, with a Promise of paying him thirty more the next Day. But in the mean Time acquainting a Bookbinder, living in *Little-Britain*, with the Matter, he, knowing the World pretty well, met *Hunt* at the Place where *Mr. W——* was to give him thirty Guineas, and theatning to secure him with a Constable, the Sharper was forced not only to surrender his Pretensions to the thirty Guineas, but to return the former Ten, for fear of being carry'd before his Betters.

As she was once going thro' *Cheapside*, upon the Buttock and File, she pick'd up a Linnen-Draper living in *Cornhill*, who being as sharp as she, he found he had lost his Watch in the Tavern where they were drinking, which was at the Three Tuns in *Newgate-street*, and charged her with it. She deny'd it slyly, neither could it be found upon her, tho' the Maids of the House had stript her stark naked. But the Linnen-Draper swearing point-blank that she had it, and sending for a Constable to secure her, she discovered the Watch, which was hid in the Bottom of a Leather Chair; whereupon she was committed to *Wood street Compter*.

But the above said Linnen-Draper never appeared against *Madam Churchill*, when under Confinement, she was at last discharged; but had not long enjoy'd her Liberty before she was committed to *New-Prison*, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket of a Purse, wherein was an hundred and four Guineas.

neas. Whilst she was there, she seem'd to be really a pious Woman; but only her Religion was of five or six Colours; for this Day she would pray that God would turn the Heart of her Adversary, and To-morrow curse the Time that ever she saw him.

She at last got out of this Mansion of Sorrow also, but soon forgetting her Afflictions, she pursued her Wickedness continually, till she had been sent no less than twenty Times to *Clerkenwell Bridewell*; where receiving the Correction of the House every Time, by being whipt, and kept to beating Hemp from Morning till Night, for the small Allowance of so much Bread and Water, which will but just keep Life and Soul together, she commonly came out like a Skeleton, and walked as if her Limbs had been ty'd together with Packthread; yet let what Punishment would light on this common Strumpet, she was no Changling, for as soon as she was out of Goal, she was still running into greater Evils, by deluding, if possible, all Mankind.

One Night picking up one *William Fowler*, a Barber, living in *Bull-Inn-Court*, in the *Strand*, and carrying him to her Lodging in *Castle-street*, behind the North Side of *Long-Acre*, they went to Bed, where the amorous Folly of these two Lovers consisted, no doubt, more of Action than Expression: But in the Height of these Enjoyments, *Bully Hunt* unexpectedly came Home, and knocking hard at the Door, startled our two Inamorato's, who were more strictly entangled in each others Arms, than *Mars* was by *Vulcan's* crafty Net, when entwin'd in amorous Folds with the *Cyprian* Goddeffs. In the mean Time *Deborah Churchill*, being otherwise employ'd than to come out of a warm Bed, and endanger the catching of Cold, was as mute as a Fish; neither could she in Reason make Answer to the Disturber of her Joys, till the Business she was about consummated.

But *Bully Rock*, impatient of Delay, repeating his Strokes on the harmless Door, Madam found herself constrained to demand *Who was there?* tho' in Words imperfect, as one waked out of a profound Sleep. Knowing the Voice, upon Reply, she capitulated with *Hunt*, till she might hide her Cully, for whom there was no other Refuge but crawling under the Bed; where being secured, she jumped out, and in great Haste ran to the Door, speaking as she was wont, *Oh! my Soul! Oh thou most welcome Man to me alive!* When in herself she thought, *What envious Devil has brought thee hither at this Juncture to disturb my Pleasure?*

The Bully thus entered, began to salute her in his usual Language, *You Whore, you Bitch, what Rogues have you got in Bed with you now?* But find-

ing no Body there, he kicked her about the Room like a Foot-ball, saying again, *Where have you hid the Scoundrel, that durst presume to bestow a Citizen's Fate upon my Honour, in making me a Cuckold?* Then drawing his Sword, quoth he, *I've not killed a Man this great while, but by God I'll send one out of the World now.* So thrusting his Sword under the Bed, poor *Tonsor* began to cry out for Quarter; at the same Time creeping out of his Nest so extreamly powder'd with Dust and Feather that *Bully Hunt* taking him rather for a Devil than a Man, the Fright he was in gave the much frightened Cut-beard the favourable Opportunity of making his Escape out of the House, with only the Loss of his Breeches, in which was a good silver Watch, and about four Pound in Money. But for this Trick he swore, *He would never go Whoring again*, which was as dangerous as trusting his Arms in the Throat of a Lyon, or his Person with a Highwayman.

Now after Madam *Churchill* had reign'd a long Time in her Wickedness, as she was coming one Night along *Drury-Lane*, in Company with *Richard Hunt*, *William Lewis*, and *John Boy*, they took an Occasion to fall out with one *Martin Were*, and she aggravating the Quarrel, by bidding them crucify the Man, they killed him between *King's Head Court* and *Vinegar-Yard*. The three Men who committed this Murder made their Escape; she being apprehended as an Accessary therein, sent to *Newgate*, and shortly after condemned it on the 26th of February, 1707-8.

After Sentence of Death was passed on her, Execution was respited, by virtue of a Reprieve given her, upon the Account of her being thought to be with Child; which she pretended to be, Hopes it might be a Means to save her Life, and at least put off her Death for a Time. But when she had laid under Condemnation almost ten Months, and was found not to be with Child, she was carried to her former Judgment. Then being conveyed in a Coach to *Tyburn*, on Friday the 17th of December, 1708, she was there hang'd in the 35th Year of her Age. But, before she was turn'd off, she desired all the Spectators to pray for her, and that God would be pleas'd to be merciful to her poor Soul: Moreover, calling to one she call'd *Nancy*, an Apple-Woman's Daughter in *Drury-Lane*, she earnestly begg'd of her to take Care of her poor Children, for whom she seem'd to be very much concerned. These were her last Words, which she spoke in the Cart, into which she was put as soon as she came to the Place of Execution.

The LIEE of JACK OVET.

THIS notorious Malefactor, *John Ovet*, a Shoemaker by Trade, was born at *Nottingham*, where his Abode was for four or five years, after he had serv'd his Apprenticeship. But being always of a daring, audacious Disposition, his truly Temper induced him to keep very lewd & quarrelsome Company, and depending on his anhood, it inspir'd him with an Inclination of laying aside his mechanical Employment, to translate himself into a Gentlemen, by maintaining that quality on the Highway.

Immediately equipping himself, as a Highwayman ought, with a good Horse, Hanger, and Pistols, he set out towards *London*; and on the Road had the good success of robbing a Gentleman of Twenty Pounds; so being one of great Courage, told *Ovet*, that if he had not come upon him unawares, and surpriz'd him at a Disadvantage, he should have given him more Trouble before he wou'd have parted with his Money. Quoth *Ovet*, Sir, I have ventur'd my Life already in committing this Robbery; however, you have the Vanity to think yourself a better Man than me, I'll venture once more, for here's my Money again, let it be betwixt us, and whoever of us is the best Man let him win it and wear it. The Gentleman very willingly accepted the Proposal, and making use of their Swords on Foot, *Jack Ovet* had the Fortune to kill his Antagonist on the spot.

Not long after he kill'd another Man in a Quarrel at *Leicester*; but flying from Justice, he still cheated the Hangman of his due, and without any Dread refused his unlawful Courses to the highest Pitch of Gallantry. One Day in particular meeting the Pack-horses of one *Mr. Rogers*, who goes from *Leominster Herefordshire* to *London*, and being in great want of Money, he turn'd one of them out of the main road into a narrow Lane, where cutting open the pack, he found therein about 280 Guineas in Gold, besides three Dozen of Silver-hafted Knives and Forks, and Spoons, which he carry'd off. The other pack-horses were gone above two Miles before *Mr. Rogers* miss'd this; and then making a strict Search for it, he found it ty'd to a Tree, and the pack torn off his Back, and rifled of what was most valuable; but not knowing who had done this great Injury, he was forc'd to make the Loss good to the Owner of the Plate and Money.

Another Time *Jack Ovet* being drinking at the Swan Inn in the Strand, he overheard a Soap boiler contriving with a Carrier how he should send an hundred Pounds to a Friend in the Country. At length it was concluded upon, to put the Money to a Barrel of Soap; which Project was mightily proved off by the Carrier, who answer'd, *If any rogues should rob my Waggon (which they never did at once) the Devil must be in them if they look for my Money in the Soap Barrel.* Accordingly the Money and Soap was brought to the Inn, and next morning the Carrier going out of Town, *Jack Ovet*

overtook him in the Afternoon, and commanding him to stop, or otherwise he would shoot him and his Horses too, he was oblig'd to obey the Word of Command. Then quoth the honest Highwayman, *I must make bold to borrow a little Money out of your Waggon, therefore if you have any direct me to it, that I may not lose any time, which you know is always precious.* The Carrier told him he had nothing but cumbersome Goods in his Waggon, as he knew of; however, if he would not believe him, he might search every Box and Bundle there if he pleas'd.

Ovet soon got into the Waggon, and threw all the Boxes and Bundles about, till at last he came to the Soap Barrel, which feeling somewhat heavy, quoth he to the Carrier, *What a pox do you do with this nasty Commodity in your Waggon? I'll fling it away.* So throwing it on the Ground the Hoops burst'd, out flew the Head, and the Soap spreading abroad, the Bag appear'd: Then jumping out of the Waggon, and taking it up, says he again, *Is not he that sells this Soap a cheating Son of a Whore, to put this Bag of Lead into it, to make the Barrel weigh heavy? If I knew where he lived I'd go and tell him his own; however, that he may not succeed in his Roguery, I'll take it, and sell it at the next House I come to, for it will wet ones Whistle to the Tune of two or three Shillings.*

He was going to ride away, when the Carrier cry'd after him, Hold, Hold, Sir, that is not Lead that's in the Bag, it is an Hundred Pounds, for which (if you take it away) I must be accountable. No, no, (reply'd *Jack Ovet*) this can't be Money, but if it is tell the Owner that I'll be answerable for it if he'll come to me. Where, Sir, (said the Carrier) may one find you? Why, truly, (reply'd *Jack*) that's a Question soon ask'd, but not so soon to be answered; the best Directions I can give is, 'tis like you may find me in a Jail before Night, and then, perhaps, you may have again what I have took from you, and Forty Pounds to boot.

Another Time *Jack Ovet* meeting with the Worcester Stage-Coach on the Road, in which were several young Gentlewomen, he robb'd them all; but one of them being a very handsome Person, he entertain'd such a Passion for her exquisite Charms, that when he took her Money from her, he said, Madam, Cast not your Eyes down, neither cover your Face with those modest Blushes, your Charms have softened my Temper, and I am no more the Man I was; what I have took from you (through meer Necessity at present) is only borrow'd; for as no Object on Earth ever had such an Effect on me as you, assure yourself that if you please to tell me where I may direct to you, I'll upon Honour make good your Loss to the very utmost. The young Gentlewoman told him where he might send to her; and then parting, it was not above a Week after that before *Jack* sent the following Letter to the aforesaid Gentlewoman, who had gain'd such an absolute Conquest over his Soul, that his Mind ran now as much upon Love as Robbing.

MADAM,

MADAM,

THESE few Lines are to acquaint you, that tho' I lately had the Cruelty to rob you of Twenty Guineas, yet you committed a greater Robbery at the same time, in robbing me of my Heart; on which you may behold yourself enthroned, and all my Faculties paying their Homage to your unparalleled Beauty. Therefore be pleas'd to propose but the Method how I may win your Belief, and were the Way to it as deep as from hence to the Centre, I will search it out: For, by all my Hopes by all those Rites that crown a happy Union, by the Rosy Tincture of your Cheeks, and by your all subduing Eyes, I prize you above all the World. Oh! then my fair *Venus*, can you be afraid of Love? His Brow is smooth, and his Face beset with Banks full of Delight; about his Neck hangs a Chain of golden Smiles. Let us taste the Pleasures which *Cupid* commands, and for that unmerited Favour I shall become another Man to make you happy. So requesting the small Boon of a favourable Answer to be sent me to Mr. *Walker's*, who keeps an Ale-house at the Sign of the Bell in *Thornbury* in *Glostershire*, give me leave to subscribe myself your most humble Servant to command for ever,

JOHN BURTON.

The Gentlewoman's Answer.

SIR,

YOUR I received with as great Dissatisfaction as when you robbed me, and admire at your Impudence of offering me yourself for a Husband, when I am sensible 'twould not be long

'ere you made me a hempen Widow. Perhaps some foolish Girl or another may be so bewitched as to go in White to beg the Favour of matrimony under the Gallows; but indeed I should rather venture there, nor in a Church, to marry of your Profession, whose Vows are treacherous, and whose Smiles, Words, and Actions, like small Rivulets, thro' a thousand Turnings of loose Fictions, at last arrived to the dead Sea of Sin. Should you therefore dissolve your Eyes into Tears, every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you the Spells, and Magick Charms of Love, I should seal up my Ears that I might not hear your Demulation. You have already broke your Word in not sending what you villainously took from me, but not valuing that, let me tell you, for fear you should have too great a Conceit of yourself, that you are the first, to my Remembrance, who ever hated: and sealing my Hatred with the Hope of quickly reading your dying Speech, in case you die in *London*, I presume to subscribe myself Your never to command,

D.

This was the End of *Jack Ovet's* warm Amour, and he was soon after as unsuccessful in his Villa as he was here in Love; for committing a Robbery in *Leicestershire*, where his Comrade was killed in the Attempt, he was closely pursued by the Count, apprehended, and sent to Jail. At last the Affair being held at *Leicester*, he was condemned. When he was under Sentence of Death, he seem'd to have Remorse at all for his Wickedness, nor in the least repent of the Blood of two Persons, which he shed; so being brought to the Gallows, on *Wednesday* the Fifth of *May* 1708, he was justly hang'd the thirty second Year of his Age.

The LIFE of WILLIAM CADY.

THIS unhappy Gentleman was born at *Thetford* in the County of *Norfolk*: His Father was an eminent Surgeon in that Place, and very careful of his Son's Education. After a Course of Common Learning, *Will* was sent to the University of *Cambridge*, where he was Servitor to the Father of the present Right Honourable the Lord Viscount *Townshend*, at that Time a Student in *Trinity College*. He studied so well as in Time to be made Batchellor of Arts, and continued at his Studies till the Death of his Father.

The Decease of a Parent to a young Gentleman, as *Cady* was, is often the Crisis of Fortune, and the Tie that fixes his future Fate. When a Man becomes his own Master, we learn in what he places his Happiness, and what has before given a prevailing Turn to his Thoughts, then influences his Actions. *Will*, immediately upon the News, withdrew from the Muses, and went up to *London*, where he profess'd Physick; for his Father made so good Use of what he had in his Life-Time, as to leave nothing behind him. The first Patient he had was his own Uncle, who was dangerously ill of an Impostume; and the Manner how he cured him is a well worth relating in this Place.

When he came into his Uncle's Chamber, the first Thing he did was to examine the State of the old Gentleman's Stomach. To this Purpose he hunted the Room all over, moved every Dish, Plate, and Bowl he could see, all under a Pretence of finding out what they gave him to eat; tho' in Reality to find a proper Occasion for the Experiment he afterwards tried. At last he spied an old Saddle under the Bed: Upon which he seem'd to start, crying to his Uncle, *your Case is very desperate.—Not so bad, I hope,* says the Uncle, *as to make me past Recovery.—Heaven knows that,* cried *Cady*; *but a Sweet is a terrible Thing, and I perceive you have got a violent one. A Surgeon!* replied the old Gentleman, *you mistake, Nephew, 'tis an Impostume that I'm afflicted with.—The Devil it is!* quoth *Cady*, *why I could have sworn it had been a Surgeon; for I perceive you have eat a whole Horse, and let us only the Saddle.* At this he held up the Saddle in his Hands, and the old Gentleman fell into such a Fit of Laughing, as instantly broke his Impostume; so that he became a well Man again in less than a Fortnight.

This is not the only Instance that has been related of an Impostume's being broke by a violent and sudden Fit of Laughter, occasion'd by some odd Action or smart Saying. We shall relate two Stories of the like Nature.

The first is of a certain Cardinal at *Padoua*, who lay at the Point of Death, and seem'd so far gone, that the Servants had begun to rattle the House, and to roll down the very Flangings of the Chamber where his Eminence lay. An Ape, in the Midst of this Hurry, pick'd up an old Cap that lay by the Bed-side, and clapp'd it on his own Head, shew-

ing so many out of the Way Tricks, that the Cardinal laugh'd, broke his Impostume, and sav'd both his Life and his Money.

The other is of a Lady at *Orleanse*, who was in a very dangerous Condition, and began to despair of any Remedy. The Maid, who lay in a Pallet-Bed by her, happen'd to thrust out her Posteriors a little beyond the Cloaths, and at the same Time to let a rousing Fart: Upon which a Monkey who was in the Room, went immediately to the Part from whence the Noise came, smell'd to it, chatter'd, and made so many wry Faces, that the Lady laugh'd herself into a Recovery.

Cady's Uncle gave him fifty Guineas for performing so speedy and unexpected a Cure; all which he spent in less than a Month. It was not long after, that he bid adieu to *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, and betook himself to the Highway for a Livelihood. The first Exploit which he perform'd was on *Hounslow-Heath*, where meeting with Monsieur *Chevalier*, Captain of Grenadiers in the first Regiment of Foot-Guards, afterwards kill'd in the *West*, in the Engagement against the Duke of *Monmouth*, and another Gentleman, he rid boldly up to them, and enquired the Way to *Stains*, telling them he was a Stranger in the Country. They courteously told him they were going thither themselves; and that they should be very glad of his Company, if he pleas'd to keep Pace with them. *Will* thanked them for their Civility, and accepted of their Proposal, riding and talking by the Side of them for about a Mile. At last seeing the Coast clear, he without Ceremony shot one of the good-natur'd Guides thro' the Head; then turning upon *Chevalier*, he told him, *If he did not deliver his Money, he should suffer the same Fate with his Companion.* *Chevalier* said, *He was a Captain of the Guards, and therefore he must fight, if he got any Thing from him.*

—If you are a Soldier, Sir, quoth *Cady*, *you ought to obey the Word of Command, otherwise you know the Sentence: I have nothing to do but to tie you Neck and Heels.—You are an unconscionable Son of a B—h,* says Monsieur, *to demand Money of me, who never ow'd you any.* *—Sir,* reply'd *Cady*, *there's not a Man travels the Road, but what owes me Money, if he has any about him. Therefore, as you are one of my Debtors, if you do not pay me instantly, your Blood shall satisfy my Demands.* The noble Captain exchanged a Shot or two with our Highwayman, but had the Misfortune at last to have his Horse killed; upon which, seeing it was in vain to make any more Resistance, he surrender'd his Gold-Watch, a Diamond Ring, and a Purse of twenty-six Guineas. *Will*, having collected all he could, tied the *Frenchman* Neck and Heels, nailed the Hind-Lappets of his Coat to a Tree, and then rode off with his Booty.

The next Person he robb'd was on *Bagshot Heath*. It was Lord Viscount *Dundee*, who was killed at the Fight of *Gilby-cranks* in *Scotland*, after the Re-

volution. His Honour was on Horse-back, attended only by a Couple of Footmen. *Cady* rode up to them full Speed, enquiring if they did not see a single Man ride that Way harder than ordinary. Being told *Yes*, he presently added, *he has robb'd me of twenty Pounds, which I was going to pay my Landlord, and I am utterly ruin'd.* The Man who had rid by was a Confederate of *Cady's* who had parted from him for that very Purpose. My Lord was touched with Compassion at *Will's* Complaint, and immediately order'd his Footmen to pursue the Villain. The Servants rode away full Stretch, and *Cady* after them some Distance, till he thought they were far enough; then he turn'd back on his Lord and robb'd him of a Gold-Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, and sixty Guineas in Money. To make all safe, he shot the Viscount's Horse, and then rode after the Footmen, whom he found a Mile off, with his Comrade between them, Prisoner. The Fellows were surpriz'd, when *Will* bid them let the Man go, and seem'd to laugh at them for what they had done, till at last they absolutely refused to part with their Prize. *Cady*, upon that, swore they should, and a warm Engagement ensu'd, continuing till one of the Footmen was killed, and the other was obliged to fly, who found his Lord dismounted and robb'd.

Dundee complain'd at Court of this Abuse, and a Reward of one hundred Pounds was promised in the *London-Gazette* to any one that should apprehend *Cady* or his Comrade, who were both very particularly describ'd. Our Adventurer now thought it safest to get out of the Reach of Justice; and to that End, made the best of his Way to *Douay* in *Flanders*, where was an *English* Seminary. As he was a Scholar, he was easily admitted, upon the Superior's Examination, into the Fraternity of *Benedictine Friars*, among whom he behaved with a great Deal of seeming Devotion and Piety; so that he shortly attain'd a very extraordinary Character. The natural Result of this was his having a great Number of Penitents continually resorting to him, to make a Confession of their Sins. *Cady's* Piety, however, at last began to fit very uneasy upon him, and he was afraid his Hypocrisy would in Time be found out for he look'd upon himself as incapable of keeping the Vows of Poverty and Chastity which he had made. This made him resolve to return into *England* again at all Hazards, choosing to enjoy a merry though but a short Life, rather than to drag out many Years under the Strictness of Ecclesiastical Discipline. But there was money wanting before this could be done, and now his Invention was rack'd for some Method of raising a sufficient Quantity.

He feign'd himself indisposed, and kept his Chamber several Days, during which Time he received Visits from Abundance of People; and among others, from all of the Fair-Sex, who usually made him their Confessor. He had singled out in his Mind a Couple of young Gentlewomen who commonly came together, and were both very rich and very handsome. A Brace of Pistols he had also found Means to procure. At last the Ladies came, and when they had made their Confession, he desir'd them to hear his. In short, he told them, he was in great Want of Money, and if they did not instantly supply him, they should never depart alive. At the same Time he held the Pistols to their Breasts, and commanded them not to make the least Noise. The poor Gentlewomen were almost out of their Wits for fear, and trembled like Aspen Leaves, while *Cady* made Enquiry into their Pockets, and found them lin'd with about fifty Pistoles. To this he compelled them to make an Offering of two Diamonds-Rings, which were on their Fingers, and then laying them both

on the Bed, he gave them, after one another, a Taste of his Manhood, and robb'd them of their Virgins into the Bargain. Next he gagg'd and ty'd their Neck and Heels, and then went out, pretending to the Father of the Convent, that he would only be the Air in the Fields a little. But he went much farther a Field than they expected; for he never turn'd again, but chang'd his Canonical Habit, and return'd back into *England*.

Even before he arriv'd at *London*, he fell again to his old Courses, tho' he had been two Years of his native Country; for as he rode over *Black Heath*, he met with one *Sandal*, a great Hop-Merchant, and his Wife, whom he commanded to *Stand and Deliver.* *Sandal* stood up smartly in his Defence, and fir'd two Pistols without Success; after which he was oblig'd to lie at the Mercy of the enemy, who presently dismounted them both, and led their Horse (for they had but one) and then rifled their Pockets. He found about twenty eight Pounds upon the Husband, but the Wife had no more than Half-a-Crown. *Is this your Way of travelling, says Cady? What! carry but Half-a-Crown in your Pocket, when you are to meet a Gentleman Collector on the Highway! I'll assure you, Ma'am, I shall be even with you; therefore off with that Ring on your Finger.* Mrs. *Sandal* begg'd him to spare her Wedding-Ring, because she would not sell it for double the Value, as she had kept and worn it above twenty Years. *You whining Bitch, quoth Will, Marriage may be d—n'd, and you too. Why! because you are a Whore by License, I must be so favourable to you then another Woman I'll war— Give me the Ring in a Moment without any Cant, or I shall make bold to cut off your Finger with it for Dispatch, as I have served several of your Sex before.*

The remaining Part of this Story is of such a king Nature, that it can neither be related nor without Horror. I could even wish intirely omit it, were not that such an unparallel'd Instance of Cruelty may deter others from entering in Course of Life, in which they will certainly be on from bad to worse, till at last they will be able of committing what they before would tremble at the Rehearsal of.

The good Woman finding all Entreaties vain pulled of her Ring; but instead of giving *Cady*, instantly clapp'd it into her Mouth, and swallow'd it, in Hopes, by that Means, of preserving what she so superstitiously priz'd. *Cady* feign'd swearing and stamping like a Madman, telling her, *That all her Tricks were in vain; for he could not that Moment send her to the Devil without her wedding-Ring.* Accordingly he shot her through the Head ript her open and took the Ring out of her Body in the presence of her Husband, whom he had before bound, and who was incapable of uttering a Word at the Sight of such an unheard of Piece of Barbarity. *Your Wife's a Bitch, Sir,* said the wretched Villain, *but I think I have bit the bit.* He then remounting his Horse, he rode away with as much Concern as if he had done no Crime, leaving the sorrowful Widower bound by his Wife's Body, till the Passengers came by and loos'd him, and then carried the mangled Corps to the next Inn.

The same Night *Cady* came trait to *London* but was afraid that even that great City was not large enough to conceal him from the Enquiry, which a horrid Action would naturally Occasion. He did not stay therefore above an Hour before he took his Horse for *Scotland*, where he arrived and stay'd about a Month, without any Notice being taken of him. After this, he came into *England* again, and he

was making towards London between Ferry-bridge and Doncaster in Yorkshire he overtook Dr. Moreton, a Prebendary of Durham. It would not be more strange to see a Horse refuse Oats, than to hear him such a Gentleman as Cady would let a plump, sleek Clergyman pass unmolested, when he was in his Power. Stand and deliver, was the Precept, with the Addition of *D—n you are a dead Man, if you hesitate.* The Clergyman had never been used to such Language before, and began to give him good Advice, counselling him very gravely to refrain from such ill Courses, and telling him the Hazard he ran, both with Respect to his Soul and his Body. But all his preaching was in vain; for Cady look'd upon him with all the Morefeness he could collect in his Countenance, and told him, *That his Doctrine had no Effect, and the Pretence of Religion was framed only to preserve what he had before got in the same Way.* Adding *That if he did not speedily deliver, what he had, he should send him out of the World.* But that, quoth he with a Sneer, *is nothing to a Man of your Cloth; for doubtless all the Clergymen are prepared for Death at any Time, and certain of eternal Happiness.*

While Cady was uttering these Words, a Stone-horse in an adjacent Field, smelling his Mare, leaped over the Hedge, and came snorting and neighing to her, like a mad Creature. Will was so busy with Mr. Doctor, that he took no Notice of the Stallion, till his Mare was covered, and he dismounted. The poor Parson was glad of an Opportunity to save his bacon; so as soon as he saw Cady on the Ground, he rode off as fast as he could. *The Devil take all Thoring, cry'd Will, if Horses must practise it too. However, Mr. Mettle, I shall go nigh to spoil your sport before the Game be over.* He was as good as his Word, for instantly pulling out a Pistol, he shot the Horse, and then remounted his Mare, and rode after Divinity.

In three Quarters of a Mile he overtook poor Moreton, and accoll'd him with, *You unreasonable unmannerly Dog, what do you mean to leave a Man in the midst of his Journey, without giving him anything to pay his Charges?* The Doctor had taken care, as he rode off, to hide his Money in a Hedge, so that when Cady search'd him, he found never a farthing. He could not however, think that a Man of his Figure would travel on Horse-back without any Money in his Breeches; so that he swore the Reverend Priest should never go Home alive, if he did not inform him what he had done with his Mammon: The Doctor standing to it, that he had none, our bloody Wretch instantly shot him through the Heart, which to him was no more than making a good Meal when he was a hungry.

After this he took a Journey into Norfolk with an intent to see his Friends and Relations at Thetford; but meeting a Coach within two or three Miles of that Town, with three Gentlemen and a Gentlewoman in it, could not forbear riding up to it, and making the usual Compliment. The Gentlemen were resolv'd to dispute a Point with him, and stood bravely upon their Guard, one of them firing off a Blunderbuss without doing him any other Damage than just grazing a-crofs his Left-Arm, and tearing his Coat, Waistcoat, and Shirt. This put him into a violent Passion, so that after he had taken about one hundred and thirty Pounds from them all, he swore that the Loss of his Money should not entitle him that had shot him to any Quarters. He was

always as good as his Word in these Cases; the poor Gentleman was left dead in the Coach; and then cutting the Reins and Traces of the Horses, he rode off, without going to Thetford to see his Acquaintance.

Now he steers his Course towards London, as fast as he can; and coming over Finchley-Common attacks a Lady, who was riding there for the Air, attended by a single Footman. He fell upon her in a very rude Manner, pulling a Diamond-Ring from her Finger, and a Gold-Watch from her Side; taking a Purse with eighty Guineas in it, out of her Pocket, and giving her a great Deal of ill Language. The honest Footman, though the Lady had commanded him not to meddle, could not forbear shewing his Repentment at Cady's unmanly Behaviour. He returned his foul Words with others of the same Kind, calling him Villain, Rascal, Thief, and other Names of the same Import, which were suitable to his Character. Will Cady, without speaking a Word, answer'd the poor Fellow, by sending a Brace of Balls thro' his Head; then he cut the Girths of the Lady's Saddle, and was a-going to make off.

But the Time which Providence had fixed for a Period to his wicked Actions was now come. Two Gentlemen, who had seen the Transaction at a Distance, intercepted him, just as he put Spurs to his Horse, with Pistols in their Hands. Cady was very desperate when he saw his own Danger. He fired as fast as he was able, and they as nimbly returned the same Compliment, till a lucky Ball lodged in his Horse, and made him fall under him. After this, he resolutely maintain'd his Ground on Foot for a considerable Time, even till he had discharged all his Pistols, and entirely weary'd himself. He was then apprehended, and carried before a Justice of the Peace at Highgate, who committed him under a strong Guard to Newgate, where he continued till the next Sessions without any Signs of Remorse for the Blood he had so plentifully shed within four Years before.

When his Tryal came on at the Old-Bailey, he behaved agreeably to his Character before that venerable Court. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, he said, were a Couple of old Almswomen, and the Jurymen was treated in the same Manner. The Matter of Fact which he was indicted for, was proved so plainly against him, that he received Sentence of Death, and was put into the Condemn'd-Hold, but even this Place of Horror and Darkness had no Effect upon his Mind; for he continued to swear, curse, sing, roar, and get drunk, as he had always done before. What hardened him the more, was, the Dependence he had on some Friends at Court, who had given him Room to hope for a Reprieve from King James II. who then reign'd; but the many Murders he had committed put a Stop to the Mercy which he might otherwise have obtain'd.

His Day of Execution being come, and the Cart stopping as usual, under St. Sepulchre's Church Wall, whilst the Bellman rang his Bell, and repeated his exhortatory Lines instead of being affected with the Admonition, he fell a swearing at the Sheriff's Officers, asking them, *Why they detain'd him there to hear an old Puppy chatter Nonsense?* At Tyburn he was just the same, being turn'd off without either conversing with the Ordinary, praying by himself, or making any Speech to the People. His Exit was in 1687. when he was just twenty-five Years of Age.

The LIFE of THOMAS WYNNE, A House-breaker and Murderer.

THIS notorious Criminal was born at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, where, for aught we find to the contrary, he continued till he was between fifteen and sixteen, at which Age he betook himself to the Sea, which he followed between eight and nine Years. Happening then to come to *London*, and habituating himself with ill Company, especially lewd Women, he left no Villainy unperpetrated for the Support of himself and them, in their Extravagancies, till, at last, he became so expert in House-breaking, and in short, all Sorts of Theft, that he was reckon'd the most notable Artist in his Way, of those Times.

It was in the Reign of that glorious Monarch, Queen *Elizabeth*, that our artist flourished; accordingly, we find, that scorning a meaner Prey he had once the Boldness, or rather Impudence, to rob the Royal Lodgings at *Whitehall Palace*, of as much Plate as amounted to above four hundred Pounds; for which he had the ill Luck to be taken, and committed to *Newgate*: But, fortunately for him, her Majesty's Act of Grace coming out soon afterwards, granting a free Pardon for all Offences, except Treason, Murder, and some other notorious Crimes, he was allow'd the Benefit thereof, and obtained his Liberty, amongst many other Criminals, whom their Evil Courses had brought into the same Condition.

But *Wynne* making a very ill use of the Royal Mercy, and taking no Warning, still pursued his vicious Ways, till at last being in eminent Danger of being apprehended, he got into the Service of the Earl of *Salisbury*, into whose Kitchen he was received in the Capacity of a Scullion.

Whilst he was in this Post, he had the Impudence to pretend Love to the Countess's Woman, who admiring at such Insolence in a Fellow of his Rank, return'd his Addresses with the greatest Scorn and Contempt. This exasperating *Wynne*, his pretended Love turn'd to Hatred, and he vow'd Revenge, which he effected soon after in this Manner.

As she was coming down Stairs one Night after undressing her Lady, and putting her to Bed, he met her full But, and throwing her on her Back, run his Hand suddenly up her Coats, caught her by a Place which Women don't Care to have used too roughly, and pinch'd her by it so terribly, that she roar'd out as bad as any Bull that is baited. In the mean while *Wynne* kept pulling and tugging at his Game as fierce and as eager as any Mastiff, never offering to quit his Hold, till several of the Servants came to her Assistance, and rescued her. The poor Gentlewoman was immediately put to Bed very ill; and the Earl being next Day made acquainted with the whole Story, took upon himself to be his Judge, and order'd him to be forthwith stript, and severely lashed by

his Coachman, which was executed to some Tune upon the Spot. However his Lordship not thinking this a sufficient Punishment, threaten'd to have repeated once a Week for a Month together, but *Wynne*, not liking his Sentence, thought proper to seek out fresh Quarters, and accordingly pack'd up his Awls and went off: But resolving to be revenged of his Prosecutors, before he took his final Leave of the Family, he broke open the Trunk of the Coachman that had flead him, and robb'd him of nine Pounds: He borrow'd likewise fifteen Pounds of the Master-Cook, a Silver-Dish of his Lord's, and all the best Cloaths of the poor Woman whose *Nearest Part* he had handled so unmercifully; after which he set out in Quest of new Adventures.

It seems in *Wynne's* Time, Inn-keepers were so sharp as they are at present; wherefore our Artist would frequently dress himself in a Porter's Habit, with a knot and Cord, and going to one of the best Inns, fix his Eye on any Bundle or Parcel which seem'd to be of Value, and throwing it upon his Shoulders, when he saw the Coast clear, walk with it directly, without the Servants having the least Suspicion of him, although they met him each of them thinking he was known by one of his Fellow-Servants.

He followed this Course about two Years, which Time he got above two hundred Pounds, which fell heavy on the Carriers, who were oblig'd to make good what was lost. But dear-bought Experience making them look better after what they were entrusted with for the future, he had no Opportunity of supporting himself any longer that Way, which oblig'd him to have Recourse to other Methods.

One Day then hearing a Man, as he was going out of his House, tell his Wife he should not be back again in less than five or six Hours; he followed him to the Place whither he went and going into an Alehouse hard by enquir'd the Name of the People of the House. This done, he went back into the Tradesman's Neighbourhood, and getting his Name after the same Manner goes to his Wife, and tells her, that he was sent by Mr. Such-a-one, where his Husband was taken on a sudden so violently ill, that 'twas question'd whether he would live or die; wherefore she was desir'd to make all the Haste possible thither. At this the poor Wife fell a Shrieking terribly, and after bidding the Maid take Care of the House, hurried away with the Sham-Messenger, either to assist her Husband, or take her Leave of him before he departed this World.

They had not gone very far together before *Wynne*, pretending Business another Way, left the Woman to pursue her Journey by herself; and returning to

House again, told the Maid, *Her Mistress had sent him to acquaint her, That if she did not come back by such an Hour, she might go to Bed; for she should not come Home all Night.* As *Wynne* pretended to be mightily tried with having made so much Haile, the Maid asked him very civilly to walk into the Kitchen and rest himself, which being what he wanted, he readily accepted. In the mean while the poor Wench going to fetch him something to eat, whilst her Back was turn'd he knock'd her down suddenly, and binding her Hand and Foot, and gagging her, rifled all the Trunks, Boxes, Chests, of Drawers, and Cup-boards, carrying off to the Value of 200 l. in Plate and Money.

He had now reign'd about eight years in his Villany, when taking Notice of an Old Man, who had formerly been a Linnen-Draper, but being rich had est off Trade, and liv'd on what he had, together with his Wife, in *Honey-Lane* near *Cheapside*, he had for a long Time a strong Desire of robbing him accordingly one Night he resolv'd to put it in Execution, and broke into their Houses; but not content with robbing them, he determin'd also to murder them, to prevent a Discovery, which he did by cutting their Throats in a most barbarous Manner, as they were sleeping in their Bed together. This done he robb'd the House to the Value of 2500 l. and fled away with his Wife and four Children he had by her, to *Virginia*.

Next Day, the old People being not seen by their neighbours either to go out or in as usual, and the house being close shut up from Morning to Night they began to be surpriz'd at the Meaning of it; and some among them suspecting some foul Play, a Constable was sent for, and the Door broke open, when on entering their Chamber the old Couple were found in their Bed, to their great Astonishment and horror, with their Throats cut from Ear to Ear, and spilling in their Blood.

A great Enquiry and Search was then made after the Murderer; and a poor Man, who begg'd his bread having been observ'd to walk to and fro about the Door, and sometimes to sit on a Bench belonging to the House, the Day before the Murder was perpetrated, he was apprehended on Suspicion, and being carried before a Justice of Peace, was by him committed to *Newgate*. The poor Wretch was afterwards brought upon his Trial, and though there was no other Proof against him, than some suspicious Circumstances, he was cast for his Life, and sentenced to be hanged before the Door of the Murder'd Persons, which was accordingly executed,

though he denied the Fact to the last, as well he might, and he was afterwards hang'd in Chains at *Holloway*.

In the mean while *Wynne* was safe enough with his Family beyond Sea, where it pleased God, that he thrived prodigiously with his ill-got Money, the Price of innocent Blood. But having now been absent from his native Country twenty Years, and being very desirous of seeing it once before he died, designing afterwards to return back and lay his Bones in *Virginia*, he took his Leave of his Wife, Children, and Grand-Children (for his Family had multiplied as well as his Riches) and came over to *England*. — But mark how Providence pursued him.

Being one Day at a Goldsmith's Shop in *Cheapside* to buy a Parcel of Plate, which he design'd to carry with him to *Virginia*, whilst he was bargaining for it, and the Master of the Shop was weighing it, a great Uproar arose in the Street, for some Serjeants having arrested a Gentleman, and he breaking from the *Catchpoles*, who were in Pursuit of him. Hereupon *Wynne* ran out of the Shop the same Way as the Mob, and some that were behind him, crying out, *Stop him, Stop him*, his Conscience flew in his Face, so that he stopt short, and said, *I am the Man.* — *You the Man*, cry'd the People, *What Man?* — *The Man*, reply'd *Wynne*, *that committed such a Murder in Honey-Lane, twenty Years ago, for which a poor Man was hang'd wrongfully.*

Upon this Confession he was taken into Custody, and carried to a Magistrate, before whom he again owns the same, and being committed to *Newgate*, was try'd, condemn'd, and executed also before the House, where he had perpetrated the Murder; after which he was carried to *Holloway*, and hanged in Chains.

Thus the just Judgment of God at last overtook him for shedding innocent Blood, when he thought himself secure from the Stroke of Justice; neither was it wanting to punish his Wife and Posterity for being privy thereunto, and living upon the Fruits thereof. For his Wife ran distracted, upon receiving the News of his shameful End, and died so: Two of his Sons also were hang'd in *Virginia*, for a Robbery and Murder they committed there, and what Plantations he had purchased were seiz'd upon for the Queen's Use, as forfeited by his Conviction of Murder and Felony, so that his Posterity were reduced to Beggary ever after, and died very miserable.

The LIFE of THOMAS SAVAGE.

THIS unhappy Wretch was born of very honest Parents in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields, and between fourteen and fifteen Years of Age, bound Apprentice to one Mr. *Collins* a Vintner, at the *Ship-Tavern* at *Ratcliff Cross*, with whom he led but a very loose and profligate Sort of Life for about two Years.

Breaking the Sabbath (by his own Confession, he having never once heard a whole Sermon during that Time) was the first Inlet to all his other Vices, especially Whoredom, Drunkenness, and Theft: For he used commonly to pass away the Sabbaths at a Bawdy-House in *Ratcliff-Highway*, with one *Hannah Blay*, a vile common Strumpet, who was the Cause of his Ruin, and brought him to his shameful End.

He was carried at first to drink there by an Acquaintance, who afterwards went to Sea; but having once found the Way, he went after that alone, without his Companion, and would often carry a Bottle or two of Wine to junket with her. This however, not satisfying her wicked Desires, she told him frequently, *That if he would enjoy her Company, he must bring good Store of Money with him*: To this he always replied, *That he could bring none but his Master's*; and that he had never wronged him of Two-pence in his Life. Nevertheless she still continued urging him to rob him privately, but he answered, *he could not because the Maid was always at Home with him*. Hang her, a Jade, (said this Limb of the Devil) knock her Brains out, and I'll receive the Money, and go any where with you beyond Sea, to avoid the Stroke of Justice.

She was often giving him this bad Advice, and preaching this infernal Doctrine; and she repeated it in particular on the very Day when he unhappily took her Counsel, and perpetrated the Murder. For being at her House in the Morning, she made him drunk with burnt Brandy, and he wanting a Groat to pay his Reckoning, she again persuaded him to knock the Maid's Brains out, and bring her what Money he could find.

Hereupon he went Home between twelve and one o'Clock, and seeing his Master standing at the Street Door, did not dare to go in that Way, but climbed over a Wall, and getting in at the Back-Door, went into the Room, where his Fellow-Servants were at Dinner: O Sirrah, said the Maid to him, *you have been now at the Bawdy-House, you will never leave it till you are utterly ruin'd thereby*.

These Words provok'd him highly, and he was so much enraged at her, that from that Moment the Devil took firm Possession of him, and he fully resolved, even while he was at Dinner, to be her Butcher. Accordingly, when his Master, with the rest of the Family were gone to Church, leaving only the Maid and Tom. Savage at Home, he goes into the Bar, and fetches a Hammer, with which he began to make a great Noise, as he sat by the

Fire, by knocking on the Bellows. Hereupon, said the Maid to him, *Sure the Boy is mad! Sirrah, What do you make this Noise for?*

To this he made no Answer, but going to Kitchen Window began to knock, and make same Noise there, of which the Maid then took no Notice, he, to provoke her, got on the ch Dresser, and walk'd up and down thereon several Times with his dirty Shoes. This Piece of Impudence exasperating the Maid, so that she scolded him pretty heartily, he threw the Hammer at suddenly with such Violence, that hitting her on Head, she fell to the Ground and shriek'd out. She then went and took up the Hammer, intending repeat the Blow, but laid it down again thrice, being yet harden'd enough in Cruelty, to strike any more; but at last taking it up the fourth Time, the Devil had then gain'd such an absolute Mastery over him, that he gave her several Strokes with the Force he could, and quickly dispatch'd her out of the World.

The inhuman Wretch having perpetrated this filthy Piece of Barbarity, immediately broke open a Cupboard in his Master's Chamber, and taking out a Bag, wherein was about Sixty Pounds, hid it under his Coat, and went out at a Back-Door directly away to *Hannah Blay* again. When he came there, and had informed her what he had done, this cunning Slut, who was harden'd in Wickedness, would fain have had the Money from him; but would part with no more than Half a Crown, whereupon having given her, he went away without the Remorse for what he had done.

But he had not gone very far, when meeting at a Stile, he sat him down thereon to rest himself, and then began to reflect on the horrid Deed he had perpetrated, and to cry out to himself, *Lord, what have I done!* wishing that he could have recalled the fatal Blows, even at the Price of ten thousand Worlds, if so many had been in his Power. At this, he was in so much Horror and dread of God, that he stirr'd not a Step, but he thought every one he met, came to apprehend him.

That Night he reach'd *Greenwich*, where he took up his Lodging, telling the People of the House he was going to *Gravesend*; but being got to Bed he could not sleep, through the Terror of a guilty Conscience, but got up again, and walked out the Room for several Hours. Next Morning the Mistress of the House, perceiving he had a great Quantity of Money in a Bag not sealed up, began to examine him about it, doubting he came not so honestly. Hereupon, to avoid her just Suspicion, he told her, *He was carrying it down to Gravesend to his Master, who was a Wine-Cooper, and sold on London-Bridge*; and that if she would believe him, she might send to his Mistress, as it is the mean Time he would leave the Money in her Hands.



SAVAGE Returning to HANNAH BLAY'S Lodgings. *Ed. Burgh. Sculp.*

This was agreed upon, and accordingly he wrote a Note himself to his pretended Mistress, which was to be carried by some People, who were then going to London, whilst he went his Way, wandering towards Greenwich, where he was in the Ship-Yard, which about the Time the Hue-and-Cry came to Greenwich of a Murder committed at Ratcliff-Cross by a Youth, upon a Maid, who was his Fellow-Servant; and that he had also robb'd his Master of a Bag of Money.

Upon this News the Mistress of the House, where he lay, presently concluded, that it was the same Youth who had lodg'd there, and that the Bag he had left with her was that whereof he had robb'd his Master. Hereupon, she immediately dispatch'd several Men in Search of him, who found him asleep in an Alehouse, with his Head upon a Table, and a Glass of Beer by him. Upon this, one of the Men telling him by his Name, said, *Tom, Did not you rob at Ratcliff?* He answer'd, *Yes, And did not you order your Fellow-Servant.* He answer'd likewise the Affirmative. *And you took so much Money from your Master?* He acknowledg'd all. *Then,* continued he, *you must go along with us.* To which he replied, *Yes, with all my Heart.* Accordingly they went thither to Greenwich, to the House where he had been in the Night before.

By that Time he got thither, his Master and some Friends were arriv'd there likewise, who exaggerated him the Barbarity of the Fact, wherewith he was much affected at first, though a little after he got out into Tears: From thence he was carried back to Ratcliff, and had before a Justice of Peace, who committed him to Newgate.

Being now in safe Custody, he was visited by one Mr. Baker, to whom, after some little Acquaintance, he gave the foregoing Account; and he found him at first but little sensible of the Heinousness of the Crime he had committed. But the next Time, asking him whether he was sorry for the Fact, he answer'd with Tears in his Eyes, wringing his Hands, and striking his Breast, "Yes, Sir; for it cuts me to the Heart to think that I should take away the Life of an innocent Creature; and that is not all, but for any Thing I know, I have sent her Soul to Hell. Oh! how can I think of appearing before God's Tribunal, when she shall stand before me, and say, Lord, this Wretch took away my Life, and gave me not the least Time to consider of the State of my Soul, that so I might have repented of my Sins, and have turned to thee; he gave me no Warning at all, Lord. Oh! then, What will become of me."

He was then visited by Mr. Robert Franklyn, Mr. Thomas Vincent, Mr. Thomas Doolittle, and Mr. James Janeway, who ask'd him, *If he was the Person that murder'd the Maid at Ratcliff?* To which he answer'd, *Yes.* Hereupon they endeavour'd to set the Sin home upon his Conscience, telling him the Danger he was in, not only of a Temporal, but of an eternal Death, without true Repentance, and a sincere and strong Faith.

The Day that he went down to the Sessions, his Fellow-Prisoners gave him something to drink, which very much disorder'd him; and Hannah Blay, whom he had accused, and who was taken into Custody

thereupon, was heard to say to him: "Others have made you drunk To-day, but I will make thee drunk To-morrow. He lamented this Back-sliding grievously, but said, That it was not the Quantity he had drank, which was much less than he was able to drink at other Times, without being in the least disorder'd; but it was something they had infused into his Liquor to intoxicate his Senses." Which made him ever afterwards very cautious and fearful of drinking in their Company.

After he had received Sentence of Death, he was again visited by Mr. Baker; and the Saturday before his Execution was again with him, when Savage said to him, taking him by the Hand, "Oh! my dear Friend, come hither: Then opening his Coffin, look here, continued he, this is the Ship wherem I must launch out into the Ocean of Eternity: Is it not a terrible Thing to see one's own Coffin and Burial Cloaths, when at the same Time (as to my Bodily Health) I am every Whitt as well as you?"

On the Sunday, expecting to be executed next Day, he desir'd to be alone, and spent it in Prayer, and other religious Duties. Next Morning the Sheriff's Men and Cart came for him, but the Sheriff of Middlesex not having Notice, it was deferred till Wednesday, when looking upon his Cloaths that he had put on to die in, he said, *What, have I got on my dying Cloaths? Dying Cloaths, did I say? They are my living Cloaths, the Cloaths out of which I shall go into eternal Glory: They are the best Cloaths that ever I put on.*

Being brought to the Place of Execution at Ratcliff-Cross, he made a short Speech, wherein he exhorted People, both old and young, *To take Warning by his untimely End, how they offended against the Laws of God and Man.* After which, having said a very pathetic Prayer, and breath'd forth such pious Ejaculations, as drew Tears from the Eyes of the Beholders he was turn'd off the Cart, and struggl'd for a while, heaving up his Body: Which a young Man, his Friend, perceiving, he struck him several Blows upon his Breast with all his Strength, to put him out of his Pain, till no Motion could be perceiv'd in him; wherefore after he had hung a considerable Time, and was to all Appearance dead, the People moving a Way, the Sheriff order'd him to be cut down: When being received into the Arms of some of his Friends, he was convey'd into a House not far from the Place of Execution. There being laid upon a Table, he began, to the Astonishment of the Beholders, to breathe, and rattle in the Throat, so that it was evident Life was whole in him. Hereupon he was carry'd from thence to a Bed in the same House, where he breath'd more strongly, and open'd his Eyes and Mouth, though his Teeth were set before, and he offer'd to speak but could not recover the Use of his Tongue.

However, his Reviving being blaz'd abroad within an Hour, the Sheriff's Officers came to the House where he was, and carrying him back to the Place of Execution, hung him up again till he was really dead: After which his Body was carried by his mourning Friends to Islington, and buried October 28. 1668. being seventeen Years of Age.

The LIEE of Colonel JACK.

IN this Account of the Life of Colonel *Jack*, as written by himself, there is Room for just and copious Observations on the Blessings and Advantages of a sober and a well-govern'd Education, and the Ruins of many thousands of Youths of all Kinds for want of it: Also how much Publick-Schools and Charities might be improv'd to prevent the Destruction of so many unhappy Children, as in this City are every Year bred up for the Gallows. The miserable Condition of unfortunate Children, many of whose natural Tempers are docible, and would lead them to learn the best Things rather than the worst, are truly deplorable, and is abundantly seen in the History of this Man's Childhood, where though Circumstances form'd him by Necessity to be a Thief, a strange Rectitude of Principles remain'd with him, and made him early abhor the worst Part of his Trade, and at last wholly leave it off. If he had come into the World with the Advantages of Education, and been well-instructed how to improve the generous Principles he had in him, what a Man might he not have been?

The various Turns of his Fortune in the World, make a delightful Field for the Reader to wander in. Every wicked Reader will be here encouraged to a Change, and it will appear, that the best and only good End of a wicked mispent Life is Repentance. While these Things and such as these are the End and Designs of the Undertakers of this present Book, I think no Apology need be made for any single Life, No, nor for the whole, if discouraging every Thing that is evil, and encouraging every Thing which is virtuous and good: I say, if these appear to be the Scope and Design of publishing such Stories, no Objection can be against it, neither is it of the least Moment to inquire whether the Colonel hath told his own Story true or not. If he has made it a History, or a Parable, it will be equally useful and capable of doing good, and in that it recommends itself without any further Introduction.

Seeing my Life has been such a Chequer-Work of Nature, and that I am able now to look back upon it, from a safer Distance, than is ordinary to the Fate of the Clan, to which I once belong'd, I think my History may find a Place in the World, as well as some, who I see are every Day read with Pleasure, though they have in them nothing so diverting or instructing, as I believe mine will appear to be.

My Original may be as high as any Bodies, for ought I know; for my Mother kept very good Company; but that Part belongs to her Story more than to mine: All I know of it is by oral Tradition thus: My Nurse told me my Mother was a Gentlewoman; that my Father was a Man of Quality, and she (my Nurse) had a good Piece of Money given her to take me off his Hands, and deliver him and my Mother from the Importunities that usually attend the Misfortune of having a Child to keep that should not be seen or heard of.

My Father, it seems, gave my Nurse something more than was agreed for, at my Mother's Request upon her solemn Promise, that she would use me well, and let me be put to School; and charged me that if I lived to come to any Bigness, capable to understand the Meaning of it, she should always take Care to bid me remember, that I was a Gentleman; and this, he said, was all the Education he wanted of her for me; for he did not doubt, but that some Time or other, the very Hint would inspire with Thoughts suitable to my Birth; and that I would certainly act like a Gentleman, if I believed myself to be so.

But my Disasters were not directed to end as fast as they began; 'tis very seldom that the unfortunate are so but for a Day, as the Great rise by Degree of Greatness to the Pitch of Glory in which they shine, so the miserable sink to the Depth of their Misery a continued Series of Disasters, and are long in Tortures and Agonies of their distressed Circumstances before a Turn of Fortune, if ever such a Turn happens to them, gives them a Prospect of Deliverance.

My Nurse was as honest to the Engagement had enter'd into, as could be expected from one of her Employment; and particularly as honest as Circumstances would give her Leave to be; for she bred me up very carefully with her own Son, and with another Son of Shame, like me, who she had taken upon the same Terms.

My Name was *John*, as she told me; but neither she nor I knew any Thing of a Surname that belonged to me; so that I was left to call myself *Mr.* a Thing what I pleased, as Fortune and better Circumstances should give Occasion. It happen'd, that her own Son, (for she had a little Boy about a Year older than I) was called *John* too, and about two Years after, she took another Son of Shame, I call'd it above, to keep, as she did me, and his Name was *John* too. But my Nurse, who may allow'd to distinguish her own Son a little from the rest, would have him call'd Captain, because forsooth he was the Eldest.

I was provok'd at having this Boy called Captain and cried and told my Nurse I would be called Captain; for she told me I was a Gentleman, and would be a Captain, that I would. The good Woman, to keep the Peace, told me. *As, ay, I was Gentleman, and therefore I should be above a Captain, for I should be a Colonel, and that was a great Deal better than a Captain: For, my Dear, says she, every Tarparavlin, if he gets but to be Lieutenant of a Press-Smack, is called Captain; but Colonels are Soldiers, and none but Gentlemen are ever made Colonels: Besides, says she, I have known Colonels come to be Lords, and Generals, though they were Bastards at first; and therefore you shall be called Colonel.* Well I was hush'd indeed, with this for the present but not thoroughly pleased, till a little while after I heard her tell her own Boy, that I was a Gentleman



Colonel Jack Robbing Mrs. Smiths going to Kentish Town.



and therefore he must call me Colonel; at which my Boy fell a Crying, and he would be called Colonel too; so then I was satisfy'd that it was above a Captain. So universally is Ambition seated in the Minds of Men, that not a Beggar Boy, but has his share of it. Before I tell you much more of our story, it would be very proper to give something of several Characters, as I have gather'd them up in my Memory, as far back as I can recover Things either of myself, or my Brother *Jacks*, and they'll be brief and Impartial.

Capt. *Jack*, the Eldest of us all by a whole Year, was a squat, big, strong made Boy, and promised to flourish when grown up to be a Man, but not tall. He was an original Rogue; for he would do the vilest and most villainous Things even by his own Inclination; he had no Taste or Sense of being honest, no not even to his Brother Rogues, which is what other Thieves make a Point of Honour of; I ran that of being honest to one another.

Major *Jack* was a merry, facetious, pleasant Boy, and had something of a Gentleman in him: He had a true manly Courage, fear'd nothing, and yet, if he had the Advantage, was the most compassionate Creature alive, and wanted nothing but Honesty to have made him an excellent Man. He had learnt to write and read very well, as you will find in the Process of his Story.

As to myself, I pass'd among my Comrades for a bold resolute Boy; but I had a different Opinion of myself; and therefore shun'd fighting as much as I could. I was wary and dexterous at my Trade, but was not so often catch'd as my Fellow-Rogues. I ran a while. I was a Boy, and never after I came to be a Man, no not once for twenty six Years, being bred in the Trade, and still unhang'd.

I was almost ten Years old, the Captain eleven, and the Major eight, when our good old Nurse died, her Husband was drown'd a little before in the *Glow-worm* Frigate, which was cast away going to *Scotland* with the Duke of *York*, in the Reign of King *Charles II.* and the honest Woman dying very poor in her Parish was obliged to bury her. The good Woman being dead, we were turned loose to the World, rambling about all three together, and the People in *Rensay-Lane* and *Ratcliffe*, knowing us pretty well, we got Victuals easy enough; as for Lodging, we lay in the Summer-Time on Bulk-Heads and at Sho-doors, as for Bed, we knew nothing what belonged to it for many Years after my Nurse died; but in Winter got into the Ash-Holes, and Nealing-Arch in the Glass-Houses, where we were accompanied by several Youngsters like ourselves; some of whom persuaded the Captain to go a kidd-napping with them, a Trade at that Time much followed: the Gang used to catch Children in the Evening, stop their Mouths, and carry them to such Houses, where they had Rogues ready to receive them, who put them on Board Ships bound to *Virginia*, and when they arrived there, they were sold. This wicked Gang were at last taken, and sent to *New-gate*; and Capt. *Jack*, among the rest, though he was not then much above thirteen Years old, and being but a Lad was ordered to be three Times whipped at *Bridewell*, the Recorder telling him, it was done in order to keep him from the Gallows: We did what we could to comfort him; but he was afflicted so severely, that he lay sick for a good while; but as soon as he regain'd his Liberty, he went to his old Gang, and kept among them as long as the Trade lasted for it ceased a few Years after-

wards. The Major and I, though very young, had sensible reflections made on us for some Time by the

severe Usage of the Captain; but it was within the Year, that the Major, a good-condition'd easy Body was wheedled away by a Couple of young Rogues to take a Walk with them. The Gentlemen were very well matched for the oldest of them was not above fourteen, the Business was to go to *Bartholomew-Fair*, and the End of going there was to pick Pockets.

The Major knew nothing of the Trade, and therefore was to do nothing, but they promised him a share with them, for all that, as if he had been as expert as themselves; so away they went. The two dexterous Rogues managed it so well, that by about eight o'Clock at Night, they came back to our dusty Quarters at the Glass-House, and sitting them down in a Corner, they began to share their Spoil by the Light of the Glass-House Fire: The Major jugg'd out the Goods, for as fast as they made any Purchase, they unloaded themselves, and gave all to him, that if they had been taken, nothing might be found about them. It was a Devilish lucky Day to them; the Devil certainly assisting them to find their Prey, that he might draw in a young Gamster, and encourage him to the Undertaking, who had been made backward before by the Misfortune of the Captain. The List of their Purchase the first Night was as follows:

1. *A white Handkerchief from a Country Wench, as she was staring up at a Jack-Pudding: There was three Shillings and Six-Pence, and a Row of Pins tied up in one End of it.*
2. *A coloured Handkerchief out of a young Country Fellow's Pocket, as he was buying a China Orange.*
3. *A Ribband-Purse, with eleven Shillings and three Pence, and a Silver Thimble in it, out of a young Woman's Pocket, just as a Fellow offered to pick her up. — N. B. She mist'd her Purse presently; but not seeing the Thief, charged the Man with it that would have picked her up, and cried out, A Pick-pocket! and he fell into the Hands of the Mob, but being known in the Street, he got off with great Difficulty.*
4. *A Knife and Fork that a Couple of Boys had just bought, and were going Home with; the young Rogue that took it within a Minute after the Boy had put it into his Pocket.*
5. *A little Silver-Box with Seven Shillings in it, all in small Silver 1 d, 2 d, 3 d, 4 d. Pieces.*
6. *Two Silk Handkerchiefs.*
7. *A Jointed-Baby, and a little Looking-Glass, stoln off a Toy-Seller's Stall in the Fair.*

All this Cargo to be brought Home clear in one Afternoon, or Evening rather, and by only two little Rogues, so young, was, it must be confessed extraordinary; and the Major was elevated the next Day to a strange Degree; for he came to me very early, and called me out into a narrow Lane, and shew'd me almost his little hand full of Money. I was surpriz'd at the Sight, when he puts it up again, and bringing his Hand out, *Here*, says he, *you shall have some of it*, and gives me a Six-Pence and a Shilling's worth of the small Silver Pieces. This was very welcome to me, who never had a Shilling of Money together before in all my Life, that I could call my own. I was very earnest to know how he came by this Wealth; he quickly told me the Story; and that he had for his Share Seven Shillings and Six-pence in Money, the Silver-Thimble, and a Silk-Handkerchief.

We went to *Rag Fair*, and bought each of us, a pair of Shoes and Stockings, and afterwards went to a Boiling Cooks in *Rosemary-Lane*, where we treat-

ed ourselves nobly; for we had boil'd Beef, Pudding, a Penny-Brick, and a Pint of Strong-Beer, which cost us Seven Pence in all. That Night the Major triumph'd in our new Enjoyment, and slept in the usual Place, with an undisturb'd Repose: The next Day the Major and his Comrades went abroad again, and were still successful, nor did any Disaster attend them for many Months; and by frequent Imitation and Direction, Major Jack became as dexterous as a Pick-Pocket as any of them, and went through a long Variety of Fortune, too long to enter upon now, because I am hast'ning to my own Story, which at present is the main Thing I have to set down.

Overcome by the Persuasions of the Major, I enter'd myself into his Society, and went down to *Billingsgate* with one of them, which was crouded with Masters of Coal-Ships, Fish-Mongers, and Oyster-Women. It was the first of these People my Comrade had his Eye upon: So he gives me my Orders, which was thus: *Go you, says he, into all the Ale-Houses as we go along, and observe where any People are telling of Money, and when you find any, come and tell me.* So he stood at the Door, and I went into the Houses. As the Collier-Masters generally sell their Coals at the Gate, as they call it; so they generally receive their Money in those Ale-Houses, and it was not long before I brought him Word of several: Upon this, he went in and made his Observations; but found nothing to his Purpose. At length I brought Word, that there was a Man in such a House, who had received a great Deal of Money of somebody, I believed, of several People; and that it lay all upon the Table in Heaps, and he was very busy writing down the Sums, and putting it up in several Bags: *Is he, says he, I'll warrant him, I will have some of it;* and in he goes, walks up and down the House, which had several open Tables and Boxes in it, and listen'd to hear, if he could learn what the Man's Name was, and he heard somebody call him *Cullum*, or some such Name, then he watches his Opportunity, and steps up to him, and tells him a long Story, *That there was two Gentlemen at the Gun-Tavern sent him to enquire for him, and to tell him, they desired to speak with him.*

The Collier-Master had got his Money before him just as I had told him, and had two or three small Payments of Money, which he had put up in little black dirty Bags, and laid by themselves; and as it was hardly broad Day, he found Means in delivering his Message, to lay his Hand upon one of those Bags, and carry it off perfectly undiscover'd. When he had got it, he came out to me, who stood but at the Door, and pulling me by the Sleeve, *Run, Jack, says he, for our Lives;* and away he scours, and I after him, never resting, or scarce looking about me, till we got quite into *Moorfields*. But not thinking ourselves safe there, we run on till we got into the Fields, and finding a By-place, we sat down, and he pulls out the Bag, *Thou are a lucky Boy Jack, says he, thou deservest a good Share of this Job, truly; for 'tis all along of thy lucky News;* So he pours it all out into my Hat; for, as I told you I now wore a Hat.

How he did to whip away such a Bag from any Man who was awake and in his Senses, I can't tell: There was about seventeen or eighteen Pound in the Bag, and he parted the Money, giving me one Third, with which I was very well contented. As we were now so rich, he would not let me lie any longer about the Glass-House, or go naked and ragged as I had done; but obliged me to buy two Shirts, a Waistcoat, and a Great-Coat; for a Great-Coat was more proper for our Business than any other. So I cloathed

myself, as he directed, and we lodged together a little Garret.

Soon after this, we walk'd out again, and then tried our Fortune in the Places by the Exchange second Time. Here we began to act separately, and I undertook to walk by myself, and the first Thing I did accurately, was a Trick I play'd that argues some Skill for a new Beginner; for I had never seen any Business of that kind done before, I saw two Gentlemen mighty eager in Talk, and one pull out a Pocket-Book two or three Times, and then slip it into his Coat-Pocket again, and then came again, and Papers were taken out, and other put in, and then in it went again; and so several Times, the Man being still warmly engaged with another Man, and two or three others standing by them the last Time he put his Pocket-Book to his Pocket with his Hand, and the Book lay Easy Way, resting upon some other Book, or something else in his Pocket; so that it did not go quite down but one Corner of it was seen above his Pocket. When seeing the Book pass and repass, I brushed smoothly, but closely by the Man, and took it clean away, and went directly into *Moorfields*, where my Fellow Rogue was to meet me. It was not long before he came: I had no Occasion to tell him my Success; for he had heard of the Action among the Crowd. We searched the Book, and found several Goldsmith's and other Notes; but the best of the Booty was in one of the Folds of the Cover of the Book: There was a Paper full of loose Diamonds. The Man, as we understood afterwards, was a Jew, and dealt in those glittering Commodities.

We agreed that *Will* (which was my Comrade's Name) should return to the Change to hear what News was stirring, and there he heard of a Reward of one hundred Pound for returning the Thief. The next Day he went to the Gentleman, and told him he had got some Scent of his Book, and the person who took it, and who, he believed, would restore it, for the sake of the Reward, provided he was assured that he should not be punish'd for the Fact. After many Preliminaries, it was concluded, that *Will* should bring the Book, and the Thief to it, and receive the Reward, which on the next Day, he did, and faithfully paid me my Share of it.

Not long after this, it fell out, we were strong about in *Smithfield* on a Friday: There happened to be an old Country Gentleman in the Market, dealing some very large Bullocks; it seems they came out of *Suffex*, for we heard him say, there were no such Bullocks in the whole County of *Surrey*. His Worship, for so they call'd him, had reciev'd the Money for these Bullocks at a Tavern, where Sign I have forgot now, and having some of it in a Bag, and the Bag in his Hand, he was taken with a sudden Fit of Coughing, and stands to Cough, resting his Hand with the Bag of Money in it, upon a Bulk-Head of a Shop, just by the Closter-Gate in *Smithfield*, that is to say, within three or four Yards of it: We were both just behind him, says *Will* to me, *Stand ready:* Upon this, he makes an artificial Stumble, and falls with his Head just against the old Gentleman in the very Moment when he was coughing ready to be strangl'd and quite spent for want of Breath.

The Violence of the Blow, beat the old Gentleman quite down; the Bag of Money did not immediately fly out of his Hand, but I ran to get hold of it, and gave it a quick Snatch, pulled it clean away, and run like the Wind down the *Closter* with it till I got to our old Rendezvous. *Will* in the next Time, fell down with the old Gentleman, but soon got up. The old Knight, for such, it seems he was,

was frighted with the Fall and his Breath so stopp'd with his Cough, that he could not recover himself to speak 'till some Time, during which nimble *Will*, was got up again, and walk'd off; nor could he call out stop Thief, or tell any Body he had lost any Thing for a good while; but coughing vehemently till he was almost black in the Face, he at last brought it out, *The Rogues has got away my Bag of Money.*

All this while the People understood nothing of the Matter; and as for the Rogues indeed, they had Time enough to get clear away, and in about an Hour, *Will* came to the Rendezvous; there we sat down on the Grass again, and turned out the Money, which proved to be eight Guineas, and five pounds eight Shillings in Silver: This we shar'd upon the Spot, and went to work the same Day for more; but whether it was that being flush'd with our Success, we were not so vigilant, or that no other Opportunity offer'd, I know not, but we got nothing more that Night, nor so much as any Thing offer'd itself for an Attempt.

The next Adventure was in the Dusk of the Evening, in a Court which goes out of *Grace-Church-street* into *Lombard-Street*, where the *Quaker's Meeting-house* is, there was a young Fellow, who, as we learn'd afterwards, was a *Woollen-Draper's* Apprentice in *Grace-Church Street*, it seems he had been receiving a Sum of Money, which was very considerable, and he comes to a Goldsmiths in *Lombard-Street* with it, paid in the most of it there, inasmuch that it grew Dark; and the Goldsmith began to be shutting in the Shop, and Candles to be lighted, we watch'd him in there, and stood on the other side of the Way, to see what he did, when he paid in all the Money he intended, he stay'd a little longer to take Notes for what he had paid. At last he comes out of the Shop with still a pretty large Bag under his Arm, and walks over into the Court, which was then very dark, in the middle of the Court is a boarded Entry, and at the End of it a Threshold, and as soon as he had set his Foot over the Threshold, he was to turn on his Left Hand into *Grace-Church Street*.

Keep up, says *Will* to me, be nimble, and as soon as he had said so, he flies at the young Man, and gives him such a violent Thrust, that push'd him forward with too great a Force for him to stand; and as he strove to recover the Threshold, took hold of his Feet, and he fell forward. I stood ready, and presently fell out the Bag of Money, which I heard fall, or it flew out of his Hand, I went forward with the Money, and *Will* finding I had it, run backward. And as I made along *Fenchurch-street* overtook me, and we scoured Home together. The poor young Man was hurt a little with the Fall, and reported to his Master as we heard afterwards, that he was knock'd down: His Master was glad the rest of the Money was paid in to the Bunker, and made no great Noise at the Loss, only cautioned his Apprentice to avoid such dark Places for the Future.

This Booty amounted to 14 l. 18 s. apiece, and added extremely to my Store; which began to grow too big for my management; but still I was at a Loss with whom to trust it. A little after this, *Will* brought me into the Company of two more young fellows; we met at the Lower part of *Gray's Inn Lane*, about an Hour before Sun-set, and went out into the Fields, towards a Place called the *Pindar of Wakefield*, where are abundance of Brick-Hills; here it was agreed to spread from the Field Path, to the Road-way, all the Way towards *Panthers Church*, to observe any Chance Game, which, as they call'd it, they might shoot Flying. Upon

the Path within the Bank on the side of the Road going towards *Kentish Town*, two of our Gang, *Will*, and one of the other met a single Gentleman, walking apace towards the Town, being almost Dark, *Will* Cryed, *Mark, ho*, which, it seems was the Word at which we were all to stand still at a Distance, come in if he wanted Help, and give a Signal if any thing appeared that was Dangerous.

Will steps up to the Gentleman, stops him, and put the Question, that is, *Sir, your Money*; the Gentleman seeing he was alone, struck at him with his Cane, but *Will* a nimble strong Fellow, flew in upon him, and with Struggling got him down, then he begged for his Life. *Will* having told him with an Oath, that he would cut his Throat in that Moment. While this was doing, comes a Hackney Coach along the Road, and the fourth Man who was that Way cries *Mark, ho*, he which was to intimate that it was a Prize, not a Surprize, and accordingly the next Man went up to assist him, where they stop'd the Coach, which had a Doctor of Physick, and a Surgeon in it, who had been to visit some considerable Patient, and I suppose had considerable Fees; for here they got two gold Purfes, one with 11 or 12 Guineas, the other Six, with some pocket Money, two Watches, one Diamond Ring, and the Surgeon's Plaster Box, which was most of it full of silver Instruments.

While they were at this Work, *Will* kept the Man down, who was under him, and tho' he promis'd not to kill him, unless he offer'd to make a Noise, yet he would not let him stir, till he heard the Noise, of the Coach going on again, by which he knew the Jobb was over on that side. Then he carried him a little out of the Way, ty'd his Hands behind him, and bid him lie still and make no Noise, and he would come back in half an Hour, and untie him upon his Word, but if he cry'd out he would come back and kill him. The poor Man promis'd to lie still and make no Noise, and did so, and had not above 11 s. 6d. in his Pocket, which *Will* took, and came back to the rest; but while they were together, I who was on the side of the *Pindar of Wakefield*, cry'd *Mark, ho*, too.

What I saw was a couple of poor Women, one a kind of a Nurse, and the other a Maid-Servant, going for *Kentish Town*. As *Will* knew I was but young at the Work, he came flying to me, and seeing how easy a Bargain it was, he said *Go Col. fall to work.* I went up to them, and speaking to the Elderly Woman, Nurse said I don't be in such haste, I want to speak with you, at which they both stopp'd. and looked a little frighted, don't be frighted Sweet-heart said I to the Maid, a little of that Money in the Bottom of your Pocket, will make all easy, and I'll do you no harm; by this Time *Will* came up to us, for they did not see him before, then they began to scream out, hold says I, make no Noise, unless you have a Mind to force us to Murder you whether we will or no, give me your Money presently, and make no Words, and we shan't hurt you. Upon this the poor Maid pull'd out 5 s. 6d. and the old Woman a Guinea and a Shilling, crying heartily for her Money, and said it was all she had in the World; well we took it for all that, tho' it made my Heart Bleed to see what Agony the poor Woman was in at parting with it; and I ask'd her where she lived, she said her Name was *Smith*, and she lived at *Kentish Town*, I said nothing to her, but bid them go on about their Business; and I gave *Will*, the Money; so in a few Minutes we were all together again; says one of the other Rogues come this is well enough for one Road, it's time to be gone. So we jog'd away, crossing thi Field out of the Path towards *Tottenham Court*; but hold says *Will*,

Will, I must go and untie the Man—m him, says one of them, let him lye, no says *Will* I wont be worse then my Word. I will untie him. So he went to the Place, but the Man was gone; either he had untied himself, or some-Body had passed by, and he had called for Help, and so was untied, for he could not find him, nor make him Hear, tho' he ventured to call twice for him aloud.

This made us hasten away the faster, and getting into *Tottenham Court Road*, they thought it was a little too near, so they made into the Town at *St. Giles's* and crossing to *Piccadilly* went to *Hyde-Park Gate*; here they ventured to rob another Coach that is to say, one of the two other Rogues and *Will*, did it between the *Park Gate* and *Knightsbridge*; there was in it only a Gentleman and a Whore that he had pick'd up it seems at the Spring-Garden a little farther, they took the Gentleman's Money, and his Watch, and his silver hilted Sword; but when they came to the Slut, she damn'd them and cursed them for robbing the Gentleman of his Money, and leaving him none for her; as for herself she had not one Sixpenny-piece about her, tho' she was indeed well enough dressed too. Having made this Adventure, we parted, and went each Man to his Lodging.

Two Days after this, *Will* came to my Lodging, for I had now got a Room by Myself, and appointed me to meet him the next Evening at such a Place. I went, but to my great Satisfaction miss'd him; but met with the Gang at another Place, who had committed a notorious Robbery near *Hounslow*; where they wounded a Gentleman's Gardener, so that I think he died, and robbed the House of a very considerable Sum of Money and Plate. This, however, was not so clean carried, but the Neighbours were alarm'd, the Rogues pursued, and being at *London* with the Booty, one of them was taken; but *Will* being a dextrous Fellow made his Escape with the Money and Plate. He knew nothing that one of his Comrades were taken, and that they were all so closely pursued that every one was obliged to shift for himself. He happened to come in the Evening, as good Luck then directed him. Just after Search had been made for him by the Constables, his Companion who was taken, having upon promise of Favour, and to save himself from the Gallows, Discovered his Confederates; and *Will* among the rest, as the Principal Party in the whole undertaking, he got Notice of it, and left all his Booty at my Lodging, hiding it in an old Coat that lay under my Bed, leaving Word he had been there, and had left the Coat that he borrowed of me, under my Bed. I knew not what to make of it, but went up Stairs, and finding the Parcel, was Surprized to see wrapped up in it, above a hundred Pounds in Plate and Money, and heard nothing of Brother *Will*, as he called himself, for three or four Days, when we sold the Plate after the Rate of two Shillings per Ounce, to a Pawn-Broker near *Cloth-Fair*.

About two Days afterwards, going upon the Strole, who should I meet but my former Brother Captain *Jack*? When he saw me, he came close to me in his blunt Way, and says, *Do you hear the News* I asked him, *What News?* He told me, *My old Comrade and Teacher was taken, and that Morning carried to Newgate; that he was charged with a Robbery and Murder, committed somewhere beyond Brentford; and that the worst was, he was impeached.* I thanked him for his Information, and for that Time parted; but was the very next Morning surpriz'd, when going cross *Rag-Fair*, I heard one call *Jack*? I look'd behind me, and immediately saw three Men,

and after them a Constable, coming towards n, with great Fury, I was in a great Surprize, and started to run; but one of them clapped in upon me got hold of me, and in a Moment the rest furrouned me, and told me they were to apprehend known Thief, who went by the Name of one of the *Three Jacks of Rag-Fair*; for that he was charged upon Oath, with having been a Party in a notorious Robbery, Burglary, and Murther, committed in such a Place, and on such a Day.

Not to trouble the Reader with an Account the Discourse that past between the Justice, before whom I was carried, and myself. I shall, in brief inform him, that my Brother Capt. *Jack*, who had the Forwardness to put it to me, whether I was among them or no; when in Truth he was the himself, had the only Reason to fly, at the first Time that he advised me to shift for myself; so that I was discharged, and in about three Weeks after my Master and Tutor in Wickedness, poor *Will* was executed for the Fact.

I had nothing to do now but to find out the Captain, who, though not without some Trouble, I last got News of, and told him the whole Story. He presently discover'd by his Surprize, that he was guilty, and after a few Words more, told me, *It was all true, that he was in the Robbery, and had the greatest Part of the Booty in Keeping; but what to do with it, or himself he did not know; but thought of flying into Scotland, asking me, if I would go with him?* I consented, and the next Day he shewed me twenty two Pound he had in Money. I honestly produced all the Money I had left, which was upwards of sixteen Pounds. We set out from *London* on Foot, and travelled the first Day to *Ware*; we had learn'd so much of the Road, that our Way lay thro' that Town; from *Ware* we travelled to *Cambridge*, though that was not our direct Road. The Occasion was this: In our Way through *Purridge*, we baited at an Inn, and while we were there, a Countryman came and hung his Horse at the Gate, while he went in to drink: We sat in the Gate-way, having called for a Mug of Beer, drank it up; we had been talking to the Hostler about the way to *Scotland*, and he bid us ask the Road to *Roylton*: But says he, *there is a turning just here a little farther, you must not go that Way; but that goes to Cambridge.*

We had paid for our Beer, and sat at the Door only to rest us, when on a sudden comes a Gentleman's Coach to the Door, and three or four Horsemen rode into the Yard, and the Hostler was obliged to go in with them; says he to the Captain *Young Man, Pray take Hold of the Horse*, meaning the Countryman's Horse I mention'd above, *and take him out of the Way that the Coach may come up:* He did so, and beckoned to me to follow him: We walk'd together to the Turning; says he to me, *Do you step before, and turn up the Lane, I'll overtake you;* so I went on up the Lane, and in a few Minutes, he was got upon the Horse, and my Heels, and bidding me get up, and take a Liberty.

I made no Difficulty of doing so, and away we went at a good round Rate, having a strong Horse under us. We suspected the Countryman would follow us to *Roylton*, because of our Directions from the Hostler; so that we went towards *Cambridge* and went easier after the first Hour's Riding, and coming thro' a Town or two, we alighted by Turn, and did not then ride double; but by the Way picked a Couple of good Shirts of a Hedge; and the Evening got safe to *Cambridge*, where the next Day I bought a Horse for myself, and thus equipped, jogged on through several Places, till we got to *Ston-*

and in *Lincolnshire*, where it was impossible to retain my Captain from playing his Pranks, even at Church, where he went; and placed himself so near a Maid Lady, that he got her Gold Watch from her. Se unperceived; and the same Night we went away by Moon-light, after having the Satisfaction to see the Watch cried, and ten Guineas offered for it. Alas, he would have been glad of the ten Guineas instead of the Watch; but durst not venture to carry it Home. We went through several other Places, such as *Grantham*, *Newark*, and *Nottingham*, where we play'd our Tricks; but at last we got safe to *Edinburgh*, without any Accident but one, which was crossing a Ford, the Captain was really in Danger of drowning, his Horse being driven down by the Stream, he fell under him; but the Rider had a Proverb on his Side, and got out of the Water.

At *Edinburgh* we remain'd about a Month, when on a sudden my Captain was gone, Horse and all, and I knew nothing what was become of him, nor did I ever see or hear of him for eighteen Months after, nor did he so much as leave the least Notice to me, either where he was gone, or whether he would return to *Edinburgh* again or no. I took his leaving me very heinously, not knowing what to do with myself, being a Stranger in the Place, and on the other Hand my Money abated apace too. I had for the most Part of this Time my Horse upon my Hands to keep; and as Horses yield but a sorry Price in *Scotland*, I found no Opportunity to sell him to any Advantage: However, at last I was forced to dispose of him.

Being thus eased of my Horse, and having nothing at all to do, I began to consider with myself what would become of me, and what I could turn myself to. I had not much diminished my Stock of Money; for though I was all the Way so wary, that I could not join with my Captain in his desperate Attempts, yet I made no Scruple to live at his Expence. In the next Place, I was not so anxious about my Money running low, because I had made a Reserve, by leaving upwards of ninety Pounds in a Friend's Hands at *London*; but still I was willing to get into some Employment for a Livelihood. I was sick of the wandering Life I had led, and refused to be a Thief no more, but stuck close to Writing and Reading for about six Months, till I got into the Service of an Officer of the Customs, who employ'd me for a Time; but as he set me to do little but pass and repass between *Leith* and *Edinburgh*, leaving me to live at my own Expence till my Wages should be due, I run out the little Money I had left in Cloaths and Substinance, and a little before the Year's End, when I was to have twelve Pounds *English* Money, my Master was turned out of his Place, and which was worse, having been charged with some Misapplications, was obliged to take Shelter in *England*; so we that were Servants, for there were three of us, were left to shift for ourselves. This was a hard Case for me in a strange Place, and I was reduced by it to the last Extremity. I might have gone for *England*, an *English* Soldier being there; the Mailer proffered to take my Wad for ten Shillings, till I got there: But just as I was upon going, Captain *Jack* appeared again.

I have mentioned how he left me, and that I saw him no more for eighteen Months. His Noble and Adventures were many, in that Time he went to *Glasgow*, playing some very remarkable Pranks there, escaped, almost miraculously, the Gallows, got over to *Ireland*, wandered about there, escaped from *Londonderry* over to the *Fishlands*, and about a Month before, I was left destitute at *Leith*, by my Master, noble Captain

Jack came in there, on board the Ferry-boat from *Fife*, being, after all his Adventures and Successes, advanc'd to the Dignity of a Foot-foldier in a Body of Recruits rais'd in the North for the Regiment of *Douglas*.

After my Disaster, being reduc'd almost as low as *Jack*, I found no better Shift before me, at least not for the present, than to enter myself a Soldier too; and thus we were rank'd together, with each of us a Musket upon our Shoulders. I was extremely delighted with the Life of a Soldier; for I took the Exercises naturally, that the Serjeant, who taught us to handle our Arms, seeing me so ready at it, ask'd me if I had never carried Arms before. I told him no. At which he swore, though jesting, *they call you Colonel*, says he, *and I believe you will be a Colonel, or you must be some Colonel's Bastard, or you would never handle your Arms as you do at once or twice showing*. Whatever was my Satisfaction in that Part, yet other Circumstances did not equally concur to make this Life suit me; for after we had been about six Months in this Figure, we were inform'd that we were to march for *England*, and be shipp'd off at *Newcastle*, or *Hull*, to join the Regiment in *Flanders*. Poor Captain *Jack's* Case was particular; he durst not appear publicly at *Newcastle*, as he must have done had he march'd with the Recruits. In the next Place, I remember'd my Money in *London*, which was almost 100 *l.* and if it had been ask'd all the Soldiers in the Regiment which of them would go to *Flanders* a private Centinel, if they had 100 *l.* in their Pockets, I believ'd none of them would have answer'd in the affirmative.

These two Circumstances concurring, I began to be very uneasy and very unwilling in my Thoughts to go over into *Flanders* a poor Musketeer, to be knock'd on the Head for 3 *s.* 6 *d.* a Week. While I was daily musing on the Hardship of being sent away, as above, Captain *Jack* comes to me one Evening, and ask'd me to take a Walk with him into the Fields, for he wanted to speak with me. We walk'd together here, and talk'd seriously of the Matter, and at last concluded to desert that very Night. The Moon affording a good Light, and *Jack* had got a Comrade with him thoroughly acquainted with the Way cross the *Tweed*, and when he arrived there we were on *English* Ground, and safe enough, from thence we propos'd to get to *Newcastle*, and get some Collier Ship to take us in, and carry us to *London*.

About half an Hour past Eight in the Morning we reach'd the *Tweed*, and here we overtook two more of the same Regiment, who had deserted from *Haddingtown*, where another Part of the Recruits were quarter'd. Those were *Scotsmen*, and very poor, having not one Penny in their Pockets; and when they saw us, who they knew to be of the same Regiment, they took us to be Pursuers; upon which, they stood upon their Defence, having the Regiment Swords on, as we had also, but none of the Mounting or Cloathing, for we were not to receive the Clothes till we came to the Regiment in *Flanders*. It was not long before we made them understand that we were in the same Condition with themselves, and so we became one Company. Our Money was ebb'd very low, and we contriv'd to get into *Newcastle* in the Dusk of the Evening, and even then we durst not venture into the publick Parts of the Town, but made down towards the River below the Town: Here we knew not what to do with ourselves, but, guided by our Fate, we put a good Face upon the Matter, went into an Alehouse, sat down, and called for a Pint of Beer.

The Woman of the House appear'd very frank, and entertain'd us chearfully; so we, at last, told her our Condition, and ask'd her if she could not help us to some kind Master of a Collier, who would give us a Passage to London by Sea. The *subtil Devil*, who immediately found us proper Fish for her Hook, gave us the kindest Words in the World, and told us she was heartily sorry she had not seen us one Day sooner; that there was a Collier-Master of her particular Acquaintance who went away but with the Morning Tide; that the Ship was fallen down to *Sheilds*, but she believ'd was hardly over the Bar yet, and she would send to his House and see if he was gone on board (for sometimes the Masters do not go away till a Tide after the Ship;) and she was sure, if he was not gone, she could prevail with him to take us all in; but then she was afraid we must go on board immediately, the same Night.

We begg'd of her to send to his House, for we knew not what to do; for as we had no Money, we had no Lodging, and wanted nothing but to be on board. We look'd upon this as a mighty Favour, that she sent to the Master's House; and, to our greater Joy, she brought us Word, about an Hour after, that he was not gone, and was at a Tavern in the Town, whither his Boy had been to fetch him; and that he had sent Word he would call there in his Way Home. This was all in our Favour, and we were extremely pleas'd with it. In about an Hour he comes into the Room to us: *Where are these honest Gentlemen Soldiers*, says he, *that are in such Distress?* We stood all up, and paid our Respects to him. *Well, Gentlemen*, said he, *and is all your Money spent?*

Indeed it is, said one of our Company, and we will be infinitely obliged to you, Sir, if you will give us a Passage. We will be very willing to do any Thing we can, in the Ship, though we are not Seamen.

Why, says he, were none of you ever at Sea in your Lives?

No, says we, not one of us.

You will be able to do me no Service, then; for you will all be sick. However, for my good Landlady's Sake here, I'll do it. But are you all ready to go on board; for I go on board, myself, this very Night.

Yes, Sir, says we, again, we are ready to go, this very Minute.

No, no, said he, very kindly, *We'll drink together*. Come Landlady, says he, make these honest Gentlemen a Sneaker of Punch.

We look'd at one another, for we knew we had no Money, and he perceiv'd it. Come, come, said he, don't be concern'd at your having no Money; my Landlady, here, and I, never parts with dry Lips, Come, good Wife, make the Punch, as I bid you.

We thanked him, and said, *God bless you, noble Captain*, a hundred Times over, being over-joy'd at our good Luck. While we were drinking the Punch, he told the Landlady he would step Home, and order the Boat to come at High-water, bad her get something for Supper, which she did.

In less than an Hour, our Captain came again, and came up to us, and blam'd us that we had not drank the Punch out. Come, said he, don't be bashful; when that's out, we can have another: When I am obliging poor Men, I love to do it handsomely.

We drank on, and drank the Punch out; more was brought up, and he push'd it about a-pace; Then came up a Leg of Mutton. I need not say we fed heartily, being several Times told we should pay nothing. After Supper was done, he bids my Landlady ask if the Boat was come; and she brought

Word no, it was not High-Water by a great deal. Then more Punch was call'd for, and, as was afterwards confess'd, something more than ordinary was put into it, that, by the Time the Punch was drunk out, we were all intoxicated, and, as for me, I fell a-sleep.

At last, I was rouz'd, and told that the Boat was come: So I, and my drunken Comrades, tumbl'd out, almost one over another, into the Boat, and away we went with our Captain. Most of us, if not all, fell a-sleep till after some Time, though I was much, or how far going, we knew not. The Boat stopp'd and we were wak'd and told we were at the Ship's Side, which was true and with much Help, and holding us, for Fear we should fall on board, our Captain, as we call'd him, call'd us this: *Here. Boatfswain, take Care of those Gentlemen, give them good Cabins, and let them turn into Sleep, for they are very weary*. And so indeed, we were, and very drunk too.

Care was taken of us, according to Order, and we were put into very good Cabins, where we were sure to go immediately to sleep; in the mean Time, the Ship, which was indeed just ready to go, did only on Notice given, had come to Anchor for us at *Sheilds* weigh'd. stood over the Bar, and went off to Sea, and when we wak'd, and began to stir Abroad, which was not till near Noon the next Day, we found our selves a great Way at Sea, the Land in Sight, indeed, but at a great Distance, and all going merrily on for London, as I thought. We were very well us'd, and very well satisfy'd with our Condition, for about three Days; when we began to enquire whether we were not almost come, and so much longer it would be before we should come to the River. *What River?* says one of the Men. *Why the Thames*, says my Captain Jack. *Why the Thames*, says the Sailor, *what d'ye mean by that?* *What ha'n't you had Time enough to be sober,* says So Captain Jack said no more, but look'd very uneasy, when, a While after, some other of us ask'd the Question, and the Seamen, who knew nothing of the Cheat, began to smell a Rat, and, turning to the other Englishman, who came with us, *Pray, say, where do you fancy you are going, that you ask me ten about it?* *Why to London*, says he, *where shall we be going?* *We agreed with the Captain to come to London*.

Not with the Captain says he, I dare say, for Men you are all cheated, and I thought so, when I saw you come aboard with that Kidnapping Roge Gilliman, poor Men adds he, you are all betrayed, for the Ship is bound to *Virginia*. As soon as we heard this News, we were raving Men, drew our swords and swore revenge; but we were soon overpower'd and carried before the Captain, who told us, he was sorry for what had happened, but that he had no hand in it, and it was out of his power to help us, and let us know very plainly what our Condition was, namely, that we were put on board this Ship as Servants to *Maryland*, to be delivered a Person there, but that however, if we would be quiet and orderly in his Ship, he would use us well in the Passage; but if we were unruly, we must be Handcuff'd and kept between Deck, for it was his Business to take care no Disturbance happened in the Ship.

No hand in it! Damn him says my Captain Jack, aloud, do you think he is not a Confederate in this Villainy? would any honest Man receive innocent People on board his Ship, and not enquire of the Circumstances, but carry him away, and not speak to them? Why does he not set us on Shore again, I tell you he is a Villain, and none but him; why

he not compleat his Villainy, and Murder us, and then he'll be free from our Revenge? But nothing else shall deliver him from my Hands, but sending us to the D——l, or going thither himself; and I am honest in telling him so fairly, than he had been to me.

All this Discourse availed nothing, we were forced to be Quiet, and had a very good Voyage, no Storms all the Way; but just before we arrived, one of the Scotsmen asked the Captain of the Ship, whether he would sell us, Yes said he; why then Sir; says the Scotsman, the Devil will have you at the hinder End of the Bargain. Say you so, says the Captain, Smiling, well, well, let the Devil and I alone to agree about that, do you be Quiet, and behave Civilly as you should do.

When we come ashore, which was on the Banks of a River they call *Potomack*, *Jack* says, I have something to say to you Captain; that is, I have promised to cut your Throat, and depend upon it I will be as good as my Word. Our Captain or Kidnapper, call him as you will, made no Answer, but delivered us to the Merchant to whom we were consigned, who again disposed off us as he thought fit; and in a few Days we were separated.

As for my Captain *Jack*, to make short of the story, that desperate Rogue had the good Luck to have an easy good Master, whom he abused very much; for he took an Opportunity to run away with Boat, which his Master entrusted him, and another with, to carry Provisions to a Plantation down the river. This Boat and Provisions they run away with, and sailed North to the Bottom of the Bay, *they call it*, and there quitting the Boat, they wandered through the Woods, till they got into *Pennsylvania*; from whence they made Shift to get a Passage to *New-England*, and from thence Home; were falling in among his old Companions, and to the old Trade, he was at length taken and hanged about a Month before I came to *London*, which was near twenty Years afterwards.

My Part was harder at the Beginning, tho' better at the Latter End; I was sold to a rich Planter, whose Name was *Smith*. During this Scene of Life had Time to reflect on my past Hours; and tho' had no great Capacity of making a clear Judgment of very little Reflections from Conscience, yet it made some Impressions upon me. I behaved myself well, that my Master took Notice of me, and made me one of his Overseers; and was so kind as to send my Note of my Friends Hand for the 93^l, fore-mentioned, to his Correspondent; who received and returned me the Money. My good Master a little Time after, says to me, *Colonel* don't flatter me, I love plain Dealing; Liberty is precious to every Body, I give you yours, and will take Care you shall be well used by the Country, and will get you a good Plantation.

I insisted I would not quit his Service, for the best Plantation in *Maryland*, that he had been so good to me, and I believed I was so useful to him, that I could not think of it; and at last I added I hoped he could not believe but I had as much Gratitude as a Negro.

He smiled and said he would not be served upon these Terms, that he did not forget what he had promised, nor what I had done in his Plantation; and that he was resolved in the first Place to give me my Liberty, so he pulls out a piece of Paper, and throws it to me; there, says he, is a Certificate of your command on Shore, and being sold to me for five Years, which you have lived three with me, and now you are your own Master.

I Bowed and told him, that I was sure if I was

my own Master, I would be his Servant, as long as he would accept of my Service. He told me he would accept of my Service, on these two Conditions. First, That he would give me 30^l, *per Ann.* and my board, for my managing the Plantation I was then employ'd in. And Secondly, That at the same Time he would procure me a new Plantation to begin with upon my own account; for *Jack*, says he, smiling, tho' you are but a young Man, 'tis Time you was doing something for yourself.

Not long after, he purchased in my Name about 300 Acres of Land, near his own Plantation, as he said, that I might the better take Care of his. My Master, for such I must still call him, generously gave it me; but *Colonel* says he, giving you this Plantation is nothing at all, if I do not assist you to support it, and to carry it on, and therefore I will give you Credit, for whatever is needful. Such as Tools, Provisions, and some Servants to begin. Materials for Out-houses, and Hogs, Cows, Horses, for Stock, and the Like; and I'll take it out out of your returns from abroad, as you can Pay it.

Thus got to be a Planter, and encouraged by a kind Benefactor, that I might not be wholly taken up with my new Plantation; he gave me freely without any Consideration, one of his Negro's named *Mouchat*, whom I always esteemed. Besides this, he sent to me two Servants more, a Man and a Woman; but these he put to my Account as above. *Mouchat* and these two fell immediately to Work for me, they began with about two Acres of Land, which had but little Timber on it at first, and most of that was cut down by the two Carpenters who built my House. It was a great Advantage to me, that I had so Bountiful a Master who help'd me out in every Case; for in this very first Year, I received a terrible Blow; having sent a large Quantity of Tobacco, to a Merchant at *London*, by my Master's Direction, which arrived safe there. The Merchant was ordered to make the Return in a sorted Cargo of Goods for me, such as would have made a Man of me all at once, but to my inexpressible Terror and Surprise; the Ship was lost, and that just at the Entrance into the Capes, that is to say, the Mouth of the Bay; some of the Goods were recovered, but spoiled. In short, nothing but the Nails, Tools, and Iron-work were good for any Thing; and tho' the Value of them was very Considerable in proportion to the Rest; yet my Loss was irreparably great, and indeed, the greatness of the Loss consisted in its being irreparable.

I was perfectly astonished at the first News of the Loss, knowing that I was in Debt to my Patron or Master, so much, that it must be several Years before I should recover it; and as he brought me the bad News himself he perceived my Disorder; that is to say, he saw I was in the utmost Confusion, and a kind of Amazement: and so indeed I was, because I was so much in Debt. But he spoke cheerfully to me, come says he, do not be so discouraged, you may make up this Loss, no Sir, says I, that never can be, for it is my All, and I shall never be out of Debt; well, says he, you have no Creditor, however, but me, and now remember I once told you, I would make a Man of you, and I will not disappoint you; for this Disaster I thank'd him, and did it with more Ceremony and Respect than ever, because I thought myself more under the Hatches than I was before: But he was as good as his Word, for he did not Bauik me in the Least, of any Thing I wanted, and as I had more Iron work saved out of the Ship in Proportion, that I wanted, I supplied him with some Part of it, and took up some Linnen and Cloaths, and other Necessaries from him in Exchange, and now I began

to increafe visibly ; I had a large Quantity of Land cured, that is freed from Timber, and a very good Crop of Tobacco in view, and I got three Servants more, and one Negro ; so that I had five white Servants, and two Negro's ; and with this my Affairs went very well on ; the first Year indeed I took my Wages or Salary, of 30 *l.* a Year, because I wanted it very much ; but the Second and Third Year, I resolv'd not to take it, but to leave it in my Benefactor's Hands, to clear off the Debt I had Contracted.

At the same Time my Thoughts dictated to me, that tho' this was the Foundation of my new Life, yet that this was not the Superstructure, and that I might still be born for greater Things than these, that it is Honesty and Virtue alone, that made Men Rich and Great, and gave them Fame, as well as Figure in the World, and that therefore I was to lay my Foundation in these, and expect what might follow in Time. To help these Thoughts as I had learn'd to Read and Write when I was in *Scotland* ; so I began now to love Books, and particularly, had an Opportunity of Reading some very Considerable ones, some of which I bought at a Planter's House, who was lately Dead, and his Goods fold, and others I borrowed. I considered my present State of Life to be my meer Youth, tho' I was now above 30 Years old, because in my Youth I had learned nothing : and if my daily Business, which was now great, would have permitted, I would have been content to have gone to School ; however, Fate which had something else in Store for me, threw an Opportunity into my Hand, namely, a clever Fellow that came over a transported Felon from *Bristol*, and fell into my Hands for a Servant : He had led a loose Life that he acknowledged, and being driven to Extremities, took to the High way, for which had he been taken, he would have been hanged ; but falling into some low priz'd Rogueries afterwards, for want of Opportunity for worse, was Caught, Condemn'd, and Transported, and, as he said, was glad he came off so.

He was an excellent Scholar, and I perceiving it, asked him one Time, if he could give a Method how I might learn the Latin Tongue ; he said, smiling, yes, he could teach it me in three Months, if I would let him have Books, or even without Books if he had Time. I told him a Book would become his Hand better than a Hoe, and if he could promise to make me but understand Latin though to read it, and understand other Languages by it, I would ease him of the Labour which I was now obliged to put him to ; especially if I was assur'd that he was fit to receive that Favour of a kind Master. In short, I made him to me, what my kind Benefactor made me to him ; and from him I gained a Fund of knowledge infinitely more valuable than the Rate of a Slave, which was what I paid for it ; but of this hereafter.

In this Posture I went on for 12 Years, and was very successful in my Plantation, and had gotten by means of my Master's Favour, who now I called my Friend, a Correspondent in *London*, with whom I Traded ; shipped over my Tobacco to him, and received *European* Goods in Returns, such as I wanted to carry on my Plantation, and sufficient to sell to others also. In this interval, my good Friend and Benefactor died ; and I was left very Disconsolate on account of my Loss, for it was indeed a great Loss to me ; he had been a Father to me, and I was like a forsaken Stranger without him ; tho' I knew the Country and the Trade too well enough, and had for some Time chiefly carried on his whole Business for him, yet I seem'd now at a Loss, my Council-

lor and my chief Supporter was gone ; and I had no Confident to communicate myself too, on all Occasions as formerly but there was no Remedy. I was however, in a better Condition to stand alone then ever : I had a very large Plantation, and had near 70 Negro's, and other Servants.

Now I looked upon myself as one Buried alive in a remote Part of the World, where I could see nothing at all, and hear but a little of what was seen, and that little not till at least half a Year after it was done, and sometimes a Year or more, and in a Word, the old Reproach often came in my Way, namely, that even this was not yet the Life of a Gentleman. However. I now began to frame my Thoughts for a Voyage to *England*, resolving then to Act as I should see Cause, but with a secret Resolution to see more of the World if possible, and Realize those Things to my Mind, which I had hitherto only entertained remote Ideas of, by the Help of Books.

It was three Years after this, before I could get Things in Order, fit for my leaving the Country. In this Time I delivered my Tutor from his Bondage and would have given him his Liberty, but to my great Disappointment I found that I could not empower him to go for *England* till his Time was expired, according to the Certificate of his Transportation, which was register'd ; so I made him one of my Overseers, and thereby raised him gradually to Prospect of Living in the same Manner, and by the like Steps, that my good Benefactor raised me, only that I did not assist him to enter upon Planting so himself as I was assisted, neither was I upon the Spot to do it ; but this Man by his Diligence and honest Application delivered himself, even unassisted, a farther than by making him an Overseer, which was only a present Ease and Deliverance from the hard Labour and Fare, which he endured as a Servant. However, in this Trust he behaved so faithfully, as so diligently, that it recommended him in the Country, and, when I came back, I found him in Circumstances very differing from what I left him in ; besides, his being my principal Manager for near 2 Years, as you shall hear it its Place.

I was now making Provision for my going to *England*, after having settled my Plantation in his Hands as was fully to my Satisfaction. My first Work was, to furnish myself with such a Stock of Goods and Money as might be sufficient for my Occasions abroad, and particularly, might allow to make large Returns to *Maryland*, for the Use and Support of all my Plantations ; but when I came to look nearer into the Voyage, it occur'd to me that would not be prudent to put my Cargo all on board the same Ship that went in : So I shipp'd, at several Times, five hundred Hogheads of Tobacco, in several Ships, for *England*, giving Notice to my Correspondent, in *London*, that I would embark about such a Time to come over myself, and ordering him to insure for a considerable Sum proportion'd to the Value of my Cargo.

About two Months after this, I left the Place, and embark'd for *England* in a Rout Ship, carrying 2 Guns, and about 600 Hogheads of Tobacco ; and we left the Capes of *Virginia* on the first of *August*. We had a very fair and rough Voyage for the first Fortnight, though it was in a Season generally noted for good Weather. We met with Storm, and our Ship was greatly damag'd, and for Leaks we had, but not so bad, but, by the Diligence of the Seamen, they were stopp'd ; after which, we had tolerable Weather, and a good Sea, till we came into the Soundings, for so they call the Mouth of the *British* Channel. In the Grey of the Morning a *French* Privateer, of 25 Guns, appear'd, and crow-

ed after us with all the Sail they could make. Our Captain exchange'd a Broad-side or two with them, which was terrible Work to me; for I had never seen such before; the *Frenchman's* Guns, having rak'd us, and kill'd and wounded six of our Men. In short, after a Fight long enough to shew us that if we would not be taken, we must resolve to sink by her Side, for there was no Room to expect Deliverance, and a Fight long enough to save the Master's Credit, we were taken, and the Ship carried away for St. Malo's. I had, however, besides my being taken, the Mortification to be detain'd on board the Cruiser, and seeing the Ship I was in, mann'd by *Frenchmen*, set sail from us. I afterwards heard that she was re-taken by an *English* Man of War, and carried into *Portsmouth*.

The Rover cruiz'd abroad again, in the Mouth of the Channel, for some Time, and took a Ship richly laden, bound homeward from *Jamaica*. This was a noble Prize for the Rogues, and they hastened away with her to St. Malo's, and from thence I went to *Bordeaux*, where the Captain ask'd me if I would be deliver'd up a State Prisoner, get myself exchanged, or pay 300 Crowns. I desir'd Time to write to my Correspondent in *England*, who sent me a Letter of Credit, and in about six Weeks I was exchange'd for a Merchant Prisoner in *Plymouth*. I got Passage from hence to *Dunkirk*, on board a *French* Vessel; and having a Certificate of an exchange'd Prisoner from the Intendant of *Bordeaux*, I had a Passport given me to go into the *Spanish Netherlands*, and so whither I pleas'd. I went to *Ghent*, afterwards to *Newport*, where I took the Packet-Boat, and came over to *England*, landing at *Deal* instead of *Dover*, the Weather forcing us into the *Dover*.—When I came to *London*, I was very well receiv'd by my Friend to whom I had consign'd my Effects; for all my Goods came safe to hand, and my Overseers I had left behind, had shipp'd, at several Times, 400 Hogheads of Tobacco, to my Correspondent, in my Absence. So that I had above 1000 *l.* in my Factor's Hands, and 200 Hogheads besides, left in Hand, unfold.

I had nothing to do now but entirely to conceal myself from all that had any Knowledge of me before; and this was the easiest Thing in the World to do, for I was grown out of every Body's Knowledge, and most of those I had known, were grown out of mine; my Captain who went with me, or rather who carried me away, I found by enquiring at the proper Place, had been rambling about the World, came to *London*, fell into his old Trade, which he could not forbear, and growing an eminent Highwayman, had made his Exit at the Gallows, after a Life of 14 Years most exquisite and successful Rogueries; the Particulars of which, would make, as I observed, an admirable History. My other Brother *Jack*, who I called *Major*, followed the like wicked Trade; but was a Man of more Gallantry and Generosity, and having committed innumerable Depredations upon Mankind, yet had always so much Dexterity, as to bring himself off, till at length he was laid laid fast in *Newgate*, and loaded with Irons, and would certainly have gone the same Way as the Captain, but he was so dextrous a Rogue, that no Goal, no Fetters would hold him; and he with two more, found means to knock off their Irons, work'd their way thro' the Wall of the Prison, and set themselves down on the Outside, in the Night: so escaping, they found means to get into *France*, where he followed the same Trade, and that with so much Success, that he grew famous by the Name of *Anthony*, and had the Honour with three of his Comrades, who he had taught the *English* Way of

Robbing generously, as they called it, without murdering, or wounding, or ill-using those they robbed, to be broke upon the Wheel, at the *Greve* in *Paris*.

All these Things I found means to be fully informed of, and to have a long Account of the Particulars of their Conduct from some of their Comrades, who had the good Fortune to escape, and who I got the Knowledge of, without letting them so much as guess at who I was, or upon what Account I enquir'd.

I was now at the height of my good Fortune, and got the Name of a great Merchant. I lived single, and in Lodging, and kept a French Servant, being very desirous of improving myself in that Language, and received 5 or 600 Hogheads a Year from own Plantations, and spent my Time in that, and supplying my People with Necessaries at *Maryland*, as they wanted them.

In this private Condition I continu'd about two Years more, when the Devil owing me a Spleen ever since I refus'd being a Thief, paid me home, with Interest, by laying a Snare in my Way, which had almost ruin'd me.

There dwelt a Lady in the House opposite to the House I lodg'd in, who made an extraordinary Figure, and was a most beautiful Person. She was well bred, sung admirably fine, and sometimes I could hear distinctly, the Houses being over-against one another in a narrow Court. This Lady put herself so often in my Way, that I could not in good Manners forbear taking Notice of her and giving the Ceremony of my Hat, when I saw her at her Window, or at the Door, or when I pass'd her in the Court: So that we became almost acquainted at a Distance. Sometimes she also visited at the House I lodg'd at, and it was generally contriv'd that I shou'd be introduc'd when she came. And thus, by Degrees, we became more intimately acquainted, and often convers'd together in the Family, but always in publick, at least for a great While. I was a meer Boy in the Affair of Love, and knew the least of what belong'd to a Woman, of any Man in *Europe* of my Age; the Thoughts of a Wife, much less a Mistress, had never so much as taken the least Hold of my Head, and I had been, till now, as perfectly unacquainted with the Sex, and as unconcern'd about them, as I was when I was ten Years old, and lay in a Heap of Ashes at the Glass-house.

She attack'd me without ceasing, with the Finess of her Conduct, and with Arts which were impossible to be ineffectual. She was ever, as it were, in my View, often in my Company, and yet kept herself so on the Reserve, so surrounded continually with Obstructions, that for several Months after she could perceive I sought an Opportunity to speak to her. She render'd it impossible, nor could I ever break in upon her, she kept her Guard so well.

This rigid Behaviour was the greatest Mystery that could be, considering, at the same Time, that she never declin'd my seeing her, or conversing with me in publick, but she held it on. She took Care never to sit next me, that I might slip no Paper into her Hand, or speak softly to her. She kept some Body or other always between, that I could never come up to her. And thus, as if she was resolv'd really to have nothing to do with me, she held me at the Bay several Months. In short, we came nearer and nearer every Time we met, and at last gave the World the Slip, and were privately married, to avoid Ceremony, and the publick Inconveniency of a Wedding.

No sooner were we married, but she threw off the

the Mask of her Gravity and good Conduct, and carried it to such an Excess, that I could not but be dissatisfied at the Expence of it. In about a twelve-month she was brought to Bed of a fine Boy; and her Lying-in cost me as near as I can now remember, 136*l.* which, she told me, she thought was a Trifle. Such Jarring continually between us, produced a Separation; and she demanded 300*l. per Annum* for her Maintenance. In the Interim of this, by means of two trusty Agents, I got Proof of my Spouse's being caught several Times in Bed with another Person, and by whom she had a Daughter. I sued her in the Ecclesiastical Court, in order to obtain a Divorce; and, as she found it impossible to avoid it, she declin'd a Defence, and I gain'd a legal Decree of Divorce.

Things being at this Pass, I resolv'd to go over to France, where I fell into Company with some *Irish* Officers of the Regiment of *Dillon*, where I bought a Company, and so went into the Army directly. Our Regiment, after I had been some Time in it, was command'd into *Italy*, and one of the most considerable Actions I was in, was the famous Attack upon *Cremona* in the *Milaneze*, where the *Germans* being treacherously let into the Town by Night, through a kind of Common-Shore, surpriz'd the Town, and took the Duke de *Villeroy* Prisoner, beating the *French* Troops into the Citadel, but were in the Middle of their Victory so boldly attack'd by two *Irish* Regiments, that, after a most desperate Fight, and not being able to break through us to let in their Friends, were obliged to quit the Town, to the eternal Honour of those *Irish* Regiments. Having been in several Campaigns, I was permitted to sell my Company, and got the Chevalier's *Brevet* for a Colonel, in case of raising Troops for him in *Great Britain*. I, accordingly, embark'd on board the *French* Fleet, for the Firth of *Edinburgh*; but they over-shot their Landing-place: And this Delay gave Time to the *English* Fleet, under Sir *George Byng*, to come to an Anchor just as we did.

Upon this Surprize, the *French* Admiral set sail, and crowding away to the North, got the Start of the *English* Fleet escap'd, with the Loss of one Ship only, to *Dunkirk*; and glad I was to set my Foot on Shore again, for all the While we were thus flying for our Lives, I was under the greatest Terror imaginable, and nothing but Halts and Gibbets run in my Head, concluding, that if I had been taken, I should certainly have been hang'd.

I took my Leave of the Chevalier and the Army, and made Haste to *Paris*, a Place full of Gallantry, and where I again foolishly tried my Fate in Matrimony; for in less than three Months I caught my good-natur'd Wife in Bed with a *French* Marquis,

whom I the next Day fought, and left for dead. I took Post-Horses for *Flanders*, and, at last, got safe once more to *London*, from which Place I embark'd for *Virginia*, and had a tolerable Voyage thither, only that we met with a Pyrate Ship, who plunder'd us of every Thing they could come at that was for their Turn: But, to give the Rogues their Due, though they were the most abandon'd Wretches that ever were seen, they did not use us ill; and, as to my Loss, it was not considerable.

I found all my Affairs in very good Order at *Virginia*, my Plantations prodigiously increas'd, and my Manager, who first inspir'd me with travelling Thoughts, and made me Master of any Knowledge worth naming, receiv'd me with a Transport of Joy, after a Ramble of four and twenty Years. I was exceedingly satisfied with his Management, for he had improv'd a very large Plantation of his own, at the same Time; however, I had the Mortification to see two or three of the *Preston* Gentlemen there, who being Prisoners of War, were spar'd from the public Execution, and sent over to that Salvery, which to Gentlemen, must be worse than Death.

During my Stay here, I married a Maid I brought over from *England*, who behav'd her self, for some Time, extraordinary well, but at last turn'd Whore like the rest, got the Foul Disease, and died; and I not liking to stay long in a Place, I was so much talk'd of, sent to one of my Correspondents for Copy of the general free Pardon then granted, and wherein it was manifest I was fully included.

After I had settled my Affairs, and left the faithful Steward, I again embark'd for *England*, and after a Trading Voyage (for we touch'd at several Places in our Way,) I arriv'd safe, determining to spend the Remainder of my Life in my native Country; for here I enjoy the Moments which I had never before known how to employ, I mean that looking back upon an ill-spent Life.

Perhaps, when I wrote these Things down, I did not foresee that the Writings of our own Story would be so much the Fashion in *England*, or so agreeable to others to read, as I find Custom, and the Humour of the Times, has caus'd it to be. Any one that reads my Story pleases to make the same just Reflections, which I acknowledge I ought to have made, he will reap the Benefit of my Misfortunes, perhaps, more than I have done myself 'tis evident, by the long Series of Changes and Turns which have appear'd in the narrow Compass of our private mean Person's Life, that the History of Men's Lives may be many Ways made useful and instructing to those who read them, if moral and religious Improvement, and Reflections, are made by those that write them.

The LIFE of WHITNEY.

HIS notorious Malefactor was born at *Stewenage* in *Hertfordshire*, where he was put Apprentice to a Butcher, as soon as he was fit for Servitude. He serv'd his Time, as far as we have heard, very faithfully; but was not long his Master before he took to the irregular Courses that brought Destruction upon him, and branded his Name with Infamy.

He was pleasantly disappointed, as he would himself frequently confess afterwards, in the first Piece of Slavery that ever he contrived. Going with another Butcher to *Rumford* in *Essex*, in order to buy a Horse, they met with one which they had a particular Fancy to: but the Owner demanded what they thought an extravagant Price for it, so that they could not strike a Bargain: However, as the Man kept a Publick House, our Companions agreed to go in and drink with him. They were very much vex'd in their Minds, to think that they could not have their Wishes, and were contriving how to be revenged of their Landlord; when *Whitney* suddenly whisper'd these Verses to his Comrade, *What Business have we to spend much Money out of our Pockets, for what we may by and by get for nothing? We know where the Hairs, and what should hinder our taking him, when we have an Opportunity?* The other came directly up to his Measure, and so they sat boozing till late.

In the Evening there came a Fellow into the Town with a great She Bear, which he carried about for a while, and was his Fortune to put up at the House where our two Butchers were drinking in an inner Room; for it being juft at the Town's End, there was no Place so convenient besides. The Man of the Horse was some Time before he conclude where to put the Bear, at last he resolv'd to move the Calf into another Out-house, and tie Madam Bruin up in his place, which was done accordingly, without the Knowledge of *Whitney*, and his Friend, who continued drinking till they were told, it was Time to go to Bed.

Upon this Warning they paid their Reckoning, and went out, staying in the Fields near the Town, till they imagin'd the Time favour'd their Design. The Night was very dark, and they came to the Gate without making any Noise or Disturbance. *Whitney* was to go in and fetch out their Prey, while the other watch'd without. When he was enter'd, he look'd about for the Calf till he got hold of the Bear, which lying after the sluggish Manner peculiar to these Creatures, he began to tickle it to make it stir. At last being awak'd, the poor Beast, being blind and blind, rose up on her Hind Legs, not knowing but it was her Master going to show her. *Whitney* still continued feeling about, wondering at the length of the Calf's Hair, and that he should be in such a Posture, till the Bear caught hold of him, and hugg'd him fast between her fore

In this Posture he remain'd, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, till the other Butcher, wondering at his long Stay, put his Head in at the Door, and said, with a low Voice, *What a Pox, will you be all the Night stealing a Calf? A Calf, quoth Whitney, I believe it's the Devil, that I am going to steal; for he hugs me as closely as he does the Witch in the Statue. Let it be the Devil, says t'other bring him out however, that we may see what he is like, which is something that I should be very glad to know.* *Whitney* was too much surpriz'd to be pleas'd with the Jest of his Companion, so that he replied with some Choller: *Come and fetch him yourself: for may I be pox'd, if I half like him.* Hereupon t'other enter'd, and after a little Examination, found, how they were bit. By his Assistance *Whitney* got loose, and they both swore, they would never attempt to steal Calves any more for this Trick.

Whitney, after this, took the *George-Inn* at *Chestnut* in *Hertfordshire*, where he entertain'd all Sorts of bad Company; but not thriving in this Way, he was in a little Time oblig'd to shut up his Doors, and entirely give over the Occupation. He now came up to *London*, the common Sanctuary of such Men, where he liv'd very irregularly, and at last, when Necessitous Circumstances came on him apace, wholly gave himself up to Villainy.

It was still some Time before he took to the Highway, following only the common Tricks practis'd by the Sharpers of the Town, in which he was the more successful as he always went dress'd like a Gentleman; it being easier to impose upon Mankind with a good Suit of Cloaths, than any other Way whatsoever. But the World is governed by Appearances, and always will be, unless Providence should ever see fit to make the Characters of Virtue and Vice more visible. A poor Man, tho' endow'd with ever so honest, and generous a Soul, is avoided by every Body; so that he can hardly in his Life find an Opportunity to discover himself, and let a mistaken World see what he possesses: While the greatest Villain that ever was born, may be carass'd by all Companies, if he has but Credit enough to get good Apparel, and Impudence to thrust himself forwards.

One Morning, *Whitney* stood on *Ludgate-Hill*, at a Mercer's Door, waiting for a Friend whom he expected to come by, when two Misses of the Town well habited came along. These Ladies took our Gentleman for the Master of the Shop, and supposing him by his Looks to be an amorous young Bachelor; one of them, in order to begin a little Conversation, ask'd him, if he had any fine Silks of the newest Fashion, *Whitney* readily replied, *That he had none by him at present, but in a Day or two's Time, he should have Choice. Several Weavers being to bring him in Pieces made from the last Patterns that were going. Then Ladies, says he, I shall be glad to supply you with what you want; and there is no Man in England will use you better. Only please to leave your*

your Names, and where you live, that I may do myself the Honour to wait on you. Here our Madams were put to it for an Answer; but looking a little on one another, she that spoke first told him, *That being newly come to Town, they did not remember the Name of the Street where they lodged; but it was not far off, and if he pleased to go with them, they would shew him their Habitation, such as it was.*

Whitney, to be sure consented, and to make the Affair appear with a better Face, he stepp'd into the Shop as if he went to give Orders to the Apprentice, to whom he only put some impertinent Questions, and came out again unsuspected. Away trudge the Ladies and their 'Squire, who when they told him they were come to the Door, very civilly offered to take his Leave of them. *Nay, Sir,* says one of them, *but you shall walk in, and take a Glass of Wine with us, since you have been so good as to give yourself all this Trouble?* *Whitney* thanked them, and with Abundance of Complaisance, accepted the Favour.

Hitherto both Parties were deceived. *Whitney* really took them for Gentewomen of Fortune, and came Home with them only to learn something that might forward him to make a Prey of them, and they as confidently believed him to be the Mercer, who own'd the Shop at which they picked him up. Their Designs were to get his Money out of his Pocket, and if they could, a Suit or two of Cloaths into the Bargain. What confirm'd them in this Opinion was, the Notice he took of several Gentlemen as he pass'd along the Street, by pulling off his Hat to them; and their returning the same Compliment. *Whitney* did it for this very Purpose, and it is natural and common for Men of Fashion to re-salute those who salute them, whether they know them or no, because a Man may be known by one whom he can't remember on a sudden to have ever seen before.

The Ladies introduced their supposed Cully into an Appartment splendidly furnished, where a Table was instantly spread with a fine cold Collation. This being over, the Maid and one of the Mistresses withdrew, leaving the other to manage *Whitney*. She immediately fell into amorous Discourse, and soon proceeded to greater Freedoms, telling him, he was bashful, and offering to teach him a soft Love-Lesson. *Whitney* now began to understand his Company, yet, as he hoped to get a little Love by the Bargain, he was willing to keep on the Mask, and professed himself her Slave, devoted to her Service, and willing to fulfil her Pleasure, promising withal after a great many mutual Endearments, to give her as much Silk as would make a Suit of Cloaths. This was all she required of him before she granted him the last Favour, and upon this single Promise, she suffer'd him to play over the *Jeu d'amour* as often as he pleas'd, entertaining him, after all, with two or three more Bottles free-coit.

Whitney was so well pleas'd with his Reception at this Place, that he was resolv'd, if possible, to have a little more of the same Sport; and to that End went to a Mercer, and told him, that such a Lady had sent him to desire that he would let one of his Men carry two or three Pieces of the richest Silk in his Shop, for her to choose a Gown and Petticoat. The Mercer knew the Person of Quality whom he named, she having been his Customer before, and without mistrusting any Thing, sent a Youth, who was but newly come Prentice, telling him the Prices in *Whitney's* Hearing. Our Adventurer led the Lad through as many By-Streets as he could, in order to carry him out of his Knowledge, till observing a House in *Suffolk-Street*, which had a Thorough-fair into *Helge-Lane*, he desired the

young Man to stay at the Door, while he carried the Silks to shew them to the Lady, who lived there. The Youth obey'd very readily, and *Whitney* went into the House, and asked the Person for somebody whom they did not know; upon telling him no such Person liv'd in that Neighbourhood, he desired Leave to go through, which was granted.

Now, Good Night Mr. Mercer, you may till you are weary, and go back lighter by all Load. In a Word, *Whitney* went to his Mistress and distributed the Prize between them. For which he revelled on all Manner of Excess for several Days, till he was glad to retire of himself.

He was resolv'd, however, that no Body but himself should enjoy the Fruit of his Industry, for he could not have the Profit of his Cheat, it would be a Piece of Honesty in him, he thought, to return the Mercer's Goods again. To this End he wrote a Letter where the Women lived, and the Shop-keeper getting a Warrant, and a Constable, went and seized the Silks in their Custody. To be sure they were enough frighten'd, to see themselves apprehended what they thought had been given them to the Right Owner; but all their Excuses were in vain, they were hurried before a Magistrate, who committed them to *Tubil-Fields Bridewell*, where they were taught the Discipline of the Place, by the brated Lictor, Mr. Redding, and their Backs covered with Stripes of the Cat and Nine Tail. Instead of the Eleemosynary Silks, which they thought themselves so sure of.

When *Whitney* was grown a confirmed Highwayman, he one Day met a Gentleman on *Bath-Heath*, whom he commanded to stand and c. To which the Gentleman replied, *Sir, 'tis too late to speak first; for I was just going to say the same Thing to you.* — *Why, are you a Gentleman then,* quoth *Whitney*? — *Yes, sir,* says the Stranger, *but I have had very bad Successes for I have been riding up and down all this morning, without meeting with any Prize.* Upon this, wish'd him better Luck, and took Leave, really supposing him to be what he pretended.

At Night it was the Fortune of *Whitney*, an Impostor to put up at the same Inn, when our Gentleman told some other Travellers by what a large gem he had escaped being robb'd on the road. *Whitney* had so alter'd his Habit and Speech that the Gentleman did not know him again; so that he heard all the Story without being taken any Notice of. Among other Things he heard him tell of the Company softly, that he had sav'd an hundred Pounds by his Contrivance. The Person to whom he whisper'd this, was going the same Way the next Morning, and said, he had also a considerable Sum about him, and if he pleas'd, should be glad to travel with him for Security. It was agreed between them, and *Whitney* at the same Time resolv'd to make one with them.

When Morning came, our Fellow-Traveller set out, and *Whitney* about a Quarter of an Hour after them. All the Discourse of the Gentleman was about cheating the Highwaymen, if they should meet with any, and all *Whitney's* Thoughts were upon being revenged for the Abuse which was put on him the Day before.

* At a convenient Place he got before them and bid them stand. The Gentleman whom he met before, not knowing him, he having disguised himself after another Manner, briskly cried out, *Where are you going to say the same to you, Sir,* — *Where you go?* quoth *Whitney*, *And are you of my Profession?*

bin? — Yes, said they both. *If you are, reply'd Whitney, I suppose you remember the old Proverb, Two of a Trade can never agree, so that you must at expect any Favour on that Score. But to be plain, Gentlemen, the Trick will do no longer. I now you very well, and must have your hundred Pounds, Sir; and your considerable Sum, Sir, turning to the other, let it be what it will, or I shall take bold to send a Brace of Bullets through each of your Heads. You, Mr. Highwayman, should have kept your Secret a little longer, and not have wasted so soon of having out-witted a Thief. There now nothing for you to do but deliver, or die.* — These terrible Words put them both into a sad Consternation: They were loth to lose their Money, but more loth to lose their Lives; so of two Evils, they chose the least; the Tell tale Coxcomb disburshing his hundred Pounds, and the other a somewhat larger sum, professing that they would be careful for the future not to count without their Host.

Another Time Whitney met with one Mr. Hull, old Usurer in the Strand, as he was riding a cross sunflow-Heath. He could hardly have chosen a sretch more in Love with Money, and consequently he would have been more unwilling to have parted with it.

When the dreadful Words were spoken, he trembled like a Paralytic; and fell to expostulating the use in the most moving Expressions he was Master of, professing that he was a very poor Man, had a large Family of Children, and should be utterly ruined, if he was so hard hearted as to take his Money from him. He added, moreover, a great Deal concerning the Illegality of such an Action, and how very dangerous it was to engage in such evil Courses. Whitney, who knew him, cried out in a great Passion: *Sirrah, do you pretend to preach Morality at a honest Man than yourself? Is it not much more generous to take a Man's Money from him bravely, than to grind him to Death with eight or ten per Cent, for Colour of serving him? You make a Prey of allankind, and Necessity in an honest Man, often is the Means of his falling into your Clutches, who are not quite to undo him. I am a Man of more Honour than to shew any Regard to one whom I esteem an enemy to the whole human Species. This once, Sir, I will oblige you to lend me what you have without Bond, and consequently without Interest; so make no Words.* — And Hull, hereupon, pulled out about eighteen hundred, which he gave with a pretty Deal of Grumbling; telling I'm withal, that he should see him in Time or another, ride up Holborn-Hill backwards.

Whitney was going about his Business, till he heard these Words, when he returned, and pulled the old Gentleman off his Horse, putting him on a pillion with his Face towards the Horse's Tail, and binding his Legs. Now, says he, *you old Rogue, let me see what a Figure a Man makes when he rides backwards, and let me have the Pleasure, at least, of beholding you first in that Posture.* So giving the Horse three or four good Licks with his Whip, he set him a running so fast, that he never stop'd till he came to Hounslow Town, where the People loosed our gentleman, after they had made themselves a little merry with the Sight.

Whitney, like a great many others of the same Profession, affected always to appear generous and noble: here is one Instance of this Temper in him, which may not be amiss to relate. Meeting one Day with a Gentleman on New-Market-Heath, whose name was Long, and having robb'd him of an hundred Pounds in Silver, which was in his Portmanteau, and up in a great Bag: The Gentleman told him,

that he had a great Way to go, and as he was unknown upon the Road, should meet with many Difficulties, if he did not restore as much as would bear his Expences. Whitney upon this opened the Mouth of the Bag, and holding it to Mr. Long, Here, says he, *take what you have Occasion for.* Mr. Long put in his Hand, and took out as much as he could hold: To which Whitney made no Opposition, but only said with a Smile, *I thought you would have had more Conscience, Sir.*

Doubtless it must make some of our Readers merry, when they observe how often the Heroes of these Sheets are introduced as talking of Conscience, Virtue, Honour, Generosity, &c. And it must be confessed, that they have Reason for their Mirth. This may, however, prove the real Beauty of these Perfections of human Nature, *That even those who have least of them, discover a Sort of Secret Value for them, and would affect to possess what they are of all Men the farthest from.*

Our dexterous Butcher came once to Doncaster in Yorkshire, where he put up at the Red-Lyon-Inn, and made a very great Figure, having a pretty round Sum in his Possession. While he resided here, he was informed that the Landlord of the House was reputed rich; but that he was withal so covetous, as that he would do nothing to help a poor Relation or Neighbour in Distress; and so very sharp in his Business, that it was next to impossible for any one living to impose on him in the least Particular. Nothing could be so pleasing to such a Man as Whitney, as out-witting one who was esteemed able to out-wit all the World, wherefore he was resolved to attempt this Master-stroke of Invention, as he supposed it must be, if he succeeded.

He now gives it out, that he had a good Estate, that he travelled about the Country merely for his Pleasure, and had his Money remitted to him as the Rents came in, still continuing for some Time to pay for every Thing he had, till supposing his Host sufficiently satisfy'd that he was really what he pretended, he one Day took an Opportunity to tell him that his Money ran short, and he should be obliged to him for Credit, till he could have Returns. O dear, Sir, says my Landlord, *you need not give yourself the least Uneasiness about such an Affair as this. Every Thing that I have is at your Service, and I shall think myself honoured, if you please to make use of me as a Friend.* Whitney returned the Compliment with Abundance of Thanks and other Expressions of Esteem, eating and drinking from Day to Day at the good Man's Table, his Horse also, all the while, being fed plentifully with the best of Corn and Hay. And the better to Colour the Matter, and to prove that he really came out of Curiosity to see the Country, there was seldom a Day passed, but he rode out to some of the Neighbouring Villages, sometimes getting Mr. Inn-keeper; sometimes other Gentlemen in the Town, to bear him Company, they being all proud of the Honour.

It happened, that while he remain'd there, there was a Fair, according to annual Custom. Upon the Fair Day in the Morning a small Box, carefully sealed, and very weighty, came directed to him. He open'd it, took out a Letter, and read, lock'd it up, and gave it to his Landlady, desiring her to keep it in her Custody for the present, because it would be safer there in his own Hands; and ordering the Landlord, at the same Time to write out his Bill, that he might pay him next Morning. As soon as he had done thus, he went out, as though to see the Fair.

In the Afternoon he comes home again in a great Hurry, and desires his Horse may be dressed and saddled, he having a Mind to shew him in the Fair, and, if he could, to exchange him for one which he had seen, and which he thought was the finest that ever he fix'd his Eyes on. *I will have him, says he, if possible, whether the Owner will buy mine or no, and though he cost me forty Guineas:* He then asked for his Landlady to help him to his Box, but was told she was gone to the Fair; whereupon he fell a Swearing like a Madman, That he supposed she had locked up what he gave her, and taken the Keys with her, *If she has, quoth he, I had rather have given ten Guineas; for I have no Money at all, but what is in your Possession.* Enquiry was made, and it was found to be as he said, which put him into a still greater Passion, though it was what he wished for, and even expected, the whole Comedy having been invented for the sake of this single Scene.

The Landlord quickly had Notice of our Gentleman's Anger, and the Occasion of it; upon which he comes to him, and begs of him to be easy, offering to lend him the Sum he wanted, till his Wife came Home. *Whitney* seemed to resent it highly, That he must be obliged to borrow Money when he had so much of his own; however, as there was no other Way, he condescended, with Abundance of Reluctance, to accept the Proposal, adding, That he desired an Account of all he was indebted as soon as possible, for it was not his Custom to run Hand over Head.

Having received forty Guineas, the Sum he pretended to want, he mounts his Horse, and rides towards the Fair; but instead of dealing there, for another Horse, he spurred his own thro' the Crowd, as fast as he could conveniently, and made the best of his Way towards London. At Night the People of the Inn sat up very late for his coming Home, nor did they suspect any Thing the first, or even the second Night, when they saw nothing of him, he having been out before a Day or two together in his Progress round the Country, which they concluded was now the Case. But at the End of two or three Days, the Landlord was a little uneasy: and after he had waited a Week to no Purpose, it came into his Head to break open the Box, in order to examine it. With this View he goes to the Magistrate of the Place, procures his Warrant for so doing, and a Constable, with other proper Witnesses to be present. We need not tell the Reader he was cheated, for every one will naturally conclude so, nor need we say, he was ready

to hang himself, when he found only Sand and Stone covered over, his Character may give an Idea of his Temper at this Time: But *Whitney* did not Care for his Landlord's Passion, so long as he got off safe with the Money.

This was however, the last of his Adventures the Country, for not long after his Arrival in Town he was apprehended in *White Friars*, upon the Information of one Mother *Cofens*, who kept a Bawd house in *Milford Lane*, over-against *St. Clement Church*. The Magistrate who took the Information committed him to *Newgate*, where he remained till the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*.

After his Conviction, Sir *S—l L—e*, K^t Recorder of London, made an excellent Speech before he passed Sentence of Death, to him, and to other Malefactors, setting forth the Nature of the several Offences in very strong Expressions, and addressing himself to *Whitney* in particular, who exhorted to a sincere Repentance, as it was impossible for him to hope for any Reprieve, after such Course of Villainies. Vindicating the Justice of the Law, and urging the Certainty of a Providence which pursues such as him, and at last takes Vengeance on them for their Crimes.

On *Wednesday*, the 19th of *December*, 1699 *Whitney* was carried to the Place of Execution, which was at *Porter's Block*, near *Smithfield*. When he came there, and saw no Hopes of any Favour, addressed these few Words to the People:

I Have been a very great Offender, both against God, and my Country, by transgressing all Laws both Human and Divine. I believe there is not here present but has often heard my Name, before Confinement, and seen a large Catalogue of my Crimes which has been made publick since. Why should I pretend to vindicate a Life stain'd with so many enormous Deeds?

The Sentence pass on me is just, and I can see Footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laugh'd at, in my Apprehending and Convicting. I hope the Sense which I have of these Things, enabled me to make my Peace with Heaven, the only Thing that is now of any Concern to me. Join your Prayers with me, my dear Countrymen, that I would not forsake me in my last Moments.

Having spoke thus, and afterwards spent a few Moments in private Devotion, he was turned off, living about 34 Years of Age.

An Account of the Murder of the Reverend Mr. JOHN TALBOT.

THIS Gentleman had been Chaplain to a Regiment in *Portugal*, in the Reign of King *Charles II.* where he continued in the Discharge of his Office, till the Recalling of the said Regiment: When arriving in *London*, he preached three Months at *St. Alphage in the Wall*. Afterwards he was Curate to a Town called *Laindon* in *Essex*, where a Law-Suit commenced between him and some Persons of the said Parish, upon the Account of which he came up to *London* at the unhappy Time when a Period was put to his Life in the following Manner.

Several profligate abandon'd Wretches, to the Number of six Men, and one Woman, took into their Heads one Day to way-lay, rob, and murder this poor Man. Whether hearing his Business, they might think he had a pretty Deal of Money about him: or whether they acted at the Instigations of some of Mr. *Talbot's* Enemies, is not certain; however it was, they dogged him from four a-Clock in the Afternoon, whethersoever he went. The Names of some of these Miscreants were, *Stephen Eaton*, a Confectioner; *George Roades*, a Broker; *Henry Richard*, Taylor; and *Sarah Swift*.

Mr. *Talbot* had received Information, that his Adversaries design'd to arrest him, which made him a little circumspect while he was abroad; for every one who took any Notice of him, he imagined to be an Officer. This occasioned him the sooner to be alarm'd when he saw himself followed by five or six People, from Place to Place; so that turn which waysoever he would, he was certain of meeting one or more of them.

After he had shifted about a long Time to no purpose, in order to avoid, as he thought, their clapping a Writ on his Back, he betook himself to *Gray's-Inn*, whither being still pursued, he had there a good Opportunity to take particular and accurate Notice of some or all of these evil-disposed Persons. Here he took Shelter a little while, and writ Letters to some of his Acquaintance and Friends, requesting them to come and lend him their Assistance in order to secure his Person.

The Persons whom he sent to failing him, he got admittance into the Chambers of one of the Gentlemen of the Place, where he stay'd till he supposed the Danger was over; then taking a little Refreshment, he took the back Way, through *Old-Street*, and so over the Fields to *Shoreditch*.

Not long after he had got into the Fields he perceived the same Persons at his Heels, who had dogged him before. He was now more surprized than ever, it being Eleven a-Clock at Night. The most probable Method of escaping that he could see, was breaking through a Reed-Hedge, to a Garden-house; but before he could reach the Place, one or more of the Villains seiz'd him, and began to pick

his Pockets. They found about twenty Shillings, and his knife, with which they attempted to kill him by cutting his Throat.

Whether it was by Chance, on these Wretches pretended to an extraordinary Skill in Butchering Man, is uncertain; but they first cut out a Piece of his Throat, about the Breadth of a Crown-Piece, without touching the Wind-pipe; and then, in the dependant Part of the Orifice, they stabbed him with the knife so deep, that the Point almost reached his Lungs. However, Providence so far over-ruled their Cruelty, that they did not cut the Recurrent Nerves, which would have stopped his Speech, nor the Jugular Veins and Arteries, which if they had done, he had instantly bled to Death without Remedy, and then possibly no Discovery had been made.

There was a Cut in the Collar of his Doublet, which seemed to shew that they attempted this Piece of Butchery before they stripped him; but then the Nature of the Wound intimated, on the contrary, that they pulled off his Coat and Doublet before they accomplished their Design.

This bloody Deed was perpetrated at *Anniseed-Clear*, on Friday the 2d of July 1669. While the Wretches were committing their Butchery, the Dogs bark'd, and the Beasts bellow'd in an uncommon Manner; so that several Gardeners rose out of their Beds to prepare for the Market, supposing it had been Day-light, soon after it thunder'd and rain'd in a terrible Manner, which drew several Brickmakers out of their Lodgings to secure their Bricks from the Weather, and was also the Occasion that the Murderers did not get far from the Place where their Barbarity was acted before they were apprehended, so that Heaven and Earth seem'd to unite in crying out against the inhuman Deed, and detecting the wicked Authors of it.

Some of the Brick-makers, who had been alarm'd by the Thunder and Rain, discover'd Mr. *Talbot* lying in his Shirt and Drawers all bloody: These gave Notice to their Companions, who also came up. They then raised him, and cherished him with a Dram which one of them had at Hand; whereupon he immediately pointed which Way the Murderers went. The Watch near *Shoreditch* were soon inform'd what had happen'd, and some of them came as well to take Care of the wounded Gentleman, as to apprehend the Authors of his Misfortune. One of the Number quickly discover'd a Man lying among the Nettles, and called up his Companions, supposing he also had been murder'd; but when they came to a nearer Examination, they saw a bloody Knife on one Side of him, and the Minister's Doublet on the other. Upon these Circumstances, presuming he was guilty of the Murder, they apprehended him. At first he feign'd himself a-sleep, and then suddenly starting up, he attempted to make his Escape, but

but in vain. A Pewter Pot, with the Mark was newly scraped out, was found near him, and one of the Watchmen broke his Head with it, which made him a little more tractable. In the mean Time, Mr. *Talbot*, by the great Care of the Officers of the Night, was carried to the *Star Inn* at *Shoreditch Church*, where he was put to Bed, and whither a Surgeon was sent for to dress, and take Care of his Wounds.

This Man, who was apprehended, was *Eaton*, the Confectioner, he was carried before Mr. *Talbot*, who instantly knew him, and by Writing, declared that he was the Man who cut his Throat; and that five more Men, and a Woman, were his Associates. A second Time, upon Mr. *Talbot's* own Request, *Eaton* was brought before him, when he continued his former Accusation against him; whereupon he was carried before Justice *Pitfield*, and by him committed to *Newgate*. It was not long after *Eaton*, before the Woman was found, who also pretended to be a-sleep. Mr. *Talbot* swore as positively to her, as he had done to the other, and enquired of the Constable whether her Name was not *Sarah*? For he had heard one of her Comrades say to her, when in *Holborn*, *Shall we have a Coach Sarah*? The Constable demanded her Name, and she not suspecting the Reason, told him right, which confirmed the Evidence of the dying Gentleman. Shortly after a Third, and then a Fourth was taken, who were also committed to *Newgate*, Mr. *Talbot* knowing one of these also.

The Care of Mr. *Talbot's* Wounds was committed to one Mr. *Litchfield*, an able Surgeon, who diligently attended him; and that nothing might be omitted which might conduce to his Recovery, Dr. *Hodges* one of the Physicians employ'd by the City, during the dreadful Visitation in 1665, was likewise called. To these, at the Request of the Minister of the *Charter-house*, Dr. *Ridgely* was added. By their joint Direction, he was in a fare Way to be cured, no ill Symptoms appearing from Monday Morning to the Sabbath-Day following, either upon Account of Wounds, or otherwise; for though he lay some Time in the Wet, yet thro' the Experience of these Gentlemen, he was kept from a Fever. Several other Surgeons also freely offered their Assistance.

About Noon on Sunday he was dressed, the Wound look'd well, and he seem'd more chearful than ordinary; but within two or three Hours after, a violent Fit of Coughing seiz'd him, which broke the jugular Vein, and caus'd such an Effusion of Blood, that he fainted, and his extreme Parts were cold, before any one could come to his Assistance. The Flux was once stop'd, but upon coughing he bled again, so that his Case was almost past Hopes. About one or two next Morning, he sent for Dr. *Atfield*, Minister of Shorditch Church to pray by him, and within two Hours after, he expired, having been very devout and compos'd to the last Moment.

Several Attestations were made before the Justice, and at the Tryal of the Prisoners, concerning Mr. *Talbot's* having been dogg'd and murdered, by those who had either seen him the Day before, or came up to him first, when he was left in the lamentable Condition we have been describing. Mr. *Went*, in particular, who was Constable of the Night, when

this Murder was committed, gave a particular Relation of taking the Prisoners, and of what *Talbot* said and wrote, when he saw any one of them. The Papers which the Deceased wrote were likewise produced in Court, and it was observable that he particularly exclaim'd against the Woman, whom he called bloody every Time he mentioned her, affirming, that she said to her Companions several Times, *Kill the Dog, kill him*.

The Facts and Circumstances were so plain, that the Jury found all the four that had been taken guilty of the Murder, not one of them being able to give a satisfactory Account of themselves, or to prove where they were after six o'Clock, the Night the bloody Deed was done. The Names of the four was given at the Beginning of this Relation.

Mr. *Cowper*, the Coroner, and Mr. *Litchfield* the Surgeon, gave in their Informations, an exact account of Mr. *Talbot's* Wound, and both of them depose, *That they verily thought it to be the Offence of his Death*. Mr. *Litchfield* said, *The Knife really penetrated his Lungs*.

The Night before Mr. *Talbot* died, he wrote Mr. *Went* the Constable, desiring him to go to the Ordinary, and enquire with him of *Eaton*, whether any of *Laindon's* People, employ'd or abetted in the Fact he had committed, if they did, to tell their Names of him. But *Eaton* persisted in doing, not only that, but even the Fact itself, telling them in the most solemn Manner, *That, to his Knowledge, he never in his Life saw Mr. Talbot, till he was brought before him, after he was taken*. *Sarah Swift* likewise being questioned concerning her Guilt, and urged to confess what she knew, answered, *That she would burn in Hell before she would own any Thing of the Matter*. To such an uncommon Degree had these Wretches hardened themselves in their Crimes.

Mr. *Talbot* wrote also several Letters to his Friends, with an exact Account of the Manner how he had been followed for seven Hours together, and how he was at last set upon, and used in the barbarous Manner herein related; but the Substance of these Letters being interspersed in the Story, it is needless to give them at large.

On Wednesday the 14th of July, 1669. *Stephen Eaton*, *George Roades*, and *Sarah Swift* were convey'd in a Cart to *Tyburn*, where the two men confessed the Murder; but the Woman continued obstinate to the last. *Henry Prichard* was reprieved upon some favourable Circumstances that were produced.

'Tis wonderful what could excite these poor Creatures to pursue the Blood of an innocent Man at an unaccountable Rate, and indeed 'tis scarce to be imagin'd, that they should pitch upon one from whom they could have no very great Expectations, unless they had been hired to do it, or had some Personal Quarrel with him, which latter could not be true. However as none of them own'd who were their Abettors, or whether they were employ'd at all, no, we must not take upon us to judge in this Case, but leave the Decision of this Point to that great and awful Day, when the Secrets of Men's Hearts shall be revealed, and every Thing that has been hid shall be made manifest.

The LIFE of the GERMAN PRINCESS.

THIS Woman was so called from her pretending to be born at *Collogn* in *Germany*, and that her Father was *Henry Van Wolway* Doctor of the civil Law, and Lord of *Holmsfein*. It is this Story was a Piece with her Actions, for she is really the Daughter of one *Meders* a Chorister the Cathedral of *Canterbury*, or, as some say, on an indifferent Trader of that City, in which she is born the 11th of *January* 1642. We can say little of her Education, only from her Inclinations afterwards we may suppose she had as much Learning as is commonly given to her Sex. She took great delight in Reading, especially of Romances, and books of Knight Errantry; *Parismus* and *Parismanus*, *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, and *Amadis de Gaul*, were some of her favourite Authors; and she was so much with the Character of *Oriana* in the latter, that she frequently conceived herself to be a Princess, a Lady of high Quality. *Cassandra* and *Cleopatra* were also read in their turns, and her Memory so Tenacious, that she could repeat a great Part of their Amours and Adventures very readily. Her Marriage was not agreeable to the high Opinion she had entertained of her own Merit; instead of a Knight, or a Squire at least, which she had professed herself, she took up with a Journeyman Shoemaker whose Name was *Stedman*, by whom she had 10 Children, who both died in their Infancy. This being unable to maintain her Extravagances, and support her in the Splendour she always aim'd at, she was continually discontented, till at last she resolv'd to leave him, and seek her Fortune. A Woman of this Spirit is never long in executing Things of this nature, she made an Elopement, she went to *Dover*, she married another Husband who was a Surgeon of that Town.

Information of this Affair was soon taken, and she was apprehended and indicted at *Maidstone*, for having two Husbands, but by some masterly Stroke, which she never wanted on a pressing Occasion, she was quickly acquitted. This emboldened her to a third Marriage, with one *John Carleton*, a Londoner, which was the Occasion of her being first publicly shewn in Town; for some of her old Acquaintance giving *Carleton's* brother an Account of her former Weddings, she was again taken, committed to *Newgate*, and try'd at the Old-Bailey for Polygamy. Here again the Evidence against her was insufficient, that she was a second Time acquitted.

This requisite, before we proceed any further in our Relation, to observe, that between the two last Marriages, she embark'd on board a Merchant Ship which carried her to *Holland*, from whence she travelled by Land to the Place she had so often talk'd of the City of *Cologn*, where being now Mistress of a considerable Sum of Money, she took a fine Lodging at a House of Entertainment, and lived in great Splendour then she had ever before done. As it was customary in *England*, to go to *Epsum* or *Tun-*

bridge Wells in the Summer Season, so in *Germany*, the Quality usually frequent the *Sparw*: Here our Adventurers had the picking of a few Feathers from an old Gentleman who fell in Love with her, and who had a good Estate not many Miles distant from *Cologn*, at *Liege* or *Luget*: By the Assistance of the Landlady she managed this Affair with so much Artifice, that he presented her with several fine and valuable Jewels, besides a gold Chain, with a very costly Medal, which had been formerly given him for some remarkable good Service, under Count *Tilly* against the valiant King of *Sweden*, *Gustavus Adolphus*. The foolish old Dotard urged his Passion with all the Vehemence of a young vigorous Lover, pressing her to Matrimony, and making her very large Promises, till at last she gave her Consent to espouse him in three Days, and he left the Preparation of Things necessary to her Care, giving her large Sums of Money for that purpose. Madam now perceived it was high Time to be gone, and, in order to her getting off with the greater Security, she acquainted her Landlady with the Design, who had before shared pretty largely in the Spoils of the old Captain. The Hostess to be sure, was willing to hearken to any Proposal that would help her a little more to fleece the doting Inamorato.

The Princess, however, was resolv'd this Time to have all the Booty to herself; and to accomplish this, she perswaded her Landlady to go into the Town, and get a Place for her in some Carriage that did not go to *Collogn*; because, she said her Lover should not know whether to follow her. The old Trot saw that this Precaution was very necessary, and therefore a way goes she, to provide for the safety of her Guest, who was now sufficiently to reward her out of her Dotard's Favours. This was all our Adventurers wanted, for as soon as she found herself left alone, she brok open a Chest, where she had observed her Landlady to put all her Treasure, and there she found not only what she had shared with her out of the old Man's Benevolence, but also an additional Sum of Money not inconsiderable. There is little Reason to tell the Reader that she took all that was worth taking, there being none of her Character apt to spare what it is in their Power to Seize, tho' it be from a Brother or Sister of their own Profession. Madam soon pack'd up her Parcel, and having before privately made sure of a Passage to *Utrecht*. She fled thither, from whence she went to *Amsterdam* where she sold her gold Chain, Medal, and some of the Jewels, then proceeded to *Rotterdam*, and then, to the *Brill*, where she took Shipping for *England*.

She landed at *Billingsgate* one Morning very early, about the latter End of *March*, in the Year, 1663. but found no House open till she came to the Exchange Tavern, where she first obtained the Title of the *German Princess*, in the following Manner.

She was got into the aforefaid Tavern, in Company with some Gentlemen who ſhe perceived, were pretty full of Money. Theſe Gentlemen addreſſing her in the Manner uſual on ſuch Occaſions, ſhe immediately feigned a Cry which ſhe had always at Command. The Tears trickled down her Cheeks, ſhe ſigh'd ſhe fobb'd, and the Cauſe being demanded told them, that ſhe little thought once of being reduced to ſuch a wretched Neceſſity as ſhe was now in, of expoſing her Body to the Pleaſure of every Bidder. Here ſhe repeated the Hiſtory of her Extractions and Education, telling them a great Deal about her pretended Father, the Lord Henry Van Wolway; who, ſhe ſaid, was a ſovereign Prince of the Empire, independent of any Man but his ſacred imperial Majeſty. Certainly, continued ſhe, any Gentleman may ſuppoſe what a Mortification it muſt be to a Woman born of ſuch noble Parents, and bred up in all the Pomp of a Court, under the Care of an indulgent Father, to ſuffer as I now do; yet why did I ſay indulgent Father? Alas! was it not his Cruelty that baniſhed me his only Daughter, from his Dominions, only for marrying a Nobleman of the Court, whom I loved to Exceſs, without his Knowledge? Was it not my Father that occaſioned my dear Lord and Husband to be cut off in the Bloom of his Age, by faſſly accuſing him of a Deſign againſt his Perſon, a Deed which his virtuous Soul abhorred. Here ſhe pretended her Sorrow would permit her to rehearſe no more of her Miſfortunes, and the whole Company was touched with Compaſſion at the melancholly Relation, which ſhe ſo well humoured, that they all looked upon it as true, giving her out of mere Pity, all the Money they had about them, promiſing to meet her again with more. This they alſo accompliſhed, and ever afterwards called her, the poor unfortunate German Princeſs; which Name ſhe laid Claim to in all Companies.

The Exchange Tavern was kept by one Mr. King, who was the ſame as kept it when our Princeſs received her Honourary Title. As ſhe was now come from foreign Parts, with a great Deal of Riches, he believed more than ever the Truth of what ſhe had before affirmed: Nor was Madam backwards in telling him that ſhe had raiſed all her Wealth by private Contribution from ſome Princes of the Empire, who were acquainted with her Circumſtances, and to whom ſhe had made herſelf known: Adding, that not one of thoſe who had given her any Thing, dared to acquaint her Father that they knew where ſhe was, becauſe they were all his Neighbours, and vaſtly Inferior to him in the Number and Strength of their Forces, For, ſaid ſhe, my Father is ſo inexorable, that he would make War upon any Prince, who he knew extended his Pity to me.

John Carleton, whom we mentioned before as her third Husband, was Brother-in-Law to Mr. King. He made his Addreſſes to the Princeſs Van Wolway, in the moſt dutiful and ſubmiſſive Manner that could be imagined, making Uſe of his Brother's Intereſt, to negotiate the Affair between them, till with a great Deal of ſeeming Reluctance at Marrying one of common Blood, her Highneſs conſented to take him to her Embraces. Now was Mr. Carleton as great as his Majeſty, in the Arms of an imaginary Princeſs; he ſormed to himſelf a thouſand Pleaſures, which the vulgar Herd could have no Notion of; he threw himſelf at her Feet in Tranſport, and made Uſe of all the Rhetoric he could collect, to thank her for the prodigiouſ Honour ſhe had done him. But Alas! how was he ſurprized, when Mr. King preſented him with the following Letter.

S I R,

I Am an entire Stranger to your Perſon, yet common Juſtice and Humanity obliges me to give you Notice, that the pretended Princeſs, who has paſſed her ſelf upon your Brother, Mr. John Carleton, is a Cheat and an Impoſtor.

If I tell you, Sir, that ſhe has already married ſeveral Men in our County of Kent, and afterwards made off with all the Money ſhe could get into her Hands; I ſay no more than could be proved, were I brought in the Face of Juſtice.

That you may be certain I am not miſtaken the Woman, pleaſe to obſerve that ſhe has big Breſt, a very graceful Appearance, and ſpeaks ſeveral Languages fluently.

Yours unknown,

T. I

After Mrs. Carleton (for ſo we may at preſent call her) had got rid of her Husband, and of the Procuſion for marrying him, ſhe was entertained by Players, who were in Hopes of gaining by a Woman who had made ſuch a conſiderable Figure on the real Theatre of the World. The Houſe was very much reſorted to upon her Account, and ſhe got a great deal of Applauſe in her Dramatical Capacities by the ſeveral Characters ſhe performed, which were generally either Jilt, Coquette, or Chamber Maid, either of which was agreeable to her artful intriguing Genius; but what contributed moſt to her Fame, was a Play, written purely upon her Account, called the German Princeſs, from her Name, and in which ſhe performed a principal Part, beſides ſpeaking the following Epilogue.

I've paſt one Trial, but it is my Fear
I ſhall receive a rigid Sentence here:
You think me a bold Cheat, but Caſe 'twere ſo
Which of you are not? Now you'd ſwear I know,
But do not, leſt that you deſerve to be
Cenſur'd worſe than you can Cenſure me:
The World's a Cheat, and we that move in it,
In our Degrees, do exerciſe our Wit;
And better 'tis to get a glorious Name,
However got, than live by common Fame.

The Princeſs had too much Mercury in her Conſtitution to be long ſettled in any Way of Life whatever: The whole City of London was too liſt for her to Aſt in, how was it poſſible then that ſhe ſhould be confined in the narrow Limits of the Theatre? She did not, however, leave the Stage ſoon but ſhe had procured a conſiderable Number of Adorers, who having either ſeen her Perſon, or heard of her Fame, were deſirous of a nearer Acquaintance with her. As ſhe was naturally given to Company and Gallantry, ſhe was not very difficult of acceſs; yet when you were in her Preſence, you were certain to meet with an Air of Indifference.

There were two of her Bullies who doted on her beyond all the Reſt, a couple of ſmart young fellows, who had abundance more in their Pockets than they had in their Heads. Theſe from a deficiency of Wit in themſelves, were very fond in a large Quantity of that Commodity which they diſcovered in her Company. There is no Doubt that they had other Deſigns than juſt to converſe with her, for they ſeveral Times diſcovered an Inclination to come a little nearer to her Body: And Madam was not ſo ignorant, but ſhe knew their Meaning by their Whining; ſhe therefore gave them encouragement, till ſhe had drained about 300 L.

piece out of them, and then, finding their Stock pretty well exhausted, she turn'd them both off, telling them she wondered how they could have the impudence to pretend Love to a Princess.

After this, an elderly Gentleman fell into the same Condition, at seeing her, as several had done before, tho' he was fifty Years of Age, and not ignorant of her former Tricks. He was worth about 50 *l. per Annum*, and immediately resolv'd to be in the Charge of a constant Maintenance, provided she would consent to live with him. To bring about which he made her several valuable Presents of Rings, Jewels, &c. At last, after a long Siege, he became Master of the Fort; yet in such a Manner, that it seem'd rather to be surrender'd out of pure Love and Generosity, than from any mercenary Views, for she always protest'd against being Corrupted, so far as to part with her Honour, for the sake of filthy Lucre, which is a common Artifice of the Sex. Our Gentleman, tho', as has been remark'd, he was sensible what she was; yet by Degrees he became so enamour'd, as to believe every thing she said, and to look upon her as the most virtuous Woman alive.

Living now as Man and Wife, she seem'd to requite his Endearments, and to give them all a great Air of Sincerity, so that he was continually gratifying her with some costly present or another, which she always took Care to receive with an Appearance of being ashamed he should bear so many Obligations on her, telling him continually that she was not worthy of so many Favours. Thus did she vary in her Behaviour, according to the Circumstances and Temper of the Person she had to deal with. At last, our old Lover came home one Night very rich in Liquor, and gave her a Jewel of 5 *l. Value*, and our Princess thought this as proper a Time as any she was like to meet with, for her to make the most of his Worship's Passion. Accordingly he got him to Bed, and seen him fast asleep, which he soon was at this Time, she proceeded to take him, finding his Pocket-Book, with a Bill for 10 *l.* upon a Goldsmith in the City, and the Keys of his Trunks and Escrutoires.

She now proceeded to secure all that was worth while; among other Things, she made herself Mistress of 20 pieces of old Gold, a gold Watch, a gold Seal, an old Silver Watch, and several pieces of Jewels, with other valuable Moveables, to the Value of 150 *l.* Now she thought it best for her to make off as fast as she could with her Prize. So as soon as it was Day she took Coach, and drove to the Goldsmith, who mistrusted nothing, having seen her before with the Gentleman, and instantly paid the 10 *l.* upon which she delivered up the Bill.

Having thus over-reach'd her old Lover, Madam took a convenient Lodging, at which she paid for a Year, with a Fortune of 1000 *l.* left her by an Uncle; to this she added, that her Father was very rich, and able to give her as much more, but that taking a Man whom he had provided for her Husband, she had left the Country, and retired to London; where she was in Hopes none of her Relations would find her. That this Story might appear the more probable, she contriv'd Letters from a Friend which were brought her continually; and in which, she pretended, she received an Account of all that pass'd, with respect to her Father and Lover. These Letters being loosely laid about the Chamber, were pick'd up by her Landlady, who out of Curiosity perus'd the Contents, and by that Means became more and more satisfied in her Tennant. This Landlady had a Nephew of considerable Substance, and it was now all her Endeavour to make a Match

between him and her young Gentlewoman, whom she soon brought to be pretty intimately acquainted together.

The new Lover presents her with a Watch, as a Token of his Esteem for her Person, but the poor innocent Creature refus'd it with abundance of Modesty. However, she was at last prevail'd upon to accept this little Favour, and the young Man thought himself with one Foot in Paradise already, that she was so condescending. Their Amour after this, went on to both their Satisfaction; Madam seeing a fair Prospect of making a Penny of her Mamorato, and he not in the least doubting but he should obtain his Wish, and one Day or another enjoy that Heaven of Bliss, which, as he frequently express'd it, was treasured in her Arms.

One Day as they were conversing together, and entertaining each other with all the soft and tender Endearments of young Lovers, a Porter knocks at the Door, and upon being admitted, delivers a Letter to our Lady, being introduced by the Maid, who had received her Instructions before-hand. Madam immediately opens and reads the Letter, but scarce had she made an End, before altering her Countenance, she shriek'd out, *Oh! I am undone, I am undone.* All the Company could scarce prevent her falling in a Swoon, tho' the smelling Bottle was at Hand, and her young Lover sitting by her; who, to be sure, did not fail to use all the Rhetoric he was Master of, in order to comfort her, and learn the Cause of her Surprise. *Sir,* quoth she at last, *since you are already acquainted with most of my Concerns, I shall not make a Secret of this: Therefore if you please, read this Letter, and know the Occasion of my Affliction.* The young Gentleman received it at her Hands, and read as follows.

Dear Madam,

I Have several Times taken my Pen in Hand, on purpose to write to you, and as often laid it aside again, for fear of giving you more Trouble than you already labour under. However, as the Affair so immediately concerns you, I cannot in Justice hide what I tremble to disclose, but must in Duty tell you the worst of News, whatever may be the Consequence of my so doing.

Know then, that your affectionate and tender Brother is Dead. I am sensible how dear he was to you, and you to him; yet let me intreat you for your own sake to acquiesce in the Will of Providence as much as possible, since our Lives are all at his Disposal who gave us Being.

I could use another Argument to comfort you; that with a Sister leis loving than you would be of more Weight than that I have urged, but I know you your Soul is above all mercenary Views. I cannot, however, forbear just to inform you that he has left you all he had; and you know further, that your Father's Estate of 200 *l. per Annum*, can now devolve upon No-Body after his Decafe, but yourself, who are now his only Child.

What I am next to acquaint you with, may perhaps be almost as bad as the former Particular. Your hated Lover has been so importunate with your Father, especially since your Brother's Decafe, that the old Gentleman resolves, if ever he should hear of you any more, to marry you to him, and he makes this the Condition of your being received again into his Favour, and having your former Disobedience, as he calls it, forgiven: While your Brother lived, he was every Day endeavouring to soften the Heart of your Father, and we were but last Week in Hopes he would have consented to let you follow your Inclinations, if

if you would come Home to him again; but now there is never an Advocate in your Cause, who can Work upon the Man's peevish Temper; for he says, as you are now his sole Heir, he ought to be more resolute in the Disposal of you in Marriage.

While I am Writing, I am surpris'd with an Account that your Father and Lover are both preparing to come to London, where they say they can find you out. Whether or no this be only a Deceit, I cannot tell, nor can I imagine where they could receive their Information if it be true: However, to prevent the Worst, consider, whether or no you can cast off your old Aversion, and submit to your Father's Commands; for if you cannot, it will be most adviseable, in my Opinion, to change your Habitation. I have no more to say in the Affair, being unwilling to direct you in such a very nice Circumstance, the Temper of your own Mind will be the best Instructor you can apply to, for your future Happiness or Misery, during Life, depends on your Choice. God grant that every Thing may turn for the Better."

From your Friend,

S. E.

Our young Lover having read the Letter, found that she had real Cause to be afflicted. Pity for her, and above all, a Concern for his own Interest, and the Fear of losing his Mistress to the Country Lover, thro' the Authority of her Father, put him upon persuading her to remove from her Habitation, and come to reside with him, having very handsome Rooms, fit for the Reception of a Person of such high Quality. Thither she went the next Day, with her Maid, who knew her Design, and had engaged to assist her therein to the utmost of her Ability. When they were come into Madam's Bed-Chamber, they resolv'd not to go to Rest, that they might be ready to move off in the Morning at the first Opportunity. By turns they slept in their Cloaths on the Bed, and towards Morning when all were fast, but themselves, they went to Work, broke open a Trunk, took a Bag with 100 l. in it, and several Suits of Apparel, and then slipt out, leaving our poor Lover to look for his Money and Mistress together when he was stirring, who were both by that Time far enough out of his Way.

In a Word, it would be impossible to relate half the Tricks which she play'd, and mention half the Lodgings in which she at Times resided. Seldom did she miss carrying off a considerable Booty wheresoever she came; at best she never fail'd of something, for all was Fish that came to her Net, where there was no Plate, a pair of Sheets, half a dozen Napkins, or a Pillowcase; nay, even Things of a less Value than these would serve her Turn, rather than she would suffer her Hands to be out of Practice. Captain Smith, for the Sake of swelling her Life, has made her the Actress of several Things which he has in other Places apply'd to other People. We can see no Cause he had to do thus, since there are many more genuine Facts that have come to knowledge than we shall insert.

One Time she went to a Mercer's in Cheap-side, with her pretended Maid, where she agreed for as much Silk as came to 6l. and pulled out her Purse to pay for it, but there was nothing therein but several particular pieces of Gold, which she pretended to have a great Value for: The Mercer to be sure, would not be so rude as to let a Gentlewoman of Figure part with what she had so much esteem

for; so he ordered one of his Men to go along with her to her Lodging, and receive the Money there. A Coach was ready which she had brought along with her, and they all three went up into it. When they came to the Royal-Exchange, Madam ordered the Coachman to set her down, pretending to the Mercer that she wanted to buy some Ribbons suitable to the Silk; upon which he suffered the Maid, without any Scruple, to take the Goods along with her, staying in the Coach for their return. But he might have stayed long enough, if he had attended till they came again, for they found Means to get off into Threadneedle-street and the young Man having waited till he was quite Weary, made the best of his Way home to rehearse his Misfortune to his Master.

Something of a Piece with this, was a Cheat set upon a French Master Weaver in Spittle-fields of whom she bought to the Value 40 l. taking him Home with her to her Lodging, and bidding him make a Bill of Parcels, for half the Silk was for kinswoman of hers in the next Room. The Frenchman sat down very orderly to do as she bid him, while she took the Silk into the next Room for her Niece to see it: Half an Hour he waited pretty contentedly drinking some Wine, which Madam had left him. At last beginning to be a little uneasy, he made bold to Knock, when the People of the House came up, and upon his asking for the Gentlewoman, told him she had been gone out for Time, and was to come there no more. The poor Man seeming surpris'd, they took him into the next Room, and shew'd him a pair of back Stairs which was the proper Way to her Apartment. Madam was at first in a Passion with the People, till they convinced him that they knew nothing of his Gentlewoman, any more than that she had taken the Room for a Month, which being expired, she was removed they could not tell whether.

The next Landlord she had was a Taylor, who she employ'd to make up what she bilked the Mercer and Weaver of. The Taylor imagines he had got an excellent Job, as well as a topping Woman for his Lodger, so he set to Work immediately and by the Assistance of some Journeymen which he hired on this Occasion, he got the Cloths finish'd against a Day which he appointed, when he pretended she was to receive a great Number of Visitors. Against the same Time she gave her Landlady 20 s. to provide a Supper, desiring her to send for what was needful, and she would pay it Overplus next Day. Accordingly an elegant Entertainment was prepared, Abundance of Wine was Drank, and the poor Taylor was as Drunk as a Beast. This was what our Princess wanted, for the Landlady going up to put her Husband to Bed, and all her Guests slip'd out, one with a silver Taper, another with a Salt, her Maid with the Cloths which was not on their Backs; and, in a Word, not one of them all went off empty-handed. Being got into the Street, they put the Maid and the Boy into the Coach, getting themselves into others, and driving by different Ways to the Place of their new Residence, not one of them being discovered.

Another Time, she had a mighty Mind, seen to put herself into Mourning, to which Purpose, she sent her Woman to a Shop in the New-Exchange, the Strand, where she had bought some Things the Day before, to desire that the People would bring Choice of Hoods, knots Scarves, Aprons, Caps, and other Mourning Accoutrements to her Lodging instantly, for her Father was dead, and she must be ready in so many Days to appear at his Funeral. The Woman of the Shop presently look'd out

best she had of each of these Commodities, and made the best of her Way to Madam's Quarters. When she came there, the poor Lady was sadly indispos'd, so that she was not able to look over the Things till after Dinner; when, if Madam Milliner wou'd please to come again; she did not doubt but they shou'd deal. The good Woman was very well satisfy'd, and refus'd to take her Goods back again, but desir'd she might trouble her Ladyship so far as to leave them there till she came again; which was very readily granted. At the Time appointed comes our Trade-woman, and ask if the Gentlewoman above Stairs was at Home, but was told, to her great Mortification, that she was gone out they could not tell whether, and that they believ'd she would never return again; for he had found Means, before her Departure, to convey away several of the most valuable Parts of Furniture in the Room which she had hir'd. The next Day confirm'd their Suspicion, and made both the Landlord and Milliner give her up for an Impostor, and their Goods for lost.

Being habited, *à la Mode*, all in Sable, she took Rooms in *Fuller's-Rents* in *Holborn*, and sent for a young Barrister of *Gray's-Inn*. When Mr. *Justinian* came, she told him she was Heir to her deceas'd Father, but that having an extravagant Husband, with whom she did not live, she was willing to secure her Estate in such a Manner as that he might not enjoy the Benefit of it, or have any Command over it, for, she had, she was certain of coming to want Bread in a little Time. Here she wept plentifully, to make her Case have the greater Effect, and engage the Lawyer to stay with her till the Plot she had laid could be executed. While the grave young Man was putting his Face into a proper Position, and speaking to the Affair in Hand with all the Learning of *Coke*, the Woman came up Stairs on a sudden, crying out, *O Lord, Madam, we are all undone! for my Master is elow. He has been asking after you, and swears he will come up to your Chamber. I am afraid the People of the House will not be able to kinder him, he appears so resolute. O Heavens! says our Counterfeit, what shall I do? Why? says the Lawyer, Why! I mean for you, dear me, what Excuse shall I make for your being here? I dare not tell him our Quality and Business; for that would endanger all. And, on the other Side, he is extremely jealous. Therefore, good Sir, step into that Closet till I can send him away. The Lawyer being surpris'd, and not knowing what to do so on a sudden, complied with her Request, and the lock'd him into the Closet, drawing the Curtains of the Bed, and going to the Door to receive her counterfeit Husband, who, by his Time, had demanded Entrance.*

No sooner was our Gentleman enter'd, but he began to give his Spouse the most opprobrious Language he could invent. *O Mrs. Devil, says he, I understand you have a Man in the Room! A pretty Companion for a poor innocent Woman, truly, one who is always complaining how hardly I use her. Where is the Son of a Whore? I shall sacrifice him this Moment. Is this your Modesty, Madam? This your Virtue? Let me see your Gallant immediately, or, by the Eight, you shall be the first Victim yourself. Upon this, he made to the Closet-Door, and forc'd it open in a great Fury, as he had before been directed. Here he discovers our young Lawyer, all pale, and trembling, ready to sink through the Floor at the Sight of one from whom he could expect no Mercy. Out flies the Sword, and poor *Littleton* was upon his Marrow-bones in a Moment. Just in his instant Madam interpos'd, being resolv'd rather to die herself than see the Blood of an innocent Man spilt in her Apartment, and upon her Account. A*

Companion, also, of our Bully Husband, stepp'd up, and wrested the Sword out of his Hand by main Strength, endeavouring to pacify him with all the Reason and Art he was Master of. But still, that there might be no Appearance of Impositure, the more they strove, the more enrag'd our injur'd poor Cornuto appear'd, for such he thought to make the Lawyer believe he imagin'd himself.

They could not, however, so effectually impose on our Limb of the Law as than he discern'd nothing of the Artifice: He began to see himself trapp'd, and ventur'd to speak in his own Behalf, and tell the whole Truth of the Story. But he might as well have said nothing; for the other insisted upon it that this was only Pretence, and that he came there for other Purposes. His Honour was injur'd, and nothing would serve but Blood, or other sufficient Reparation. It was at last referr'd to the Arbitration of the other Man, who came with the sham Husband; and he propos'd the Sum of 500 *l.* to make up the Matter. This was a large Sum, and indeed, more than the Lawyer could well raise: However he at last consented to pay down 100 *l.* rather than bring himself into fresh Inconveniences; which they oblig'd him immediately to send for, first looking over the Note, to see that he did not send for a Countable instead of the Money. Upon the Payment, they discharg'd him from his Confinement.

Not long after this, our Princess was apprehended for stealing a Silver Tankard in *Covent Garden*, and after Examination, committed to *Newgate*. At the following Sessions she was found guilty, and condemn'd, but was afterwards repriev'd, and order'd for Transportation. This Sentence was executed, and she was sent to *Jamaica*, where she had not been above two Years, before she return'd to *England* again, and set up for a rich Heiress. By this Means, she got married to a very wealthy Apothecary at *Westminster*, whom she robb'd of above 300 *l.* and then left him.

After this, she took a Lodging, in a House where no body liv'd but the Landlady, a Watchmaker, who was also a Lodger, and herself and Maid. When she thought her Character here pretty well established, she one Night invited the Watchmaker and her Landlady to go with her and see a Play, pretending she had a Present of some Tickets. They consented, and only Madam's Maid, who was almost as good as herself, was left at Home. She, according to Agreement, in their Absence broke open almost all the Locks in the House, stole 200 *l.* in Money, and about thirty Watches; so that the Prize, in all, amounted to about 600 *l.* which she carried to a Place before provided, in another Part of the Town. After the Play was over, our Princess invited her Companions to drink with her at the *Green Dragon Tavern* in *Fleetstreet*, where she gave them the Slip, and went to her Maid.

We now proceed to the Catastrophe of this prodigious Woman, who, had she been virtuously inclin'd was capable of being the Phoenix of her Age; for it was impossible for her not to be admir'd in every Thing she said and did. The Manner of her last and fatal Apprehension, was as follows, we having taken the Account from the Papers of those Times.

One Mr. *Freeman*, a Brewer in *Southwark*, had been robb'd of about 200 *l.* whereupon he went to Mr. *Lowman*, Keeper at the *Marshalsea*, and desired him to search all suspicious Places, in order to discover the Thieves. One *Lancaster* was the Person most suspected, and while they were searching a House near *New Spring-Gardens* for him, they spied a Gentlewoman, as she seem'd to be, walking in the two pair of Stairs Room in a Night-Gown:

Mr. *Lowman* immediately enters the Room, spies three Letters on the Table, and begins to examine them; Madam seems offended with him, and their Dispute caus'd him to look on her so stedfastly that he knew her, call'd her by her Name, and carried away both her and her Letters.

This was in *December 1672*, and she was kept close Prisoner till the 16th of *January* following, when she was brought by Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the *Old Bailey*, and ask'd whether or no she was the Woman who usually went by the Name of *Mary Carleton*, to which she answered, that she was the same, the Court then demanded the Reason of her returning so soon from the Transportation she had been Sentenced to. Here she made a great many trifling Evasions, to gain Time, by which Means she gave the Bench two or three Days Trouble. At last, when she found nothing else would do, she pleaded her Belly, but a Jury of Matrons being called, they brought her in not quick with Child. So that on the last Day of the Sessions she received Sentence of Death, in the usual Form, with a great deal of Intrepidity.

After Condemnation she had abundance of Visitors, some out of Curiosity, others to converse with her, learn her Sentiments of Futurity, and give her such Instructions as were needful. Among the Latter, was a Gentleman to whom she gave a great many regular Responses; in which she discovered herself to be a *Roman Catholick*, profess her Sorrow for her past Life, and wish'd she had her Days to live over again; she also blam'd the Women who were her Jury for their Verdict, saying, that she believed they could not be sure of what they testify'd, and that they might have given her a little more Time.

On the 22d of *January*, which was the Day of her Execution, she appeared rather more Gay and Brisk than ever before. When her Irons were taken off, (for she was shackled) she pinn'd the Picture of her Husband *Carleton* on her Sleeve, and in that manner carried it with her to *Tyburn*. Seeing the Gentleman who had conversed with her, she said to him in French, *Mon Ami, le bon Dieu vous benisse, My Friend, God bless you.* At hearing *St. Sepulchre's*

Bell toll, she made use of several Ejrculations. One Mr. *Crouch*, a Friend of hers, rode with her in the Cart, to whom she gave at the Gallows two Popish Books, called, *The Key of Paradise*, and *The Manual of Daily Devotion*. At the Place of Execution she told the People, *That she had been a very vain Woman, and expected to be made a Precedent for Sin; that tho' the World had condemn'd her, she had much to say for herself; that she pray'd God to forgive her, as she did her Enemies; and a little more to the same Effect.* After which, she was turn'd off, in the 38th Year of her Age, and in the same Month she was born in.

Her Body was put into a Coffin, and decently buried in *St. Martin's-Church-Yard*, on which Occasion a merry Wag wrote this Distich.

The German Princess here, against her Will,
Lies Underneath, and yet, Oh strange! lies still.

Verfes on the GERMAN PRINCESS.

I.

WHAT might our Princess be esteem'd,
If Women all are Wonders deem'd;
Since, from the same unsounded Cause,
Of Wonders, she the Wonder was?

II.

A Woman's Arts, the learn'd pretend,
No Man alive can comprehend;
Carleton in wiles, whenever try'd,
Exceeded all the Sex beside.

III.

No Woman's Craving can be still'd,
So Solomon the wise Man hold;
By any single Man be meant;
Not fifty Carleton could content.

IV.

In Vain her Qualities we trace;
O'er all the Sex she claims a Place;
For all the wondrous Sex combin'd
To call her Wonder of their Kind.

The LIFE of THOMAS WATERS.

THOMAS WATERS was born of very reputable Parents at Henley upon Thames in Oxfordshire. His Father and Mother both when he was very young, and left him to the care of an Uncle, who put him Apprentice to a Notary Publick behind the Royal Exchange. But Business was what his Mind was not turn'd for, and the Sentence of seven Years appear'd to him a grievous Thing; whereupon he gave himself a Discharge with the Leave of his Master, before he had serv'd out the Term. What little Money he had was soon expended, and he was expos'd to the wide World, without any visible Way of getting a Living in it: The Circumstances soon inclin'd him to apply himself to the Highway, as the only Method he could find of supporting himself; there being this peculiar Advantage in the Life of an Highwayman, that he need not want a Livelihood so long as he has a Sword for it, if he will but be industrious in this Profession: He may rob till he is taken, then the Justice must maintain him till the Sessions or Assizes, when he has the Luck to be hang'd, there's an End of all his Wants. This was Tom's Way of Living, and his whole Life afterwards was a Series of Actions agreeable thereto.

It is true he enter'd himself at first into the Earl of Dover's Troop of Guards, but the Pay of this Service was not at all proportionable to his Expences, so that he was a Soldier rather to conceal himself from the Profit of his Place. The Highway was more advantageous, and he soon entirely neglected his Duty, and deserted, for the sake of living at Freedom upon the Stock of his good Fortune.

His first Exploit was on about twenty or thirty Horses, whom he saw near Bromley in Kent, as they were coming one Morning early out of a Barn, where they had lain all Night. He rid up to them, and commanded them to Stand, with threatening to shoot half a Score of them through the Head, if they did not obey his Command instantly. These Orders were pretty patient thus far; but when he order'd them to draw their Purse-Strings, they set up a Cry as terrible, as the *Holo loo* of the *Wild-Brigs*, when they lose a Cock or a Hen. The being robb'd on the Highway was something new to them, who had all their Lives long been us'd to defraud every body they met with. Some of them intreated his Pity and Compassion in a miserable Tone: Others began to curse his Fortune; promising him abundance of Money, and every Thing else they could think of as desirable, and bestowing on him more Blessings than the Pope would have sold for all the Gold they had to lose, tho' perhaps his Benedictions have not a Halfpenny more intrinsic Value in themselves. Tom was not so superstitious at this time as to take Notice either of their Predictions or Blessings; he wanted the ready Rhino; for the old Proverb, *That one Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush*, was one of his darling Maxims. A

Plague take you, says he, for a Company of canting Whores and Rogues, I know what my Fortune is well enough: I shall be hang'd, if I don't mend my Manners, and so 'tis possible some of you may be too: However, neither this Similitude in our Fortunes, nor all the Jargon you can muster, will do you any Service; so deliver, or I'll send half of you to your old Friend the Devil.

When our Tribe of Jugglers found he was resolutely bent upon taking what they had, they began to empty their Pockets of a large Quantity of Silver Spoons, Tasters, Gold Rings, &c. which they either stole, or persuaded some of the silly Country People to give them, for having their Fortunes told. These Moveables, together with what Money they produc'd, amounted in all to Sixty Pounds. By that Time Tom had got his Booty, several Country Fellows in the Neighbourhood, who were alarmed at the first Outcry, came running to see what was the Matter, with Clubs, Flails, and Pitchforks in their Hands. Tom saw them coming, and rode to meet them, crying out, *That while one of the Gypsies was telling his Fortune, she pick'd his Pocket to a considerable Value, and would not return him any Thing again; for which Reason he had been lashing some of them with his Whip. You did very well, Master, said the Boors; for there are not such Thieves in Hell as these Gypsies are.* This turn'd the Rage of the Countrymen upon the Tawny Tribe, so that they drove them all out of Sight with their Sticks, and throwing Stones at them, while Tom rode laughing off, to think how he had impos'd on them.

One Time he met with an Hostler on the Road from *Yorkshire* to *London*, who had once liked to have betray'd him at an Inn in *Doncaster*. This Fellow had sav'd together Forty Pounds, and was coming to Town in order to improve it, either by jockeying, or keeping an Alehouse; the two Ways his Countrymen commonly apply themselves to. Tom knew him again, and the Remembrance of such a gross Affront was enough to make him a little rough; however, he promis'd to spare his Life, tho' he did not deserve such a Favour, if he deliver'd what he had without Words. The Hostler was conscious of what he had done, and so he surrender'd; but at the same Time begg'd that Waters would return him Part of it, because otherwise he was utterly undone. But instead of hearkening his Repent, Tom shot his Horse, and advis'd him to tramp down into *Yorkshire* again on Foot, and take to his old Vocation, at which he would soon find Ways and Means to make up his Loss. If Travellers say true, our Adventurer might not be much mistaken; for the Honesty of an Hostler is a Proverb on the Road.

Another of Waters's Adventures was with Sir Ralph Delaval, at that Time Vice-Admiral of the English Fleet, whom he very well. The Meeting was on the Road between *Portsmouth* and *Petersfield*. Well overtaken, Brother Tar, quoth Tom, pray what Religion

Religion are you of? Sir Ralph stared at him, and seem'd astonish'd at his Impudence. *What Business have you,* says he, *to enquire about my Religion?* Nay, Sir Ralph, Waters reply'd, *I had only a Mind to ask a civil Question, because I have been inform'd that you Sailors have no Religion at all: But since you are so crusty upon this Head, give me Leave to ask you another Thing. Pray do you apprehend you shall be robb'd before you come to the End of your Journey? Not at all,* quoth the Admiral, *I have my Footman behind me. Now there you and I are of two Opinions,* says Tom; *for I believe you will be robb'd very quickly.* While he was speaking his Pistols were out, and Master and Man were threaten'd with Death, if they offer'd to stir Hand or Foot: In this Condition the Knight thought it his best Way to save his Life by delivering his Money; which he did, to the Tune of ninety Guineas, besides a Gold Watch. Tom thank'd him very heartily, bid him not be so positive another Time of escaping a Robbery, and so took his Leave to go in quest of other Adventures, and spend the Profit of this.

On the same Day, between Guildford and Godalming, he met with the famous Hermaphrodite, who liv'd formerly in Lamb's-Conduit-Fields, and afterwards at Gosport. A mere Frolick excited him to rob this Person, that he might have such an Adventure to talk of afterwards. He stopp'd her (for she was dress'd in Woman's Apparel) with a Volley of Oaths and hard Names; calling her *Masculo-Feminine Monster*; half Dog, half Bitch; and abundance to the same Purpose; telling her, *That he did not at all fear Prosecution: For, as thou art neither Man nor Woman,* says he, *'twill be impossible for thee to lodge a Bill against me.* He got from this Person about Twenty Pounds, which pleas'd him more than any other Booty he ever got in his Life, as he frequently us'd to declare.

For the Space of five Years and upwards he continued his Robberies, during which Time he committed almost an incredible Number: But as few of these Fellows escape the Demerit of their Crimes, though they may elude it for some Time, so Tom fell at last into the Hands of the Law. His last Robbery was on *Hounslow-Heath*, a Place where almost all of them at one Time or another try their Fortunes. He took from one *John Hosey*, a *Bristol Carrier*, above Fourteen Hundred Pounds in Money and Plate; some of which latter was found on him when he was apprehended. For this Fact he receiv'd Sentence of Death; and being convey'd to *Tyburn* in a Coach, on *Friday* the seventeenth Day of *July*, in the Year 1691, he was there executed, in the Twenty sixth Year of his Age; going off the Stage in a very resolute Manner.

Before he was carry'd from *Newgate*, he deliver'd a Paper to some of his Friends, the Substant of which was as follows.

IT must be confess'd, that at first Thought a Person in my Condition seems to have the least Cause to be merry of any one in the World: I am just now to leave all my Companions, all my Pleasures, and in a Word, all that at present seems most engaging to me, either in a literal Sense, To be no more, or to take a Leap in the Dark the Lord knows whither.

If the first of these were certain, I should have nothing more to do than to bid all my Friends Good-b' w' ye, and take the finishing Saving with the meagre Pleasure that I go to sleep at Night; or if, on the other Hand, I were sure of taking a Supper this Evening, either in *Paradise* or *Tartarus*, and of keeping my Habitation there to Eternity, provided I were inform'd in which of these Places it was to be, I should have no Occasion to remain in this fluctuating, and painful, State of Mind; but give Way either to Delight or Transport, according as my Entertainment would be pleasing or dreadful.

But none of these Things can be determin'd; this very Uncertainty of Affairs is enough to make me thus thoughtful: We are apt always to fear the worst where two Extremes are before us, one of which cannot be avoided; especially if we are conscious not having perform'd the Terms on which the other is promis'd.

Yet, after all, why should we fear the worst where every Thing is equally doubtful? Do not Men always think of drowning when they are in the Sea? No; he is as cheerful, as though the Element he was upon expos'd him to no Danger. Why then should Death only be our Fears so powerful? I can Reason for it, and therefore I will endeavour to get no more of it, but turn all my Thoughts to the present Moment of the few Moments I am to be here, in the Manner which has usually afforded me the most secure; and as to Futurity ——— be as easy as a Shoe.

You see, Gentlemen, I have reason'd myself out of Breath, and neither I nor you are the wiser by all I have said. Things still remain as they were, and will do so in spite of all our Enquiries. I am going the Way of all Flesh, and yet I know not a single Step of the Road beyond *Tyburn*; nor am I like to know it, till I come thither, and then I must take it as it runs, I am to be hang'd; that's all you'll ever know, and all I would ever have you desire to know. When the Job's over, go home and be merry, and let the Waters never more give you an uneasy Thought.

The LIFE of Captain EVAN EVANS.

THE Title of Captain, was only assumed by this noted Criminal, who was born in *South-Wales*, and his Father, who kept an Inn at *Brecknock*, the chief Town in *Brecknockshire*, having given him good Education, put him Apprentice to an Attorney at Law; but his vicious Inclinations, together with the Opportunity he had of corresponding with some Gentlemen of the Road, (as such rogues affected call themselves) who frequented his Father's House, he soon came to act in the same wicked Courses they follow'd, and in a little Time became the most noted Highwayman in these Parts, having made prodigious Booties of the *Welsh* Grafts and others.

The Captain once happening to be under a Guard, who were conducting him to *Shrewsbury* Goal, with his Legs ty'd under the Belly of the Horse, one of his Attendants had got an excellent Fowling-Piece, which was then loaded, and the Prisoner, espying a peasant pearching upon a Tree, with a deep Sigh press'd the Dexterity he had used formerly in killing such Game; so humbly requesting the Gun, that he might shoot at so fine a Mark, the ignorant Fellow readily complied with his Request. But no sooner had the Captain got the Piece into his Hands, but he charged upon his Guard, and swore a whole Volley of Oaths, that he would fire upon them if they stir'd one Step farther. Then retreating from them upon his little Poney to a convenient Distance, he commanded one of them that was best mounted, to come near him and alight; which being done, and the Bridle of the Horse on a Hedge, the poor Fellow was obliged to throw him his Pistols, and then was admitted to approach nearer the Captain, who, presenting one of them at his Head, obliged him to lose his Legs, and retire to his Companions; his being also done, he soon left his little Scrub, mounted the fine Gelding, and rode off.

The Captain then coming to *London*, the County being too hot to hold him, upon his handsome Chariot and Carriage, which was somewhat extraordinary, as likewise his Person, he got to be clerk to Sir *Edmund Andrews*, then Governor of *Guernsey*, and continued there in that Capacity for three or four Years; but Money not coming in fast enough in that honest Employment, to support his wicked Inclinations, he soon left that Service, returned to *London*, and took a Lodging at the three Beasts Tongues in *Nicholas-Lane*, where he passed for a *Guernsey* Merchant, or a Captain of a Ship, and took his younger Brother *William Evans*, as a Servant to wait on him, giving him a Livery, under the colour of which he committed several notorious robberies on the Highways about *London*.

One of his boldest and most daring Robberies, was committed on 'Squire *Harvey* of *Essex*, between *Stile-End* and *Bow*, in the Day-time, from whom he took a diamond Ring, and Money, to a considerable Value, as he was riding home in his Coach from the Cathedral Church of *St. Paul's*, the late

Queen *Anne* having that Day honoured the City with Royal Presence.

Sometime after that, meeting not far from *Hampstead*, with one *Gambol* a Writing-Master, living in *Exeter-street*, behind *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*, walking with his Wife, he made bold to command them to deliver what Money they had, which they very obstinately refusing, the Captain took what Money he found in their Pockets, which was about thirty or forty Shillings, and for their Presumption of not being obedient to the Doctrine of Non-resistance, obliged them upon pain of Death, to strip themselves stark naked, and then tying them close Belly to Belly, with their Clothes by them, (for he did not take them away) bound them to a Tree, and rode off. But before he left them, he had chalk'd in great Letters just over their Heads on the Body of the Tree, that *Gambol* and his Wife were *Adamites*; which is a sort of Sect which teaches their Profelytes both Men and Women, to pray in their Meetings, and perform other divine Services, stark naked; which Posture they call the State of Innocency, and the Places they assemble in, Paradise.

Another Time, Captain *Evans* and his Brother, with two other Persons, attacked a Member of Parliament on *Bagshot-Heath*, who was travelling in a Coach and six Horses, with three other Gentlemen in it, and no less than four Gentlemen on Horseback well arm'd, besides three Footmen, a Coachman and Postillion. This honourable Person and the rest had a Jealousy they were Highwaymen coming to approach them, and with their Arms, as two Blunderbusses, a Carbine, and Pistols loaded, stood upon the defensive Part, which occasion'd a Field Fight for above the Space of a Quarter of an Hour, several Charges and Discharges being made between them, but to no other Hurt done but the Horse shot dead on which the Captain's Brother *William*, alias his Footman, rode on.

The Captain and the rest of his Accomplices being still desperate, the Parliament Man drew his Sword, and *Evans* his, and ventur'd to engage in a single Combat to save farther Bloodshed; but in this fairly trying their Skill, *Evans* disarming the other, generously return'd him his Sword again, accepting only of a good Horse to carry his Brother off, and what Money they pleas'd to collect among them; for which genteel Piece of Behaviour, that honourable Person afterwards endeavour'd to save his Life.

Not long after this Exploit, Captain *Evans* meeting by *Kilburn-Warren*, one *Wargent* a Bricklayer, who for his vast Bulk might be term'd a *Colossus*, his vast Bigness at first, put our Highwayman into a Surprise, till approaching him nearer, he commanded him to stand; when narrowly searching his Head, and viewing his back Part, he found by his having no Horns and Tail, that he was no Ox, as he first suppos'd him to be at some Distance, he

ventured to search his Breeches next, in which he found a silver Watch, and seventeen or eighteen Shillings in Money, which converting to his own Use, he rode off in quest of another Prey.

One remarkable Robbery he committed with his Brother, was this: As he was travelling *Portsmouth* Road in *Surrey*, meeting a parcel of Headboroughs or Constables conducting about 30 poor Fellows they had prest to *Portsmouth* Garrison, Captain *Evans* asked the Reason of their being led so as Captives ty'd with Cords. The Officers told him they were for the Service, and that they had ten Shillings for each Man they had so imprest. He highly commended them for performing their Duty, and rode off: But coming up with them again in a more convenient Place, he and his Brother attacked them with so much Fury, that setting all the Prisoners at Liberty, they robbed all the Headboroughs of every Penny they had, and then binding them Hand and Foot in a Field, they made the best of their Way off.

Another Time Captain *Evans* meeting on *Finchley Common*, one *Cornish* an Informer, and common Affidavitman, he saluted him with the unwelcome Words *Stand and Deliver*, or otherwise he would shoot him thro' the Head. Poor *Cornish* stood trembling like an Aspin Leaf, and heartily begged and prayed that he would save his Life, tho' he took all he had from him; but if he did rob him, he was certainly ruined and undone. Quoth *Evans*, *What a Plague are you a Spaniard, that you carry all your Riches about you?* No, Sir, (reply'd *Cornish*) *I am a poor honest Man, as all my Neighbours in St. Sepulchre's Parish know, belonging to the Chamberlain. Said Evans then, What Inn do you live at? Perhaps you may do me a Piece of Service, by informing me of wealthy Passengers lying at your House; and if so, I shall generously reward you.* Quoth *Cornish*, Sir, *I belong to no Chamberlains of Inns, but to the Chamberlain of London, to whom I give an Information of Persons setting up in the City, that are not Freemen, of Apprentices not taking up their Freedom when out of their Times, and other Matters*

which come under the Cognizance of that Office. Said *Evans*, *D—n you and the Chamberlain of London too, I thought all this while you had belonged to some Inn, and so might have given me Intelligence in my Way of Business, but as I find the contrary, I have no more Time to lose with you. Deliver, or you are a dead Man!* So searching *Cornish's* Pockets, in which he found but five Pence in Brass Money, he was so confounded mad, that he flung them over the Heath, and then severely caning him, in the midst of twenty G—d—me's and more, he mounts his Horse again, and rode off to seek a better Booty.

Amongst the many Robberies which he committed, we shall now proceed to that which proved most fatal to him. He having Intelligence of *Chester Coach's* coming with Passengers to *Lond*, sent his Brother *William* the Night before to *Barnet*, and to be in *Baldock-Lane* at a certain Time next Morning. But the poor Lad happening to light of a Scotch Cheefmonger, who was travelling to *Edinburgh*, and he pretending to go some Part of the Way on his Master's Commissions, they must needs lie together, and proceed on their Journey next Day. When they were come into *Baldock-Lane*, a Pistol, to the great Surprise of the *Scotchman* was fired over *Will's* Head by the Captain, that being the Signal proposed; they then soon commanded the *Scotchman* to lie by, and in Sight robbed all the Coaches. Then in Thunderclaps of Oaths, the Captain riding up to the *Scotchman*, he robb'd him of seven Guineas, and two Watches; but by *Will's* Intercession, who lay with him all Night, return'd him his Watch, and three Guineas to bear his Charges to his own Country; for which generous Act the same *Scotchman* hang'd them both at the gibbets held at *Hartford*, in 1708, the Captain aged 29 Years, and his Brother *Will* 23. Several Persons of Quality, and others of no small Distinction, whom they robbed, would not appear against them, but rather endeavoured to save their forfeited Lives.

The LIFE of STEPHEN BUNCE.

HIS unfortunate Malefactor took to all manner or Disorderliness and Theft, even in his very Childhood; for playing very often one of his Neighbour's Children, whose Father was a Charcoal-Man, he would privately fill his Pocket with that Commodity, and vend it for Codlings to an old Apple-Woman that kept a little Bulk, or all, in *Newtner's Lane*; but, at length, being weary of this petty Thieving, he wanted once to get so many Codlings before-hand, and allow for the in the next Bargain; tho' he design'd to merchandise no more with her. The old Woman misinterpreting his Intent, would not give him Credit. Stephen was very angry to himself that she should scruple in his Honesty, and resolved to be even with her. On this Intent, one cold frosty Morning, bringing a good Parcel of Charcoal, whose Hollowneits in the Middle he had fill'd with Gun-Powder, and seal'd it up with black-Wax, he had for it what the old Woman thought fit to give him in her Ware. He presently thrust an Heap of it under her Kettle, which was boiling, and being hard bitter Weather, he hovered over it with her Coats almost up to the Navel. At length the Gunpowder concealed in the Charcoal taking Fire, up bounced the Kettle, blew the Codlings and Water about her Ears, and in the midst of Fire and Smoke, the old Woman cry'd out, Fire and Murder in a hideous Manner, which brought a great Mob about her presently, to assist her in her great Distress. However, it was the Goodness of her kind Stars, to let her come off in imminent Danger, with the Damage only of scalding her a little, and burning a large Hole thro' her Neck, and the Trouble of picking up her Codlings again.

After Stephen Bunce was grown to Years of Discretion, he soon undertook great Exploits: For Instance, beg one Day very genteely dress'd, and going into a Coffee-House, where an old Gentleman had then a full Tobacco Box, which opened in two separate Pans, lying the Table where this Sharper sat, after turning the News Papers over and over, whilst he was drinking a Dish of Tea, he paid for the same, and went privately away with the Lid of the Box, and on his Cypher presently engraved thereon; then retreating back to the Coffee-House, and very courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Gentleman, have you left the Bottom of my Tobacco Box behind me?* Scrumbling among the News Papers, he there found it crying, as he clapp'd the Lid on, *Oh, here it is!* At this, the Owner thereof claim'd it for his; but Stephen impudently shewing his Cypher on it, he challeng'd it as his Property, and kept it, which put the Company in the Coffee Room into a great Contention, about what should become of the old Gentleman's Box.

Another Time, Stephen Bunce being benighted in *Bromyard* in *Herefordshire*, and much straiten'd for want of Money, a Thought came into his Head

to make up to the Parson's House, where knocking at the Door, he desired the Maid to tell her Master a Stranger fain would have the Honour of speaking with him; the Parson coming out, and enquiring his Business, he being a good Tongue Pad, told him. he was a poor Student lately come from *Oxford*, in order to go home to his Friends, and being belated, he most humbly begged the Favour that he would give him Entertainment under his Roof, but for one Night. The Parson being taken with his modest Carriage and Behaviour, withal believing what he said to be true, he kindly received him, and courteously entertained him at Supper with him and his Family; which being over, the Maid was ordered to shew him his Bed Chamber.

When he was bidding them all good Night, Stephen most humbly requested of the Parson, that he might give him a Sermon in the Morning, which was Sunday, and the Parson very thankfully accepted of his Proffer. So the Morning being come, the Levite equipp'd his young Student in his Gown and Cassock; and, because it was about a Mile to the Church, lent him his Horse too, whilst he, his Wife, and Children, would go the foot Path over the Fields. When Sir Reverend came to Church, one was bowing, another scraping, to the Parson of the Parish, wondering to see him without his canonical Habit, on a Day when he should perform his sacred Function. But he soon alleviated their Admiration, by telling his Parishioners, that a young Gentleman of the University of *Oxford*, would be there presently, that would preach to them an excellent Sermon. Now Prayers were said, and the last Psalm sung, but none of the Gentleman came; so staying till Dinner Time, the Congregation was forc'd to go Home without a Sermon, as well as their Parson without his Gown and Horse, which Stephen to be sure had ordained for another Use than to ride to Church to preach in.

Another Time this pickled Blade being upon his Patrol in *Essex*, as he was on one side of the Hedge, he espy'd at some Distance, a Gentleman very well mounted on a good Gelding; so getting into the Road, he lay all along on the Ground with his Ear close to it, till the Gentleman came up, who asking him the Reason of that Posture, Stephen held up his Hand to him, which was as much as to bid the Gentleman be silent; but the Gentleman being of a hasty Temper, quote he, *What a Pox are you a listening to?* Hereupon, Stephen sitting on his Breech, he said, *Oh, dear! Sir, I have often heard great Talk of the Fairies, but I could never have the Faith to believe there were any such Things in Nature, till now, in this very Place, I hear such a ravishing and melodious Harmony of all sorts of Musick, that it is enough to charm me to sit here, if possible, to all Eternity.*

This Story made the Gentleman presently alight to hear this ravishing Musick too; so giving Stephen his Gelding to hold, and laying his Ear to the Ground,

quoth

quoth he, *I can bear nothing.* Mr. Bunce bid him turn t'other Ear, which he did, and then his Face being from him, Stephen presently mounted his Gelding, and galloped away with all Speed, till he came within Sight of Rumsford. Then alighting he let the Gelding loose, supposing that if the Owner us'd any Inn in that Town, he would make to it, as accordingly he did, and Stephen at his Heels. The Hostler who was at the Door, cry'd out, *Master, Master, here's Mr. Bartlet's Horse come without him.* By this Stratagem, Stephen having got the Owner's Name, quoth he to the Inn-keeper, *Mr. Bartlet being engaged with some Gentlemen in Play at Ingerstone, he pray'd him to send him 15 Guineas, and to keep his Gelding in Pledge thereof till he came himself, which would be in the Evening.* Ay, Ay, (reply'd the Inn-keeper) 100 Guineas if he wanted them. So giving Stephen 15 Guineas, he made the best of his Way to London, when in about four or five Hours, the Gentleman came puffing and blowing in his great Jack Boots to the Inn, and the Inn-keeper stepping up to him, said, *Oh, dear! Sir, what need you have sent your Gelding, and so put yourself to the Trouble of coming this sultry Weather on Foot, for the small Matter of fifteen Guineas, when you might have commanded ten Times as much without a Pledge?* Quoth the Gentleman, *Hath the Fellow then brought my Gelding hither? A Son of a Whore! He was pretty Honest in that; but I find the Rogue hath made me pay fifteen Guineas for bearing his d—n'd Fairies Muck.*

Stephen Bunce was a great Visiter of Billiard-Tables, and Cock-Pits, as leaving no Place unsearched wherein there might be any Thing worthy of a Bait. Tho' he had ever so fair an Opportunity of reclaiming, yet was he so profligate in all roguish Transactions, that he abhorr'd any Thing which looked virtuously. Once turning Foot-Path, he set upon a Butcher betwixt Paddington and London, who being also a lusty stout Fellow, he would not part with what he had without some Blows. To cudgelling one another therefore they went; but tho' the Butcher play'd his Part very well, yet after a very hard Battle, wherein they were both sadly battered and bruised, he was forced to cry for Peccavi. Then the Victor searching him all over, from Head to Foot, and finding but a Groat in his Pocket, quoth he, *Is this all you have?* The Butcher reply'd, *Yes, and too much to lose.* Said Bunce then, *Oh! d—n you for a Son of a Whore, if you'd fight at this rate but for a Groat, what a Plague would you have done if you'd had more Money?* So they both parted.

But this small Sum not sufficing for one Night's Extravagancy, as Stephen was coming home by one Mr. Sandford's Shop, a Goldsmith, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, he saw the old Man telling a great Parcel of Money on the Compter, and presently stept to an Oil Shop for a Farthingworth of Salt; then coming back to the Goldsmith's House, and flinging it all in his Eyes, it caus'd such a terrible Smarting, that he did nothing but stamp and rub his Peepers, whilst Mr. Bunce swept about fifty Pounds into his Hat, and went off with it.

It is a true saying, *That what is got over the Devil's Back, is always spent under his Belly;* for Stephen going the same Night to a Bawdy-House in Colson's-Court in Drury Lane, he let into a Strumpet's Company, call'd for her great Bulk, which was like a Colossus, the Royal Sovereign, who pick'd his Pocket of twenty Pounds, and vanish'd away with it in the Twinkling of an Eye. This Disaster made him fret, fume, and Storm, like a mad Man, and vent more Oaths and Curses, than any losing Gamester-at the Groom-Porter's. But all his Exclamations

being to no Purpose, he began to vent his Passion next with a general Railery against all the Female Sex; swearing that there was not a Woman on Earth but what was a Crocodile at Ten, a Whore at fifteen, a Devil at Forty, and a Witch at Threescore.

Spending the Remainder of his Money in a Dilemma two for Vexation, Necessity (which is always the Whetstone to sharpen the Edge of a Man's Inclination) compell'd him to contrive Ways and Means for a fresh Supply; then going to one of his Comrades whom the Sight of Line, Rope, or Halter, could not daunt with the Fear of coming home short at night, they went one Night, when the Shop was just up, to one Mr. Knowles, a Woollen-Draper, in Fleet-street, Westminster, where, whilst Stephen was bargaining for three Quarters of a Yard of Cloth, to him, as he said, a Pair of Breeches, his Companion had the Opportunity of taking the Feather, as they call it, or Key, out of a Pin in the Window. Going away, but without buying any Thing, another Man not thinking any otherwise than that his was fast shut, as having secured all before, they in the dead of the Night, which was very dark by reason the Moon did not shine, and taking the Pin which had no Key, they had an easy Access into the Shop, from whence they took away as much Cloth as came to above eighty Pounds.

When Stephen Bunce was but a Lad about 14 Years of Age, he was a Tapster at the Nag's-Alehouse, in Tuttle-street, Westminster, who had not been above a Month before he convey'd over Tankard privately to one of his thieving companions, which held two Quarts. At Night, his Master came to lock up his Plate, the Tankard was missing, which put all the House into Dispute. Mr. Nick and Froth swore like an Emperor: Mistress scolded as bad as any Fifth-Woman a-lingsgate, and the Servants had all a Grudge in the Gizzard, but whom to blame none could tell. However, after some small Inquisition, it was generally concluded, that some of the Guests had taken it away; whereupon it was agreed by a general Consent, that the next Morning the Maid and Stephen Bunce should go to John-Stridge, the Astrologer and Translator of Shakspeare's Salisbury-street in the Strand, who was cry'd up for his Dexterity in that Art, and thought to be inferior to Friar Bacon. For tho' he could not make a brazen Head to speak, yet he had such a brazen Face of his own as could outface the Devil himself for lying.

Accordingly going to this Astrologer's House and popping a Shilling into his Hand, he very respectfully set himself down in a Chair, laid half a Sheet of white Paper before him, and then taking a Pen in his Hand, he made thereon several Triangles about a Square, which he call'd the 12 Houses, and said Jupiter being Lord of the Ascendant, signifies good Luck for the gaining of your Tankard again, did not Mars interpose with an Evil Aspect towards Mercury. Now, Venus being on the fiery Trigon, denotes the Party that had it, lives either East or West; and Saturn being retrograd, and in the Cusp of Taurus, it must needs be, that is it hid under Ground either North or South.

Then he asked if there was not a red hair'd man at the House that Day? They told him, No. Nor a black hair'd Man neither? said he. They answered, No. Nor was there not a brown hair'd Man there, with grey Cloaths, not very tall, or very low? They told him, Yes. Then he asked whether they knew him or not? They answered, that The Sun (saith he) being ill posited in the

house, and *Mercury* in *Trine* with *Virgo*, it was without all Doubt a brown hair'd Man that had the Hankard. Then *Stephen* asked, whether it might not be a Woman, as well as a Man? This put the Conjurer something to his Trumps; but when the laid said that could not be, for there was never a strange Woman in the House all that Day, he grew bold, and said No, too, for *Venus* being weak in Reception with *Gemini*, and the *Moon* in her Detriment, both feminine Planets, it plainly tells that it was a Man, and one betwixt 40 and 50 Years of Age. Upon my Life, said the Maid, I saw the Party then that had it; he was a curl'd pated Fellow, with a red coloured Sute, and about that Age; he drank in the Rose; but if ever I see the Rogue again, I'll teach him to steal Tankards, with a Murrain to him. *Stephen* could not but laugh in his Sleeve at the Maid's Confidence; so taking their Leave of the *Astrologer*, they went homewards, with a deal of News to tell their Master; but by the way *Stephen* dropt the Maid, to go and take Share of his Booty, and never went any more to his Place.

We should not have rehearsed so much of this Astrological Cant, but to expose both the Professors of that pretended Science, and those who consult them; neither of whom can ever be sufficiently ridicul'd. But to proceed.

This notorious Fellow being once, by an Order of Court at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, sent for a Soldier into *Spain*, while he was there, in an enemy's Country, he was so much upon the Duty of fasting, that the civil War which the Wind made in his empty Stomach, oblig'd him very often to look out sharp for some Employment for his Teeth. One Day *Stephen*, and a Comrade he had got, being as Hungry as two Tarpaulins kept upon short Allowance, but altogether Moneyless, they went loitering up and down the Market in *Barcelona*, to see what Fortune might offer in Relief of their Bellies, which had been mere Strangers to any Sustenance for above forty eight Hours. At length they espy'd a Country Man going out of Town on an Ass: They follow'd him at some Distance, and about half a Mile from the Town, there being a very high Hill, the Country Man alighted, and led the Ass up leisurely by a loose Bridle. Hereupon *Stephen Bunce* going with his Comrade softly after them, he dexterously lipt the Bridle off the Ass's Head, and puts it on his own; then the other going off with the Booty, *Stephen* crawls upon all Fours, 'till he ascended on the Top of the Hill; when the Country-Man turning about to mount again, he was almost frighten'd out of his Wits, to see a Man bridled instead of an Ass. *Stephen* perceiving his great Consternation, quoth he, *Dear Master, don't be troubled at this strange Alteration which you see in your Beast, for indeed was no Ass, as you suppos'd it, but a Man, real Flesh and Blood, as you may be; but you must know, that it being my Misfortune to commit a Sin against the Virgin Mary once, she repented it so heinously, that she trans-*

form'd me into the Likeness of an Ass for seven Years; and now the Time being expired, I assume my proper Shape again, and am at my own Disposal. However, Sir, I return you many Thanks for your Goodness towards me; for since I have been in your Custody, you put me to no more Labour than what I, you, or any other Ass, might be able to bear.

The Country Man was astonish'd at the Story; but nevertheless was glad that his Ass which was could not charge him with any ill Usage. So parting, *Stephen* went to his Comrade, who had already chang'd the Ass again into Money, to put their Teeth in use once more, for fear they should forget the Way of eating; whilst the poor Country Man was oblig'd to return to Town again to buy him another Ass to carry him home. When he came into the Ass-Market he espied his old Ass again, whereupon stepping up hastily to him, and whispering in his Ear, he said, *Oh! Pox on you, you have committed another Sin against the Virgin Mary, I find; but I shall take Care how I buy you again.*

He was lawfully married at *Plymouth* to a Viscount's Daughter, who had so much Education bestowed upon her, as to read, sew, and mark on a Sampler; after which she was kept at Home to sit in the Bar, and keep the Scores; which Post pleas'd the young Woman very well, because there was great Variety of Guests us'd the House, especially merry drunken Sailors, who, when they had Liberty to come ashore, would lustily booze it, and sing and dance all Weathers. But *Stephen*, within a very little while after he was entertain'd into the State of Matrimony, catching the Gunner of the *Swiftsure* Man of War boarding his Wife, he quickly shew'd his Spouse a light Pair of Heels, and came up to *London*; where growing debauch to the highest Degree, he was very seldom out of the Powdering Tub; Nevertheless, the impairing of his Health after this profligate Way did not alternate his Inclination from keeping Company with such Cattle, who ruin both Body and Soul; and for the Maintenance of lewd Woman, he cared not what Hazards he underwent, as he confess'd when under Sentence of Death. At last, as common Whores were his Ruin, he would, but it was then too late, exclaim against 'em, and say, a Strumpet was the Highway to the Devil; and he that look upon her with Desire began his Voyage to inevitable Destruction; he that stay'd to talk with her mended his Pace; and he who enjoy'd her was at his Journey's End.

He had been an old Offender, and was such a debauch'd Fellow in his Conversation, that he could invent no other Method of gracing his Discourse, and making it taking, but by a complaisant Rehearsal of his own, and other Mens Uncleanesses; in fine, he could not find an Hours Talk, without being beholden for it to a common Whore; but his Wickedness made its Exit at *Tyburn*, in 1707, with *Jack Hall* and *Dick Low*, whose Lives immediately follow.

The LIFE of DICK LOW.

THIS Person took to thieving in his Minority, and was become very expert in it at the Age when others usually begin. One time when he was about 11 or 12 Years old, creeping privately in an Evening behind a Goldsmith's Compter in *Cheapside*, the Goldsmith comes from a back Room, and goes himself behind the Compter; in-somuch that *Dick Low* had no Opportunity of going out invisible; whereupon he cries, *Whoop, Whoop*. At this the Goldsmith cry'd, *Hey, hey, is this a Place to play at Whooper's Hide? Get you gone, you young Rogue, and play in the Streets*. But *Dick* yet lying still, cry'd again, *Whoop, Whoop*; which made the Goldsmith in a great Passion cry, *Get you gone, Sirrah, or I'll Whoop you with a good Cane, if you want to play here*. Whereupon *Dick* went away with a Bag of fifty Pound, which the Goldsmith miss'd next Day.

But as he grew up in Years, his Statue made him past those Exercises which they call the Morning, Noon, or Night *Sneak*, which is privately sneaking into Houses at any of those Times, and carrying off what next comes to Hand; for all's Fish that comes to Net with them, who are term'd Saint *Peter's* Children, as having every Finger a Fish-hook. He went also upon other Lays, such as taking *Lobs* from behind *Rattlers*; that is to say, Trunks or Boxes from behind Coaches; and upon the *Mill*, which is breaking open Houses in the Night; for which Purpose they have their Tinder-Boxes, Matches, Flints, Steels, Dark-Lanthorns, Bags, Cords, Betties, and Chisfels to wrench. This was then the manner, but at present they have a new Way, of using a large turning a Gimblet or Augur, with which boring Holes thro' a wooden Window, they presently with a Knife cut out a Hole big enough to put in their Hand to unbolt it; whereby an honest Man is soon undone by these sly Rascals, who call themselves *Prigs*, which, in their canting Language, denotes a Thief. As for the Religion of these People, they term themselves but half Christians, because of the two principal Commandments they keep but one, which is to love God, but in no Case their Neighbour, from whom it is their Livelihood to steal. These Thieves have a quick Eye to take hold on all Advantages of obtaining an unlawful Prize; and Highwaymen have commonly their Spies in all Fairs, Markets, and Inns, who view all that go and come, and learn what Money they carry, how much, where they leave it, and in what Hands, whereby they for whom they spy may be masters of it.

When *Richard Low* was a Foot Soldier in *Flanders*, he and his Comrade being one Day very peckish, and meeting with a Boor in *Ghent*, loaded with Capons, Partridges, and Hens, they struck up a Bargain with him for half of them, which *Dick's* Comrade carried off, whilst he was fumbling and pulling out all his Things in his Pockets to find out his Money. His Coin amounting to nothing

answerable to the Poultry he had bought, he order'd the Boor to follow him, 'till at length he brought him into a Cloyster of *Capuchine Fryars*, where some of them were confessing Folks; then he told the Boor, that the Provision he had bought of him was for this House, and a certain Father, who was there confessing, was the Superior, to whom he would go, and acquaint his Reverence that he must pay him. Accordingly going up the Confessor, and privately putting Sixpence in his Hand, he whisper'd him in his Ear, saying, *Reverend Father, this next Country Man here is a particular Acquaintance of mine, who's come hither to be confess'd; but living six Miles off, and Business requiring him He this Evening, I beseech you to be so kind as to confess him as soon as you can*.

The good Father, oblig'd by the Alms given aforehand, promis'd him, that when he had ended the Penitent's Confession whom he had at his Feet, he should dispatch him presently; and at the same Time calling to the Boor, quoth, *Dick, Go hence and the Father will perform what you wish presently*.

So *Dick* going after his Comrade, when the afore-said Penitent had made an End of his *Canterbury Story* to the Priest, the spiritual Juggler called the Clown to him, who stood bolt upright, looking very wishfully on the Confessor, to see if he put his Hand in his Pocket to pay him. The Father Confessor look'd as wishfully on the Boor, to see if he stand with so little Devotion to be confess'd; but in putting the Cause thereof to his Simplicity, he bid him kneel, which the Clown did with some Reluctancy, as thinking it to be an insulting Ceremony for a Man to kneel to receive his own Money. However, obeying the Order with grumbling, the Priest bids him make the Sign of the Cross; which the Boor being out of Patience, believing the Confessor to be out of his Wits, he chatter'd, and rav'd, and swore like a mad Man, which made the Confessor imagine the Boor was possess'd with the Devil. Upon this he put his hempen Girdle about the poor Fellow's Neck, and making the Sign of the Cross over his Head, began to conjure him by saying some devout Prayers. This made the Man so mad indeed, that he tore off the Confessor's Habilliments, and throwing him down on the Ground, demanded loudly his Money for the Poultry.

This rusticall Usage made the Father suppose he had the Devil himself to deal with; so that with a weak and affrighted Voice, he began to commend himself to all the Saints in the Almanack for their Assistance; and at the Clamour and Noise that was betwixt him and the Priest, while the Convent of Friars came out in Procession with Crosses and hallow'd Lights in their Hands, and calling holy Water about on every Side, as believing there was a Legion of Devils in their Chapel. But the Boor still crying out for his Money for the Poultry, the Prior made a strict Enquiry into the Matter, and found

some Knave had impos'd on the Fellow, who no other Satisfaction, than that of the Con-
 ce's cursing him that had cheated the Boor, by
 Book, and Candle.

In a short Time *Dick* came home again, and
 being one Mr. *Pemmel*, an Apothecary, liv-
 ing in *Drury-Lane*, it was his Misfortune to have
 a wife who kept Company with one *Davis* a Glan-
 ce, but bad Circumstances obliging him to fly
 for Sanctuary to *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*, his
Mona was in great Want of another Gallant. How-
 ever being naturally prone to Liberality, and al-
 ways extravagantly rewarding Kindnesses of this Na-
 ture, it was not long ere a particular Acquaintance
 of his undertook to supply her with a new Lover,
 who was *Dick*.

Soon as he was introduced into Company of
 the Apothecary's Wife, she took a huge Fancy to
 him for he behaved himself so pleasantly, and his
 Tales were so agreeable, that his Mistress esteem-
 ed herself the happiest Woman in the World, in the
 Company of a Person so facetious, and accomplish-
 ed with all the Myteries of Love. Whenever he
 came to her House, which was always when her
 husband was from Home, she entertained him with
 unreserved Freeness, that she concealed no-
 thing from her Spark, that might either please his
 Curiosity. But one Day opening a Cheit
 of Flowers to take out somewhat, *Dick* espy'd a
 Bundle of Bags of Money, at which his Mouth in-
 stantly water'd; for altho' his Mistress told him,
 that as long as one Penny was in them, his Pockets
 were never to be unfurnished, yet he wanted to be
 assured of them presently; and indeed it was not
 long ere he had them at his Command; for Bu-
 siness requiring the Apothecary in the Country for
 about a Week, *Dick* then lay in his House at Rack
 and Tangle; and having two other Rogues like
 himself at a great Supper prepared for them there,
 they began about 12 of the Clock at Night, to de-
 termine their Intention with Sword and Pistol, saying,
 whoever presumed to speak but one Word,
 should find present Death.

At Work they now went, gagging and tying
 the Procurer. In the mean Time the Apothe-
 cary's Wife seeing how her Friend was served, she
 ran to her Knees, and heartily beseeched them not
 to hurt her so: Quoth *Dick*, No, no, Madam, we'll
 only take your Hands, lest you should wring that serious,
 and now silent Barrow there.

As she was secured, they went down into the
 Kitchen, and gag'd and ty'd the Maid and Ap-
 prentice; then rifling the House, they carry'd away
 two hundred and fifty Pounds and some Plate, to a
 considerable Value. But *Dick* thinking it unman-
 ly to go away without saying any Thing, he
 went to his late beloved Mistress, and giving her a
 dozen Kifs, Quoth he, Dear Madam, farewell,
 and when I am gone, say, I've done more than ever
 your husband did; for I've bound you to be constant
 to me.

At this, *Dick Low* going one Morning into
 the House and Crown Alehouse, kept by one Mr.
Wayard, in *Clare-Court*, in *Drury-Lane*, he desired
 a private Room, by Reason he had some Company

coming to him, about some Business. A private
 Room was shew'd him, and a double Pot of Drink
 brought with a silver Cup to drink out of; and be-
 ing alone, the Man of the House sat with him chat-
 ting, till they were both weary. At last, *Nayland*
 was wanted by other Company, and whilst he was
 gone out, *Dick* having with some soft Wax, fasten'd
 the Bottom of the Cup under the Board of the Ta-
 ble, which was covered with a Carpet hanging some-
 what down all round it, he came to the Bar, say-
 ing, I see my Company will not come, therefore I'll
 stay no longer. Then paying his Reckoning, and the
 Man of the House going into the Room to bring a-
 way the Pot and the Cup (which first he could find,
 but not the other high nor low) he charges *Dick*,
 who had not yet received his Change, with down-
 right Theft. The one curs'd and swore he had it
 not, and the other swore and curs'd he had it, so
 that between them both, they were ready to swear
 the House down about their Ears.

Dick was then searched, and tho' nothing was
 found about him, yet *Nayland* swore still he must
 have the Cup, or else know of the going of it;
 therefore he should pay for the Loss. But *Dick*
 standing as stiffly upon his Reputation, which was
 never worth any Thing, he insisted he had it not,
 nor knew any Thing of its being gone; where-
 upon a Constable being fetch'd, he was carry'd be-
 fore Justice *Negus*, where the Loser making his
 Complaint as truly the Matter was, and *Dick Low*
 alledging his Innocency, the Magistrate was in a
 Quandary how to do Justice: For, quoth he to the
 Complainant, here's a Cup lost, and the Prisoner doth
 not deny but he had it; but then it was missed whilst
 he was in the House, and he searched without find-
 ing any Thing about him; besides, he had no Body
 with him, therefore it could not be convey'd away
 by Confederacy; so unless you'll lay point blank Fe-
 lony to his Charge, I can do no otherwise than dis-
 charge him.

Then the Victualler, who was an Irishman, re-
 ply'd, Tish fery true, Shir, what you say, but by
 Shalwasbion, rader dan he should go without hang-
 ing, I will swear twenty Felonies against him,
 or any Ting elsh what your Worship pleas to com-
 mand me, for I love to oblige any shivrel Shentle-
 man as you be. Indeed, said the Justice, you will
 not oblige me in hanging a Man wrongfully. In a
 Word, there being no plain Proof to justify that
Dick Low either had the Cup, or convey'd it a-
 way to another, and it being plain that he was
 charg'd in Custody before ever he went out of the
 House, he came off with flying Colours, and soon
 sent another of his Clan to fetch off the Cup, by
 going to drink in the same Room and removing it
 from under the Table into his Breeches without
 any Suspicion, paying for his Liquor, and fairly
 returning that Cup that was brought to him.

This Fellow, tho' he was not above 25 Years of
 Age, when he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, with *Jack*
Hall and *Stephen Bance*, in 1707, had reigned long
 in his Villany; and the fortunate Success which he
 had had in his manifold Sins, made him only re-
 pent that he had practis'd them no sooner.

The LIFE of JACK HALL.

THIS most notorious Villain, was bred a Thief from his Mother's Womb; and there is no sort of Theft, but what he was expert in, as breaking open Houses, going on the Foot-Pad, Shop-lifting, or pilfering any small Matter that lies in the Way; nay, if it was but Mops and Pails; the *Drag*, which is, having a Hook fastened to the End of a Stick, with which they drag any Thing out of a Shop Window in a dark Evening, and *filing a Cly*, which is picking Pockets of Watches, Money, Books, or Handkerchiefs. To this End he used to haunt Churches, Fairs, Markets, publick Assemblies Shows, and be very busy about the Play-house. And he that performs this last Part of Thieving, commonly gives what he takes to another; that in Case he should be found with his Hand in any Man's Pocket, he might prove his Innocency, by having nothing about him, but what he can justify to be his own.

Jack Hall was as dextrous in picking a Pocket, as ever he was in sweeping a Chimney; for on a Market Day once in *Smithfield*, a Grafter having received some Money for his Cattle, and put it into his Coat Pocket in a Bag, this nimble Spark, to whose Fingers any Thing stuck like Birdlime, observing the same, he soon became Master of it, and brought it to his Comrades that were drinking at an Alehouse hard by; and to shew his farther Dexterity in *filing a Cly*, emptying the Bag, he untruss'd a Point in it, and finding out the Man, who was still in the Market selling off the rest of his Cattle, he put it into his Pocket again. A little after which, a Person coming to the Farmer for some Money, he went with him to his Inn, and pulling out his Bag, and putting therein his Hand for Money to pay the Creditor, he eagerly plucked it out in a sad stinking Pickle, swearing, That he had thirty Pounds in his Bag but just now, but, woundkins, it was now turned to a T—d.

Jack Hall having a Design once to rob a great Merchant in the City of *London*, he went oftentimes hankering about his House, but could never effect it; whereupon he bethought himself of this Stratagem: He was to be put into a Pack done up like a Bale; and by the Contrivance of his Comrade, who was very well apparell'd, he was to be laid into this Merchant's House in the Evening, as so much Silk, which he was to see next Morning, and to buy off his Hands, in Case they agreed.

Accordingly this Bale full of Iniquity, wedg'd inwardly on all Sides with coarse Cloth and Fustian, was laid up in the Warehouse. Night being come, and the Apprentices weary, two of them, whilst their Master was at Supper, went to rest themselves, and by Accident lay along on this Bale, which was plac'd by some others; inasmuch that the extreme Anguish of their Weight being very heavy upon *Jack Hall*, he could scarce fetch his Breath. Upon this, he drew out a sharp Knife, and making a great Hole in

the Fillet of the Bale, he also made a deep Wound in the Buttocks of him that lay most upon it, which made him rise, and roar out, his Fellow-Apprentice had killed him. Running out to his Master in Agony, his Fellow-Apprentice followed him, and innocently secur'd, till a farther Examination of the Matter. In the mean while *Jack Hall* made his escape out of a Window, with only taking two Pieces of Velvet along with him.

At the same Time the Merchant seeing his Apprentice in a very bloody Condition, and fearing, in the Bale of Silk he lay on should be spoilt with the Blood, he must be forced to pay whatever Price was required, he ran presently into the Warehouse to prevent Damage coming to it, where finding it mightily increased in its Bulk, it rais'd some Suspicion of Roguery in him; for opening it, he found therein nothing of Value, Then searching about his Warehouse and finding the two Pieces of Velvet, he plainly perceived some Rogue had been pack'd up in the Bale, with Intent to rob his House when he and his Family were in Bed; whereupon, the accus'd Apprentice was put at Liberty, and a Surgeon fetched for the wound, who cost his Master above five Pounds for his cure.

He was also very good for the *Lob*, which is, Going with a Comfort into any Shop to cheat for a Pistole or Guinea, and having about half of his Comfort cries the Comfort, *What need you to change? Silver enough to defray our Charges where we are.* Upon this the other throws the Money into the Money Box; but with such Design that he has one of the Pieces, whether Shilling or Half Crown, sticking in the Palm of his Hand, he carries clean off, without any Suspicion of him. Again, he was very expert at the *Whalebone*, which is, having a thin Piece of Whalebone cut at the End with Birdlime, with which, going to a Shop with a Pretence to buy something, they catch the Shop-keeper, by wanting this and that, and to turn his Back often; and then take the opportunity of putting the Whalebone, so daubed with Birdlime, into the Tell of the Counter, which sticks up any single Piece of Money that sticks to it, and so they take it, to give no Mistake, they buy a small Matter, and pay the Man with a Pig of Iron.

The Year before *Jack Hall*, the Chimney-sweep, was hang'd, having committed Sacrilege at *Bristol*, in robbing *Ratcliff-Church* in that City, he made the best of his Way for *London*; where, for a little While, his Extravagancies reducing him to want of Money again, in order to recruit his Lack, he went with some of his wicked Associates, under the name of *Running-Snobble*, which is this: One of the gang goes into a Shop, and pretending to be drunk, asks for some troublesome Behaviour, he puts the Candles out, and taking away whatever comes first to Hand, he runs off, whilst another flings Handfuls of Dirt and

into the Mouth and Face of the Person that
out stop Thief, which putting him or her into
udden Surprize, it gives them an Opportunity of
going off without apprehending.

One Time *Jack Hall* being drest like a Gentle-
man, (tho' you must suppose, like *Æsop's* Crow, he
was decked in other People's Plumes) and sitting on a
bench in the Mall in *St. James's Park*, a Life-
Guard Man, and one Mr. *Knight* an Attorney, liv-
ing in *Shandis-Street*, near *Covent-Garden*, meeting
or another just by the Place where *Jack* sat, after
some Complements were passed between them, the
Lover invited the Life-Guard Man, whom he had
not seen a long Time before, to dine with him at
his House the next Day, for he should be very wel-
come, and any Friend that he should bring along with
him. The Life-Guard Man promis'd he would be
sure to wait upon him; but asking his Friend whe-
ther he liv'd in the same Place still, *Yes, yes*, (quoth
the Lawyer) *I still live within three Doors of the*
Fibbers Alcouse in *Shandis-street*. They then
talked; and now *Jack Hall's* Wits were on the Ten-
der for making some Advantage by this Invitation
which he had heard given: So the next Day, above
an hour before the Time, when hungry Mortals
were their Knives on the Shelves, and the Soles of
their Feet, he was lurking thereabouts, and at last, set-
ting his Eyes on the Life-Guard Man, whom he
saw again, he was no sooner entred into his Friend's
House, but *Jack* was at his Heels, and entred also
with him, with as much Confidence as if he had been
an acquaintance of the Lawyer. There were above
a Score Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, among
whom he fate down, and soon after, Dinner being
set on the Table, with great Variety of Dainties,
the strange Gentleman, *Jack Hall*, did eat as hearti-
ly and talk as boldly, as any there.

While the Life-Guard Man took him to
be one of the Inviter's Acquaintance, and the Invi-
ter oppos'd him to be the Life-Guard Man's Friend;
till in the End, he prov'd to be neither of their
Friends, especially the Lawyer's; for waiting his Op-
portunity, he went to the Side Board, which stood
in a convenient Place, and putting a dozen of silver
spoons and as many silver Forks, into his Pockets,
walk'd off *incognito*. The Life-Guard Man, soon
after, miss'd *Jack*, and the Lawyer miss'd his Friend's
Fork, as he thought him; but it was not much
longer ere the Spoons and Forks were missing, and
then a strict Search was made for them, yet were they
not found, none but the Friend, or he that was
sought for on both Sides, being missing, the Law-
yer asked the Life-Guard Man for him; but the Life-
Guard Man telling the Lawyer he was none of his
Friend or Acquaintance, it was concluded, *nemine*
inadidente, that the absent Person was the Rogue
whom had converted the Lawyer's Plate to his own
Use.

Another Time, *Jack Hall* being very well drest'd,
pretending to be a Country Gentleman, he took
his Lodgings at the House of one *Dogget*, a Quaker,
a Button-seller, living in *Burleigh-street*, in the
City, where he behaved himself very soberly till
an opportunity offered to out-wit the Quaker, who
thought it no harm to out-wit every Body. For
the Key of his Chamber being left one Day in the
Door, he took the Impression of it in Clay, and had
another made by it; a little after which, old *Dog-*
get and his Wife going to their Country-House, for
three or four Days, leaving none at Home, but a
son Kinswoman, an Apprentice, and Maid, *Jack*
in the mean Time had the Conveniency of entering
his Bed-Chamber, when all in the House were in
Sleep, and opening a Trunk he took out above eighty

Pounds in Money and Plate, and opening the Street
Door went off with it. But when the old Folks
came Home again, and found what had happen'd,
the House was all in an Uproar; there was power-
ful Holding forth by the Man, who storm'd and rav'd,
and fell a kicking the Trunk about like a Foot-Ball,
which he did with a great deal more Ease than he
could when it was full.

After this Exploit, *Jack Hall*, *Stephen Bunce*,
and *Dick Low*, going upon an Enterprize at *Hack-*
ney, about 12 of the Clock at Night, they, by the
help of their Betties and short Crows, made a forcible
Entry into the House of one *Clare*, a Baker,
whose Journeyman being ty'd Neck and Heels they
threw him into the Kneading-Trough, and the Ap-
prentice with him. *Jack Hall* stood Centry over
them, and with a great old rusty Back-Sword, which
he found in the Kitchen, and swearing with a great
Grace, that their Heads both went off as round as
a Hoop, if they offered to stir or budge. In the
mean Time *Dick Low* and *Stephen Bunce*, went up
to Mr. *Clare's* Room, whom they found in Bed
with his Wife, and ty'd and gagg'd the old Folks,
without any Consideration of their Age, which had
left them but few Teeth, to barricade their Gums
from the Injury they might receive from those ugly
Instruments that stretched their Mouths asunder.

Finding not so much as they expected, the old
Man they ungagg'd again, to bring to a Confession
where he hoarded his Money; but extorting nothing
out of him, *Jack Hall* being then come up to
them, for fear they should sink upon him, which
is an usual Thing among Thieves, to cheat one an-
other, he took up in his Arms the old Man's Grand-
daughter, about six Years old, lying in a Trundle-
Bed by him, and said, *Damn me, if I won't bake*
the Child presently in a Pye, and eat it, if the old
Rogue will not be civil. These scaring Words made
Mr. *Clare* beg'd heartily that they should not hurt
the Child, and he would discover what he had; so
fetching, by his Order, a little Iron-bound Chest
from under the Bed, and unlocking it, they took
what was in it, which was about eighty Pounds;
then obscuring their dark Lanthorns, they bid the
Baker Good Night, and commanded him to re-
turn them Thanks that they spared his Ears, which
is against the Law for any of their Occupation
to wear.

Another Time *Jack Hall* going to one Mr.
Aspin, a Robe-maker, living in *Portugal-street*, by
Lincolns-Inn Back-Gate, he pretended that he had
Occasion for a Gown for his Brother, who was a
Parson in the Country, but he would have a very
good one, though it cost him more Money. *I can*
furnish you with all Sorts and Sizes, said Mr. *As-*
pin; and thereupon fetch'd several, and shew'd him.
Jack turn'd many of them over, but still desired
to see better. At length one was brought which
he seem'd to like; but said he to the Robe-maker,
I doubt it is too short? T'other said he did not doubt
but it was long enough in all Conscience; and there-
upon he was for trying upon *Jack*, who said, *Alas!*
there will be no certain Measure by me, for my Bro-
ther is taller than I am by the Head and Shoulders;
but as he is a Man about your Pitch, I desire the
Favour of you to put it upon yourself, and then I
shall guess the better whether it is long enough or
no.

Mr. *Aspin*, to satisfy his Customer, did so; but
as he was putting it on, *Jack* took up a Burrier's
Gown, and shew'd him a fair Pair of Heels. Mr.
Aspin, without putting off the Gown, pursu'd him;
in the mean Time two of his Companions, who laid
Perdue, acted their Parts; for *Stephen Bunce* went
into

into the Shop, and taking the next Parcel of Goods which came to Hand, he marched off. And *Dick Low*, fearing that if the Shop-keeper kept his Pace he might overtake *Jack Hall*, having placed himself in the Way on Purpose, catches hold on Mr. *Aspin*, and says, O! dear, *Doctor Cross*, who thought of seeing you? I am glad I have met with you with all my Heart: But pray, Sir, what makes you run in this distracted Manner about the Streets? Pish, quoth Mr. *Aspin*, let me go, I am no Parson, you are mistaken in the Man, for I am running after a Rogue that has robb'd me. Then *Dick Low* reply'd, but still holding him, I beg your Pardon, Sir, for my Mistake, for you are as like my Friend *Doctor Cross*, as ever I saw two Men in my Life like one another.

Letting him go at last, *Jack* before now was turn'd the Corner of a Street or two, and was quite out of Sight. By this Time also several of the Neighbours being gathered together, they were in an Admiration to see old *Aspin* in a canonical Habit; some saying, Surely he was not going to christen his own Child himself, which is *Maid Betty* lay in with!

whilst others perswaded him to go home, and off the Gown, and then make an Enquiry after the Thief, since he was at present got clear away. Mr. *Aspin* took their Advice; but when he came to the Shop, he found a second Loss, which made him more angry than before, and swear, that the Fellow that met him, might well call him *Doctor Cross*, for d——n him if he had not all the *Crosses* in the World come upon him at once.

This most notorious Malefactor thought it no Injustice to rob every Body; and all his Vices, ever Deformity the Eye of the World apprehended to be in them, his unaccountable Wickedness looked upon as no less excellent than the most absolute all Virtues. But his Villainy being so unparelled that Justice was obliged to unheath her Sword against him, a shameful Catastrophe put an End to his wicked Crimes in the Year 1707, when he suddenly suffered Death at *Tyburn*, with his Companion *Low* and *Bunce*, as before-mentioned.

The LIFE of DICK HUGHES.

THIS great Villian, *Richard Hughes*, was the Son of a very good Yeoman, living at *Bettus* in *Denbighshire*, in *North-Wales*, where he was born, and followed Husbandry, but would now and then be pilfering in his very Minority, as he found Opportunity. When he first came up to *London*, in his Way, Money being short, his Necessity compell'd him to steal a Pair of Tongs at *Perthore* in *Worcestershire*, for which he was sent to *Worcester* Goal; and at the Assizes held there, the Matter of Fact being plainly proved against him, and the Judge asking the poor *Welsman* what he had to say in his Defence, he said, *Why, could bur Lord Shudge, bur has nothing to say for burself, but that bur founddam. Found them!* quoth his Lordship again, *Where did you find them?* *Taffy* reply'd, *Why truly, bur found dem in the Chimney Corner.* Whereupon the Judge telling him, that the Tongs could not be lost there, because that was the proper Place they should be in; and finding the Fellow to be Simple, he directed the Jury to bring him in guilty only of petty Larceny; and accordingly giving in their Verdict Guilty to the Value of ten Pence, he came off with crying Carrots and Turnips; a Term which Rogues use for whipping at the Cart's Arse.

After this Introduction to farther Villany, *Dick Hughes* coming up to *London*, he soon became acquainted with the most celebrated Villains in this famous Metropolis; especially with one *Thomas Lawson*, alias *Browning*, a Tripe Man, who was hang'd at *Tyburn* on Tuesday the 27th of May, 1712, for Felony and Burglary, in robbing the House of one Mr. *Hunt*, at *Hackney*. In a very short Time he became noted for his several Robberies; but at last breaking open a Victualling House at *Lambeth*, and taking from thence only the Value of three

Shillings, because he could find no more, he was and condemn'd for that Fact, at the Assizes at *Kingston upon Thames*; but was then reprieved afterwards pleaded his Pardon at the same Time. Now being again at Liberty, instead of becoming a new Man, he became rather worse than before, breaking open and robbing several Houses at *7 Ham Cross*, *Harrow on the Hill*, a Gentlewoman's House at *Hackney*, a Gentleman's at *Hammer*, a Minister's near *Kingston upon Thames*, a Tinsmith's House in *Red Cross street*, and a House in *Hounslow-Heath*.

This Fellow was very intimate with one *Waldron*, who being a young Man, but as bad a Rogue, 'twill be very material to take Notice, that he was condemn'd to be hang'd when he was in the Teens, for picking a Gentleman's Pocket, but receiving Mercy, in respect to his tender Age, he travelled to *Ireland*; where, at *Dublin*, he was upon the Glaze, which is robbing Goldsmiths and breaking on their Stalls by cutting them, as an opportunity offers, with Glaziers Diamond; waiting for a Coach coming by, and breaking them or else taking the Hand, which sometimes, is not heard, through the Noise which is made by the Rattling of the said Coach.

This Trade *Waldron* followed in that Country till he was pretty well noted and punish'd there, then coming to *London* again, such was his unaccountable Impudence and Insolence, that he would in a manner rob People before their Faces; and did more Damage to the Goldsmiths, than any six Rogues that went upon the like Villany. After having been about 18 Times in *Newgate* Prison, and all the *Bridewells* in *Town*, often whipt at the Cart's Arse, burnt in the Face, and once in the Face, he became very well known, whenever he came to the Sessions-House in the

alley, as an old Offender. Whereupon, the Right Worshipful Sir Peter King, then Recorder of London, was pleas'd to tell him, *That if ever he came here but for an Egg, he would hang him for the bell.* But this notorious Villain yet taking no Warning, and coming before Sir Peter again, his Worship was as good as his Word; for tho' the act which he last committed was but simple Felony, yet he cast him for his Life, which he justly forfeited at Tyburn in 1711, aged but nineteen Years. Now to Dick Hughes again. When he first came to London, he lit on a sad Misfortune, for happening one Night into a Lumber House, not far from Billingsgate, he had not been long there, before Joe Haynes, the Comedian, and a broken Officer, came raking thither too, without a Farthing either of their Pockets. Joe Haynes having sav'd a great deal of Dust, which he got off an old rotten coat, and wrapt it up nicely in a clean Sheet of Paper, as soon as he and his Comrade were sat down at a Table, with a Trunkard of Beer before them, he fill'd out the Dust of the rotten Post, and was sealing it up in several Pieces of Paper; which occasioned some Folks that were drinking there, to enquire what it was that he was so choicely making up. Joe Haynes told them it was an incomparable Powder, which was the only Thing in the universal World, for a burnt Hand, a scalded Leg, or any Accident whatever that should befall a Man by Fire; nay, furthermore, it would prevent also any Hurt that might happen by that raging Element: *For proof hereof, says he make a Kettle of Water presently boiling hot, and my Friend here, by rubbing a little of my Powder on his Leg, shall put it into the boiling Water, and receive no Damage.*

The People were very eager to try the Experiment, and a kettle of Water was immediately made boiling hot. Then Joe Haynes rubbing some of his Powder but on the Stocking of his Friend's right Leg, which was artificially made of Wood, for his natural one he had lost three Years before in *Flamers*, he put it into the scalding Water, and bringing him out unhurt, it put the Spectators into such an Admiration of its Virtue, that they bought in all as fast as they could, as twelve Pence a Paper; so that Joe Haynes and his Friend, who had no Money before, had now above 30 Shillings to pay what they had call'd for, and something in their Pockets besides.

Dick Hughes being one of the Fools that was taken in thus, the next Day he was in some Company, where bragging what an excellent Powder he had for a Burn or a Scald, he would lay a Wager with them of ten Shillings, that he would put his Leg into a Kettle of scalding Water and not hurt it. Whereupon, his Companions thinking it a Thing impossible, they laid what he propos'd; and a Kettle of Water was forthwith put on the Fire, whilst

Dick went into another Room, (because they should not see how he prepared his Leg for the fiery Trial) to rub some of the Powder on the Stocking, as Joe Haynes had on his Friend's. Then coming out, and putting his Leg all at once into the scalding Water, he roar'd out in a most prodigious Manner, and could not pull it out again till he was help'd. Thus he did not only lose his ten Shillings, but had like to have lost his Leg too; for he was above nine Months in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, before he went abroad again.

No sooner was this Villain roving about once more, but he got into Old Bridewell, by Fleet-Ditch. But obtaining his Liberty after one Court-Day, he still continued in his Villany, and attempted once to go on the Foot-pad. In which Enterprize, the first Person whom he attacked in this kind, was that very honest Coney-Wool Comber, William Fuller; taking from him about fourteen Shillings, in the Road betwixt Camberwell and Southwark, for all he might have insisted on a sort of Privilege from being robb'd, by telling Dick Hughes, *That tho' he was no Thief, yet he was a great Cheat; and since he first pretended to discover the Pedigree of that Son of a Whore the Prince of Wales, he had ruin'd more People by Tongue-Padding, than ever all the Thieves in London had done Damage by any bad Practices whatever.*

Another Time, he met on the Road betwixt Clapham and Vaux-Hall, with *D—n* the broken Bookfeller; and taking from him three half Crowns, and stripping him stark naked beside, he ty'd his Hands behind him, and his Head betwixt his Legs, to contrive, in that musing Posture, what seditious Libel might be most edifying to a Republican Party.

Whilst he lay under Condemnation, his Wife, to whom he had been married in the Fleet-Prison, constantly visited him at Chapel. She was a very honest Woman, and had such an extraordinary Kindness for her Husband, under his great Afflictions, that when he went to be hang'd at Tyburn, on Friday the 24th of June, 1709, she met at St. Giles's Pound, where the Cart stopping, she stept up to him, and whispering in his Ear, she said, *My Dear, Who must find the Rope that's to hang you, we or the Sheriff?* Her Husband reply'd, *The Sheriff, Honey; for who's obliged to find him Tools to do his Work?* Ah! reply'd his Wife, *I wish I had a known so much before, it would have saved me Two-pence, for I have been and bought one already.* Well, well, said Dick again, *perhaps it mayn't be lost, for it may serve a second Husband.* Yes, quoth his Wife, *if I have any Luck in good Husbands, so it may.* Then the Cart driving on to Hyde-Park Corner, this notorious Villain ended his Days there, in the 30th of his Age; and was after anatomiz'd at Surgeons-Hall, in London.

The LIFE of HARVEY HUTCHINS.

THIS Malefactor, *Harvey Hutchins*, was born of honest Parents, his Father being a Sword-Blade-maker by Trade; who, when this unhappy Son came to be about fourteen Years of Age, put him Apprentice to a Silver-Smith in *Shrewsbury*; but pilfering very often from his Master, he had him sent at last, to *Shrewsbury Gaol*.

In this Prison the young Lad came acquainted with some London Thieves, who, occupying their Calling in the County of *Salop*, they were also committed to the same Jail; where *Hutchins* hearing them tell of the several notable and ingenious Robberies that were committed in and about *London*, by some of the chief Masters of their Profession, he was resolved to make the best of his Way thither after he obtained his Liberty.

About three or four Months after his Confinement, came the Assizes; when being try'd, and whipt at the Cart's Arse, upon his Friends paying his Fees he got his Enlargement and came up to *Islington*, where he lurk'd about the Town, and took up his Lodging in a Barn. But his Mind still ran upon the Ingenuity of the topping Thieves in *London*, particularly one *Constantine*, who, for the fine Stories he had heard told of him, he admired above the rest. At last he moves into the great Metropolis, where getting acquainted with some young Pick-Pockets, he enquired among them for this *Constantine*, who told him he might be found at one *Snotty-Nose Hill's*, who kept the *Dog-Tavern* in *Newgate-street*.

The young *Salopian* being overjoyed he had found out where *Mr. Constantine* used, one Evening he goes to the *Dog-Tavern* to enquire, saying, after his Country Dialect or Tone, *He had vary ennest Busfness woud him*. The Drawer presently went up Stairs to *Mr. Constantine*, who was then drinking with a great many of his thieving Fraternity, and acquaints him, *That there was a young Country Lad below wanted earnestly to speak with him*. Quoth *Constantine*, *With me? D—n me, I don't know any Country Lad. What is he? Perhaps he's sent for some Trepan; prithee go down and ask him his Busfness*. The Drawer comes to the Country Lad, asking, *What he would have with Mr. Constantine, and he would go up and tell him*. Young *Shropshire* told him, *No harm, but his Busfness was such, that mornt tol it to eny Buddy bot himself*.

The Drawer returns again with this Message, and *Constantine* wondring who this Lad should be, ordered him to be brought up to the Stairs Head, where coming out to him, quoth he, *Do you want me, Lad?* He reply'd *Yes, Mester, wor I am come abive a Hundred Moiles to see you*. Said *Constantine*, *What is your Busfness with me?* He answered, *Ky, Mester, I have been in Shrewsbury Jail, were having a grot many vine Stories of you, by zum Gentlemen that ware Profners with me, I am come up to London on Porpus to be and myxelf Prontice to you*. Hereupon,

Constantine could not forbear smiling at the Lad's Fancy, and taking him into the Room, where he repeated the Story to his Company, it caused a great deal of Laughter among them.

He gives the Boy Sixpence, and a Glafs or two Wine, and bade him *be sure to come to him at the same Place about Seven the next Night, and he would take him upon Liking, and according as he found him tractable, diligent, and acute in his Busfness, he would take him Apprentice*. The Boy overjoyed at this good Fortune (as he unhappily thought it) took his Leave, and, according to Order, was next Night at the *Dog-Tavern* punctually at the Hour appointed, where his Master *Constantine* was ready to go with him up a Trial of Skill; which was this. *Constantine* having stole a silver Tankard, about three Months before out of an Alehouse in *Cheapside*, he had, nevertheless, been there in Disguise several Times after; observing much Plate still in Use about the House, told the Boy the Story going along the Street, a promised him, that if he could carry off another cleave and bring it to him at a certain House in *White Chapel*, he would certainly take him Apprentice, a make a Man of him when he was out of his Apprenticeship; at the same Time intimating to him, that the House was just before him where he was going drink.

The Boy took his Story right, but just as his Master was come to the House, pulling him by the Sleeve, quoth he, *Mester, Mester, can you ran wewell*. Yes, (reply'd his Master,) *as well as most Men in England; I have often out-ran Hundreds together before now*. Weel then, (said the Boy) *if you can run wewell, ne'er fear but we'll have a Tankard*.

Into the House *Constantine* goes first, and calls for a Room, the Boy followed him to the Bar, his Servant, and with a low Voice asked the Man of the House, *If he did not lose a silver Tankard about three Months ago?* Yes, reply'd he; which *Constantine* over hearing, took as fast as he could to his Heel the Boy at the same Time crying out, *That was the Man that stole it*. Upon which the Victualler, and the Servants, ran presently out in pursuit of him, but to no Purpose, for he was got out of Sight in an Instant, and in the mean Time the Boy took another silver Tankard out of the Bar, and got safely to the Place appointed by his Master; who no sooner saw him, but he fell a cursing, and damning, and fluking at him, like a Madman, for putting him into such bodily Fear, withal telling him, *That if he had been taken, he should have been certainly hang'd by the Neck he had; but, quoth he, Sirrah, have you got the Tankard?* Yes, reply'd the Boy, and taking it from under his Coat, gave it him, saying at the same Time, *Mester, if you had not wisht ajor'd me that you cud ran wewell, I woud a gut et sum odder way*.

A little after this running Bout, young *Harvey* and his Master going through *Denmark Court* in the

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Strand, they espy'd a silver Tankard, Cup, Salver, and some Spoons and Forks, lying on a Side-board in the Parlour of one *William Bunworth*, a School-Master; at which *Constantine's* Mouth watering, quoth he to his Apprentice, who was now bound to him for three Years, *Is there no possibility, Harvey, of getting that Plate, whilst that damn'd Maid is in the Parlour? Yes, Mester*, quoth he, *if you will carry me up to the Mester of the School, and pretending I am a naughty Boy, give him something to robop me, and then war menaging the Maud, I'll leave that to you, Mester*,

Accordingly they both went up Stairs without asking any Questions, and coming into the School, *Constantine*, who was drest much like a Gentleman, with his long tail Wig, and Sword by his Side, address'd himself to the School-Master, saying, "Sir, I have got an unlucky Rogue of a Boy here for a Servant, who is the saddest Dog as ever was known for going of an Errand; for send him but to the next Door and he will stay two or three Hours before he returns with an Answer: I have try'd fair Means, and foul Means with him, and yet all will not do; wherefore, I humbly beg the Favour of you to do so much as give him a good whipping, and next Week I shall send him to School to you, to be instructed in Writing and casting Accompts, for I would fain have the Rascal come to good if I could." At the same Time he slipt a Crown-piece into *Bunworth's* Hand, who being such a miserly covetous Fellow, that he would never marry for fear of bringing a charge of Children on him, he was verjoyed at so large a Gift for doing so small a Piece of Service.

Immediately the School-Master takes *Harvey* to task, who began to set up his Pipes, and cry'd heartily; but all to no Purpose; one of the lustiest Boys in the School was call'd out to hoist him, who getting him on his Back, the Master handsomely flank'd him. In the mean Time *Constantine* went down stairs, desiring him before to send his Boy after him, as soon as he had given him Correction. Then approaching the Maid with fair Words, he gave her a bidding, to fetch a Pint of Sack for him and her Master, who was just upon coming down to him upon

some Business that was betwixt them. The poor Servant mistrusting no harm, takes the Shilling, and went for the Wine; in the mean Time he went off with all the Plate, and presently came down *Harvey* and went after him.

In less than four or five Minutes, School being done, down comes *Bunworth* himself, and seeing the Maid coming in at the Street-Door with a Pint of Wine in her Hand, quoth he, *Who is that for, Mary?* She told him, the Gentleman that was just now with him, ordered her to fetch it. Quoth he, "A very generous civil Gentleman, I vow; he gave me a Crown but for whipping that unlucky Rogue of his, who, according to the Character of him, is, indeed, a very naughty Boy. *Said the Maid again*, "Ay, but Sir, where is all the Plate that was on the Sideboard here just now? Plate!" quoth *Bunworth*, "what Plate? I saw no Plate. *Away they both went searching the Closet, and every Hole and Corner of the House, but not finding it, Bunworth cries out*, "Ruin'd and undone for ever! I'm robb'd, I'm robb'd! Oh! that damn'd Son of a Whore of a Gentleman, whilst I was whipping his unlucky Son of a Whore his Boy, he has whipt away all my Plate. Thieves! Thieves!" At this Uproar all the Neighbours came in to assist him, thinking they were then in the House; but, indeed, the Thieves were farther a Field, without Doubt making merry over their Booty, whilst poor *Bunworth* was damning and sinking himself to the Pit of Hell for his Loss, which he did not long survive, for within a little while after he died with mere Vexation and Grief.

In fine, *Harvey* very truly and honestly served out his Time with his Master, when setting up for himself, he had very pretty Business in House-breaking, and liv'd very creditably and handsomely among those of his Profession, for about nine Years, in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and in that Time had often paid Scot and Lot to *Newgate*, and other Jails about Town; but at last being apprehended for breaking open a Jew's House at *Dukes-Place*, and robbing it of above four hundred Pounds in Money and Plate, he was hang'd at *Tyburn* in 1704, aged twenty six Years.

The LIFE of JACK WITHERS.

THE Malefactor we are now to give an Account of, was the Son of a Butcher, born at *Litchfield* in *Staffordshire*, where he served an Apprenticeship with his own Father. For want of Business when he was out of his Time, made him come up to *London*, and his evil Genius when he was there, soon threw him into the Way of Destruction; for engaging himself with a Society of Thieves, by their Conversation he got into, from whence he was sent into *Flanders* for a Soldier, as was then the Custom of dealing with Offenders, who were not judg'd worthy of Death.

While he was abroad, he could very indifferently brook the being obliged to live on a Foot Soldier's Pay, which bore no Proportion to his late Expences. This put him on a great many Shifts, and made him take all Opportunities of making up the Deficiency of his Income. One or two of the Pranks that he play'd in this View, will be very well worth rehearsing, and we shall give them as briefly as possible.

Going into a Church in *Ghent*, where the People were all at High Mass; and seeing most of them cast Money into a Box that stood under an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, it made his Fingers itch for the Coin; so watching a fair Opportunity, with a crooked Nail he pick'd the Lock, and cram'd as much of the Treasure as he could into his Pockets: But doing it over-hastily, and dropping some of the Pieces, they made such a jingling on the Marble Pavement, that, as ill Luck would have it, he was discovered, seized, and dragg'd before a great Cardinal then in that Town.

This arch Priest examining the Witnesses as to the Fact, and finding it plain, he exclaimed prodigiously against *Withers*, by the Titles of *Rogue*, *Rascal*, and *sacriligious Villain*; and was just going to condemn him to a severe Punishment, when *Jack* falling on his Knees, with uplifted Hands, and Tears in his Eyes, begg'd his Eminency to hear him. This, after much Storming, was granted, and Silence being made, *Jack*, in a piteous Tone, told him, That he was a vile wicked Wretch, bred up a Protestant, and an Heretick, and being in great Distress, he had made his Prayers before the Image of the Blessed Virgin, to relieve him in his hard Necessity; promising, in consideration thereof, to turn *Roman Catholic*, and ever be her Votary; when all on a sudden, the Box under her Image flew open, and she pointed with her Finger to the Money, making also a dumb Shew with nodding her Head, for him to supply his Necessities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a Resolution of keeping his Vow for ever.

This Relation being heard with much Patience and Attention, the Cardinal cry'd out, *A Miracle! A Miracle!* which all the rest rehear'd out aloud, concluding that none had more right to dispose of that Money, than the Virgin to whom it was offer-

ed. Instead of being punished, *Jack Withers* was now carried back to the Church in solemn Procession on Mens Shoulders, and borne round it in Triumph whilst *Ave Maria* was sung by the Priests, and placed before the High Altar; after which he was dismissed with great Applause.

Proving so fortunate in this Cheat, he was thereby embolden'd to commit another like it; for one Day going into a Church in *Antwerp*, he perceiv'd the Priest put a silver Crucifix, of great Value, into Sepulchre, as their Ceremony is, in representing the Resurrection, upon *Ascension Day*; and whilst the spiritual Juggler and the People were going round the Church, in their superstitious Way of Devotion, *Jack Withers* was so dextrous as to convey the Crucifix into his Breeches, and shuffle among the Crowd; that when the Priest came back to it, saying the Words in the Gospel, *Non est hic, surrexit enim*, that is, *He is not here, for he is risen*, he found it so indeed; for, after much fumbling, he perceiv'd the graven God was gone; and *Withers* then made with as much Hastle he could away, for fear of a Search.

But a little after the playing of this Prank, *Jack* running away from his Colours, came into *England* again, where, preferring an idle course of Life before any lawful Employment, he took to the Highway. One Day meeting with an old Miser upon the Road, who was his Father's Neighbour, he commanded him to stand, and deliver what he had, otherwise he was a dead Man. The old Man being surpriz'd, pleaded great Poverty, in Hopes of saving about an hundred Guineas and Broad Pieces of Gold which he had in the Pockets of his wide knee Breeches, containing Cloth enough to make a Gentlewoman a hoop'd Petticoat; but all his whining prevail'd nothing with *Jack*. He was then for coming to Composition with him, by giving him one half his Money to save the other, but *Withers* swore a great Oath of the first Rate that he would not abate him a Farthing of *Cent. per Cent.* The old Man fumbling a good While in his Pocket, at length he lugg'd out his Purse and Pair of Spectacles, which putting on his Nose, he gave his money to *Jack Withers*; who ask'd him whether his Sight was so bad that he could not give him his Purse without using his auxiliary Eye. To which the other reply'd, "That he hoped it might have the Liberty of seeing to whom he gave his Money. Ay, ay, and welcome, quoth *Jack*" and pray take notice, that when you see me again, you must supply me with just such another Sum. So they parted; *Jack* riding one Way, and the old Wretch another.

One Time *Jack Withers*, and two of his hopeful Comrades, having been all Night a raking in the Country, as they were coming on Foot over the Field by *Marybone*, by 4 o'Clock in a Summer Morning, they observ'd a Gentleman walking all alone, making all the Gestures imaginable of Discontent, and Fury, such as casting up his Eyes,

thoky, displaying his Arms abroad, and then ringing them together again, This happened to be one *Mr. Vanbruggen*, a celebrated Player, who was getting his Part; but they not knowing who he was, suppos'd he might be in despair for Love, or some other Cause, and so in that Condition might lay violent Hands upon himself. Hereupon they watch'd his motions at a Distance; but *Mr. Vanbruggen*, at length, espying them, he, for the more Privacy, went thro' a Hedge into another Field, where these Sparks found him by the side of a Pond, exclaiming, in a very passionate Manner, these Words of *Lucius*, in the Tragedy of *Theodosius*, or, *The Force of Love*.

*Do you love thee not !
When I am dead take the attending Slaves,
And ear me, with my Blood distilling down,
To lie to the Temple ; lay me, O ! Arantes,
My cold Coarse at Athenais's Feet,
O ! why, why do my Eyes run o'er !
With my latest Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Here my Friend ; hold fast, and fix the Sword :
Seize the Artery, where the Life Blood lies ;
Press against the Point — Now, O ! ye Gods,
The greatly wretched you have room,
Here my Place, for dauntless, lo I come !
The force of Love thus makes the mortal Wound,
And Athenais sends me to the Ground.*

Jack Withers being foremost, cry'd out to his companions, *Hallo ! Make haste ; by G—d 'tis e'en thought, the poor Gentleman is just going to kill himself for Love. So making all up to Vanbruggen*, one taking him by one Arm, and another by the other, they said, *Pray, Sir, consider what you are going to do ! What a sad Thing will it be to drown yourself here ! Be advis'd, and have better Thoughts with you, Mr. Vanbruggen* knowing their Meaning, quoth he, as they were still gazing and hailing him about, " What a Plague is all this for ? I am not going to hang, stab, or drown myself ; I am not in Love ; I am only a Player getting my Part. A Player are you ? Truly *Withers*, if we had thought that, you

" should e'en have drown'd yourself, and been d—n'd too, before we'd have took all this Pains to follow your Arse up and down : But to make us amends for our Trouble, you can do no less than give us what Money you have. " Being in a bye Place, they ty'd his Hands and Legs together, and took from him about ten Shilling, and a silver hilted Sword.

After this *Jack Withers*, and one *William Edwards*, setting on a Person of Quality within a Mile or two of *Beaconsfield*, in *Buckinghamshire*, the Lord that was assaulted, who had only one Footman with him, had the Courage to oppose them, and held so hot a Dispute to save what he had, that *Withers's* Horse being shot, *Edwards* was obliged to carry him off behind him ; and a close Pursuit being made after them, they were forced to quit that Horse, and make their Escape on Foot, thro' bye Lanes, and over Fields, where none on Horseback could ride after them. Now hiding themselves in a Wood all Night, the next Morning they made the best of their way for *London* ; but about a Mile out of *Uxbridge*, meeting with a Penny-Post Man, they assaulted him on the Queen's Highway, and having taken from him about eight Shillings, to prevent his Discovery of them, *Withers* (tho' much against the Will of his Comrade *Edwards*) took a Butcher's knife out of his Pocket, and with it not only cut the Throat of the unhappy Man, but ript out his Bowels, and filling the Body full of Stones threw it into a Pond, where it was found the next Day. None could tell the Author of this inhuman Murder, till *Withers* and his Companion were apprehended about two Months after for a Country Robbery ; when being condemn'd at the Lent Assizes at *Norfolk*, on the 16th of *April*, 1703, the Day of their Execution, at *Thetford*, *Withers* confess'd the Fact. Thus we may see how the Providence of God generally brings to light the Authors of such horrid Deeds ; for tho' a Murderer may for some Time escape, yet the divine Judgment will overtake him at last.

The LIFE of WILL MAW.

THIS noted Villain, aged 50 Years when he was hang'd, was born at Northallerton in *Yorkshire*, from whence he came to London, at about 20 Years of Age, and served his Apprenticeship with a Cabinet-maker, and for a great while followed that Occupation, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*, where he dwelt for above eighteen Years together; and for many Years before his Death having left off working at his Trade, he maintained himself by some illegal Ways of living, such as the buying of stolen Goods, and thereby encouraging Thieves and Robbers, he had also been addicted to coining, and for some of his irregular Actions, had a Fine of ten Pounds laid in upon him, in *September 1705*, was burnt in the Hand in *April 1710*, and in *September* following, and twice ordered to hard Labour in *Bridewell*.

Having once committed a Robbery, for which he was afraid to be apprehended, when he lived in *Golden Lane*, he pretended to be very sick at Home, and ordered his Wife to give out that he was dead. His Wife being a cunning Baggage, so ordered the Matter, that she cleanly executed his Command, bought him a Coffin, invited about 40 or 50 Neighbours to the Funeral, and followed the Corps in such a mournful Condition, as if her poor Husband had been dead indeed. As they were coming by the *Red-cross Alehouse*, at the End of *Red-Cross-street*, to *St. Giles's Church-Yard*, near *Cripplegate*, some Company being drinking at the Door, who were inquisitive to know who was dead, they were told it was old *Maw*, whom they knew very well.

About five Years afterwards, one of those Persons that were drinking, as aforesaid, being a Prisoner in *Wood-street Compter*, for Debt, and *Maw* coming in also a little after him, the Person was so surpriz'd at the latter, that at first he had not Power to speak to him; but, at length, recovering some Courage, as dreading he had seen a Ghost, quoth he, *Is not your Name Maw, Sir?* *Maw* reply'd, *Yes, Sir; as sure as your Name is Watkins.* The other said again, *Why, I thought you had been dead and buried five Years ago!* *Yes,* reply'd *Maw*, *so I was in Trespasses and Sins: But I mean,* said *Watkins*, *laid yourself corporally in the Grave.* No, (reply'd *Maw*) *I was not dead; but being at that Time under some Troubles, I was at the Charge of a Coffin to save my Neck, and my Wife gave out I was really dead, as supposing then my Adversaries would not look for me in my Grave.*

Shortly after this Imprisonment being hang'd, as he was going up *Holborn*, another Person, who, like *Mr. Watkins*, had thought him dead and buried,

seeing him in the Cart, he was in a great Admiration, calling thus out to him in the Cart, *Oh! Mr. Maw, I really thought you had been dead and buried five Years ago and more. Why sa I was reply'd Maw, but don't you know that we must all rise again at the Day of Judgment?* *Yes,* reply'd the other, *Acquaintance, but the Day of Judgment is not yet.* Ay, but it is, quoth *Maw*, and pass'd it many Days ago, at the Sessions-House in the Old-Burying-place, where I am sure 'twas the Judgment of the Court, that you should be hang'd now. So his Friend wish'd him a good Journey, and a safe Return, they both parted.

Will. Maw having once stole a Trunk from behind a Coach, in which were several Good and among them a Clergyman's new Gown and Clock, great Enquiry was made at most of the Ecclesiasticks for the canonical Robes, by a Friend of the Minister who lost them. *Maw* had sold them to *Seabrook* in *Barbican*, with whom they were at length found. *Seabrook* offered to sell them to *Nyworth*, and the Gentleman bid him bring them to the *Sun-Tavern*, in *Aldersgate-street*, where the Minister was that wanted them. The Clergyman there, and having viewed and tried the Robes, thought them to be the same; whereupon, he asked the Minister how he came by them; who could neither give much Account of the Manner he bought them, nor find the Person he bought them of. In a short time, but an Act of Grace having been lately passed, he pleaded the Benefit of it, and so escaped the Punishment which he must otherwise have suffered, and not the Disgrace that attends such Practices.

After a long Course of Iniquities, *Maw* at last committed to Newgate himself, and at the following Sessions convicted of five Indictments. 1. For breaking open the House of *Mrs. Anne Johnson* and taking thence eight Pewter Plates, and other Goods. 2. For breaking open the House of *Mr. John Perry*, and taking thence 24 Pair of Leather Clogs. 3. For assaulting and robbing *Mr. Charles Potts*, in the Highway, and taking from him a silver Watch, five gold Rings, Money, and other Things. 4. For assaulting *Mrs. Anne Grover*, on the Highway, and taking from her 3 s. 6 d. And 5. For assaulting on the Queen's Highway, and robbing, *Mr. Cavan*, of some Money, an Handkerchief, and other Goods. 'Twas impossible for him now to think of coming off with any Grace, he had been deceived, for on *Wednesday the 29th of October, 1711*, this Offender met with the Punishment he so well deserved, at the usual Place of Execution.

The LIFE of NICHOLAS WELLS.

THIS noted Criminal, *Nicholas Wells*, was born at *Pemfworth*, in the County of *Kent*, but afterwards lived at *East-Grimstead*, with his Grandmother; and keeping a Horse, travelled from thence to *London*, and bought and sold Goods, which he helped to keep two of his Younger Sisters. He was a Butcher by Trade, and married a Woman in *Barnaby-street*, with whom he had one hundred and twenty Pounds for a Portion. Whilst his Money lasted, which was not long, he lived content with his Wife; but having by extravagant Expenses quickly consumed it, they then lived like married Quality, for they would see one another once a Week perhaps, lie together once a Month, and be together once a Year.

Being by his Folly reduced to great Necessities, and much in Debt, he, for a Livelihood, drove a Woodmonger's Cart in *Southwark*; and one day carrying three Loads of Faggots to a Gentleman's House in *Stameth*, as he was making Water not far from a Door, where the Gentleman's Wife stood, her extraordinary Beauty had such an Influence on his Mind, that he was overheard by the Gentleman to say to himself these Words: *Was I to live with that handsome Creature, I would and swear to give my Cart and Horses.*

The Gentlewoman, who was none of the Chafest, taking him into her Parlour, she wanted to know what 'twas he said, as he was making Water, or otherwise, if he would not tell her, she would call her a Man to kick him well. Our new Carman was so what bashful to declare what he had said; but being to be ill us'd in case he did not satisfy the Gentlewoman's Demands, he very bluntly told her the Words above-mentioned. The Lady now taking him at his Word, she carried him to her Bedchamber, were obtaining the Pleasure, for which he had forfeited his Cart and Horses, and finding no Difference betwixt her and his Wife in that sort of Pleasure, he swore, *They were all alike.*

In this Tone he hankered about the Street-Door for some while, for home to his Master he durst not go, without the Cart and Horses; but, at last, the Gentlewoman's Husband coming home to Dinner, and hearing the Fellow swear, *They were all alike*, —d; quoth he, *What are all alike? The Faggots, reply'd the Carman. Quoth the Gentleman again, And what of that? To which Nick thus answered, 'Tis not please you, Sir, I have brought home the three Loads of Faggots which you bought, and your being not satisfied, that the last Faggots which I brought you are not so big as the first, she hath ordered her Servant to lock up my Cart and Horses in your Coach-house, and says, that she will keep them, O! fie, fie, damn, said the Gentleman to his Wife, you must let go; the Cart and Horses are none of the worst Man's, they're his Master's, therefore you must leave him, if he has not us'd you well.*

The Gentlewoman than presently delivered the Cart and Horses, and privately gave the Carman a

Guinea besides, for his handsome come off. But the next Day Nick bringing some Coals to the same House, he then left the Gentlewoman his Cart and Horses for good and all; for finding an Opportunity of slipping into a Back Parlour, where a Scrutore was open, he took out of it, a rich gold Watch, several diamond Rings, and two hundred and fifty Guineas, which he carried clear off, without going to his Master any more.

Not long after this Exploit, meeting with *Handsome Fielding*, riding on Horseback by himself over *Putney-Heath*, as he came by Nick, he knock'd him off his Gelding, and seconding his Blow with another, which stunn'd him worse than the first, he ty'd his Hands and Feet, and searched his Pockets, wherein he found about twenty Guineas, which made him break forth into this Exclamation: *O! Gold almighty, thou art good for the Heart sick at Night, sore Eyes in the Morning, and for the Wind in the Stomach at Noon; indeed, thou art a never failing Remedy for any Distemper, at any Time, in all Cases, and for all Constitutions.*

Whilst Nick was expostulating to himself on the excellent Qualities of Gold, *Handsome Fielding* recovering his Senses, quoth he, *Sirrah, Dost thou know on whom thou hast committed this Insolence? Not I, (reply'd Nick) nor I don't care, for 'tis better you cry than I starve.* Quoth the robb'd Person again, *I'm General Fielding, who'll make you dearly suffer for this, if ever you come into my Clutches. Art thou (reply'd Nick then) Beau Fielding? Why truly I've heard thy Fame and Shame long enough ago; I think thou art one of those amorous Coxcombs who never go without Verses, in praise of a Mistress, and write Elegies on the great Misfortune of losing your Buttons. Thou art one of the whining Puppies, that waste Day and Night with her that you admire for a Whore, taking up her Glove, and robbing her of a Handkerchief, which you'll pretend to keep for her Sake. In fine, let me tell you, thou art translated out of a Man into a Whimsy.* So leaving Beau Fielding to shift for himself, he made the best of his Way to *Rosemary-Lane*; where his Landlord and Landlady were transported at the sight of his Booty, for he treated them, as in Duty bound, plentifully; and there was never a Servant in the House of Iniquity but fared the better for his Villany.

Altho' Nick Wells was a Fellow that ventured his Neck in these dangerous Enterprizes, yet he was not Master of any true Courage, for he was much of the nature of those who are always challenging People that will not fight, and cuffing such as all the Town has kick'd; upon many Occasions it has appeared that he was as cautious of dealing with a Man that is truly rough, as an honest Man would have been of dealing with him. He was very Bloody-minded, where he had the Advantage of a Man, as may be perceived by an Enterprize which he once undertook for one *Elizabeth Harman*, alias *Bees Toogood*.

This Woman being condemned for picking the Pocket of one *Samuel Winfield*, a Lock Smith, living near *St. George's Church* in *Southwark*, such was her implacable Malice before she was hanged, that she said she could not die satisfied, unless she had the Blood of her Prosecutor. Proposing her wicked Inclinations to *Nick Wells*, quoth he, *Bess*, not that I matter a Murder or two committing, but I don't love to work without Hire; what am I to have, first? and who am I to dispatch? But I care not who it is, if you content me. Then this wicked Wretch acquainting him where her Adversary liv'd, and giving him three Guineas to murder him, he took his last Farewell of her in the Chapel of *Newgate*, and that same Day going to Mr. *Winfield's* House, with pretence of bespeaking a Lock, that he might have a sight of the Man he was to kill, in the Evening he watch'd his going out, and coming home, which was about twelve at Night, and coming behind him as he was knocking at his own Door, he ran him thro' the Back with a Tuck, of which Wound he presently died on the Spot: But the Murderer was never known till he confels'd this barbarous Crime at the Gallows.

Whilst he followed these ill Courses he was much addicted to all manner of Lasciviousness, and seldom saw his Wife, whom he greatly slighted; for he was often want to say, *He was not cursed with the Plague of Constancy*. Nay, how little Regard he had for his Wife, may plainly be seen by the following Contract, drawn betwixt him and *William Marv*, whose Life immediately precedes this.

We the Subscribers, *William Marv* of *London*, *Joynrer*, and *Nicholas Wells* of *Pemfworth*, in the

County of *Kent*, Butcher, being each of us furnished with an useles Moveable, the former with a Jack-Daw, and the latter with a Wife, declare, That we have thought fit, for the Convenience of one another, out of our own pure and free Will, to make a Barter and Truck of the Jack-Daw for the Wife; yielding up the one to the other, all Right and Title that we have to the said Wife and Jack-Daw, and quitting for ever all Claim to the without any Manner of Complaint or Demand hereafter to the Premises so trucked. To which Satisfaction, we have hereunto set our Hands and Seals. Dated at *Deptford*, the 10th Day of *Nov*, 1710.

William Marv

Nicholas Wells

Accordingly the Wife went with the Buyer, and her Husband, without repenting his Bargain, pursued his vicious Practices still. But at length being apprehended for robbing one *James Wilmot*, a Butcher, near *Epsom*, of thirty Guineas, some Silver, and a silver Watch, he was committed to the *Main-Goal Prison* in *Southwark*. For this Fact he was hanged in the twenty eighth Year of his Age at *Kingslon upon Thames*, on Saturday the 28th of *March*, 1712. Mr. *Noble* an Attorney being executed there at the same Time for the barbarous Murder of one *John Sayer*, Esq;

The LIFE of WILLIAM HOLLOWAY.

WAS born at *Newcastle-under-Line*, in *Staffordshire*, and was bred up to Husbandry; but not liking his Occupation, he came up to *London*, where falling into such Company as had rather be the Devil's Soldiers, than fight under the Masters of Honesty, he soon became such an Enemy to Virtue, that no sort of Theft mis'd his Inclination, to support himself in the Extravagancies of a most licentious Course of Life.

First he went upon petty Matters of Thieving, in which he was very successful; for one Day going to a Knight's House in *Bloomsbury-Square*, with an Apron before him just like a Scowder, he had the Impudence to go up Stairs and take three or four Footmen's Liveries; but just coming out with them on his Arms, the Coachman stopping at the Door with his Coach, he stop'd *Holloway*, and ask'd him, *Where he was going with those Coats, and Waste-coats?* Then *Holloway*, *The Parliament being to sit within the Week, and your Master being unwilling his Mens Liveries should look somewhat fresh and decent, the Sward has ordered me to scower them against then.* He, here, then, said the Coachman, *take my Cloak to, and scower it well.* So stepping on his Coach-box, he took his Cloak off the Seat, and gave it to *Holloway*, who never took the Pains to bring it back again: But the poor Coachman was sadly jeer'd about it; for wherever the Boys met him, who knew of the Trick, they would cry to him, *Here, here, take my Cloak too.*

Another Time there being a great Stop of Coaches in *Fleet-street*, Mr. *Holloway* stepping up to a Gentleman's Coach, and pretending to have some earnest Business with him, whilst *Holloway* was talking to the Gentleman as he lean'd over the Door of the Coach to him, one of his Comrades took out a rich Coach Seat, and got clear off with it in the Dark; and whilst the Gentleman turn'd his Head out of the Coach Door to look after it, *Holloway* snatch'd off the other Seat, and in the Crowd went away with that. The Gentleman being in a great Surprise to see how suddenly he had lost both his Seats, he call'd out to his Coachman, saying, *Tom, hast thou got the Horses here?* Quoth *Tom*, *Yes, Sir.* Ay, but (said the Gentleman) *are you sure you have them? Why yes,* reply'd the Coachman, *I'm sure I have them; their Reins are now in my Hand.* Well, (quoth the Gentleman) *see and keep them there, for I have lost the Seats out of the Coach; and by Heavens, if you've a special Care, you'll lose my Horses too.*

Not long after this Exploit, Mr. *Emes*, who kept a Punch-House in *Hemlock-Court*, having been once recreating himself in his Calash, *Will* observing to come a soft Pace in the Road betwixt *Turnham-green* and *Hammersmith*, he perceived the Driver thereof, who had been drinking very hard where he had been, to be fast asleep. Hereupon *Will* stop'd the Horse, which was but one, and softly stepping up, he took Mr. *Emes's* Pockets, unselt of him, of a Watch

and two Guineas, and so sneaked off from him, supposing that was all the Booty he could get at that Time, unless he stripped him of his Cloaths too, which he could not well carry off without some Suspicion, in that Place. However, the Road being clear of Passengers, and finding Mr. *Emes* still in a profound Sleep, he ty'd his Legs together, and, that he might have the Pleasure to see what would be the Issue of it, he pull'd the Pins out of the Axle-Tree of the Wheels, and set the Horse a-going, which he had not done above an hundred Paces, but the Wheels flew off, and down came the Booby-Hutch.

Mr. *Emes* now waked in a great Consternation, whilst *Will* lay peeping behind a Hedge, and could perceive his Surprise. But the Horse's Rein being cut, and he not able to unloose his Legs, for want of a Knife to cut the Cord, the Horse never stop'd nor staid, till, in that manner, he had drawn the Calash through Thick and Thin into *Hammer-smith*; from whence sending for the Wheel, and having them put on again, he slept no more till he got quite Home.

Now *Holloway* having cast all Honesty and Goodness quite out of Doors he was resolv'd to prosecute his Villany to the highest Degree; so from committing small Matters of Theft, he was resolv'd to turn Highwayman, and being accoutred for this Purpose, with a good Horse, Hanger, and Pistols, he set out for such Enterprizes.

The first Action he went upon, was upon the Road betwixt *Faringdon* and *Abingdon*, in *Berkshire*; where meeting with a Country Farmer, and asking him the Time of the Day, he told him it was about twelve o'Clock. *Why then* (quoth *Holloway*), "it may be about high Time to ask one Favour of you. What's that?" (said the Farmer) "Why truly, (reply'd *Holloway*) understanding that you received ten Pounds at the Inn from whence you now came, (for I was drinking in the next Room when it was paid you) Necessity obliges me to borrow it, and if you are not willing to lend it me by fair Means, I shall take it by foul Means." The Farmer being a Man of some Courage, presently drew his Hanger in his own Defence, but that being no Security against Pistols, which could kill at a Distance, *Holloway* shot his Horse under him; so dismounting his Antagonist, and riding up to him with another Pistol ready cock'd, and presenting it to the Farmer's Breast, he lent him his Money without taking a Note of his Hand for it.

Another Time *Holloway* meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, who had like to have been robb'd but a little before, he told the said *Holloway*, that there were some Highwaymen before, wherefore he advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, to turn back. Quoth *Holloway*, "I have no great Charge about me, Sir, however, I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst. So as they were riding along, said *Will* again, Perhaps we may meet

“ meet with more Rogues of the Gang by the Way,
 “ for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I’ll
 “ secure that little I have, which is but three Gui-
 “ neas, by putting it in my Mouth. Now the
 “ Gentleman thinking him not of that Profession, quoth
 “ he, And in case we should be set upon, I have se-
 “ cur’d my Gold in the Rowls of my Stockings,
 “ which is no small Quantity, for I received Rent
 “ this Day of some of my Tenants.” They had not
 gone above half a Mile farther, before they came into
 a very bye Place, where he bidding the Gentleman
 Stand and Deliver, he was in a great Surprize; how-
 ever, there was no Remedy for preventing the Loss
 of his Gold, which was about eighty Guineas; and
 for fear he should have more of the same Metal in his
 Boots too, he ript them from Top to Bottom; but
 finding none there, he left the Gentleman cursing and
 swearing, for discovering where he had laid up his
 Hoard.

Will for a long Time had been very successful in
 many Robberies on the Highway, but at length his
 Devil failing him, he was apprehended for one com-
 mitted on *Hounslow-Hearth*, sent to *Newgate*, and
 condemned for the same; but had the good Fortune
 to receive Mercy. Now having a Reprieve, and
 being impatient till he pleaded to Her Majesty’s Par-
 don, he broke out of *Newgate*; after which having
 the Impudence, when he was drunk, to go to the
 Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, while the Judges
 were sitting upon a Commission of Oyer and Termi-
 ner, some of the Turnkeys of *Newgate* offered
 to apprehend him for breaking out of Gaol, which
 causing a Scuffle betwixt him and them, he mortally
 shot *Richard Spurling*, a Turnkey, thro’ the Body,
 in the Face of the whole Court, of which Wound he
 died within eleven Minutes. For this he was se-
 cured, with one Mrs. *Houfden*, who was try’d with
 him for the said Murder, and condemned as an

Accessary to it; and to make their Punishment more
 exemplary, he and the Woman were not only
 hanged at the End of *Gilt-Spur-street* in sight of
Newgate, in September, 1712, but afterwards *Is-
 lorway* was also hanged in Chains at a Place call’d
 by his own Name, on one side *Islington*.

At the Place of Execution, he own’d he ne-
 ver had any Antipathy against the Person deceas’d, and
 did not know what he did, as being in Drink. Thus
 we may evidently see the fatal Consequences of
 Drunkenness; which odious Vice is now become
 so fashionable, that we may, too often, behold
 Men contending for Victory over a Pot, and taking
 a measure of their Bravery by the Strength of their
 Brains, or Capacity of their Bellies. Taverns and
 Alehouses are the common Academies of Sin, where
 Drunkards make themselves expert in all those
 Arts, whereby they gratify Satan, and as it were, in
 many open Bravadoes, challenge the Almighty in
 the Field, and dare him to do the worst he can.

Doubtless Satan, hath but too much Power over
 these Men when they are most sober, they need
 not give him the Advantage of finding them so often
 drunk; except in a Bravado they desire to show
 the World how boldly they dare defy Heaven, and how
 much they scorn to owe their Ruin to any but them-
 selves. Nay, it seems very evident, that even the
Bacchanalians make this sottish Pastime their
 beloved Recreation, and only account him fit
 for their Company, that can take off his Cupshand-
 som, and is versed in all the Methods and Maxims of
 this hellish Art. Indeed, they have made it a kind of
 Science, and have given it so many Rules and
 Laws of late, that he that will now be expert in it,
 must need to serve out an Apprenticeship, to learn
 the Circumstances and Terms tho’ he ever so per-
 versely in the Sublance before

The LIFE of AVERY.

THIS Malefactor, *Avery* by Name, was born in *Oxfordshire*, and by his Parents was put out an Apprentice to a Bricklayer, in *London*, where, after he was out of his Time, which he served very faithfully and honestly, he married; and then following his Trade for himself, he seemed to be so industrious at his Business, that his Neighbours had no Suspicion in the least of his robbing on the Highway; which unlawful Practice he had followed for some Years, to the great Comfort of himself and all his Family; who saw him work hard till at last it killed him, much against his Will.

One Time *Avery* going out to look for a Prize on the Road, he got one by the bye, and to make use of what he had (for you must know it is a Maxim in Politicks, that it is a harder Matter to keep a Kingdom than to conquer one) he rid all bye Roads till he came into a Field where several Country Fellows were standing at a Gate. Now was he in a quandary what to do. 'I think he *Should I ride back again in any Precipitation, it will give them the Misstrust, therefore I will put on a good Face, and ride up to the Men.* But the Gate being lock'd he could not get out. However one of the Men who had the key of it, wanting a young Colt which he had in the field, he told *Avery* that if he would catch the Colt, he would open the Gate for him. *Avery* rode on the field after the Colt, and when he saw the Colt before he could catch him; the Countrymen bringing him up to the Owner, he let him go.

Now being in the Road together, quoth he to the Man that own'd the Colt, *What must I have for catching the Colt for you? Have?* (reply'd the Countryman) *O dear! Sir, what can you expect for such a Matter? Why, I think that was a Kindness to let you through the Gate, or else you must have rid a great Way about.* *Avery* swore most horribly he could be paid for his Trouble. The Countryman seeing him in a great Passion, he promised him a pot or two of Ale, if he would accept it. But this could not satisfy *Avery*; for pulling out his Pistol he swore he would not take all that Pains for nothing out his damn'd Colt, therefore, if they did not all deliver presently, he would shoot them every Man. The poor Country Fellows being in a great Consternation, and almost frighted out of their Wits, at the sight of his murdering Implements, they all pull'd out their leather Purles, and gave him what they could; after which he rode away in great Triumph, robbing half a dozen Men by himself. And without Doubt he had made his Brags thereof to some of his intimate Cronies; for when he was going to be hang'd, one of them meeting him in the cart, as he was riding up *Holborn*, thus call'd out to him: *Sobo! Friend Avery, what, are you going to catch another Colt?* But Mr. *Avery* had then to

much Business on his Hands, that he could not make him any Answer.

Another Time Mr. *Avery* roving up and down the Road, to seek whom he might devour, he met with a good honest Tradesman betwixt *Kingsdon upon Thames* and *Guilford* in *Surry*, with whom holding some Chat, as they rode together, *Avery* asked him what Trade he might follow when at home. Said he, *I'm a Fishmonger, pray what Occupation may you be of?* *Avery* reply'd, *Why I am a Limb of St. Peter too.* What (quoth the Fishmonger) are you a Fisherman? *Ay*, (said *Avery*) *I'm something towards it for every Finger I have is a Fishhook.* Quoth the Fishmonger, *Indeed, I don't apprehend your Meaning, Sir.* Then *Avery* pulling out his Pistols. *Now, says he, my Meaning may soon be apprehended; for there's not a Finger on either of my Hands, but what will catch Gold or Silver without any Bait at all.* So taking twenty Pounds from him, and cutting the Girths and Bridle of his Horse, he rode as fast as he could for *London*.

Money growing short again with Mr. *Avery*, he was forced to seek his Fortune as usual, on the Road; and meeting with an Exciseman on *Finchley-Common*, whom he knew very well, though he was not known by him, by reason he was very much disguised, with a Mask on his Face, *Avery* followed him at some Distance, and a fair Opportunity favouring his Design, he rode up to the Exciseman, demanding his Money at once. The assaulted Person being somewhat fullen and obstinate, he would not deliver any Thing till *Avery* threatened to kill him if he made any farther Refusal. The Exciseman being daunted at his Words, and almost frighted out of his Wits, to hear what dreadful Volleys of Oaths came out of his Mouth, he stopp'd it as fast as he could with a dozen Pounds saying, *Here take what I have; for if there is a Devil, certainly thou art one.* It may be so, (reply'd *Avery*) but yet as much a Devil as I am, I see an Exciseman is not such a good Bait, as People say, to catch him. No, he is not, quoth the Exciseman, the Hangman is the only Bait to catch such Devils as you. But *Avery* giving the Looser leave to speak, he rode away for fear of being caught indeed.

And it was not long after that he was apprehended, and sent to *Newgate* with one *Waterman*, that was condemned likewise for assisting him in these Exploits on the Highway; but he was reprieved. *Avery* being to die without his Comrade, he made what Friends he could to save his Life also, which he had often forfeited for his Villany, besides sending several Petitions to the Queen, and Mr. Recorder, in Hopes of obtaining Mercy for his manifold Crimes; but all being rejected he was executed at *Tyburn*, on Saturday the 31st of January, 1712-13.

The LIFE of DICK ADAMS.

THIS unhappy Person, *Richard Adams*, was born of very good and reputable Parents in *Gloucestershire*, who bestow'd some small matter of Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and Casting of Accounts. Coming up to *London*, he got into the Service of a great Dutchess at *St. James's*, in which he continued about two Years, when for some Misdemeanor quitting his Place, he contriv'd to live by his Wits.

Having a general Key which opened the Lodgings in *St. James's Palace*, he went one Day to a certain Mercer's on *Ludgate-Hill*, and desired him to send with all Speed, a Parcel of the richest Brocades and Sattins, and other Silks he had in his Shop, for his Dutchess to make Choice of some on an extraordinary Occasion. The Mercer knowing him to have come often upon such a like Errand before, he presently sent away several Pieces by his Man and a Porter, and being come to *St. James's*, *Dick Adams* brought them up to a Door of some of the Royal Lodgings where he ordered them to wait, while he, seemingly, went to acquaint his Dutchess of their being without. In some short Time after, coming out again, quoth he, *Let's see the Pieces presently, for my Dutchess is just now at leisure to look on them.* So the Mercer's Man giving him the whole Bundle he convey'd it away backwards, and went clear off thro' *St. James's Park*. The Mercer's Man and the Porter having waited two or three Hours, and receiv'd no Answer about their Goods, they began to make a strict Enquiry after them; and finding they were trick'd, were forced to go home much lighter than they went out.

About a Month after, *Dick Adams* having been drinking somewhat hard in the City, and forgetting the Prank he had play'd the Mercer, he came by his House one Afternoon, and he being accidentally standing at the Door, and espying his Chapman, he presently seiz'd him, saying *Oh! Sir, have I caught you? you are a fine Spark, indeed, to cheat me out of two hundred Pounds worth of Goods; but before I part with you, I believe I shall make you pay dearly for them.* Mr. *Adams* was much surpriz'd at his being so suddenly apprehended, and without doubt, curs'd his Fate to himself, for being so forgetful as to come into the very Mouth of his Adversary; but seeing the late Bishop of *London* at some Distance riding along in his Coach, and having a good Presence of Mind at the same Time, quoth he to the Mercer, *I must acknowledge I have committed a Crime, to which I was forced by mere Necessity, but I see my Uncle, the Bishop of London, is coming this Way in his Coach; therefore hoping you'll be so civil as not to raise any Hubbub of the Mob about me, whereby I shall be expos'd and utterly undone, I'll go speak to His Lordship about the Matter, if you please to step with me, and I'll engage he shall make you Satisfaction for the Damage I've done you.*

The Mercer liking his Proposal, as thinking it better than sending him to Gaol, he stepped along with Mr. *Adams*, who boldly calling out to the Coachman to stop, he approached the Side of the Coach, and desired the Favour of speaking a few Words with the Bishop. His Lordship seeing have the Mien and Habit of a Gentleman, he pleas'd to hear what he had to say; so leaning to his Coach Door, quoth *Adams*, "Begging your Lordship's Pardon for my Presumption, I make bold to acquaint your Honour, that the Gentleman sitting behind me is an eminent Mercer, keeper of the House just by here, and is a very upright good Man; but being a great Reader in Books of Divinity, especially polemical Pieces, he hath been therein with some intricate Cases, which very much trouble him, and his Conscience cannot be at ease till his Doubts and Scruples are cleared about them; therefore I humbly requested your Lordship would vouchsafe him the Honour of giving him time to ease before he runs farther to Despair."

The Bishop being ready to serve any Person in religious Matters, ordered *Adams* to bring his Friend to him the next Day. But said *Adams* again, "I will be more satisfactory to him, if your Lordship would be pleas'd to speak yourself to the Gentleman to wait upon you." Whereupon his Lordship beckoning to the Mercer, who stood some distance off, whilst they discours'd together, who came up to the Side of the Coach, quoth the Bishop "The Gentleman has informed me of all the Matter about you, and if you please to give yourself time to ease, I will be pleas'd to come to my House at *Fulham*, I will satisfy you then in every Point." The Mercer making twenty Bows and Cringes, was very pleas'd with his Security; and taking *Adams* to the Tavern, gave him a very good Treat.

Next Morning *Adams* came again to the Mercer, who was drawing out his Bill to give to the Bishop, and pretending that his coming in haste to go along with him to his Uncle, had made him forget to take Money in his Breeches, he desired the Mercer to lend him a Guinea, and put it down in his Bill; which he did very willingly; and then taking *Adams* away they went to *Fulham*; where acquainting the Bishop's Gentleman, that according to his Lordship's Order over Night, they were come to wait upon him at the Time appointed, the Gentleman introduced them into the Hall, and having regall'd them with a Bottle or two of Wine and a Neat's Tongue, the Mercer was admitted into his Lordship's Presence, and in the mean Time Mr. *Adams* made the best of his Way by Water again. The Mercer being betwixt the Bishop, quoth his Lordship, I understand that you are, or at leastwise have been, much troubled, how do you find yourself now, Sir? The Mercer reply'd, My Trouble is much abated since your Lordship was pleas'd to order me to wait on you. So pulling out a Pocket-Book, he gave His Lordship the following Bill.

Mr. Adams's Bill, April the 20th, 1711.

For a Piece of green flowered Brocade, containing 23 Yards, at 1l. 9s. per Yard.	33	07	00
For a Piece of white strip'd Damask, containing 20 Yards, at 14s. per Yard.	18	04	00
For a Piece of Cloth of gold Tissue, containing 18 Yards, at 4l. 15s. per Yard.	85	10	00
For a Piece of black watered Tabby, containing 29 Yards, at 4s. 8d. per Yard.	06	15	04
For a Piece of blue Sattin, containing 21 Yards, at 16s. per Yard.	16	16	00
For a Piece of crimson Velvets, containing 17 Yards, at 1l. 18s. per Yard.	32	06	00
For a Piece of yellow Silk, containing 25 Yards, at 8s. per Yard.	10	00	00
By the 17th. Lent your Lordship's Nephew.	01	01	06
Sum total,	203	19	10

His Lordship staring upon this large Bill, quoth 'What is the Meaning of all this? The Gentleman last Night might very well say your Conscience could not be at rest; and I wonder how it could when you bring a Bill to me which I know nothing off. Said the Mercer then bowing and aping, Your Lordship last Night was pleas'd to say that you would satisfy me to Day. Yes, reply'd Lordship, and so I would as to what the Gentleman told me; who said, that you being much troubled about some Points of Religion, you desired to be resolved therein; and in order thereto, appointed you to come to me to Day. Truly, (said the Mercer again) Your Lordship's Nephew told me otherwise, for he said you would pay me this Bill off, which Goods, upon my Word, he told me, and in a very clandestine Manner, if I was to tell Your Lordship all; but only in Respect to your Honour, I would not disgrace your Nephew. Quoth His Lordship, My Nephew! I know none of my Nephew; I never, to my Knowledge, saw the Gentleman in my Life before.' Thus when they came to unriddle the Matter on both Sides, he could not forbear Laughing, the Bishop at his Nephew, and the Mercer for lending a Man that had once cheated him, a Guinea to cheat him again.

After this Dick Adams got into the Life-Guards, but his Extravagancy not permitting him to live on his pay, he went on the Highway. One Day he had some of his Accomplices meeting with a Gentle-

man on the Road, they took from him a gold Watch, and a Purse, in which was one Hundred and eight Guineas. But Adams not contented with this Booty, and seeing the Gentleman whom they robbed had a very fine Coat on, he rode a little Way back again, and saying to him, Sir, you have a very good Coat on, I must make bold to change with you, he stripped him of it, and put on his. As the Gentleman was riding along after he was robbed, and hearing somewhat jingle in the Pocket of the Coat which Adams had put on him, he felt therein, and, to his great Joy, found his Watch and Guineas again, which Adams in a Hurry and Confusion had forgot to put into the other Coat Pocket when he changed Coats with the Gentleman. But he and his Comrades coming to an Inn to snack their Booty, when they found what a Mistake had been made, there was swearing and staring, cursing and raving, damning and sinking, with one another, as if they would have sworn the House down, but above all, they were ready to knock Adams on the Head for his Forgetfulness. However, since it could not then be help'd, and Adams promising to be more careful in his Business for the Future, his Negligence was pardon'd for that Time.

Dick Adams going out the same Day again with his Comrades, they stopp'd the Canterbury Stage-Coach on the Road betwixt Rochester and Sitting-born, in which were several Gentlewomen; and for the Mistake they made last, they were very severe and boisterous upon these Passengers, one of which saying to Dick, as he was searching her Pockets, Have you no Pity nor Compassion on our Sex? Certainly ye have neither Christianity, Conscience, nor Religion in you. Right, Madam, (reply'd Dick) we have not much Christianity nor Conscience in us, but for my Part you shall presently find a little Religion in me. So falling next on some fine Jewels hanging to her gold Watch, and a fine Pair of Bobs in her Ears, quoth Dick, Indeed, Madam, supposing you to be an Egyptian, I must beg the Favour of you, as being a Jew, to borrow your Jewels and Ear-Rings, according as my Forefathers were commanded by Moses. Thus having rifled all the Gentlewomen, to above the Value of two hundred Pounds in Money and Goods, they left them to proceed on their Journey, with very sorrowful Hearts for their sad Misfortune.

But at last Dick robbing a Man by himself, between London and Brainford, the Person robbed met with a Neighbour on the Road, who closely pursued this Highwayman. He made a running Fight of it, in shooting Tarter-like behind him; but they at last apprehended him, and carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to Newgate. Tho' he was very wicked before his Affliction fell upon him, yet whilst he lay under Condemnation, he was very devout. He was executed at Tyburn, in March, 1713.

The History of the Waltham Blacks and their Transactions, to the Death of Richard Parvin, Edward Elliot, Robert Kingshel, Henry Marshal, John and Edward Pink, and James Ansell, alias Phillip at Tyburn, whose Lives are also included.

SUCH is the unaccountable Folly which Reigns in too great a Part of the human Species, that by their own ill Deeds, they make such Laws necessary for the Security of Mens Persons and Properties, as would otherwise appear cruel and inhuman; and doubtless, those Laws which we esteem barbarous in other Notions, and even some which appear so, tho' anciently practiced in our own, had their rise from the same Cause. I am led to this Observation, from the Folly which certain Persons were guilty of, in making small Insurrections for the Sake only of getting a few Deer; and going on, because they found the Lenity of the Laws could not punish them at present, until they grew to that Height as to ride in arm Troops, Blacked and Disguised, in order the more to terrify those whom they assaulted; and where ever they were denied what they thought proper to demand, whether Venison, Wine, Money, or other Necessaries for their debauched Feasts, they would by Letters threaten to plunder and destroy with Fire and Sword, whomsoever they thought proper. These Villanies being carried on with a high-Hand for some Time, in the Year 1722 and 1723, their Insolence grew at last so intollerable, as to oblige the Legislature to make a new Law against all who thus went Armed and Disguised, and associated themselves together by the Name of Blacks, or entered into any other Confederacies to support and assist one another in doing Injuries and Violencies to the Persons and Properties of the King's Subjects.

By this Law it was enacted, *That after the first Day of June, 1723, whatever Persons armed with offensive Weapons, and having their Faces Black'd, or went otherwise Disguised, should appear to any Forest Park, or Grounds enclosed with any Wall or Fence, wherein Deer were kept, or any Warren where Hares or Conies are kept, or in any Highway, Heath, or Down, or unlawfully Hunt, Kill, or Steal, any Red or Fallow Deer, or rob any Warren, or steal Fish out of any Pond, or maliciously break down the Head of any Fish-pond, or kill or wound Cattle, or set Fire to any House or Out-House, Stack, &c. or cut down, or any other ways destroy Trees planted for Shelter or Profit, or should maliciously shoot at any Person, or send a Letter, demanding Money or other valuable Things, or should rescue any Person in Custody of an Officer, for any such Offences, or by Gift*

or Promise, procure any one to join with them, or be deemed Guilty of Felony without Benefit of Clergy, and suffer Pains of Death as Felons so convicted.

Nor was even this Thought sufficient to repress those Evil, which the idle Follies of some rascals had brought about, but a Retrospect was by the same Acts, had to Offences heretofore committed, and all Persons who had committed Crimes punishable by this Act, after the Sece February 1722, were commanded to render themselves before the 24th of July, 1723, to some of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, some Justice of the Peace for the County they lived, and there make a full and exact confession of the Crimes of such a Nature which had committed, the Times when, the Places, and Persons with whom; together with an Account of such Person's Places of abode, as had with been Guilty as aforesaid, in order to their thereupon apprehended and brought to Judgment according to Law, on Pain of being deemed and taken without Benefit of the Clergy; and suffering accordingly. But they were entitled to a free Pardon and Forgiveness, in Case that before the 24th of July, they surrendered and made such Discovery. Justices of Peace by the said Act, were required on application being made before them, by one or more credible Persons, against any Person charged with any of the Offences aforesaid, to transmit in their Hands and Seals, to one of his Majesty's Privy Councillors, or to the Secretary of State, who by the same Act were required to lay such Information and Return before His Majesty in Council; whereupon, an Order was to issue for the Person so charged, to surrender within forty Days, and in case he refused or neglected to surrender within that Time, then from the first Day in which the forty Days were elapsed, he was to be deemed as a Felon convicted, and Execution might be awarded as attainted of Felony by a Court of Law. Every Person also who after the Time appointed for the Surrender of the Person, should conceal, aid, or succour him, knowing the Circumstances in which he then stood, should suffer Death as a Felon, without Benefit of the Clergy. And that the People might the more readily hazard their Lives for the apprehending such Offenders, it was likewise enacted, that if any Person should be willing to lose an Eye, or the use of any Limb,

labouring to take Persons charged with the Commission of Crimes within this Law, then on a Certificate from the Justices of the Peace, of his being wounded, the Sheriff of the County was commanded within thirty Days after the sight of such Certificate, to pay the said wounded Person 50 l. under a forfeiture of 100 l. on failure thereof; and in any Person should be killed in seizing such Person as aforesaid, then the said 50 l. was to be paid to the Executors of the Person so killed.

It cannot seem strange, that in Consequence of so extraordinary an Act of the Legislature, many of the Presumptuous and silly People should be apprehended; and a considerable Number of them, having upon their Apprehension been committed to the bester Goal, seven of them were, by Habeas Corpus, removed to the greater Solemnity of their trial at Newgate, and for their Offences brought and arraign'd at the King's Bench-Bar, Westminster, and were convicted on full Evidence, all of Felony, and three of Murder. We shall not say you, one by one, of what has come to our knowledge in Relation to their Crimes, and the Order and Circumstances with which they were punished.

Edward Parvin was Master of a Publick-house at South, a Man of a dull and flegmatick Disposition, who continually denied his having been in any way concerned with these People, though the evidence against him at his Trial, was as full and as strong as possibly could have been expected, and he evidently proved to have been upon the Spot, when the Violences committed by the other Prisoners were manifested. In Answer to this, he said, *That was not with them, tho' indeed he was upon the Spot* for which he gave this Reason: He had, he very handsome young Wench who lived with him, and for that Reason being admired by many Customers, she took it in her Head one Day to go away; he hearing that she had fled cross the country pursued her, and in that Pursuit, calling at the house of Mr. Parford, who keeps an Alehouse in the Forest, this Landlord, it seems, who was an enemy against the other Blacks, took him into custody, tho' as he said, he could fully have acquitted himself, if he had had any Money to have paid his Witnesses out of *Berkshire*; but the Mayor of *South*, seizing as soon as he was apprehended, took all his Goods, put his Family into great distress, and whether he could have found them or not, he desired his being able to produce any Witnesses at his Trial. He persevered in these Professions of Innocency to the very last, still hoping for a Pardon, and not only feeding himself with such hopes while in Prison, but also gaz'd earnestly at the Tree, in hopes that a Pardon would be sent him, till the Cart drew away, and ended his Life and the Desire of Life together.

Edward Elliot, a Boy of about Seventeen Years of age, whose Father was a Taylor, at a Village between *Petworth* and *Guilford*, was the next who received Sentence of Death with Parvin. The Account gave of his coming into this Society, has something in it very odd, and which gives a full idea of the strange Whims which possessed these people. The Boy said, that about a Year before he was apprehended, thirty or forty Men met in the County of *Surrey*, and hurried him away; he appeared to be the Chief of them, telling them he enlisted him for the Service of the King's Blackacks; in Pursuance of which he was to disguise his Face, obey Orders of whatsoever kind they should give, such as breaking down Fish Ponds, burning down Hooping Deer, taking also an Oath to be

true to them, or they by their *Art Magick* would turn him into a Beast, and as such make him carry their Burthens, and live like a Horse upon Grass and Water. And he said also, that in the Space of Time he continued with them, he saw several of their Experiments of their Witchcraft; for that once when two Men had offended them, by refusing to comply in taking their Oath, and obeying their Orders, they caused them immediately to be blindfolded, and stopping them in Holes of the Earth up to their Chin, ran at them as if they had been Dogs, bellowing and barking as it were in their Ears; and when they had plagued them a while in this ridiculous Manner, took them out, and bid them remember how they offended any of the Black Nation again, for if they did, they should not escape so well as they had at present. He had seen them also, he said, oblige Carters to drive a good Way out of the Road, and carry whatsoever *Venison* or other Thing they had plundered, to the Places where they would have them: Moreover, that the Men were generally so frightened with their Usage, and so terrified with the Oaths they were obliged to swear, that they seldom complained, or even spoke of their Bondage.

As to the Fact for which they died, Elliot gave this Account: That in the Morning when that Fact, for which he died, was committed, *Marshal*, *Kingsfel*, and four others came to him and persuaded him to go to *Farnham-Holt*, and that he need not fear disobliging any Gentlemen in the Country, some of whom were very kind to this Elliot: They persuaded him that certain Persons of Fortune were concerned with them, and would bear him harmless if he would go. He owned that at last he consented to go with them, but trembled all the Way; inasmuch, that he could hardly reach the *Holt*, while they were engaged in the Business for which they came, *viz.* killing the Deer. The Keepers, he said, came upon him, for he was wandered a considerable Way from his Companions after a Fawn, which he intended to send as a Present to a young Woman at *Guildford*; him therefore they quickly seized and bound, and leaving him in that Condition, went in search of the rest of his Associates. It was not long before they came up with them; the Keepers were Six, the Blacks were Seven in Number; they fell warmly to it with Quarter-Staffs; the Keepers unwilling to have Lives taken away, advised them to retire; but upon their refusing, and *Marshal's* firing a Gun, by which one of the Keepers belonging to the Lady *How* was slain, they discharged a Blunderbuss and shattered the Thigh of one Barber amongst the Blacks, upon which three of his Associates ran away, and the two others, *Marshal* and *Kingsfel*, were likewise taken, and so the Fray for the present ended. Elliot lay bound all the while within hearing, and in the greatest Agonies imaginable, at the Consideration that whatever Blood was spilt, he should be as much answerable for it as those who shed it; in which he was not mistaken; for the Keepers returning after the Fight was over, carried him away bound, and he never had his Fetters off after, till the Morning of his Execution. He behaved himself very soberly, quietly, and with much seeming Penitence and Contrition; he owned the Justice of the Law in punishing him, and said, He more especially deserved to suffer, since at the Time of the committing this Fact, he was Servant to a Widow Lady, where he wanted nothing to make him happy or easy.

Robert Kingsfel was 26 Years old, lived in the same House with his Parents, being Apprentice to his Brother a Shoemaker. His Parents were very

watchful over his Behaviour, fought by every Method to prevent his taking ill Courses, or being guilty of any Debauchery whatever. The Night before this unhappy Accident fell out, as he and the rest of the Family were sleeping in their Beds, *Barber* made a Signal at his Chamber Window, it being then about Eleven a Clock: *Kingsbel* upon this, arose and got softly out of the Window; *Barber* took him upon his Horse, and away they went to the *Holt*, twelve Miles distant, calling in their Way upon *Henry Marshal*, *Elliot*, and the rest of their Accomplices. He said it was Eight a Clock in the Morning before the Keepers attacked them; he owned they bid them retire, and that he himself told them they would, provided the bound Man (*Elliot*) was released, and deliver'd into their Hands; but that Proposition being refus'd, the Fight presently grew warm. *Barber's* Thigh was broke, and *Marshal* killed the Keeper with a Shot. Being thereupon very hard pressed, three of their Companions ran away, leaving him and *Marshal* to fight out, *Elliot* being already taken, and *Barber* disabled. It was not long before they were in the same unhappy Condition with their Companions. From the Time of their being apprehended, *Kingsbel* laid aside all Hopes of Life, and applied himself with great Fervency and Devotion, to enable him in what alone remained for him to do, *viz.* dying Decently.

Henry Marshal, about 36 Years of Age, the unfortunate Person by whose Hand the Murther was committed, seem'd to be the least sensible of the Evils he had done of any, such was the Pleasure of Almighty God, that till the Day before his Execution, he neither had his Senses, nor the use of his Speech: When he recovered it, and a Clergyman represented to him the horrid Crime of which he had been Guilty, he was so far from shewing any deep Sense of the Crime of shedding innocent Blood, that he made light of it, and said, *Sure he might stand upon his own Defence, and was not bound to run away and leave his Companions in Danger.* This was the Language he talked for the Space of twenty four Hours before his Death, when he enjoyed the Use of Speech; and so far was he from thanking those who charitably offered him their Admonitions, that he said, he had not forgot himself, but had already taken Care of what he thought necessary for his Soul; however, he did not attempt in the least to prevaricate, but fairly acknowledged that he committed the Fact for which he died, tho' nothing could oblige him to speak of it in a manner as if he was sorry for, or repented of it, farther than for having occasioned his own Misfortunes. So strong is the Prejudice which vulgar Minds may acquire, by often repeating to themselves certain Positions, however ridiculous or false, that a Man had a right to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of another, who was in the Execution of his Office, and endeavouring him in the Commission of an illegal Act.

These of whom we have last spoken, were altogether concerned in the aforementioned Fact, which was attended with Murder. But we are now to speak of the rest, who were concerned in the Felony only, for which they with the abovemention'd *Parvin* suffered. Of these there were two Brothers, whose Names were *John* and *Edward Pink*, Carters in *Portsmouth*, and always accounted honest and industrious Fellows, before this Accident happened. They did not, however, deny their being Guilty, but on the contrary, ingenuously confessed the Truth of what was

sworn, and mentioned some other Circumstances that had been produced at the Trial, which attended in committing it. They said that they met *Parvin* House-keeper upon the Road, that they forced him to cut the Throat of a Deer which they had just taken upon *Bear Forest*, gave her a Dagger, which they forced her to wear, and to ride cross leg'd with Pistols before her. In this Dress they brother to *Parford's* House upon the Forest, where they dined upon a Haunch of Venison, feasted richly, and after Dinner sent out two of their Companions to kill more Deer; not in the *King's Forest* but in *Waltham-Chace*, belonging to the Bishop of *Winchester*: One of these two Persons they called *Lyon*, and the other they called *Lyon*: One of these two Brothers objected any Thing, to the Truth of the Evidence given against, or the Justice of that Sentence passed upon them; only insinuated that the Evidence given against, or strong against him and *Ansel*, if it had not been running away with the Witness's Wife, which provok'd him that they were sure they should escape when he was admitted a Witness. Like the rest, were hard to be persuaded that Things they had committed were any Crimes Eyes of God, and said, Deer were wild Beasts they did not see why the Poor had not as good a Right to them as the Rich: However, as they were condemned them to suffer, they were bound to submit; and in Consequence of that Notion, they lived themselves very orderly, decently, and lawfully, while under Sentence.

James Ansel, alias *Stephen Philips*, the eldest and last of these unhappy Persons, was a Man who had led to a worse and more profligate Life than any of the rest had ever been; for he had held no Employment, but had been a loose disorderly fellow concerned in all Sorts of Wickedness for many years both at *Portsmouth*, *Guilford*, and other Towns, as well as at *London*. Deer were not only Things that he had dealt in; stealing, and running on the Highway, had been formerly his Employment; and in becoming a Black, he did not, as others, ascend in Wickedness, but came down the contrary a Step lower: Yet this Criminal his Offences were greater, so his Sense of them was much longer than in any of the rest, excepting *John Kingsbel*, for he gave over all manner of Hopes and all Concerns about it as soon as he was taken, yet even he had no Notion of making Discourses they might be beneficial to himself; and he owned the Knowledge of twenty Persons were notorious Offenders in the same Kind, but he absolutely refused to name them, since such a Name would not procure himself a Pardon. Talking him of the Duty of doing Justice, was beating the Air: He said he thought there was no Justice in taking away other Peoples Lives, unless it was to save his own; yet no sooner was he taken, than he was going on the Highway than he confessed, he said, he knew very well Bills would have been preferred against him at *Guilford* Assizes, in which he had got off at the *King's-Bench*, but that he did not greatly value them; for tho' formerly he had been Guilty of some Facts in that Way, yet he could not all now be proved; and he should find it no difficult matter to have demonstrated of those then charged upon him, of which he was really Guilty, but owed his being thought a profligate Course of Life he had for some Time past, and his Aversion to all honest Employment, to the whole Gang of these Fellows, who were yet what with Sickness, what with the Apprehension

Death, they were so terrified, that not one of them but *Ansel*, was able to stand up, or speak, at the Face of Execution; many who saw 'em there, affirming, that some of them were dead even before they were turned off.

As an Appendix to the melancholly History of these seven unhappy Persons, we will add Part of a Letter written at that Time by a Gentleman of *Essex*, to his Friend in *London*, containing a more particular Account of the Humour of these People than we have seen any where else.

A Letter to Mr. C. D. in LONDON.

DEAR, SIR,

YOU cannot but have heard of the *Waltham Blacks*, as they are called, a set of whimsical merry Fellows, that are so mad to run the greatest Hazards for the Sake of a haunch of Venison, and passing a jolly Evening together. For my Part, I took the Stories of them for Fables, till Experience taught me the contrary, by the Adventure I am going to relate to you.

To begin then, my Horse got some Way a Stone in his Foot; so that finding it impossible to get him along, I was glad to take up at a little blind Ale-House, which I perceived had a Yard and Stable behind it. The Man of the House received me very civilly, but when I ask'd him whether I could lodge there that Night, he told me No, he had no room. I desired him then to put something to my Horse's Foot, and let me sit up all Night: The Man made me no Answer; but when we came into the House together, the Wife dealt more roughly and more freely with me, that truly I neither could, nor should stay there, and was for hurrying her Husband to get my Horse out: However, on putting a Crown into her Hand, and promising her another for my Lodging, she at last told me that there was indeed a little Bed above Stairs, on which she would order a clean Pair of Sheets to be put; for she was persuaded I was more of a Gentleman than to take any Notice of what I saw passed there. This made me more uneasy than I was before. I concluded now I was got among a den of Highwaymen, and expected nothing less than to be robbed and have my Throat cut; however, finding there was no Remedy, I even set myself down, and endeavoured to be as easy as I could.

By this Time it was very dark, and I heard three or four Horsemen alight, and lead their Horses into the Yard. As the Men were coming into the Room where I was, I overheard my Landlord say, Indeed Brother you need not be uneasy, I am positive the Gentleman's a Man of Honour. To which I heard another Voice reply, What good could our Death do to any Stranger? Faith I don't apprehend half the Danger you do: I dare say the Gentleman would be glad of our Companies, and we should be pleas'd with his, come, hang Fear, I'll lead the Way. So said, so done, in they came, Five of them, all disguis'd so effectually, that unless it were in the same Disguise, I should not be able to distinguish any one of them. Down they sat, and he who was constituted their Captain *pro hac Vice*, accosted me with great Civility, and asked me, *If I would honour them with my Company*

at Supper. I did not yet guess the Profession of my new Acquaintance: But supposing my Landlord would not suffer either a Robbery or a Murder in his own House, by Degrees my Mind grew perfectly easy.

About Ten o'Clock, I heard a very great Noise of Horses, and soon after of Mens Feet trampling in a Room over my Head: Then my Landlord came down and informed us, Supper was just ready to go upon the Table. Upon this, we were all desired to walk up; and he, whom I before called the Captain, presented me with a humorous kind of Ceremony to a Man more disguis'd than the rest, who sat at the upper End of the Table, telling me at the same Time, he hoped I would not refuse to pay my Respects to *Prince Oroonoko King of the Blacks*. It then immediately struck into my Head, who those worthy Persons were, and I called myself a thousand Blockheads in my Mind for not finding it out before; but the Hurry of Things, or to speak the Truth, the Fear I was in, prevented my judging, even from the most evident Signs.

As soon as our awkward Ceremonies was over, Supper was brought in: It consisted of eighteen Dishes of Venison in every Shape, roasted, boiled with Broth, hashed Collups, Pasties, Umble Pies, and a large Haunch in the Middle larded. The Table we sat at was very large, and the Company in all twenty one Persons; at each of our Elbows there was set a Bottle of Claret; and the Man and Woman of the House sat down at the lower End. Two or three of the Fellows had good natural Voices, and so the Evening was spent as merrily, as the Rakes pass theirs at the *King's Arms*, or the City Apprentices at *Sadler's Wells*. About Two the Company seemed inclined to break up, having first assured me that they should take my Company as a Favour any *Thursday* Evening, if I came that Way.

Before I conclude my Epistle, it is fit I should inform you, that they did me the Honour, of acquainting me with those Rules by which their Society was govern'd. Their *Black Prince* assured me that their Government was perfectly *Monarchical*, and that when upon Expeditions, he had an absolute Command; But in the Time of Peace (continued he) and at the Table, I condescend to eat and drink familiarly with my Subjects as Friends. We admit no Man into our Society, 'till he has been twice drunk with us, that we may be perfectly acquainted with his Temper, but if the Person who sues to be admitted, declares solemnly he was drunk in his Life, this Rule is dispensed with, and the Person is only bound to converse with us a Month. As soon as we have determined to admit him, he is to equip himself with a good Mare or Gelding, a Brace of Pistols, and a Gun to lye on the Saddle Bow; then he is sworn upon the Horns over the Chimney; and having a new Name conferred by the Society, is thereby entered upon the Roll, and from that Day forward, considered as a lawful Member.

He went on with abundance more of their wise Institutions which are not of Consequence enough to tell you: In the Morning having given my Landlord the other Crown Piece, I speeded directly home, as much in Amaze at the new People I had discovered, as the *Duke of Alva's* Huntmen when they found an undiscovered Nation in Spain, by following their Master's Hawk over the Mountains. Pray, in Return let me see if all your *London*

“don Rambles can produce such another Adventure.”

I am yours, &c.

Before we leave these People we think it proper to acquaint our Readers, that their Folly was not to be extinguished by a single Execution; there were a great many young Fellows of the same Stamp, who were Fools enough to forfeit their Lives upon the same Occasion. However, the Humour did not run very long; Tho’ some of them were impudent enough to murder a Keeper or two afterwards, in the Space of a Twelvemonth, the whole Nation of the *Blacks* was extinguished, and these *Country Rakes* were contented to play the Fool upon easier Terms. The last Blood that was shed on either Side, being that of

a Keeper’s Son at *Old Windsor*, whom some of the wise People fired at as he look’d out of the Window.

A special Assizes was held at *Reading*, before three of his Majesty’s Judges, to try the Persons concerned in this Murder, and several others. Four Men were Capitally convicted and executed; several others were ordered for Transportation, and in short it was the decisive Stroke which put a Period to the whimsical Monarchy. The Men that were hanged like those abovementioned, were so weak with lying in Prison, that one of them was borne between two to the *Town-Hall*, and carry’d upon the Hangman’s Back into the Cart that convey’d him to the Tree. The rest were not in a much better Condition.

The LIFE of JOSEPH BLAKE, alias BLUESKIN.

AS there is Impudence and Wickedness enough in the Lives of most publick Malefactors, to make Persons of a sober Education and Behaviour, wonder at the depravity of human Nature; so there are sometimes superlative Rogues, who as far exceed the ordinary Class of Rogues, as they do honest People; and whenever such a Monster as this appears in the World, there are enough Fools to make such a Noise about his Conduct, as to invite others to imitate the Obstinacy of his Deportment, thro’ that false Love of Fame, which influences those Wretches. Amongst the Number of these, *Joseph Blake*, better known by his nick Name of *Blueskin*, always deserves to be remembred, as one who studiously took the Paths of Infamy, in order to become Famous.

By Birth he was a Native of this City of *London*; his Parents being Persons in tolerable Circumstances, kept him six Years at School, where he did not learn half so much from his Master, as he did Evil from his School-Fellow *William Blewit*, from whose Lessons he copied so well, that all his Education signified nothing. He absolutely refusing, when he came from School, to go to any Employment, but on the contrary set up for a Robber when he was scarce Seventeen; but from that Time to the Day of his Death, was unsuccessful in all his Undertakings, hardly ever committing the most trivial Fact, but he experienced for it, either the Humanity of the Mob, or of the Keepers of *Bridewell*, out of which, or some other Prison, he could hardly keep his Feet for a Month together.

He fell into the Gang of *Lock*, *Wilkinson*, *Carrick*, *Lincoln*, and *Daniel Carrol*. And being one Night out with this Gang, they robb’d one Mr. *Clark* of eight Shillings, and a silver hilted Sword, just as Candles were going to be lighted. A Woman looking accidentally out of a Window, perceived it, and

cry’d out Thieves: *Wilkinson* fired a Pistol at her, which (very luckily) upon her drawing in her Head graz’d upon the Stone of the Window, and did no other Mischief. *Blake* was also in the Company of the same Gang, when they attack’d Captain *Langle* at the Corner of *Hide-Park Road*, as he was going to the *Camp*; but the Captain behaved himself so well that notwithstanding they shot several Times thro’ and thro’ his Coat, yet they were not able to rob him. Not long after this, *Wilkinson* being apprehended, impeached a large Number of Persons, and with them, *Blake* and *Lock*. *Lock* hereupon made a fuller Discovery than the other before Justice *Blackerby*, in which Information there was contained no less than seventy Robberies, upon which he also was admitted a Witness; and having nam’d *Wilkinson*, *Lincoln*, *Carrick* and *Carrol*, with himself, to have been the five Persons who murder’d *Peter Martin* the *Chelsea Pensioner*, by the *Park Wall*. *Wilkinson* thereupon was apprehended, tried, and convicted, notwithstanding the Information he had before given, which was thereby totally set aside.

Blake himself also became now an Evidence against the rest of his Companions, and discovered about a dozen Robberies which they had committed, amongst these there was a one very remarkable one. Two Gentlemen in Hunting Caps were together in a Chariot on the *Hampstead-Road*, from whom they took two gold Watches, Rings, Seals and other things to a considerable Value, and *Junks*, alias *Levee*, laid his Pistol down by the Gentlemen all the while he search’d them, yet they wanted either the Courage or the presence of Mind, to seize it and prevent their losing Things of so great Value. Not long after this *Oakly*, *Junks*, and this *Blake*, stopp’d a single Man with a Link before him in *Fig-Lane*, and he not surrendering so easily as they expected, *Junks* and *Oakly* beat him over the Head with their Pistols, and then

left him wounded in a terrible Condition, taking from him one Guinea and one Penny. A very short time after this, *Junks*, *Oakley*, and *Flood*, were apprehended and executed, for robbing Colonel *Cope* and Mr. *Young* of that very Watch, for which *Carroll* and *Malony* had been before executed, *Joseph Blake* being the Evidence against them.

After this hanging Work of his Companions, he thought himself not only entitled to Liberty but Reward: therein however he was mightily mistaken, and not having surrendered willingly and quietly, but being taken after long Resistance and when he was much wounded, there did not seem to be the least Foundation for this confident Demand. He remained still Prisoner in the *Wood-street* Compter, obstinately refusing to be transported for seven Years, at last procuring two Men to be bound for his good Behaviour, he was carried before a worthy *Almoner* of the City and there discharged. At which time, some-body there present asking how long time might be given him, before they should see him again at the *Old-Bailey*? A Gentleman made answer, in about three Sessions, in which time it seems he guessed very right; for the third Sessions thence, *Blake* was indeed brought to the Bar. For no sooner was he at Liberty but he was employed in robbing; and having picked up *Jack Shepherd* for a Companion, they went out together to search for Prey in the Fields. Near the half Way betwixt *Hampstead*, they met with one *Pargitar*, a very much in Liquor, whom immediately *Blake* knock'd down into a Ditch, where he must inevitably have perished, if *John Shepherd* had not kept his Head above the Mud with great Difficulty. For the next Sessions after it happened, the two Brothers (*Brightwells*) in the Guards were indicted; and if a Number of Men had not sworn to have been upon Duty at the Time the Robbery was committed, they had certainly been convicted, the Evidence of the Prosecutor being direct and full. The elder *Brightwell* died in a Week after he was released from his confinement, and so not live to see his Innocence fully clear'd by the Confession of *Blake*.

A very short Space after this, *Blake* and his Companion *Shepherd*, committed the Burglary together in the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, where *Shepherd* getting into the House, let in *Blake* at the back Door to carry'd off Goods to a considerable Value. For which both *Shepherd* and he were apprehended; and in Sessions before *Blake* was convicted, his Companion received Sentence of Death; but at the Time *Blake* was taken up, had made his Escape out of the Condemned Hold.

He behaved with great Impudence at his Trial, and when he found nothing would save him, he took the Advantage of *Jonathan Wild's* coming to speak with him, to cut the said *Wild's* Throat, a large Gash from the Ear beyond the Wind-pipe; of which Wound *Wild* languished a long Time, and happy had it been for him if *Blake's* Wound had proved fatal, for then *Jonathan* had escaped Death by a more dishonourable Wound in the Throat, than that of a Penknife: But the Number of his Crimes, and the Spleen of his Enemies procured him a worse Fate. Whatever *Wild* might deserve of others, he seems to have merited better Usage from this *Blake*; for while he continued a Prisoner in the Compter, *Jonathan* was at the Expence of curing a Wound he had received, allowed him three Shillings and Six-pence a Week, and after his last Misfortune promised a good Coffin, actually furnished him with Money to support him in *Nerogate*, and several good Books, if he would have made any Use of them: But because he freely declared to *Bluekin*, there was no Hopes of getting him Transported, the bloody Villain determined to take away his Life, and was so far from shewing any Signs of Remorse, when he was brought up again to *Nerogate*, that he declared if he had thought of it before, he would have provided such a Knife as should have cut off his Head.

At the Time that he received Sentence, there was a Woman also condemned, and they being placed as usual, in what is called the *Bail Dock* at the *Old-Bailey*, *Blake* offered such Rudeness to the Woman, that she cried out and alarmed the whole Bench. All the Time he lay under Condemnation, he appeared utterly thoughtless and insensible of his approaching Fate. Tho' from the cutting of *Wild's* Throat, and some other Barbarities of the same Nature, he acquired amongst the Mob the Character of a brave Fellow; yet he was in himself but a mean spirited timorous Man, and never exerted himself, but either thro' Fury or Despair. He wept much at the Chapel before he was to die; and tho' he drank deeply to drive away Fear, yet at the Place of Execution he wept again, trembled, and shewed all the Signs of a timorous Confusion, as well he might, who had lived wickedly, and trifled with his Repentance to the Grave. There was nothing in his Person extraordinary; a dapper, well set Fellow, of great Strength, and great Cruelty; equally detested by the sober Part of the World, for the audacious Wickedness of his Behaviour, and despised by his Companions for the Villanies he committed even against them. He was executed in the 28th Year of his Age, on the 11th of November, 1724.

The LIFE of JACK SHEPHERD.

AMongst the Prodigies of ingenious Wickedness and artful Mischief, which have surprized the World in our time perhaps none has made so great a Noise as *John Shepherd*, the Malefactor of whom we are now going to speak. His Father's Name was *Thomas Shepherd*, who was by Trade a Carpenter, and liv'd in *Spittle-Fields*; a Man of an extraordinary good Character, and who took 'all the Care his narrow Circumstances would allow, that his Family might be brought up in the Fear of God, and in just Notions of their Duty towards their Neighbour: yet he was so unhappy in his Children, that both his Son *John* and another took to ill Courses, and both in their Turns were convicted at the Bar in the *Old-Bailly*.

After the Father's Death, his Widow did all she could to get this unfortunate Son of hers admitted into *Christ's Hospital*, but failing of that, she got him bred up at a School in *Bishopsgate-Street*, where he learned to read, and might in all probability have got a good Education, if he had not been too soon removed, being put out to the Trade of a *Cane-Chair-Maker*. His Master us'd him very well, and probably he might have liv'd honestly with him, but he dying in a short time afterwards, *Shepherd* was put to another, a much younger Man, who us'd him so harshly, that in a little time he ran away from him. He was then put to another Master, one *Mr. Wood* in *Witch-Street*, from whose Kindness and of *Mr. Knebone's*, whom he robbed, he was taught to write, and had many other Favours done him by that Gentleman, whom he so ungratefully treated. But good usage or bad was grown all alike to him now; he had given himself up to the sensual Pleasures of low Life, Drinking all Day, and getting to some impudent Strumpet at Night.

Amongst the Chief of his Mistresses there was one *Elizabeth Lion*, commonly call'd *Edgeworth Bess*; the Impudence of whose Behaviour was shocking even to the greatest Part of *Shepherd's* Companions; but it seems charm'd him so much, that he suffered her for a while to direct him in every Thing; and she was the first who engaged him in taking base Methods to obtain Money wherewith to purchase baser Pleasures. This *Lion* was a large masculine Woman, and *Shepherd* a very little slight-limb'd Lad; so that whenever he had been drinking and came to her quarrelsome, *Bess* often beat him into better Temper, though *Shepherd* upon other Occasions manifested his wanting neither Courage nor Strength. Repeated Quarrels however between *Shepherd* and his Mistress as it does with People of better Rank, created such a Coldness, and at last a Separation.

The Creature he picked out to supply the Place of *Betty Lion*, was one *Mrs. Maggett*, a Woman somewhat less boisterous in her Temper, but full as wicked: She had a very great Contempt for *Shep-*

berd, and only made Use of him to go and al Money, or what might yield Money, for he to spend in Company that she lik'd better. The Night when *Shepherd* came to her, and told her he had pawn'd the last Thing he had for half a Crown, *Prithee*, says she, *don't tell me such melancholly Stories, but think how you may get more Money: I have been in White-Horse Yard this Afternoon; there a Piece-Broker there worth a great deal of Money keeps his Cash in a Drawer under the Compt, and there's Abundance of good Things in his shop that would be fit for me to wear; a Word you know to the Wife is enough; let me see now when soon you'll put me in Possession of them.* This was the Effect that she desired; *Shepherd* left her at One o'Clock in the Morning, went to the House she talked of, took up the Cellar Window, and from thence entered the Shop, which he plundered of Money and Goods to the amount of £1. and brought it to his Doxy the same Day before she was stirring, who appeared thereupon very well satisfied with his Diligence, and helped him a great Time to squander what he had so dearly earned.

He still attained some Affection for his old favourite *Bess Lion*, who being taken up for one of her Tricks, was committed to *St. Giles's Round-house*, where *Shepherd* going to see her, broke the Doors open, beat the Keeper, and like a true Knight Errant, set his distressed Paramour at Liberty, which heroic Act got him so much Reputation amongst the Ladies of *Drury-Lane*, that there was no Body of his Profession so much esteem'd by them as *John Shepherd*. His Brother *Thomas*, who was himself a tolerable Estimation with the lebauch'd part of the Sex, now importun'd son of them to speak to his Brother *John* to lend him a little Money, and for the Future allow him to go out a robbing with him. To both these Propositions, *Jack*, being a kind Brother, consented: he said the first Word, and from thence forward the two others were always of one Party.

In about three Weeks after their coming together, they broke open a Linnen-Draper's Shop, near *Clare-Market*, where the Brothers made good use of their Time; for they were not in the House above a quarter of an Hour, before they made shift to strip it of 50*l.* But the younger Brother being impudently in disposing of some of the Goods he was detected and apprehended, upon which the first Thing he did was to impeach his Brother, as being many of his Confederates as he could. *Jack* was very quickly apprehended upon his Brother's Information, and committed by Justice Parry to the Round-house, for farther Examination; but instead of waiting for that, he began to examine as well as he could, the Strength of the Place and his Confinement; which being much too weak for the low of his Capacity, he marched off before Night and committed a Robbery into the Bargain; now

ing to be revenged on *Tom* who had so basely behaved himself (as *Jack* phrased it) toward so good a Brother.

That Information going off, *Jack* went on in his old Way as usual. One Day he and *J. Benson* being in *Leicester Fields*, *Benson* attempted to get a Gentleman's Watch; but missing his pull, the Gentleman perceived it and rais'd a Mob, where *Shepherd* passing briskly to save his Companion, was apprehended in his stead, and being carried before Justice *Walters*, was committed to *New-Prison*, where the first Sight he saw, was his old Companion *Bess Lion*, who had found her Way thither upon a like Errand *Jack*, who now saw himself beset with Danger, began to exert all his little Cunning, which was indeed his Master-piece. He applied himself first to *Benson's* Friends, who were in good Circumstances, hoping by their Meditation to make the Matter up; but in this he miscarried. Then he attempted a slight Information; but the Justice to whom he sent it, perceiving how trivial a Thing it was and guessing well at the Dist thereof refused it. *Shepherd* was now driven to his last Shift, when *Bess Lion* and he hid their Heads together how to break out; which they effected by Force, and got safe off to one of *Bess Lion's* old Lodgings, where he kept him secret for some Time, frightening him with Stories of great Searches being made after him, in order to detain him from conversing with any other Woman.

But *Jack* being not naturally timorous, and having a strong Inclination to be out again in his old Way with his Companions, it was not long before he gave her the slip, and lodged himself with another of his Female Acquaintance, in a little bye Court near the *Strand*. Here one *Charles Grace* desired to become an Associate with him. *Jack* was very ready to take any young Fellow in as a Partner of his Villanies especially as *Grace* told him that his Reason for doing such Things, was to keep a beautiful Woman without the Knowledge of his Relations. *Shepherd* had he getting the Acquaintance of one *Anthony Lamb*, an Apprentice to Mr. *Carter*, near St. *Clements* Church, they inveigled the young Man to consent to let them in to rob his Master's House. He accordingly perform'd it, and they took from Mr. *Arton*, who lodged there, to a very considerable value. But *Grace* and *Shepherd* quarrelling about the Division, *Shepherd* wounded *Grace* in a violent manner, and on this Quarrel betraying one another, *Grace* and *Lamb* were taken. But the Misfortune of poor *Lamb*, who had been drawn in, so far prevailed upon several Gentlemen who knew him, that they not only prevailed to have his Sentence mitigated to transportation, but also furnished him with Necessaries, and procured an Order, that on his Arrival where he should not be sold, as the other *Felons* were, that he should be left at Liberty to provide for himself as well as he could.

It seems that *Shepherd's* Gang, which consisted of himself, his Brother *Tom*, *Joseph Blake*, alias *Blue-in*, *Charles Grace*, and *James Sikes*, whom his companions called *Hell* and *Fury* not knowing how to dispose of the Goods they had taken, made use of *William Field* for that purpose, whom *Shepherd* in his audacious Style, us'd to characterize thus; That he was a Fellow wicked enough to do any thing, but his want of Courage permitted him to do nothing but carry on the Trade he did; which was that of selling stolen Goods when put into his Hands. But *Blake* and *Shepherd* finding *Field* sometimes delatory, not thinking it always safe to trust him, they resolved to hire a Warehouse and lodge their Goods there; which accordingly they did near the *Horse-Ferry* in

Westminster. There they plac'd what they took out of Mr. *Kneebone's House*, and the Goods made a great show there, whence the People in the Neighbourhood really took them for very honest Persons, who had so great wholesale Business on their Hands as occasion'd their taking a place there which lay convenient for the Water. *Field* however importun'd them, having got scent they had such a Warehouse, that he might go and see the Goods, pretending that he had it just now in his Power to sell them at a very great Price: They accordingly carried him thither and shewed him the Things. Two or three Days afterwards, *Field*, tho' he had not Courage to rob any Body else, ventured however, to break open the Warehouse, and took every Rag that had been lodged there.

Not long after, *Shepherd* was apprehended for robbing Mr. *Kneebone*, and tried at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*. His Appearance there was very mean, and all the Defence he pretended to make, was, that *Jonathan Wild* had helped to dispose of part of the Goods, and he thought that it was very hard that he should not share in the Punishment. The Court took little Notice of so insignificant a Plea, and Sentence being pass'd upon him, he hardly made a sensible Petition for the Favour of the Court in the Report; but behav'd throughout as a Person either stupid or Foolish; so far was he from appearing in any Degree likely to make the Noise he afterwards did.

When put into the *Condemned Hold*, he prevailed upon one *Fowls*, who was also under Sentence, to lift him up to the Iron Spikes placed over the Door which looks into the Lodge, a Woman of a large Make attending without, and two others standing behind her in Riding Hoods. *Jack* no sooner got his Head and Shoulders thro' between the Iron Spikes, than by a sudden Spring his Body followed with Ease; and the Women taking him down gently, he was, without Suspicion of the Keepers, (tho' some of them was drinking at the upper End of the Lodge) convey'd safely out of the Lodge Door, when soon getting a Hackney Coach, he went clear off before there was the least Notice of his Escape; which, when it was known, very much surprized the Keepers, who never dreamt of an Attempt of that Kind before.

As soon as *John* breathed the fresh Air, he went again briskly to his old Employment; and the first thing he did was to find out one *Page*, a Butcher of his acquaintance in *Clare-Market*, who dress'd him up in one of his Frocks, and then went with him upon the Business of raising Money. No sooner had they set out, but *Shepherd* remembering one Mr. *Martin's* a Watch-maker, near the *Castle Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, and the Situation of the Shop, he prevail'd upon his Companion to go thither, and screwing a Gimlet fast into the Post at the Door, they tied the Knocker of the Door thereto with a String, and then boldly breaking the Glasses, snatched three Watches before a Boy that was in the Shop could open the Door, and marched clear off; *Shepherd* having the Impudence upon this Occasion, to pass underneath *Newgate*.

However, he did not long enjoy his Liberty, for strolling about *Finchley-Common*, he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; and was put immediately in the *Stone Room*, where they loaded him with a heavy pair of Irons, and then stapled him fast down to the Floor. He being left there alone in the Sessions' Time, most of the People of the Gaol then attending at the *Old-Bailey*, he with a crooked Nail opened the Lock, and by that Means got rid of his Chain, and went directly to the Chimney in the Room,

Room; where, with incessant working, he got out a couple of Stones, and by that Means entered a Room called the *Red Room*, where no Body had been lodged for a considerable Time. Here he threw down a Door, which one would have thought impossible to have been mov'd by the Strength of a Man though with ever so much Noise. From hence with a great deal to do, he forced his Passage into the Chapel, there he broke a Spike off the Door, forcing open by its help four other Doors. Getting at last upon the Leads, he from thence descended gently, by the Help of the Blanket on which he lay, (for which he went back thro' the whole Prison) upon the Leads of Mr. *Bird* a Turner, next Door to *Newgate*, and looking in at the Garret Window, saw the Maid going to Bed. As soon as he thought she was asleep, he stepp'd down Stairs, went thro' the Shop, opened the Door, then into the Street, leaving the Door open behind him.

In the Morning when the Keepers were in search after him, hearing of this Circumstance by the Watchman, they were then perfectly satisfied of the Method by which he went off: However, they were obliged to publish a Reward, and make the strictest Enquiry after him, some foolish People having propagated a Report, that he had not got out without Connivance. In the mean while *Shepherd* found it a very difficult Thing to get rid of his Irons, having been obliged to lurk about and lye hid near a Village not far from Town, 'till with much ado he procured a Hammer and took them off. He was no sooner freed from the Incumbrance that remained upon him but he came privately into the Town and that Night robbed Mr. *Ravolin's* House a *Pawn-Broker* in *Drury-Lane*. Here he got a very large Booty, and amongst other things a very handsome black Suit of Cloaths and a Gold Watch. Being dressed with these he carried the rest of the Goods and valuable Effects to two Woman, one of whom was a poor young Creature whom *Shepherd* had seduced, and who was imprisoned on this account.

No sooner had he taken care of the Booty, but he went amongst his Companions, the Pick-pockets and Whores in *Drury-Lane* and *Clare Market*; where being accidentally espied surling at a little Brandy-Shop, by a Boy belonging to an Alehouse who knew him very well, the Lad immediately gave Information; upon which he was apprehended, and re-conducted with a vast Mob to his old Mansion-House of *Newgate*, being so much intoxicated with Liquor, that he hardly was sensible of his miserable Fate. They now took effectual Care to prevent a third Escape, never suffering him to be alone a Moment, which as it put the Keepers to great Expence, they took Care to pay themselves with the Money they took of all who came to see him.

In this last Confinement it was that Mr. *Shepherd* and his Adventures became the sole Topick of Conversation about Town: Numbers flocked daily to behold him; and he, far from being displeased at being made a Spectacle of, entertained all who came with the greatest Gaiety that could be. He acquainted them with all his Adventures; related each of his Robberies in the most ludicrous Manner, and endeavoured to set off every Circumstance of his flagitious Life, as well as his Capacity would give him leave; which, to say Truth, was excellent at Cunning, and Buffoonery, and nothing else. Nor were the Crowds

of People on this Occasion, that throng'd to *Newgate*, made up of the Dregs of the People only, so then there would have been no Wonder; but instead of that, Persons of the first Distinction, and not a few even dignified with Titles. 'Tis certain that the Noise made about him, and this Curiosity of Person of so high a Rank was a very great Misfortune to the poor Wretch himself, who from these Circumstances began to conceive grand Ideas of himself, as well as strong Hopes of Pardon; which encouraged him to play over all his Aims, and divert as many as thought it worth their While, by their Presence, to prevent a dying Man from considering his latter End. Yet when *Shepherd* came up to Chapel, it was observed that all his Gaiety was laid aside, and he both heard and assisted with great Attention at Divine Service; tho' upon other Occasions he as much as could avoided religious Discourse; and depending upon the Petitions he had made to several Noblemen to intercede with the King for Mercy, he seemed rather to aim at diverting his Time till he receiv'd Pardon, than to improve the few Days he had to prepare himself for his last.

On the 10th of November, 1724, *Shepherd* was *Certaorari* removed to the Bar of Court of King Bench at *Westminster*, an *Affidavit* being made, that he was the same *John Shepherd* mentioned in the Record of Conviction before read. Mr. Justice *Pon* awarded Judgment against him, and a Rule was made for his Execution on the 16th.

Such was the unaccountable Fondness this Criminal had for Life, and so unwilling was he to lose hopes of preserving it, that he fram'd in his Mind Resolutions of cutting the Rope when he should bound in the Cart, thinking thereby to get amor the Crowd, and so into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, as from thence to the *Thames*. For this Purpose had provided a Knife, which was with great Difficulty taken from him, by Mr. *Watson* who was to tend him to Death. Nay, his Hopes were carried even beyond hanging; for when he spoke to a Person to whom he gave what Money he had remaining, of the large Presents he had received from those who came to divert themselves at *Shepherd's* Show, *Newgate* Fair, he most earnestly entreated him, that as soon as possible his Body might be taken out of Hearse which was provided for him, put into a warm Bed, and, if it were possible, some Blood taken from him; for he was in great Hopes he might be brought to Life again; but if he was not, he desired him to defray the Expences of his Funeral, and return an Overplus to his poor Mother. Then he resumed usual Discourse about his Robberies, and in the Moments of his Life endeavoured to divert himself from the Thoughts of Death. Yet so uncertain and various was he his Behaviour, that he told one who he had a great Desire to see the Morning he died, that he had then as much Satisfaction to his Heart as if he was going to enjoy two hundred Pounds *Annum*.

At the Place of Execution, to which he was conveyed in a Cart, with Iron Handcuffs on, he behaved himself very gravely; confessing his robbing *Mr. Philips* and *Mrs. Cook*, but denying that *Joseph Bled* and he had *William Field* in their Company when they broke open the House of Mr. *Kneebone*. At this he submitted to his Fate on the 16th of November, 1724, much pitied by the Mob.

The LIFE of MOLL RABY.

WE have chosen this Offender's most usual Name to distinguish her by, tho' she had almost as many Names as the fabulous *Hydra* has Heads. She was born in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, and took betimes to ill Courses, in which she continued till her Death. Madam Ogle was not more dextrous at bilking Hackney Coaches, than Moll Raby at bilking her Lodging, in which Species of Fraud her Talent originally lay, and at which she had more Success than at any Thing else she undertook. We will give an Account of her first Exploit this Way, as a Specimen of the rest.

This Adventure was at a House in *Great Russell-Street*, by *Bloomsbury-Square*; where passing for a great Fortune, who was oblig'd to leave the Country by reason of the importunate troublesome of great many Suitors, she was entertain'd with all the Civility imaginable: This seeming honest Creature, who was a Saint without, but a Devil within, continued there about a Fortnight, to encrease her Character, making a very good Appearance as to her Habit, for she had a Talley-Man in every Quarter of the Town. At last, understanding one Day that all the Family was to take their Pleasure as to a Row, at *Richmond*, she resolv'd to take this Opportunity; and when they were all absent, excepting the Maid, she desired her to call a Porter, and pay him a sham Bill drawn on a Binker in *Lombard-Street*, for one hundred and fifty Pounds, which she desired might be in Gold; but fearing such a Quantity of Money might be a Temptation to make the Porter dishonest, she privately requested the Maid to go along with him, and she, in the mean Time, should take Care of the House. The poor Maid, thinking no harm, went with the Porter to *Lombard-Street*, where they were stopp'd for a couple of Moments; but alledging their Innocency, and proving whence they came, a Messenger was sent home to them, who found it to be a Trick put upon the servant to rob the House; for before she came Moll Raby was gone off with above eighty Pounds in Money, one hundred and sixty Pounds worth of Plate, and several other Things of a considerable Value.

For Offences of this Nature, she was thrice burnt on the Hand, after which she marry'd one *Humphrey Jackson*, a Butcher, who was taught by her to leave off his Trade, and go upon the Pad in the Day Time, while she went upon the *Buttock and Travelling* by Night; which is picking up a *Cull* or *Spark*, when pretending she would not expose her Face in a Pick-House, she takes into some dark Alley, where, whilst the decoy'd Fool is fumbling with his breeches down, she picks his Pouch or Pocket, of his Watch or Money, and giving a sort of a Hem as a signal she hath succeeded in her Design, the Fellow with whom she keeps Company, blundering up the Dark, knocks down the Gallant, and carries off the Prize.

But after the Death of this Husband, Moll turn'd arrant Thief, and in the first Exploit she then went upon, she had like to come scurvily off; the Adventure was this: Going upon the *Night-Sneak*, (as the Phrase of these People is) she found a Door half open, in *Downing-Street* at *Westminster*, where stealing softly up Stairs into a great Bed-Chamber, and hiding herself under the Bed, she had not been there above an Hour, before a couple of Footmen brought Candles into the Room, whilst the Maid with great Diligence, was laying the Cloth for Supper. The Table being furnish'd with two or three Dishes of Meat, five or six Persons sat down, besides the Children that were in the House; which so affrighted Moll, that she verily thought, that if their Voices and the Noise of the Children had not hinder'd them, they might have heard her very Joins smite one against another, and the Teeth chatter in her Head. But what was worst of all, there being a little Spaniel running about to gnaw the Bones that fell from the Table, where Moll lay incognito; the Dog snarling and striving to take the Bone from her, the Cat so well us'd her Claws to defend her Prize, that having given the *Buffer*, (that is their canting Name for a Dog) two or three Scratches on the Nose, there began so great a Skirmish betwixt them, that, to allay the Hurly Burly, one of the Servant took a Fire Shovel out of the Chimney, and flung it so furiously under the Bed, that it gave Moll a Blow on the Nose and Forehead, that stunn'd her for near half an Hour. The Cat rush'd out as quick as Lightning, but the Dog stay'd behind, barking and grinning with such Fury, that neither her fawning nor threatening could quiet him, till one of the Servants flung a fire Fork at him, which chas'd him from under the Bed, but gave her another unlucky Blow across the Jaws. At length, Supper was ended, but the Dog still growling in the Room, the Fear of his betraying her, rais'd such a sudden Loofness in her, that she could by no Means avoid discharging herself, which made such a great Stink, that it offended the People, who, supposing it to be the Dog, they turn'd him out, and not long after they all withdrew themselves; when Moll coming from under the Bed, she wrapt the Sheets up in the Quilt, and sneaking down Stairs, she made off the Ground as fast as she could.

Another Time Moll Raby being drinking at an Alehouse in *Wapping*, she observed the Woman of the House, who was sleeping by the Fire-side, to have a good Pearl Necklace about her Neck, at which her Mouth immediately water'd, and which she thus secured. Having drank a Pot of Drink with a Comfort which she had in her Company, she sent the Maid down in the Cellar again to fill the Pot, and in the mean Time cut off the Necklace with a Pair of Scissars, and taking the Pearls off the String, swallowed them. Before they had made an

end of that Pot of Drink, the Woman awaking, she mis'd her Necklace, for which she made a great Outcry, and charged *Moll* and her Comrade with it, but they stood upon their Innocency, and going into a private Room, stript themselves, when nothing being found upon them, the Woman thought her Accusation might be false, and so was forced to lose her Necklace without being able to suspect in what Manner.

Mary Raby, alias *Rogers*, alias *Jackson*, alias *Brown*, was, at last, condemned for a Burglary, committed in the House of the Lady *Cavendish*, in *Soho-Square*, the 3d of *March*, 1702-3, upon the Information of two Villains, namely, *Arthur Chambers* and *Joseph Hatfield*, who made themselves Evidences against her. At the Place of Execution, at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 3d of *November* 1703, she said she was thirty Years of Age, that she was well brought up at first, and knew good Things, but did not practise them, having given up herself to all manner of Wickedness and Vice, such as Whoredom, Adultery, and unjust Doings. As for the Fact she stood condemn'd for, she only own'd so much, and no more of it, than this. That some part of the Goods stolen out of that Lady's House, was brought to hers, in the *Spring Garden*, where she then liv'd, she understood, the next Day after the Robbery was committed, and not before, whose Goods they were.

She farther said, That she had a Husband, she thought, in *Ireland*, if still alive, but she was not certain of it, because it was now six Years since he left her. However, she was very sorry she had defiled his Bed, and wish'd he was present, that she might desire him to forgive her that Injury. She begg'd also Pardon of all the World in general, for the scandalous, impious, and wicked Life she had lived: And she pray'd, That all wicked Persons, especially those she had been concerned with, would take Warning by her; and that they might have Grace to reform and amend their Lives betimes, never to be overtaken in their Sins. Before she was turn'd off, she was again press'd to speak the whole, in relation to the Fact she was now to die for, she persisted in what she had said before about it:

But still own'd she had been a very great Sinner, as being one that was guilty of Sabbath-breaking, swearing, drinking, lewdness, buying, receiving, and disposing of stolen Goods, and harbouring ill People.

As an Appendix to the life of *Moll Raby*, we shall add some Account of *Moll Hawkins*, who was living with a Fellow of that Name, who was a most notorious Pick-Pocket, was condemn'd the 3d of *March*, 1702-3, for privately stealing Goods out of the Shop of *Mrs. Hobday*, in *Postern Row*. She having been repriev'd for six Months, upon the Account of her being then full with Child, tho' she was not, she was call'd down to her former Judgment. When she came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 22d of *December*, 1703, she said she was about twenty six Years of Age, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields; that she served three Years Apprenticeship to a Button-Maker in *Maiden-lane*, by *Covent-Garden*, and followed that Employment for some Years after; but withal gave Way to the same Time to those ill Practices which were the Cause of her Death.

Before this *Moll Hawkins* projected Shoplifting, she went upon the *Question Lay*, which is put upon herself into a good handsome Dress, like some change Girl, and then taking an empty Bar in her Hand, and passing for a Milliner's or a Dress-maker's Apprentice, she goes early to a Person of Quality's House, and knocking at the Door, she calls the Servant if the Lady is stirring yet: for she was, she had brought home, according to the Sute of Knots, (or what else the Devil put in her Head) which her Ladyship had bespoke that Night; while the Servant goes up Stairs to acquaint the Lady with this Message, the Custom is for the mean Time to rob the House, and go away with an Answer. Thus she one Day served the *Arabella Howard*, living in *Soho-Square*, where she Maid went up Stairs to acquaint her Ladyship, that a Gentlewoman waited below with some Glove Fans, *Moll Hawkins* took the Opportunity of standing away above fifty Pounds worth of Plate, and stood on a Side-Board in the Parlour, to be ready against Dinner time.

The LIFE of WILLIAM GETTINGS.

THIS Malefactor was born in the Parish of *Wollhope*, in *Herefordshire*, where he lived with his Father, a *Grazier*, till he was sixteen Years of Age, and then came up to *London*. He ent, after this, about 5 Years in the Service of several Gentlemen, sometimes in the Capacity of a Butler, at other Times as a Footman. Had he continued honest, as he was at first, he might have done very well, for he was esteemed; but after these 5 years, he took to bad Company, who soon debauch'd him, both in Principles and Practice.

When he first took to ill Courses, he went by the name of *William Smith*, and sought his Fortune originally by other Ways of Thieving than that ofbbing on the Highway; as House-breaking, Shopping, or the like.

Thus one Evening going privately, dress'd like a Porter, into the House of a Doctor of Physick, living in, or near *Well-Close*, by the *Danes Church* in *atcliff-High-Way*, he there took down a rich Bed, and pack'd it up: Then bringing it out of the Chamber, in order to carry it off, he fell headlong down stairs, infomuch that he had like to have broke his neck. The Noise alarming the old Doctor and his son, they came running out of the Kitchen to see what was the Matter; whereupon *Gettings*, who was offing and blowing, as if he was quite tired and out of Breath, perceiving them nearer than they should be, said to the Doctor, *Is not your Name so and so?*

He, reply'd the Doctor, *and what then? Why then, Sir, quoth William Gettings, there's one Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus, has ordered me to bring these Goods hither, which have almost broke my Back, and for which he'll call about half an Hour hence, and fetch them away to a new Lodging which he has took somewhere hereabouts.* Mr. Hugh Hen and Penhenribus, reply'd the Doctor again, *pray who's he?* For the best of my Knowledge, I don't know any such gentleman. I can't tell for that, said *Gettings*, but indeed the Gentleman knows you, and ordered me to have the Goods here. I don't care, quoth the Doctor, how well he knows me, I tell you, I'll not take

People's Goods, unless they were here themselves, therefore I say carry them away. Nay, pray Sir, said *Gettings*, let me leave the Goods here, for I am quite weary already in bringing them hither. I tell you, reply'd the Doctor, there shall none be left here, therefore take them away, or I'll throw them into the street else. Well, quoth *Gettings*, I'll take the Goods away then, but I'm sure the Gentleman will be very angry, because he ordered me to leave them here. I don't care, reply'd the Doctor, for his Anger, nor yours neither, I tell you I'll take no Charge of other People's Goods, unless they were here themselves to put them into my Custody. Very well, Sir, quoth *Gettings*, but since I must carry them away, I beg the favour of you, and the Gentleman there, to lift them on my Back. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, reply'd

the Doctor, *come Son, and lend's a Hand to lift them on the Fellow's Back.*

In a Word, the Goods being lifted on *Gettings's* Shoulders, it was not long ere the Doctor's Wife came from Market, and going into the Room where the Bed was taken down, she came running open-mouth'd at her Husband, and said, 'Why truly this is a most strange Thing, that I can never stir out of Doors, but you must be making one whimsical alteration or other in the House. What's the Matter, reply'd the Doctor, with the Woman? Are you beside yourself? No, said the Wife, but truly you are, in thus altering Things as you do almost every Moment. Certainly, my Dear, reply'd the Doctor, you must have been spending your Market Penny, or else you would not talk at this Rate as you do of Alterations, when none in the least have been made since you have been gone out. Quoth the Wife, I am not blind, I think; for I am sure the Bed is took out of the Room one Pair of Stairs backwards, and pray Husband, where do you design to put it now.' At these Words the Husband and Son going presently up Stairs, they found the Bed was stollen, which, to be sure, fretted them; but nevertheless, they durst not tell the old Woman that they had a Hand in the losing it, by helping the Thief to carry it away and so they now made the best of a bad Market, since all the fretting in the World would not bring it back again.

Tho' *Gettings* was so successful in robbing this House, yet his Genius not agreeing with this sort of Theft, he was resolv'd to try his Fortune on the Highway; and one Day meeting with a noted Evidence, they pretended to make a Discovery of the World in the Moon, by telling who was the Pretender's Father and Mother, trudging it on Foot along the Road betwixt *Lewisham* and *Bromley* in *Kent*, he commanded the Sharper to stand and deliver; then taking from him two Pence halfpenny, for which he stood as hard as a Shoemaker would for a Piece of Carriot, but to no purpose, he said, *The World was come indeed to a very sad Pass, that one Rogue must prey on another.*

Shortly after the robbing this incorrigible Villain, *Gettings* robbed a Man on the Way to *Chelsea*, and took from him about twelve Snillings, and a Pair of silver Buckles. Next he robbed a Stage Coach upon *Hounslow-Heath*, taking from the Passengers a silver Watch and some Money. Next he robbed another Stage Coach, not far from *Reading* in *Berkshire*, and took from the Passengers four Guineas and some Silver. And next he robbed Esq; *Deshwood's* Coach a little beyond *Putney*, and took from him and his Lady a gold Watch, and three or four Pieces of Gold, with some Money in Silver.

But the most notable Action he ever committed, was this which follows. Having been riding one Day into the Country for his Pleasure, as he was returning

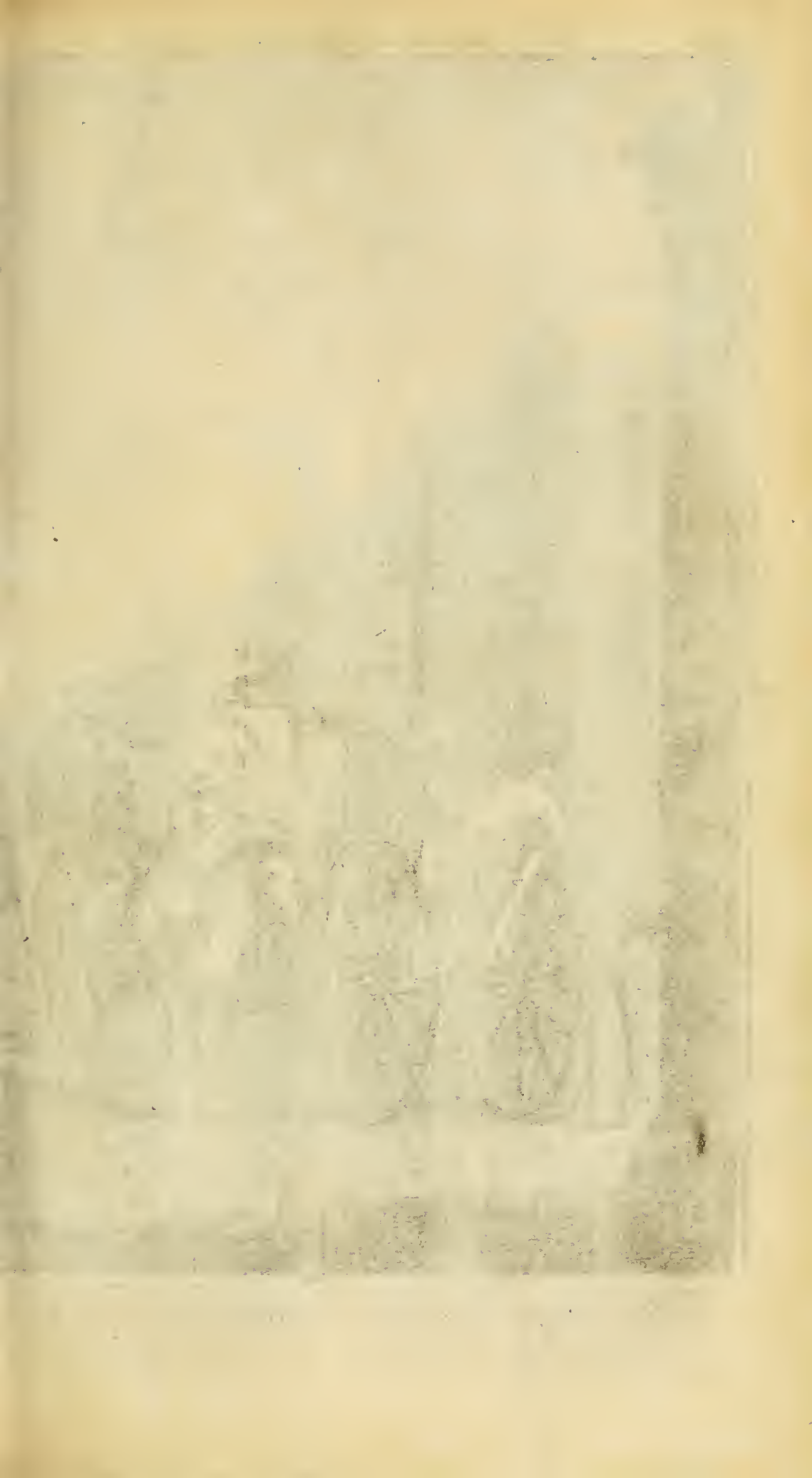
turning home in the Evening very well mounted, and dress'd much like a Gentleman, just at *Tooting*, by *Richmond*, he perceived from a rising Ground Sir *James B——* walking in his Gardens, which were very fine indeed, and of a large Extent. Then riding up to a Gardener standing at a Back-Door, he enquired of him, whether a Gentleman whom Curiosity led to see those Gardens, of which he had heard so much Talk in their Praise, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them. The Gardener knowing Sir *James* was free that any Person appearing in good Fashion might walk there, he gave *Gettings* Admission into them.

Gettings alighting, he gave the Gardener his Horse to hold; and in the Walks seeing Sir *James B——* to whom he paid Respects in a very submissive Manner, withal hoping, that he would pardon his Presumption of coming into his Gardens, when his Worship was therein recreating himself, the courteous Knight assured him he was very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderiness; where sitting down in an Arbour, *Gettings* in their Discourse was pleas'd to say, *Your Worship has got a very fine diamond Ring on your Finger. Yes, reply'd Sir James, it ought to be a fine one, for it cost me a very fine Price: Why then, said Gettings again, it is the fitter to bestow on a Friend; therefore if your Worship pleases, I must make bold to take it, and wear it for your sake.*

At these Words Sir *James* began to startle at his Impudence; but *Gettings* clapping a Pistol to his Breast, told him, he was a dead Man if he made but

the least Noise or Resistance. So taking it from him quoth he again, *I am sensible your Lordship does not go without a good Watch too.* Converting this a to his own Use, and some Guineas out of his Pocket he then tied his Hands and Feet, and then came away with a Booty worth ninety Pounds; but bid *James* be of good Cheer, for he would send presently to relieve him. And accordingly going the Gardener, who held his Horse all this while, giving him a Shilling, quoth he, *Honest Friend, James wants to speak with you.* Then mounting he rode presently off the Ground, whilst the Gardener made haste to his Master, and was in a great Surprise to see Sir *James* bound in that Manner which *Gettings* had left him in; but immediately setting him loose, his Worship returned his Servant many Thanks, for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Gardens.

He once went purposely from *London* into the Country, to rob the House of a dear Friend, and near Relation of his, which he effectually and easily did, being well acquainted with all the Parts of that House and the Ways to go into it, taking away from there a Horse, some Money, gold Rings, and other Things. And lastly, he robbed Esq; *Harrison* and his Lady, riding in their Calash towards *Fulham*; and took from them a Purse with four Guineas in and some Money in Silver. For this Fact being apprehended by the Right Honourable the Lord *Bolbrooke*, one of whose Servants he shot in taking him he was committed to *Newgate*, and hanged in the twenty second Year of his Age, at *Tyburn*, on Friday the 25th Day of September, 1713.





The Murder of Thomas Heynen Esq. in Pall Mall

The LIFE of Capt. URATZ, Highwayman, and Murderer of THOMAS THYNN, Esq; in the Pall-Mall.

Christopher Uratz, the youngest Son of a very good Gentleman, and born in *Pomerania*, a Country adjoining to *Poland*, having but a small Patrimony left him, he was incited, thro' the Slenderness of his Fortune, to betake himself to Highway; and being a Man of a great Courage, undaunted Spirit, he ventured on such Attempts himself, which would not be undertook by half dozen Man; for once *John Sobieski*, King of *Poland*, who with the Duke of *Lorraine*, raised a Siege of *Vienna*, going disguised out of the *Christian* Camp, in Company only with three Officers to observe the Motion of the *Turks*, he intercepted his coming back, and robbed him: and hisendants of as many Diamonds, which he sold *Jew* at *Vienna*, for about 8000 Ducatoons, betaking from them a considerable Quantity of Gold. He had also committed some Robberies in *Italy*; but having somewhat of a more generous Soul, than always to get his Bread by that ravenous Way of living, he was contrary to all Rules of that Profession, not extravagant whilst he sustained himself by those scaring Words, *Stand Deliver*; therefore having saved a good Purse by this he bought a Captain's Commission in a Regiment in the Emperor of *Germany's* Service.

Whilst he was in this Post, he became acquainted with Count *Coningsmark*, and came over with him to *England*; where the said Count being baulked in his Amours with a certain Lady by *Thomas Thynn*, Esq; his ill Success therein he so highly resented, that nothing could pacify his Resentment, but the Death of his Rival. Captain *Uratz* being privy to his Disguise, he procured two other Officers, namely, *John Stern*, a Lieutenant, and *George Borosky* alias *Boratzki*, who, about a quarter of Eight at Night, on *Sunday* the 12th of *February*, 1681, meeting *Esquire Thynn* riding in his Coach up *St. James's-Street*, from the Countess of *Northumberland's* *Boroski*, a *Polander*, to him with a Blunderbuss, which mortify'd him after such a barbarous Manner, that *Mr. Hobbs*, a eminent Chyrurgeon, found in his Body four Bullets which had torn his Guts, wounded his Liver, his Stomach, and Gall, broke one of his Ribs, and wounded the great Bone below, of which Wounds he died.

These Murderers being taken the next Day and brought before Justice *Bridgman*, he committed them to Prison; from whence being brought to the *Bailey* on *Tuesday* the 28th of *February* following they were try'd before the Lord Chief Justice *Pocock*; and being cast for their Lives, the Recorder pass'd Sentence of Death on them.

Whilst Captain *Uratz* was under Condemnation, *Dr. Anthony Horneck*; and *Dr. Gilbert Burnet*, the late Bishop of *Salisbury*; went to visit him the first of which Divines thus writes: "That putting the Criminal in Mind of the All-seeing Eye above, who knew his Crimes, tho' he did conceal them from Man, he was pleas'd to tell me, That he had far other Apprehensions of God, then I had; and was confident God would consider a Gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the Condition and Profession he had plac'd him in; and would not take it ill, if a Soldier, who liv'd by his Sword, reveng'd the Affronts offer'd to him by another." I reply'd, That there was but one Way to eternal Happiness; and that God, in his Laws has made no Exception for any Sorts or Degrees of Men; and consequently Revenge in a Gentleman, was a Sin God would not pardon without true Repentance, any more then he would forgive it in a Peasant. He asking me hereupon, What Repentance was? I told him, it was so to hate the Sin we had done, that for the future no Argument should prevail with us to commit it again. To which he said, That if he were to live, he should not forbear to give any one as good as he brings; with some other Expressions, which I am loth to repeat; for they made me so melancholick, that I was forced to leave him. Yet I bid him consider what he had said, as he lov'd his own Soul. The last Time I visited him, was on the 8th of *March*, when, when I had saluted, I told him I hop'd he had taken his dangerous Condition into Consideration, and wrought himself into a greater Sense of his Sins, then I could observe in him when I was last with him. He said, he knew not what I meant by this Address. I then explained my self, gave him to understand, that I spake it with Relation to the late great Sin he had been engag'd in; and that I hop'd his approaching Death had made him more penitent, than I had found him t'other Day. To which he reply'd, That he was sensible he was a great Sinner, and had committed divers enormities in his Life-time, of which he truly repented, and was confident that God had pardon'd him; but he could not well understand the Humour of our *English* Divines, who press'd him to make particular Declarations of Things they had a Mind he should say, tho' never so false, or contrary to Truth; and at this, he said, he wondered the more, because in our Church we were not for auricular Confession. I let him run on; and then I told him, that he was much mistaken in the Divines of the Church of *England*, who neither us'd to reveal private Confession, nor oblige Offenders in such Cases, to confess Things contrary

contrary to Truth; that this was both against their Practice and their Principles: The Confession, I said, he was so often exhorted to, was no private, but a publick Confession; for as his Crime had been publick Confession; for as his Crime had been publick, so his Repentance and Confession ought to be publick too; and farthermore, I told him, that *Christ's* Blood was actually applied to none but the true Penitent, and that true Repentance must discover it self in Meekness, Humility, Tender-heartedness, Compassion, Righteousness, making ingenious Confessions, and, so far as we are able, Satisfaction too, else, notwithstanding the Treasure of *Christ's* Blood, Men might drop into Hell. Upon this, he replied, that he fear'd no Hell. I answer'd, possibly he might believe none; or, if he did, it might be a very easy one of his own making. He said he was not such a Fool as to believe that Souls could fry in material Fire, or be roasted as Meat on a great Hearth, or in a Kitchen, pointing to the Chimney. His Belief was, that the Punishment of the Damn'd consisted in a Deprivation of the gracious and beatifick Presence of God; upon which Deprivation, there arose a Terror and Anguish in their Souls, because they had mis'd of so great a Happiness. He added, that possibly I might think him an *Atheist*; but he was so far from those Thoughts, that he could scarce believe there was any Man so sottish in the World, as not to believe the Being of a God, gracious, and just, and generous to his Creatures; nor could any Man, that was not either mad or drunk, believe Things came fortuitously, or that this World was govern'd by Chance. I said that this Truth I approv'd of, and was glad to see him well settled in the Reasonableness of that Principle; and as for material Fire in the other World, I would not quarrel with him for denying it, but rather hold with him, that the Fire and Brimstone spoken of in Scripture, were but Emblems of those inward Terrors which would gnaw and tear the Consciences of impenitent Sinners; but still this was a greater Punishment than material Fire: And this Punishment he had Reason to fear, if he could not make it out to me, or other Men, that his Repentance was sincere. I was at first in some Doubt whether I would publish the Captains Answers to my Queries and Expostulations, because some of them favour of Prophaneity; yet, considering that the *Evangelist* hath thought fit to acquaint the World with the penitent Expressions of the other Malefactor, I was willing to follow that great Example, hoping that those loose Discourses of the Man may serve as Sea-marks to warn Passengers from running upon those Sands. That which I chiefly observ'd in him, was, that Honour and Bravery was the Idol he ador'd, a Piece of perposterous Devotion, which he maintain'd to the last, as if he thought it would merit Praise, not to decede from what he had once said, though it was with the Loss of God's Favour, and the Shipwreck of a good Conscience. He consider'd God as some generous, yet partial Prince, who would regard Men's Blood, Descent, and Quality, more than their Errors, and would give vast Grains of Allowance to their Breeding and Education; and possibly the stout Behaviour of some of the ancient Roman Bravo's, (for he had read History) might roll in his Mind, and tempt him to write Copies after those Originals; or, to think that it was great to do ill, and to defend it to the last. Whether after my last Conference with him he relented, I know not: Those that saw him go to his Execution, observ'd that he look'd undaunted, and with a Countenance so steady, that it seem'd to speak his Scorn, not only of all the Spectators that look'd upon him, but

of Death it self. But I judge not of the Thought of dying Men, those the Searcher of all Hearts knows best, to whom Men stand or fall.

Dr. Gilbert Burnet writes thus of Captain Urata. It is certain, that never Man died with more Reluctation, and less Signs of Fear, or the least Disorder. His Carriage in the Cart, both as he was led along and at the Place of Execution, was astonishing; was not only undaunted, but look'd cheerful, and smil'd often. When the Rope was put about his Neck, he did not change Colour, nor tremble; Legs were firm under him. He look'd often about on those that stood in Balconies and Windows, as if he would fix his Eyes on some Persons. Three or four Times he smil'd. He would not cover his Face as the rest did, but continu'd in that State, of looking up to Heaven, with a Cheerfulness in Countenance, and a little Motion of his Hands. I saw him several Times in the Prison; he still stuck to the Confession he made to the Council, till the Day of his Life. He often said to me, he would never say any Thing but what he had said at first. When I was with him on Sunday before his Death, he still denied all that the Lieutenant and Polander had said, and spake severely of them, chiefly of the Lieutenant, as if he had confess'd those Things which he then call'd Lies, in Hopes of saving his own Life by it, or in Spite to him, that he might not be pardon'd; and all I could say, could not change his Mind in that. I told him, it was in vain for him to dream of a Pardon; for I assur'd him, I had kept him up with the Hopes of it, they deceiv'd him. He had two Opinions that were as hurtful to him; the one was, That it was enough he confess'd his Sins to God, and that he was bound to make any other Confession; and he thought that was a Piece of Popery to press him to do so. He had another odd Opinion, also, of the State: He thought the Damn'd were only excus'd from the Presence of God, and endur'd no other Torment but that of seeing others happier than themselves; and was unwilling to let me enter into Discourse with him for undeceiving him. He said it was his own Affair, and he desir'd to be left to himself. But he spake with great Assurance of God's Mercy to him. I left him, when I saw that no more I could say had any good Effect on him, and resolv'd to have gone no more to him; but when I understood by a German Minister that attended him, and bore the Message which I heard deliver'd in his Name to the Lieutenant and the Polander, the Night before his Execution, that he was in another Temper than when I saw him last, I went to him. He receiv'd me more kindly than formerly; most of his Discourse was concerning his going to the Place of Execution, desiring it might be in a Coach, and not in a Cart; and when I pray'd him to think of that which concern'd him more, he spake with great Assurance, as if it was already done; that he knew God had forgiven him: And when I wish'd him to see that he might not deceive himself, and that his Hopes, might not be ill grounded, he said it was not Hope, but Certainty; for he was sure God was reconcil'd to him, through *Christ*. When I spake to him of confessing his Sin, he said he had written it, and it would be published to all Europe; but he did not say a Word concerning it to me: So I left him, and saw him no more till he met him at the Place of Execution. When he saw me, he smil'd on me; and wherea I had some times warn'd him of the Danger of affecting to be a counterfeit Bravo, (*Faux brave*) he said to me, before I spake to him, That I should see it was not a *Bravery*, but that he was fearless to the last. I wish'd him to consider well upon what he grov'd

Confidence: He said he was sure he was now to be receiv'd into Heaven; and that his Sins were forgiven him. I ask'd him if he had any Thing to say to the people. He said No. After he had whisper'd a short Word to a Gentleman, he was willing the Rope should be ty'd to the Gibbet. He call'd for the German Minister; but the Crowd was such, that it was not possible for him to come near. So he desired me to pray with him in *French*; but I told him I could not venture to pray in that Language; since he understood *English*, I would pray in *English*. I observ'd he had some Touches in his Hand, when I offer'd up that Petition, that for the Sake of the Blood of *Christ*, the innocent Blood shed at that Place might be forgiven; and that the Cry of one for Mercy, might prevail over the Cry of another for Justice. At these Words, he look'd up to Heaven with the greatest Sense that I had at any time observ'd in him. After I pray'd, he said no-

thing, but that he was now going to be happy with God; so I left him. He continu'd in his undaunted Manner, looking up often to Heaven, and sometimes round about him, to the Spectators. After he and his two Fellow-Sufferers had stood about a quarter of an Hour under the Gibbet, they were ask'd when they would give the Signal for their being turn'd off. He answer'd, that they were ready, and that the Cart might be driven away when it pleas'd the Sheriff to order it. So, a little While after, it was driven away. And thus they all ended their Lives.

As for Lieutenant *Stern*, the illegitimate Son of a Baron of *Sweden*, afterwards made a Count, and *Borofsky* the *Polander*, they were very penitent from first to last, being with Captain *Urutz*, aged 38, executed in the *Pall-Mall* on Friday the 10th of March 1681-2; but *Borofsky* was afterwards hung up in Chains, a little beyond *Mile-End*, by the Command of King *Charles* the Second.

The LIFE of LEWIS HOUSSART.

AS there is not any Crime more shocking to human Nature, or more contrary to all Laws human and divine, than Murder, so perhaps there have been few Murders, in these last Years committed, accompanied with more odd Circumstances than that for which this Criminal suffered.

Lewis Houssart was born at *Sedan*, a Town in *Campaigne*, in the Kingdom of *France*; his own Father says, *That he was bred a Surgeon, and qualified for that Business*; however that were, he was no better than a Penny Barber, only that he let Blood, and thereby got a little Money. As to the other Circumstances of his Life, all we shall say of him is, that while his Wife *Anne Rondeau* was living, he married another Woman, and the Night of the Marriage, before sitting down to Supper, he went out a little Space. During the Interval between that and his coming in, it was judged from the Circumstances, that he cut the poor Woman's Throat, who was his first Wife, with a Razor. For this being apprehended he was tried at the *Old-Baily*; but for Want of Proof sufficient was acquitted. Not long after he was indicted for *Bigamy*; upon which Indictment, scarce making any Defence, he was found guilty. He said thereupon, *That he did not trouble himself to preserve so much as his Reputation in this Respect, for in the first Place he knew they were resolved to convict him, and in the next Place his first Wife was a Socinian, an irrational Creature, entitled to the Advantages of no Nation nor People, because she was no Christian: and according as the Scripture says, with such a One have no Conversation, not so much as to eat with them.* An Appeal was then lodg'd against him by *Solomon Rondeau*, Brother and Heir to *Anne* his Wife; yet that appearing to be defective, it was quash'd, and he charged on another; whereunto joining Issue upon six points, they came to be tried at the *Old-Baily*; where the following Circumstances appeared upon the trial.

That at the Time he was at Supper at his new Wife's House, he started on a sudden, looked agast, and seemed to be very much frightened. A little Boy deposed, that the Prisoner gave him Money to go to his own House in a little Court, and fetch the Mother of the deceased *Anne Rondeau* to a Gentleman who would be at such a Place and stay for her. When the Mother returned from that Place, and found nobody wanting her, or that had wanted her, she was very much out of Humour at the Boy's calling her; but that quickly gave way to the Surprize of finding her Daughter murder'd as soon as she enter'd the Room. This Boy who called her was very young; yet out of a Number of Persons that were in *Newgate*, he singled out *Lewis Houssart*, and declared that he was the Man who gave him Money to go for old *Mistress Rondeau*. Upon this and several other corroborating Proofs the Jury found him guilty: Upon which he arraigned the Justice of the Court, declaring that he was innocent, and that they might punish him if they would, but they could not make him guilty; and much more to the like Effect. But the Court was not troubled at that; and he scarce endeavour'd to make any other Defence.

While in the Condemn'd-Hole, amongst the rest of the Criminals, he behaved himself in a very odd Manner, insisted upon it that he was innocent of the Fact laid to his Charge, and threw out most opprobrious Language against the Court that condemn'd him; and when he was advis'd to lay aside such Heats of passionate Expressions, he said, *He was sorry he did not more fully expose the British Justice upon the spot at the Old-Baily, and that now, since they had tied up his Hands from acting, he would at least have Satisfaction in saying what he pleas'd.*

When this *Houssart* was first apprehended he appeared to be very much affected with his Condition, was continually reading good Books, praying and meditating, and shewing the utmost Signs of a heart full

full of Concern, and under the greatest Emotions; but after he had been once acquitted, it made a thorough Change in his Temper: He quite laid aside all his former Gravity, and gave way, on the contrary, to a very extraordinary Spirit of Obstinacy and Unbelief. He puzzled himself continually, and if Mr. Deval, who was then under Sentence, would have given Leave, would have puzzled him too, as to the Doctrines of a future State, and an identical Resurrection of the Body, saying, he could not be persuaded of the truth thereof in a literal Sense. But Mr. Deval, after he had answered as well as he could these Objections once, refused to hearken a second Time to any such Discourses, and was obliged to have Recourse to harsh Language, to oblige him to desist. In the mean while his Brother came over from Holland, on the News of this dreadful Misfortune, and went to make him a Visit in the Place of his Confinement; where going to condole with him on the Weight of his Misfortunes, instead of receiving the Kindness of his Brother in the Manner it deserved, Houffart began to make light of the Affair, and treated the Death of his Wife and his own Confinement in such a Manner, that his Brother leaving him abruptly, went back to Holland, more shocked at the Brutality of his Behaviour, than grieved for the Misfortune which had befallen him.

It being a considerable Space of Time that Houffart lay in Confinement in Newgate, and even in the Condemn'd-Hole, he had there of Course Abundance of Companions; but of them all he affected none so much as John Shepherd, with whom he had Abundance of merry, and even loose, Discourses; once particularly, when the Sparks flew very quick out of the Charcoal Fire, he said to Shepherd, *See see! I wish there were so many Bullets that might beat the Prison down about our Ears; and then I might die like Sampson.*

It was near a Month before he was called up to receive Sentence; after which he made no Scruple of saying, That since they had found him guilty of Throat-cutting, he would verify their Judgment by cutting his own Throat. Upon which when some, who were in the same sad State with himself, objected to him how great a Crime Self-murder was, he immediately made Answer, He was satisfied it was no Crime at all: And upon this he fell to arguing in Favour of the Mortality of the Soul, as if certain that it died with the Body, endeavouring to cover his Opinions with false Glosses on that Text in Genesis, wherein it is said. *That God breathed into Man a living Soul;* from whence he would have infer'd, *That when a Man cease to live, he totally lost that Soul;* and when it was asked of him, Where then it went, he said, *He did not know, nor did it much concern him.* The Standers by, who, notwithstanding their profligate Course of Life, had a natural Abhorrence of this Theoretical Impiety, reproved him in very sharp Terms, for making use of such Expressions; upon which he reply'd, *As I would you have me believe all the strange Notions that are taught by the Parsons? that the Devil is a real Thing? that our good God punishes Souls for ever and ever? that Hell is full of Flames from material Fire? and that this Body of mine shall feel it? Well, you may believe it if you please, but it is so with me that I cannot.*

Sometimes, however, he would lay aside these Sceptical Opinions for a Time, talk in another Strain, and appear mightily concerned at the Misfortunes he had drawn upon his second Wife and Child: He would then speak of Providence, and the Decrees of God, with much seeming Submission, would own that he had been guilty of many and grievous

Offences, and say, *That the Punishment of God was just, and desired the Prayers of the Minister of the Place, and those that were about him.*

When he reflected on the Grief it would give his Father, who was near 90 Years old, to hear of his Misfortunes, he was seen to shed Tears; but as soon as these Thoughts were a little out of his Head, he resumed his former Temper, and was continually asking Questions in relation to the Truth of the Gospel Dispensation, and the Doctrines therein taught of Rewards and Punishments after this Life. Being a Frenchman, and not perfectly versed in our Language, a Minister, of the Reformed Church of the Nation, was prevailed upon to attend him. Houffart received him with tolerable Civility, seemed pleased that he should pray by him, but indolently waited all Discourses of his Guilt, and even fell out in violent Passions, if a Confession was pressed upon him as a Duty. In this strange Way he consumed the Time allotted him to prepare for another World.

The Evening before his Execution, the Fore Minister, and he whose Duty it was to attend him, both waited upon him at Night, in Order to discourse with him, on those strange Notions he had of the Mortality of the Soul, and a total Cessation of Being after this Life; but when they came to speak to him to this Purpose, he said, *They might spare themselves any Arguments upon that Head, for he believed a God and a Resurrection as firmly as they.* They then discoursed to him of the Nature of a sufficient Repentance, and of the Duty incumbent upon him to confess that great Crime for which he was condemned, and thereby give Glory unto God. He fell at this into his old Temper, and said with some Passion, *If you will pray with me, I'll thank you, and pray with you as long as you please; but if you come only to torture me of my Guilt, I desire you would let me alone altogether.*

His Lawyers having pretty well instructed him in the Nature of an Appeal, and he coming thereby to know that he was now under Sentence of Death by the Suit of the Subject, and not of the King, he was very assiduous to learn where it was he was to apply for a Reprieve. But finding it was the Relation of his deceased Wife from whom he was to expect it, he laid aside all those Hopes, rightly conceiving it a Thing impossible to prevail upon People to spare a Life, who had almost undone themselves in prosecuting him.

In the Morning of the Day of Execution he was very much disturbed at being refused the Sacrament, which, as the Minister told him, could not be given him without his Confession: Yet this did not prevail, he said, "He would die then without receiving." A French Minister having before said to him, "Lewis Houffart, since you are condemned on Evidence, I must inform you, that if you persist in this Denial, you can look for nothing but total Damnation yourself, for judging me guilty, when you know nothing of the Matter." This confessed Frame of Mind he continued in, till he entered the Cart for his Execution, persisting all the Way: went in like Declarations of Innocence, though sometimes intermixed with short Prayers to God to forgive his manifold Sins and Offences.

At the Place of Execution he turned very pale, and grew very sick. The Ministers told him, he would not pray by him, unless he would confess a Murder for which he died; whereupon he said, *I was very sorry for that; but if they would not pray by him he could not help it; he would not confess what he was totally ignorant of.* He persisted even at the

ment of being tied up; and when such Exhortations were again repeated, he said, *Pray do not torment me! Pray cease troubling of me! I tell you I will not make myself worse than I am.* And so saying, he gave up the Ghost, without any private Prayer when left alone, or calling upon God or Christ to receive his Spirit: He delivered however a Paper, a Copy of which follows; from whence our Readers will receive a more exact Idea of the Man than from any Picture we can draw.

[*Lovi Houffart* am 40 Years old, and was born in *Sedan*, a Town in *Campaigne* near *Bouillon*. I have left *France* above 14 Years. I was apprentice to a Surgeon at *Amsterdam*, and after Examination was allowed by the College to be qualified for the Business; so that I intended to

‘ go on board a Ship as a Surgeon; but I could never have my Health at Sea. I dwelt sometime at *Maestricht* in the *Dutch Brabant*, where my aged Father and Mother now dwell. I travelled thro’ *Holland*, and in almost every Town. My two Sisters are in *France*, and also many of my Relations: for the Earth has scarce any Family more numerous than ours. Seven or eight Years I have been in *London*, and here I met with *Anne Rondeau*, who was born at the same Village with me, and therefore I loved her. After I had left her, she wrote to me, and said, *She would reveal a Secret*; and she told me, *She had not been chaste, and the Consequence of it was upon her.* Upon which I gave her my best Help and Assistance. Since she is dead, I hope her Soul is happy.

The LIFE of JONATHAN WILD.

Jonathan Wild was the Son of mean Parents, but honest and industrious; their Family consisted of three Sons and two Daughters, whom he maintained in the best Manner they could from their joint Labours, he as a Carpenter, and they by selling Fruit in *Wolverhampton* Market in *Staffordshire*. *Jonathan* was the eldest of the Sons, and having receiv’d as good an Education as his Father’s Circumstances would allow him, he was put to an Apprentice in *Birmingham*. He served his Time with much Fidelity, and came up to Town in the Service of a Gentleman of the long Robe, about the Year, 1704, or a little later. But not liking the Service he quitted it, and retired again to his old Employment in the Country, where he continued to work diligently for some Time.

At last growing sick of Labour, and still entertaining a Desire of tasting the Pleasures of *London*, thither he came a second Time and worked Journey-work at the Trade he was bred. But this not producing Money enough, to support those Expences his love of Pleasure threw him into, he got pretty deeply in Debt, was suddenly arrested, and thrown into *Woodstreet Compter*. Having no Friends to do any Thing for him, he liv’d very hardly there, scarce getting Bread enough to support him from the Charity allowed to Prisoners, and what little Services he could render to Prisoners of the better Sort in the Goal. However, as no Man wanted Address less than *Jonathan*, so no Body could have employed him more properly than he did upon this Occasion, for he got so much into the Favour of the Keepers, that they quickly permitted him the Liberty of the Goal, and he thereby got some little Matter for doing of Errands. This let him above the very Pinch of Want, and that was all; but his Fidelity and Industry in these mean Employments procured him such Esteem amongst those in Power there, that they soon appointed him an Under Keeper to those disorderly Persons who were brought in every Night.

Jonathan now came into a comfortable Subsistence, having learnt how to get Money of such People,

by putting them into the Road of getting Liberty for themselves. Here he met with a Lady, who went by the Name of *Mary Milliner*, and who soon taught him how to gain yet much greater Sums than in his Way of Life, by Methods which he till then never heard of. By the help of this Woman, he grew acquainted with all the notorious Gangs of loose Persons with in the Bills of Mortality, and was perfectly vers’d in the Manner by which they carried on their Schemes. He knew where and how their Enterprizes were to be gone upon, and what Manner they disposed of their ill got Goods, and having always an intriguing Head, he set up for a Director amongst them, and soon became so useful, that tho’ he never went out with any of them, yet he got more Money by their Crimes, than if he had been a Partner therein, which upon one Pretence or other, he always declined.

It must be observ’d that anciently when a Thief had got his Booty, there were Multitudes of People ready to help him off, with his Effects without any more to do; but this Method being totally destroyed by an Act pass’d in the Reign of King *William*, by which it was made Felony for any Person to buy Goods stolen, knowing them to be so, there were few or no Receivers to be met with; those that still carried on the Trade, taking exorbitant Sums for their own Profit, and leaving these who had run the Hazards of their Necks in obtaining them, the least Share in the Plunder. This had like to have brought the thieving Trade to nought; but *Jonathan* quickly put Things again in order, and gave new Life to the Practitioners in the several Branches of Stealing. The Method he took was this.

As soon as any considerable Robbery was committed, and *Jonathan* received Intelligence by whom, he immediately went to the Thieves, and enquired how the Thing was done, where the Persons lived who were injured, and what the Booty consisted in that was taken away: Then pretending to chide them for their Wickedness, and exhorting them to live honestly for the Future, he gave it them as his Advice, to lodge what they had taken in a proper

per Place which he appointed, and promis'd to take some Measures for their Security, by getting the People to give them somewhat to have their Goods restored them again. Having thus wheedled those who had committed a Robbery, into a Complaisance with his Measures, his next Business was to divide the Goods into several Parcels, and cause them to be sent to different Places, always avoiding taking them into his own Hands. Things being in this Position, *Jonathan* and *Mrs. Milliner* went to the Persons who were robbed, and after condoling the Misfortune, pretended that they had some Acquaintance with a Broker, to whom certain Goods were brought, some of which they suspected to be stolen; and hearing that the Person to whom they thus applied had been robb'd, they said, they thought it the Duty of one honest Body to another, to inform them thereof, and to enquire what Goods they were they lost, in order to discover whether those they spoke of were the same or no. People who had such Losses, are always ready to hearken to any Thing that has a Tendency towards recovering their Goods: *Jonathan* or his Mistress therefore, had no great Difficulty in making People listen to such Terms. In a Day or two therefore they were sure to come again, with Intelligence that they had found Part of the Things, and provided no Body was brought into Trouble, and the Broker had something in Consideration of his Care, they might be had again.

This Practice of *Jonathan's*, if well considered, carries in it a great deal of Policy. For first it seemed a very honest Act to prevail on evil Persons to restore the Goods which they had stole; and then 'twas a great Benefit to those were who robb'd, to have their Goods again upon a reasonable Premium; *Jonathan* all the While taking apparently nothing, his Advantages arising out of the Gratuity left with the Broker and out of what he had bargained to give to the Thief; who also found his Advantage in it, the Rewards being very near as large as the Price given by Receivers, since receiving became so dangerous, and affording a certain Security into the Bargain. With respect to *Jonathan*, the Contrivance placed him in Safety from all the Laws then in Being, so that in a short Time he began to give himself out for a Person who made it his Business to procure stolen Goods to their right Owners. When he first did this, he acted with so much Art, that he not only acquired a very great Reputation, not only from those who dealt with him, but even from People of higher Station, who observing the Industry with which he prosecuted Malefactors, took him for a Friend of Justice, and as such afforded him Countenance. Certain it is, that he brought more Villains to the Gallows, than perhaps any Man ever did, and so sensible was he of the Necessity there was for him to act in this Manner, that he constantly hung up two or three of his Clients in a Twelve-month, that he might keep up that Character to which he had attained; and so indefatigable was he in the Pursuit of those he endeavoured to apprehend, that in all his Course of acting, never so much as one single Man escaped him.

When this Practice of *Jonathan's* became noted, it produced not only much Discourse, but some Enquiries into his Behaviour. *Jonathan* foresaw this, and in order to invade any ill Consequence he put on upon such Occasions, as an Air of Gravity, and complained of the evil Disposition of the Times, which would not omit a Man to serve his Neighbours and his Country without Censure: *For do I not*, quoth he, *do the greatest Good, when I persuade People who have deprived others of their Properties, to restore them again for a reasonable Consider-*

ation: And the Villains whom I have brought to suffer Punishment? Do not their Deaths show how Use I am of to the Country? Why then should People asperse me? Besides these Professions of Honour, two great Things there were which contributed to his Preservation, and they were these. First, the great Readiness the Government always shews in punishing Persons guilty of capital Offences in which Case 'tis common to offer not only Pardon but Rewards, to Persons guilty, provided they make Discoveries; and this *Jonathan* was so sensible that he did not only screen himself behind the Authority of the supreme Power, but made Use of so as a Sort of Authority taking upon him the Character of a Sort of a Minister of Justice; which assumed Character of his, however ill founded, proved of great Advantage to him in the Course of his Life. The other Point, which contributed to him from any Prosecutions, was the great Wines of People, who had been robbed, to recover their Goods, so that provided for a small Matter they could regain Things very considerable were so far from taking Pains to bring the robbers to Justice, that they thought the Pardon cheap Price to get off. Thus by the Rigour of the Magistrate and the Lenity of the Subject, *Jonathan* claim'd constant Employment; and according to the Case required, the poor Thieves were either up to satisfy the just Vengeance of the one, or to be coddled and encouraged, to satisfy the Demand of the other. Perhaps in all Histories there is no Instance of a Man who thus openly dallied with the Laws, and play'd even with capital Punishment. If any Title can be devised suitable to *Jonathan's* Character, it must be that of *Director General of the united Forces of Highwaymen, House-breakers, Foot-pads, Pick-Pockets and private Thieves*. These were the Maxims by which he supported himself in that dangerous Capacity, where these. In the first Place he continually exhorted the Plunderers to let him know punctually what Goods they at any Time by which Means he had it in his Power to give a direct Answer to those who came to make Enquiries. If they complied faithfully with his Instructions, he was a certain *Protector* on all Occasions, sometimes had Interest enough to procure the Liberty when apprehended. But if they preferred to become Independent and despise his Rules, they threw out any threatening Speeches against their Companions, or grumbled at the Compromise made for them, in such Cases as these, *Wild* took the first Opportunity of putting them into the hands of some of his Creatures, or the first Return of the Fact they committed, he immediately set out to apprehend them, and labour so indefatigable till they were that they never escaped him. Thus he not only procured the Reward for himself, but also gained an Opportunity of pretending, that he not only restored Goods to the right Owners, but also apprehended the Thief as often as it was in his Power. In the Course of those Steps of his Business which were most hazardous, *Wild* made the People themselves take the first Steps, by publishing Advertisements of Things lost and directing them to be brought to Mr. *Wild*, who was empowered to receive them, and pay such a Reward as the Person that lost them thought fit to offer. *Wild* in this Capacity appeared no otherwise than as a Person on whose Honour the injured People could rely. After he had gone on in this Trade for about ten Years with Success, he began to lay aside much of his former Caution, taking a larger Share in the Great Old-Bailey, then that in which he formerly lived, giving the Woman whom he called his Wife, abundance of fine Things, and keeping no

an Office for restoring stolen Goods. His Fame at it came to that Height, that Persons of the highest Qualities would condescend to make use of his Abilities when at any *Installation, publick Entry*, or some other great Solemnity, they had the Misfortune of losing their Watches, Jewels or other Things, of real or imaginary Value. But as his Method of treating those who applied to him for his Assistance has been much represented, we shall next give an exact and impartial Account thereof.

In the first Place, when a Person was introduced to Mr. *Wild's* Office, it was hinted to him, that a Crown must be deposited by Way of Fee for his Advice. When this was complied with, a large Book was brought out: Then the Loofer was examin'd with much Formality, as to the Time, Place, and Manner, wherein the Goods became missing; and when was dismissed with a Promise of careful Enquiries being made, and of hearing more concerning them a Day or two. *Wild* had not the least Occasion for these Queries, but to amuse the Person he asked; he knew beforehand all the Circumstances of the Robbery much better than they did; nay, perhaps did the very Goods in his House when the Folks came first to enquire for them. When, according to appointment, the Enquirer came the second Time, *Jonathan* took Care by a new Scene to amuse him: He was told that Mr. *Wild* had indeed made Enquiries, but was very sorry to communicate the Event of them; for the Thief, who was a bold impudent Fellow, rejected with Scorn the Offer which had been made him, pretending he could sell the Goods at a double Price; and, in short, would not hear a Word of Restitution unless upon better Terms: But *Jonathan*, if I can but come to the Speech of him, don't doubt bringing him to Reason. At length, after one or two more Attendances, Mr. *Wild* gave a definitive Answer, *That provided no Questions were ask'd, and you gave so much Money to the Porter who brought them you might have your Things returned at such an Hour precisely.* This was transacted with an outward Appearance of Friendship on his Side, and with great seeming Frankness and Generosity; but when you come to the last Article, *viz.* that Mr. *Wild* expected for his Trouble, then an Air of coldness was put on, and he answered with equal Pride and Indifference, *That what he did was purely from a Principle of doing Good; as to a Gratitude for the Trouble he had taken, he left it totally to yourself, you might do in it what you thought fit.* And even when Money was presented to him, he received it with the same negligent Grace, always putting you in Mind that it was your own Act, and that he took it as a great Favour, and not as a Reward.

Thus by this Dexterity in his Management, he fenced himself against the Rigour of the Law, in the midst of these notorious Transgressions of it: For what could be imputed to Mr. *Wild*? He neither saw the Thief, who took away your Goods, nor received them after they were taken: The Method he pursued was neither dishonest nor illegal, if you would believe his Account on it, and no other than his Account of it could be gotten. Had he continued satisfied with this Way of dealing, in all human Probability he might have gone to his Grave in Peace: But he was greedy, and instead of keeping constant to this safe Method, came at last to take the Goods to his own Custody, giving those that stole them what he thought proper, and then making such a bargain with the Loser as he was able to bring him to, sending the Porter himself, and taking without Ceremony whatever Money had been giving him. It was as this happened only in the two last Years of his

Life, it fit we should give some Instances of his Behaviour before.

A Gentleman who dealt in Silks near *Covent-Garden*, had a Piece of extraordinary rich Damask, bespoke of him on Purpose for the *Birth-Day* Suit of a certain Duke; and the *Lace-Man* having brought such Trimming as was proper for it; the *Mercer* had made the whole up in a Parcel, tied it at each End with blue Ribband, sealed with great Exactness, and placed on one End of the Compter, in Expectation of his *Grace's* Servant, who he knew was directed to call for it in the Afternoon. According the Fellow came; but when the *Mercer* went to deliver him the Goods, the Piece was gone, and no Account could possibly be had of it. As the Master had been all Day in the Shop, so there was no Pretence of charging any thing, either upon the Carelessness or Dishonesty of Servants. After an Hour's fretting therefore, seeing no other Remedy, he e'en determined to go and communicate his Loss to Mr. *Wild*, in hopes of receiving some Benefit by his Assistance; the Loss consisting not so much in the Value of the Things, as in the Disappointment it would be to the *Birth-Day*. Upon this Consideration an *Hackney-Coach* was immediately called, and away he was ordered to drive directly to *Jonathan's* House in the *Old-Baily*. As soon as he came into the Room, and had acquainted Mr. *Wild* with his Business, the usual Deposite of a Crown being made, and the common Questions of *how, when and where*, having been ask'd, the *Mercer*, being very impatient, said with some kind of Heat, Mr. *Wild*, tell me in a few Words, if it be in your Power to serve me; if it is, I have thirty Guineas here ready to lay down; but if you expect that I should dance Attendance for a Week or two, I assure you I shall not be willing to part with above half the Money. Good Sir, reply'd Mr. *Wild*, have a little more Consideration: I am no Thief Sir, nor Receiver of stolen Goods; so that if you don't think fit to give me Time to enquire, you must e'en take what Measures you please.

When the *Mercer* found he was like to be left without any hopes, he began to talk in a milder Strain, and with abundance of Intreaties fell to persuading *Jonathan* to think of some Method to serve him, and that immediately. *Wild* stepped out a Minute or two and as soon as he came back, told the Gentleman, *It was not in his Power to serve him in such a Hurry, if at all: However, in a Day or two he might be able to give him some Answer?* The *Mercer* insisted, that a Day or two would lessen the Value of the Goods one half to him; and *Jonathan* insisted as peremptorily, that it was not in his Power to do any thing sooner. At last a Servant came in a Hurry, and told Mr. *Wild*, there was a Gentleman below desired to speak with him. *Jonathan* bowed, begged the Gentleman's Pardon, and told him, *he would wait on him again in one Minute.* In about five Minutes he returned with a very smiling Countenance; and turning to the Gentleman, said, "I protest Sir, you are the luckiest Man I ever knew: "I spoke to one of my People just now to go to a House where I knew some Lifers resort, and directed him to talk of your Robbery, and to say, you had been with me and offered thirty Guineas for the Things again. This Story has had its Effect, and if you go directly home, I fancy you'll hear more News of it than I am able to tell you. But pray, Sir, remember that the thirty Guineas was your own Offer, you are at free Liberty to give them, or let them alone; 'tis nothing to me. though I have done all for you in my Power of Gratitude."

Away went the Mercer, wondering where this Affair would end; but as he walked up *Southampton-street*, a Fellow overtook him, patted him on the Shoulder, delivered him the Bundle unopened, and told him the Price was twenty Guineas. The Mercer paid it him directly, and returning to *Jonathan* in half an Hour's Time, begged him to accept of the ten Guineas he had saved him for his Pains. *Jonathan* told him, *That he had saved him nothing, but supposed that the People thought twenty enough, considering that they were now pretty safe from Prosecution.* The Mercer still pressed the ten Guineas upon *Jonathan*, who after taking them out of his Hand, returned him Five of them, and assured him, *There was more than enough*; adding, *'Tis Satisfaction enough Sir, to an honest Man, that he is able to procure People their Goods again.* This was a remarkable Instance of his Moderation he sometimes practised, the better to conceal his Villanies. We will add another Story, no less extraordinary.

A Lady whose Husband was out of the Kingdom, and who had sent for her over-draughts for her Assistance, to the amount of between fifteen hundred and two thousand Pound, lost the Pocket Book in which they were contained, between *Bucklers-bury* and the *Magpye-Ale-house* in *Leadenhall-street*, where the Merchant lived upon whom they were drawn. She, however, went to the Gentleman, and he advised her to go directly to Mr. *Jonathan Wild*. Accordingly to *Jonathan* she came, deposited the Crown, and answered the Questions she ask'd him. *Jonathan* then told her that in an Hour or two's Time, possibly some of his People might hear who it was that had pick'd her Pocket. The Lady was vehement in her Desires to have it again, and for that Purpose went so far at last as to offer an hundred Guineas. *Wild* upon that made Answer, "Though they are of much greater Value to you, Madam, yet they cannot be worth any Thing like it to them; therefore keep your own Council, say nothing in the Hearing of my People, and I'll give the best Directions I am able for the Recovery of your Notes; in the mean While, if you will go to any Tavern near, and endeavour to eat a bit of Dinner, I will bring you an Answer before the Cloth is taken away." She said she was unacquainted with any House thereabouts; upon which Mr. *Wild* named the *Baptist-Head*. The Lady would not be satisfied unless Mr. *Wild* promised to eat with her: He at last complied, and she ordered a Fowl and Sausages at the House he had appointed. She waited there about three quarters of an Hour, when Mr. *Wild* came over and told her he had heard News of her Book, desired her to tell out ten Guineas upon the Table in case she should have Occasion for them, and as the Cook came up to acquaint her that the Fowl was ready, *Jonathan* begged she would just step down and see whether there was any Woman waiting at his Door. The Lady without minding the Mystery, did as he desired her, and perceiving a Woman in a Scarlet Riding-Hood walk twice or thrice by Mr. *Wild*'s House, her Curiosity prompted her to go near her; but recollecting she had left the Gold upon the Table up Stairs, she went and snatched it up without saying a Word to *Jonathan*, and then running down again, went towards the Woman in a red Hood, who was still walking before his Door. It seems she had guess'd right; for no sooner did she approach towards her, but the Woman came directly up to her, and presenting her her Pocket-Book, desired she would open it and see that all was safe: The Lady did so, and answering, *It was all right*, the Woman in the red Riding-Hood said, *Here's another*

little Note for you, Madam: Upon which she her a little Billet, on the out-side of which was written Guineas. The Lady delivered her the Money immediately, adding also a Piece for herself; she returned with a great deal of Joy to Mr. *Wild*, and told him, *She had got her Book, and would eat her Dinner heartily.*

When the Things were taken away, she thought it was Time to go to the Merchants, who presently was returned from Change; but first thought necessary to make Mr. *Wild* an handsome Present for which Purpose, putting her Hand in her Pocket she with great Surprize found her green Purse in which was the Remainder of fifty Guineas she borrowed of the Merchant in the Morning; this she look'd very much confus'd, but did not speak a Word. *Jonathan* perceived it, and said to her, "If she was not well. I am tolerably well, Sir," answered she, but amaz'd that the Woman took but ten Guineas for the Book, "at the same Time picked my Pocket of ten guineas. Mr. *Wild* hereupon appeared in as much Confusion as the Lady, and said, He hoped she was not in earnest; but if it were so, begged her not to disturb herself, for she should not lose one thing." Upon this, *Jonathan* begging her to stay still, stepped over to his own House, and gave her the necessary Directions; for in less than half an Hour, a little Jew, that *Wild* had bolted into the Room, and told him the Woman was taken, and on the Point of going to the Tavern. "You shall see, Madam, (replied *Jonathan*) turning to the Lady) what exemplary Punishment I'll make of this infamous Woman." Then turning himself to the Jew, "Abraham, (says he) the green Purse of Money taken about her?" "Sir, (replied his Agent.) O la! (then said the Lady) I'll take the Purse with all my Heart." "I would not prosecute the poor Wretch for this World. Would not you so, Madam, (replied *Wild*) well then, we'll see what's to be done." Upon this he first whisper'd his Emisary, and then dispatched him. He was no sooner gone, than *Jonathan*'s saying the Lady would be too late for the Merchant's, they took Coach, and stopped against the *Compter Gate* by *Stocks-Market*. The Lady wonder'd at all this, but by that Time she had been in a Tavern there a very little Space, when comes *Jonathan*'s Emisary, with the green Purse and the gold in it. "She says, Sir, (said the Jew to *Wild*) she has only broke a Guinea out of the Money for Garnish and Wine, and he's a little rest of it. Very well (says *Jonathan*) give it to the Lady. Will you please to tell it, Madam?" "The Lady according did, and found there were forty-nine Guineas. Bless me! (says she) I think the Woman's bewitch'd; she has sent me more than I should have had, No, Madam (replied *Wild*) she has sent you the ten Guineas back again, which she receiv'd for the Book. I never suffer any such Practices in my Way; I oblig'd her therefore to give up the Money she had taken as well as that she had stoln. The Lady was so much confounded at these unaccountable Incidents, that she scarce knew what she did; at last recollecting herself, "Well, Mr. *Wild*, (says she) then I think the least I can do is to oblige you to accept of these ten Guineas. "No, (replied he) nor of ten more things; I scorn all Actions of such a Sort as this; as any Man of Quality in the Kingdom: A Reward I desire, Madam, is, that you will acknowledge I have acted like an honest Man, like a Man of Honour." He had scarce pronounced

these Words, before he rose up, made her a Bow, and went immediately down Stairs. We shall add out one more Relation of this Sort, and then go on with the Series of our History.

There came a little Boy with Viols to sell in a Basket, to a Surgeon's Shop; it was in the Winter, when one Day after he had sold the Bottles that were wanted, the Boy complained he was almost mull'd to Death with Cold, and almost starved for Want of Victuals. The Surgeon's Maid, in Compassion to the Child, who was not above nine or ten Years old, took him into the Kitchen, and gave him a Porringer of Milk and Bread, with a Lump of two of Sugar in it. The Boy eat a little of it; then said, He had enough, gave her a thousand Blessings, and marched off with a Silver Spoon, and a pair of Forceps of the same Metal, which lay in the Shop as he passed through. The Instrument was not missed, and the Search after it occasioned their missing the Spoon; yet no Body suspected any thing of a Boy, though they had all seen him in the Kitchen.

The Gentleman of the House, however, having some Knowledge of *Wild*, and not living far from the *Old-Bailey*, went immediately to him for his Advice. *Jonathan* called for a Bottle of White Wine, and ordered it to be mull'd. The Gentleman knowing the Custom of his House, laid down the Crown, and was going on to tell him the Manner in which the Things were missed, but Mr. *Wild* soon cut him short, by saying, 'Sir, step into the next Room a Moment, here's a Lady, coming hither: You may depend upon my doing any Thing that is in my Power; and presently we'll talk the Thing over at Leisure.' The Gentleman went into the Room where he was directed, and saw, with no little Wonder, his Forceps and silver Spoon lying upon the Table. He had hardly took them up to look at them, before *Jonathan* entered, 'So Sir, said he, I suppose you have no farther Occasion for my Assistance. Yes indeed I have, said the Surgeon, there are a great many Servants in our Family, and some of them will certainly be blamed for this Transaction, so that I am under a Necessity of begging, that you will let me know how they were stolen? I believe the Thief is not far off, quoth *Jonathan*, and if you'll give me your Word he shall come to no Harm, I'll produce him immediately.' The Gentleman readily consented to this Proposition, and Mr. *Wild* stepping out for Minute or two, brought in the young Merchant in his Hand. Here Sir, says *Wild*, you know this hopeful Youth, Yes, answered the Surgeon, but I could never have dreamt that a Creature so little as he, could have had so much Wickedness in him; However, as I have given you my Word, and as I have had my Things again, I will not only pass by his robbing me, but if he will bring me the Bottles again, I shall make use of him as I used to do. I believe you may, added *Jonathan*, when he ventures into your House again. But it seems I was herein mistaken, for in less than a Week afterwards the Boy had the Impudence to come and offer his Viols again; upon which the Gentleman not only brought of him as usual, but ordered two Quarts of Milk to be set on the Fire, put into it six Ounces of glister Sugar, crumm'd it with a couple of penny Bricks, and obliged this nimble rascall'd Youth to eat it every Drop up before he went out of the Kitchen Door; and then, without further Correction, hurried him about his Business. This was the Channel in which *Jonathan*'s Business usually ran, till he became, at last to very notorious, that an Act of Parliament passed, levelled

directly against such Practices, whereby Persons who took Money for the Recovery of stolen Goods, and did actually recover such Goods without apprehending the Felon, should be deemed guilty of Felony in the same Degree with those who committed the Robbery. After this became a Law, a certain honourable Person sent to *Jonathan* to warn him of going on any longer at his old Rate, for that it was now become a capital Crime, and if he was apprehended for it, he could expect no Mercy. *Jonathan* received the Reproof with Abundance of Thankfulness and Submission, but never altered the Manner of his Behaviour in the least, but on the contrary, did it more openly and publicly than ever. Indeed, to compensate for this, he seemed to double his Diligence in apprehending Thieves, and brought the most notorious amongst them to the Gallows, even tho' he himself had bred them up in their Art.

Of these none was so open and apparent a Case as that of *Blake*, alias *Blueskin*. This Fellow had from a Child been under the Tuition of Mr. *Wild*, who paid for the curing his Wounds whilst he was in the Compter, allowed him three Shillings and six Pence a Week for Subsistence, and afforded his Help to get him out at last; yet soon after this he abandoned him to his own Conduct, and in a short Space caused him to be apprehended for breaking open the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, which brought him to the Gallows. When this Fellow came to be tried, Mr. *Wild* assured him, That his Body should be handsomely interred in a good Coffin at his own Expence. This was strange Comfort, and such as by no Means suited with *Blueskin*; who insisted peremptorily upon a Transportation Pardon, which he said he was sure *Jonathan* had Interest enough to procure for him: But upon *Wild*'s assuring him that he had not, and that it was in vain for him to flatter himself with such Hopes. *Blueskin* was at last in such a Passion, that though this Discourse happened in the Presence of the Court then sitting, *Blake* could not forbear taking Revenge for what he took to be an Insult on him; and therefore clap'd one Hand under *Jonathan*'s Chin, and with the other cut him a large Gash across the Throat, which every Body at the Time it was done judged mortal. *Jonathan* was carried off, all covered with Blood; and though at that Time he professed the greatest Resentment for such base Usage, affirming that he had never deserved to be so treated; yet when he afterwards came to be under Sentence of Death himself, he regretted prodigiously the Escape he then made, often wishing that *Blake* had put an End to his Life, rather than left him to so ignominious a Fate. Indeed it was not *Blake* alone, who had entertained Notions of putting him to Death; he had obliged almost the whole Group of Villains, and there were Numbers of them who had taken it into their Heads to deprive him of Life. His Escapes in the apprehending such Persons were sometimes very narrow, having received Wounds in almost every Part of his Body, had his Skull twice fractured, and his whole Constitution so broken by these Accidents, and the great Fatigue he went through, that when he fell under the Misfortunes which brought him to his Death, he was scarce able to stand upright, and never in a Condition to go to Chappel.

But we have broke a little into the Thread of our History, and must therefore go back, in order to trace the Causes which brought on *Jonathan*'s last Adventures, and finally his violent Death, which we shall now relate in the clearest and concise Manner that the Thing will allow.

The Practices of this Criminal continued long after

ter the Act of Parliament, and that in so notorious a Manner at last, that the Magistrates of London and *Middlesex* thought themselves obliged to take Notice of him. This occasioned a Warrant to be granted against him, by a worshipful Alderman of the City; upon which Mr. *Wild* being apprehended somewhere near *Woodstreet*, he was carried into the *Rose Spunging-Houle*. While he waited the Leisure of the Magistrate who was to examine him, the Crowd was very great; whereupon with his wonted Hypocrisy he harangued them to this Purpose. *I wonder, good People, what it is you would see? I am a poor honest Man, who have done all I could to serve People when they have had the Misfortune to lose their Goods by the Villainy of Thieves: I have contributed more than any Man living, in bringing the most daring and notorious Malefactors to Justice: Yet now by the Malice of my Enemies, you see I am in Custody, and am going before a Magistrate, who I hope will do me Justice. Why should you insult me therefore? I don't know that I ever injured any of you: Let me intreat you, as you see me lame in Body, and afflicted in Mind, not to make me more uneasy than I can bear. If I have offended against the Law it will punish me, but it gives you no right to use me ill, unheard and unconvicted.* The People of the Houle, and the Compter Officers, by this Time, had pretty well cleared the Place; upon which he began to compose himself, and desired them to get a Coach to the Door, for that he was unable to walk. About an Hour after, he was carried before a Justice and examined, and thereupon immediately committed to *Newgate*. He laid there a considerable Time before he was tried; at last he was convicted capitally, upon the following Fact.

He was indicted on the afore mentioned Statute, for receiving Money for the restoring stolen Goods, without apprehending the Persons by whom they were stolen. In order to support this Charge, the Prosecutrix, *Catherine Stephens*, deposed as follows:

On the 22d of *January*, I had two Persons, came into my Shop under Pretence of buying some Lace, they were so difficult that I had none below would please them; so leaving my Daughter in the Shop, I stepped up Stairs and brought down another Box; we could not agree about the Price, and so they went away together. In about half an Hour after, I missed a tin Box of Lace that I valued at fifty Pound. The same Night I went to *Jonathan Wild's* House, but not meeting with him at Home, I advertised the Lace that I had lost, with a Reward of fifteen Guineas, and no Questions ask'd: But hearing nothing of it, I went to *Jonathan's* House again, and then met with him at home: He desired me to give him a Description of the Persons that I suspected, which I did, as near as I could; and then he told me, That he would make Enquiry, and bid me call again in two or three Days. I did so, and then he said, That he had heard something of my Lace, and expected to know more of the Matter in a very little Time. I came to him again on that Day he was apprehended, and told him, that tho' I had advertis'd but fifteen Guineas Reward, yet I would give twenty or twenty five Guineas, rather than not have my Goods. Don't be in such a Hurry, (says *Jonathan*) I don't know but I may help you to it for less; and if I can I will: The Persons that have it are gone out of Town, I shall set them to quarrelling about it, and then I shall get it the cheaper. On the 10th of *March* he sent me Word, That if I could come to him in *Newgate*, and bring ten Guineas in my Pocket, he would help me to the Lace. I went; he desired me to call a Por-

ter; but I not knowing where to find one he sent a Person who brought one that appeared to be a Ticket-Porter: The Prisoner gave me a Letter which he said was sent him as a Direction where to go for the Lace; but I could not read, and so delivered it to the Porter. Then he desired me to give the Porter the ten Guineas, or else (he said) to give the Porter the Money; he went away and in little Time returned, and brought me a Box that was sealed up, but not the Box that was lost. I opened it, and found all my Lace but one Piece. Now Mr. *Wild* (says I) what must you have to your Trouble? Not a Farthing, (says he) not a Farthing for me: I don't do these Things for worldly Interest, but only for the good of poor People that have met with Misfortunes. As for the Piece of Lace that is Missing, I hope to get you e'er be long; and I don't know but that I may help you not only to your Money again, but to the Thing too; and if I can, as you are a good Woman, a Widow and a Christian, I desire nothing of you but your Prayers, and for them I shall be thankful. I have a great many Enemies, and God knows what may be the Consequence of this Imprisonment.

The Fact suggested in the Indictment was undoubtedly fully proved by this Deposition; and that it happened in *Newgate*, and after his Confinement yet it still continued as much a Crime as if it had been done before. The Law therefore condemned him upon it. But if he had even escaped there were other Facts of a like Nature, which inevitably would have destroyed him; for the last Years of his Life, instead of growing more prudent he became less so; and the Blunders he committed were very little like the Behaviour of *Jonathan* the first Years of his Practice. When he was brought up to the Bar to receive Sentence, he appeared to very much dejected, and when the usual Question was proposed to him, *What have you to say to Judgment of Death should not pass upon you?* he spoke with a very feeble Voice in the following terms,

My Lord, I hope I may even in the sad Condition in which I stand, pretend to some little Merit respect to the Service I have done my Country, in delivering it from some of the greatest Pests with which it was ever troubled. My Lord, I have brought many bold and daring Malefactors to just Punishment, even at the Hazard of my own Life, my Body being covered with Scars I received in these Undertakings. I presume, my Lord, to say, I have some Merit, because at the Time the Things were done they were esteemed meritorious by the Government; and therefore I hope, my Lord, some Compassion will be shewn on the Score of those Services. I submit myself wholly to His Majesty's Mercy, and humbly beg a favourable Report of my Case.

When Sir *William Thompson* pronounced Sentence of Death, he spoke particularly to *Wild*, put him in Mind of those Cautions he had received of going in Practices, rendered Capital by a Law, made for the Purpose of preventing that infamous Trade of coming Broker for Felony, and standing in the Middle between the Felon and the Person injured, in order to receive a Premium for Redress. And what he had properly stated the Nature and Aggravations of his Crime, he exhorted him to make a better Use of that small Portion of Time, which the Tenderness of the Law of *England* allowed Sinners for Repentance, and desired he would remember this Admonition, though he had slighted others; as to the Rep-

report, he told him, him, he might depend on Justice, and ought not to hope for more.

Under Conviction, no Man who appeared upon such Occasions to have so much Courage, ever shew'd a little. When Clergymen took the Pains to visit him, and instruct him in those Duties which it became a dying Man to practice, though he heard them without Interruption, yet he heard them coldly, and was continually suggesting Scruples and Doubts about a future State, and putting frequent Cases of Conscience, blenefs and Lawfulness of *Suicide*, where an innumerable Death was inevitably, and the Thing perpetrated only to avoid Shame. He was more easily swayed to such Notions, he pretended, from the Examples of the famous Heroes of Antiquity, who, to avoid dishonourable Treatment, had given themselves a speedy Death. As such Discourses were what took up most of the Time between his Sentence and Death, so they occasioned some very long Lectures upon this Head, from the charitable Men who visited him. One Letter was written to him by a learned Person, of which a Copy has been preserved. 'Tis an excellent Piece, but too long to be inserted.

Jonathan pretended to be overcome with these notions, but it plainly appeared that in this he was a hypocrite; for the Day before his Execution, notwithstanding the Keepers had the strictest Eye on him, imaginably, some-body conveyed to him a Bottle of *Liquid Laudanum*, of which having taken a large Quantity, he hoped it would prevent his Pain at the Gallows. But as he had not been spared the Dose, so the Largeness of it made a speedy Alteration in him, which being perceived by his fellow Prisoners, seeing he could not keep open his Eyes at the time that Prayers were said, they walked about; which first made him sweat exceedingly, and then very sick: At last he vomited, and they continuing still to lead him, he threw the greatest Part of the *Laudanum* off from his Stomach. He remained notwithstanding that, very drowsy, stupid, and unable to do any thing but gasp out his Breath. He went to Execution in a Cart, and the People, instead of expressing any Compassion, threw Stones and all the Way he went along, reviling and cursing him to the last, and plainly shewing by their Behaviour, how much his Crimes had made him abhorred. When he arrived at *Tyburn*, having gathered a great Strength, (Nature recovering from the Convulsions into which the *Laudanum* had thrown him) the Executioner told him, *He might take what Time he pleased to prepare for Death*. He therefore sat in the Cart for some small time, during which the People were so uneasy, that they called out incessantly to the Executioner to dispatch him, and at last threatened to tear him in Pieces, if he did not hurry him up immediately. Such a furious Spirit was every where discovered in the Populace, who generally hold even the Stroke of Justice with Tears; but were they from it in this Case, that had a Relief really come, 'tis highly questionable whether the Prisoner could ever have been brought back to Safety.

As we part with Mr. *Wild*, 'tis requisite to say

something of his Wives. His first was a poor honest Woman, who contented herself to live at *Woolverhampton*, with the Son she had by him, without ever putting him to any Trouble, or endeavouring to take upon her the Title of *Madam Wild*, which his last Wife did with the greatest Affectation. The next was the aforementioned Mrs. *Milliner*, with whom he continued in very great Intimacy after they liv'd separately, and by her means he first carried on the Trade of detecting stolen Goods. The Third was one *Betty Man*, a Woman of the Town in her younger Years, but so suddenly struck with the Horror of her Offences, that on the Persuasion of a *Romish Priest* she turn'd *Papist*, and appearing exceedingly devout and thoroughly penitent for all her Sins. *Wild* even retained such an Impression of the Sanctity of this Woman, that he ordered his Body to be buried next hers in *Pantras Church-Yard*; which his Friends saw accordingly performed, about two a-Clock in the Morning after his Execution. The next of Mr. *Wild's* *Sultana's* was *Sarah Perrin*, alias *Graystone*, who surviv'd him. The fifth was *Judith Nunn*, by whom he had a Daughter; who at the time of his Decease might be about ten Years old, both Mother and Daughter being then living. The sixth and last was the celebrated *Madam Wild*. This remarkable Damsel before her first Marriage was known by the Name of *Mary Brown*, afterwards by that of Mrs. *Dean*, being Wife to *Skull Dean*, who was executed about the Year 1716 or 1717 for House breaking. Some People have reported that *Jonathan* was accessory to the Hanging him, merely for the Sake of the Reward, and the Opportunity of taking his Relict; who, whatever Regard she might have for her first Husband, is currently reported to have been so much affected with the Misfortunes of the latter, that she twice attempted to make away with herself after she had the News of his being under Sentence. By this last Lady he left no Children, and but two by his three other Wives, who were living at the Time of his Decease.

As to the Person of this Man, it was homely to the greatest Degree; there being something remarkably villainous in his Face, which Nature had imprinted in stronger Terms, than perhaps she ever did upon any other. However, he was strong and active, a Fellow of prodigious Boldness and Resolution, which made the Pusillanimity shew at his Death more remarkable. He was not at all shy in owning his Profession, but on the contrary bragged of it upon all Occasions; into which perhaps he was led by that ridiculous Respect which was paid him, and the Meanness of his Spirit some Persons of Distinction were guilty of in talking to him freely. Common Report has swelled the Number of Malefactors executed thro' his Means, to no less than one hundred and twenty: Certain it is, that they were very numerous, as well in Reality as his own Reckoning. It has been said that there was a considerable Sum of Money due to him for his Share in the Apprehension of several Felons at the very Time of his Death, which happened on *Monday* the 24th of *May*, 1725, he being then about 42 Years of Age.

The LIFE of TOM JONES.

TOM JONES was born at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, in the County of *Northumberland*; where his Father, being a Clothier, brought him up to the same Trade. He follow'd this Calling till he was two and twenty Years of Age, though not without discovering his vicious Inclinations many Years before, by running in Debt, and taking to all manner of irregular Courses. At last, being reduc'd to Extremity, he resolv'd at once to apply himself to the Highway, as the only Way left to retrieve his Fortune. A very odd Way indeed! but what is too often embrac'd by reduc'd Extravagants.

To make a Beginning, he robb'd his Father of 80*l.* and a good Horse; upon which he rode cross the Country with all Speed, for fear of being pursu'd. The Devil, he knew, was sometimes apt to leave his Children in the Lurch; and therefore he thought it safer to trust to the Legs of his Horse, than to his good Fortune. This, and the conscious Dread of Justice, which is always ready to terrify young Villains, occasion'd his galloping 40 Miles before he stopp'd; all which Way, he was afraid of every one he saw, and every Noise he heard.

After this, riding into *Staffordshire*, and meeting a Stage-Coach, with several Passengers in it, he commanded the Coachman to stop, and the People within to deliver. Some of the Gentlemen were resolute, and refus'd to comply with his Demand; upon which he fir'd several Pistols, taking Care to do no Hurt; and still preserving three or four, well loaded, for his Defence, if he should have Occasion of them. The Fright which the Gunpowder put a Couple of Ladies into, who were in the Coach, oblig'd the Gentlemen to surrender, before there was any Mischief done; and *Tom* rode off with a considerable Booty.

There is a pleasant Story related, as the Consequence of this Adventure, which we believe it will not be amiss to rehearse. A Monkey, belonging to one of the Passengers, being ty'd behind the Coach; was so frighten'd at *Jones's* firing, that with skipping about, he broke his Chain, and ran about the Fields so that the Owner could not catch him again. At Night, a Country-Fellow coming over a Stile, Pug leap'd out of the Hedge upon his Back, and there hung very fast. The poor Man, having never seen a Monkey before, imagin'd the Devil had laid hold of him, in which Opinion he ran Home, and thunder'd at the Door like a mad Man. His Wife look'd out at Window, and ask'd him what he had got. He told her, the Devil; begging she would go to the Parson, and require his Assistance. Nay, quoth she, *you shall not bring the Devil in here. If you belong to him, I don't: So pray be content to go without Company.* Poor *Hob* was oblig'd to wait at his Door, till a Man, a little wiser than his Neighbours, came by, and with a few Apples and Pears, dispossett'd the unfortunate Wretch; who was very willing to let our Exorcist keep the Devil for his own Use, as a Reward for this signal Piece of Service: And he, upon

hearing the Monkey cry'd, carry'd him to the Owner, and receiv'd a Reward.

An Attorney of *Clifford's-Inn*, whose Name was *Story*, having been drinking at a Friend's House in the Country till he was entirely drunk, as he was riding along the Road towards Town, he was oblig'd to alight and tie his Horse to a Tree, when he went under a Hedge to untruss a Point, that *Jones's* Fortune to come by in the Interim; upon he also dismounted, with the same Pretence. As soon as *Story* had done, *Jones* commanded to deliver his Money; but he, being in the Condition just mention'd, took no Notice of what he said: Whereupon our Highwayman caught him by the Collar, and began to shake him. *Have you what you do*, says the Attorney, *for I am brim full of what?* quoth *Jones*. *Of Liquors*, says the other. *But 'tis your Money I want, Sit you brim full of that? If you are, run over as you please.* *Story* was so sick he could speak no more, but, before *Jones* was aware, giving a great blow, he discharg'd a large Quantity of his Friend's Money into the Face of our Adventurer, which almost blind'd him, and set him to swearing like a mad Man. At last, having clear'd his Phyz with a Handkerchief, he put his Hand into the Attorney's Pocket, and oblig'd them to discharge six Pounds odd Money, which shining Vomit a little pacify'd him, and he forgave the Affront, and suffer our drunker, who was by this Time a little soberer, to ride and ride off.

Tom was by this Time so grounded in Vice, that nothing less powerful than the Gallows was able to convert him from his wicked Courses. This was the deed, commonly the last Teacher which such Wretches have; and he never fails to make them as honest as any of their Neighbours, and as quiet as any of the Descendants of *Adam*, who have been debarred Peace some Thousands of Years. The fool who does his Duty, 'tis generally the better.

But this is another Digression from our History, which we now return. Not long after the committing of the above recited Robbery, *Tom Jones* was riding with one *Samuel P—* upon the Road, a Quarter of five, when they came to a Village, where formerly kept a Button Shop, between the two Gates of the *Savoy* in the Strand, to whom he presented the usual Demand. Mr. *Primitive*, having reduc'd himself to very low Circumstances, as 'tis said by Whoring, Gaming, and Drinking, he was now riding down into the Country to his Friends, in order to avoid an Arrest: As he was therefore in a much greater Apprehension of a Bailiff than of a Highwayman, and as he did not understand what *Tom* said till he had got fast hold of him by the Throat, he very formally cried out, *At whose Suit dost thou detain me?* *Jones*, who was not acquainted with our Friend's Condition, smartly reply'd, *I detain thee on my own Suit, and my Demand is for all thy Substance.* The

Quaker now perceived how the Case stood: nevertheless, being a dry queer sort of a Man, he was resolved to carry on the Jest, whereupon he added. *Good Friend, I don't know thee, nor can I tell how to imagine that ever thee and I have had any Dealings together. — You shall find then, says Jones, but we must deal together now.* So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, he was going to explain himself, when Friend Samuel cry'd out; *Pray Neighbour use Violence! for if thou carriest me to Goal, I shall utterly undone. I have at least 14 Guineas about me, and if that will satisfy thee, thou art welcome to take them. Here they are; and give me leave to assure thee, that I have frequently stopp'd the Mouth of a Bailiff with a much less Sum, and made him afraid to my Creditors, that he could not find me.* Jones pleas'd to receive the Money, upon any Account whatsoever; yet, being willing to convince the Quaker of his Mistake, (tho' indeed the Quaker, as we have observ'd, was not mistaken, but only willing to carry on the Affair in the Strain it begun with) he said to him; *Friend, I am not such a Rogue as thou esteest me to be: I am no Bailiff, but an honest gentleman Highwayman. I shall not trouble myself, the next reply'd, about the Distinction of Names; if a man takes my Money from me by Force, it concerns me little what he calls himself, or what his Pretence may be for so doing.* After this they rode about their several Affairs, the Quaker homewards, and Tom in quest of more Prey.

Not long after this, he met the late Lord Wharand his Lady on the Road, stopp'd their Coach, and demanded their Money, tho' they had three men on Horseback to attend them. His Lordship first made some Hesitation, and ask'd him if he understood what he was about? "Do you know me, Sir, says he, that you dare be so bold as to stop me on the Road? Not I, reply'd Jones *very readily*, I neither know nor care who you are, tho' before you spoke, I took you for a Brewer, because you carry your Cooler by your Side: Now, indeed, I am apt to imagine you are some great Man, because you speak so big; but be as great as you will, Sir, I must have you to know, that there is no Man upon this Road so great as myself; therefore pray be quick in answering my Demands, for Delays may prove Dangerous." His Honour now saw our Gentleman was resolute, so he and his Lady e'en delivered up what they had about them, without more Words.

The whole Prize consisted of two hundred Pounds Money, three diamond Rings, and two gold Watches: All this being secured, Jones commanded his Lordship to bid his Servants ride on to some Distance before, threatening him with Death if he refused; which being done, and the Servants obeying, he had fair Opportunity of riding off, without being pursued.

Tom received Intelligence one Day, that a certain Gentleman was on the Road, with two hundred Pounds in his Coach. This, to be sure, was a sufficient Invitation for him. He got upon a Hill to wait for his Customers coming, who spy'd him at a Distance without apprehending any Thing. But a Steward of the Gentleman's, observing the Behaviour of our Chapman at a Distance, he told his Master, that he believed the Man on the Hill was a Highwayman. *If you please Sir, quoth he, to trust me with your Money, I'll ride by him, which I may do unsuspected, for he certainly waits for you.* The Gentleman was pleas'd at his Servant's Care, and lik'd his Proposal very well: So giving him the Bag, he rode on as fast as he could, and pass'd by Jones, without being examin'd, getting out of Sight before the Coach came up.

In short, the Coach was stopp'd, and the Money demanded, when our Gentleman gave him about ten Guineas, assuring him that he had no more. Jones boldly nam'd the Sum he wanted, and swore 'twas in the Coach, the Traveller as often asserting that he was mistaken. At last, the real State of the Case came into our Adventurer's Head; whereupon, without taking his leave of the Gentleman, he set Spurs to his Horse, and rode after the Steward full Speed, who was by this Time got at least a Mile and a half from the Place. Jones was well mounted, and it was five Miles from the next Town, so that he came in sight of the Steward before he could get into any Inn; but the Steward saw him, mended his Pace, and sav'd the Money. This disappointment vex'd poor Tom to the Heart, but there was no Remedy. As to the Gentleman, he gave his Servant a handsome Gratuity for what he had done, as he deserved.

After many Adventures, most of them of a Piece with the foregoing, Tom was apprehended in Cornwall, for robbing a Farmer's Wife, and afterwards ravishing her. For this Fact he was try'd, and condemn'd, the Assizes following, and about ten Days afterwards, executed at *Launceston*, on *Saturday* the 25th of *April*, 1702. being thirty two Years of Age.

At the Gallows he gave a pretty large Account of his Robberies, to some Gentlemen who desired it, behaving with more Modesty and Decency than such Wretches commonly do. Before he was turn'd off, he delivered a pretty Deal of good Advice to the young Men present, in very pathetic Words: Exhorting them to be industrious in their several Callings, and careful not to entangle themselves with Debts, contracted by their own Extravagances: Desiring them to follow the Dictates of their Reason, and have a due Regard for every Man's Property; and enforcing all his Admonitions, with putting his Hearers in Mind of a Providence, which governs the World, and will certainly call every Man to an Account for his Actions.

The LIFE of TIM. BUCKLEY.

TIMOTHY BUCKLEY, was an unparalleled Villain as ever liv'd in this Kingdom; he was born of very honest Parents at Stamford in Lincolnshire, where he serv'd three Years to a Shoemaker; but then running away from his Master, he came up to London, and soon became acquainted with ill Company, whose Vices he followed to support him in a most scandalous and infamous Course of Life. Having spent a great deal of his ill-got Money at a blind Alehouse in Wapping, he once ask'd the Victualler to lend him ten Shillings; which Favour he denied him; and Tim so highly resented his Ingratitude, that he left frequenting his House. Not long after Tim. and some of his thieving Companions, breaking in by Night, they bound the Victualler, his Wife and Maid, both Hand and Foot. As they were going to gag 'em, Mr. Tapliss desiring Tim. to be more favourable; No, no, quoth he, you must expect no Favour from my Hands, you surly Son of a B—h, whose Prodigality makes you lord it over the People here, like a Boatswain over a Ship's Crew; and look as bluff upon your Tarpaulin Guests, as a Mate newly rais'd to a Commander. Now if you'll go but about Charing-Cross, and that Way, you shall have the Ale-drappers so very humble and obliging for the taking but Three-pence, that a Gentleman Foot-Soldier, or a Lord's Valet, shall have as many Scrapes and Cringes from the Man of the House, as if he was a French Dancing-Master. Whether it be Poverty, as living among Courtiers, or having been bred Gentlemen's Servants, and so kick'd and cuff'd into good Manners by their Masters formerly, makes them so mannerly, that I can't tell: But let it be as it will, I shall use that End of the Town for the future; and for their extreme Civility, make bold to spend some of your Money among 'em. And according Tim. and his Comrades, robb'd the House, taking from thence Forty Pounds laid by for the Brewer, three Silver Tankards, a Silver-Watch, and eight Gold Rings.

Another Time, Tim. Buckley taking a Walk towards Hyde-Park-Corner, the Air of which Place is generally very unwholesome for a Thief to take, it was his Fortune to meet with that famous Merry Andrew and Mountebank, Doctor Cately. He commanded that illiterately learned Gentleman to stand and deliver; which Words sounding as terribly in his Ears, as Cut, Slash, Saw, and Sear, does to those poor Patients whose Legs are cutting off in St. Bartholomew's, or St. Thomas's Hospital, he begg'd heartily of him to be merciful, and not to rob a poor Man, who took a great deal of Pains for an honest Livelihood. Tim. knowing his Occupation, fell a laughing, withal saying, "Quacks pretend to Honesty! There is not such a Pack of cheating Knaves in the Nation again; in making People believe they are Scholars, when they know no more of Greek, or Latin, than a sucking Child. Besides, their Impudence is intolerable, for deceiving of ig-

norant Folks with hard Names, and cramp Words as Jugglers do with the old Cant of *Hiczius dozi* *hi preso*, be gone, while their Confederates pick their Pockets. Moreover, making credulous Folks believe, that there was not more Men slain at the Fight of the Boyne in Ireland, than they have recover'd from the Point of Death, Death's Door, by beckoning their Souls back again, after they have been many Leagues from the Bodies. Therefore quickly deliver what you have or else this Pistol shall prevent your going: more into, France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and the Devil Arse i' the Peak, as your usual Cant is, tho' it was never out of England in your Life." (The Doctor preferring his own Welfare before what he said about him, he humbly presented Tim. with Six Groats, and a very good Watch, that he might keep Time in spending the Gold.

An informing Constable, who was a Baker in Giles's Parish in the Fields, once taking up Tim.: sending him for a Soldier into Flanders, he had been long there before he deserted, and came London again; and one Day meeting this Baker's Wife coming alone from Hampslead, forcing her into a private Place, and presenting a Pistol to her Breast, he swore he would shoot her dead on the Spot if refus'd laying with him; he being bent upon it, he reveng'd on her Husband, who had impress'd her a little while ago. The Baker's Wife being no Libertina, to value her Chastity at the Loss of her Liberty, she was forced to submit to the Ravisher's Pleasure who having obtain'd what he desir'd, he then commanded her to deliver her Money, and what other Things of Worth she had about her. Hereupon the honest Woman crying out, *Is this Justice or Conscience, Sir?* Quoth Tim. You B—h, don't tell of Justice, for I hate her as much as your Husband can, because her Scales are even. And as for Conscience, I have as little of that as any Baker in England, who cheats other Bellies to fill his own. Not a Baker is a worse Rogue than a Taylor; for whereas the latter commonly pinches his Cabbage from the Rich, the former, by making his Bread too light, ruins all without distinction, but chiefly the Poor; for who he deserves more hanging than he, or any of my next Fraternity. So taking from her a Couple Gold Rings, and eleven Shillings, he sent her home to tell her Husband of this Adventure.

Afterwards Tim. Buckley stealing a very good Horse in Buckinghamshire, he turn'd Highwayman, and riding up to London, he met on the Road a certain Pawn-broker, living in Drury Lane, by who having been some Loser in pawning some Thing to him, which were lost for want of redeeming, he was resolv'd to have his Pennyworth out of him now; so commanding him to stand and deliver, he began to plead earnestly for Favour, saying, It is a very hard Case that an honest Man can

go about his lawful Occasions but he must be rob'd. D—un you (*quoth Tim.*) haist thou so rich brazen'd Impudence as to reckon thyself an honest Man, when I know thou art an unconscionable Pawn-broker, who lives and grows fat on Fraud and Oppression, as a Toad on Filth and Anom? Your Practice outvies Usury, as much as riding on the Highway does a Petit-Larceny; so if I call you a Tradeiman, it must be by the same Retorical Figure which stiles the Legerdmain of a Pick-pocket an Art and Mystery. Your Shop, like the Gates of Hell, is always open, in which you sit at the Receipt of Custom; and having got the Souls of the Needy, you hang 'em up in Rank and File, like so many Trophies of Victory. To your Shop all sorts of Garments resort on a Pilgrimage, whilst you playing the Pimp, lodge the Taboy Picoat, and the Ruffet Breeches together, in the same Bed of Lavender. Thou art the Treasurer of the Thieves Exchequer, and the common Tender of all Booth heavers and Shop-lifts in Town; to which Purpose you keep a private Warehouse, whence you ship away all ill-gotten Goods by wholesale, you do so fleece the poor, that you scarce leave them so much as a primitive Filial to cover their Nakedness; and so often do they bring what they have into your Lumber-House, that at last they know the Way, and can almost pawn alone by themselves. Thus they are forced to purchase the same Clothes half a score times over; and for want of a Chest to keep them in at home, it costs thrice as much as they are worth for lodging in your Custody. Six Pence per Month they pay for every twenty Shillings, which (after the rate of thirteen Months to the Year) is six shillings and six-pence per Pound *per Annum*, or thirty Pound ten shillings *per Cent.* besides a Shilling Bill of Sale, if the Matter be considerable. Upon the whole, since you seldom or never lend above half the Value on any thing, Plate excepted, yet near forty Pounds in every Hundred Pounds; not considering how many Thieves and Pick-pockets are chiefest Customers, that bring the lumping (arins) never intend to redeem, and how many poor People are not able; or that if they are redeemed the very next Day, yet are you so extortioners to be paid a Month's Interest, one may reasonably conclude, that you make at least *Cent. per Cent.* of your Money in a Year: And all this by a Curse tending only to the Encouragement of Thieves, and the Ruin of those that are honest, but ignorant. Come, come, Mr. Blood sucker, open your drawers, or otherwise this Pistol shall instantly bid you to Hell before the Wind. But the Pawnbroker being very loath to go to the Devil before his time, he ransom'd himself for Twenty-eight Guineas a Gold Watch, a Silver Tobacco-box, and a Box of Gold Rings.

Another Time *Tim*, Buckley meeting a *Stockjobber* on the Road, who had formerly prosecuted him for Robbery, upon Conviction whereof he was burnt in the last, he was now resolv'd to be revenged on him, by robbing him of Forty eight Guineas. The *Stockjobber* desiring some small Matter of *Tim*. to carry him forward on his Journey, quoth he I have no time at all for any Rogues of *Stockjobbers*, who are animals that rise and fall like the ebbing and

flowing of the Sea, and their Paths are as unsearchable as Thou art as changeable as the Wind, and certain in nothing but Uncertainty. I believe the *Grasshopper* on the *Royal-Exchange* is an Emblem of you; for as that leaps from one Place to another, so do you from one Number to another; sometimes thirty *per Cent.* Advance is too little for you; at other times thirty *per Cent.* Discount is not enough. I'll hold you a Wager, that if I should ask what Religion you profess, you'll cry, *You'll sell me as cheap as any Body*; or ask you of what Value such an Oracle of Faith is you'll tell me, *You'll give me as much for Navy Bills as any Chapman*. Thou art so full of Contradiction, that you lower the Price of Things on purpose to raise it; yet I must acknowledge, you can't be said to be a Hypocrite, because you commonly boast of over reaching those you deal with. As for Christianity, thou art far enough from that; for tho' perhaps you have been baptiz'd, yet will it be highly improper to say, you was ever confirm'd, unless in Impudence. And I verily think you could never shew more Impudence than you do now, in asking me for somewhat to help you on your Journey, out of so small a Matter as forty eight Guineas, which is scarce worth taking from you. Indeed I shan't give you one Farthing; therefore wishing you the best of a bad Market, and that you may be as well flock'd when I see you next on the Road, farewell till the next merry meeting.

Not long after, this same *Stock-jobber* accidentally meeting *Tim*. Buckley in London, he caus'd him to be apprehended and committed to *Newgate*, and convicting him of this Robbery, he receiv'd Sentence of Death. But obtaining a Reprieve, and afterwards pleading to a free Pardon, as soon as he was at Liberty, resolving to be farther reveng'd on this Adversary, who had twice sat very close on his Skirts, he went to *Hackney*, where this *Stock-jobber* having a Country-House within a Mile of that Village, he one Night set Fire to it: but a timely Discovery thereof preventing it from doing much Damage, it was quickly quench'd. However *Tim*. made his Escape; and flying into *Leicestershire*, where he broke open a House at a Place called *Ashby de-la Zouch*, and from thence took above eighty Pounds. He then went to a Fair at *Derby*, where he bought a good Horse, and went on the Highway again. Being thus mounted again to rob on the Road, within two Miles of *Nottingham* he attempted to stop a Coach, in which were three Gentleman, besides a Couple of Footmen riding a little behind; but they being resolv'd not to be rob'd of what they had by one Villain, one of 'em fired a Blunderbuss out of the Coach, which kill'd *Tim*'s Horse, and then all the Gentlemen alighting, and the Footmen being by this time also come up to their Assistance, a bloody and obstinate Engagement begun between them, wherein *Tim*. kill'd one of the Gentlemen and a Footman; but nevertheless, being overpower'd, after he had discharged eight Pistols, and was also grown faint thro' the Loss of much Blood (for he had receiv'd eleven Wounds in his Arms, Thighs, and Legs) he was seized and committed to Jail in *Nottingham*, where he was executed in 1701, aged twenty nine Years; and afterwards hang'd in Chains at the Place where he perpetrated the two Murders aforesaid.

The LIFE of MOL CUTPURSE, a Pickpocket and Highway-woman.

Mary Frith, otherwise call'd *Mol Cutpurse*, from her original Profession of cutting Purfes, was born in *Barbican* in *Aldersgate-street*, in the Year 1589. Her Father was a Shoemaker; and though no remarkable Thing happened at her Nativity, such as the flattering Soothsayers pretend in Eclipses, and other the like Motions above, or Tides, and Whales and great Fires, adjusted and tim'd to the Genitures of crown'd Heads, yet, for a She-Politician, she was not much inferior to Pope *Joan*; for in her Time, she was Superior in the Mystery of diving in Purfes and Pockets, and was very well read and skill'd too in the Affairs of the Placket among the great Ones.

Both the Parents (as having no other Child living) were very tender of this Daughter; but especially the Mother; according to the Tenderness of that Sex, which is naturally more indulgent than the Male; most affectionate she was to her in her Infancy, most careful of her in her Youth, manifested especially in her Education, which was the more strictly and diligently attended, by Reason of her boisterous and masculine Spirit, which then shewed itself, and soon after became predominant, she was above all Breeding and Instruction. She was a very *Tomrig* or *Hoyden*, and delighted only in Boys-play and Pastime, not minding or companying with the Girls; many a Bang or Blow this Hoyting procured her, but she was not so to be tam'd, or taken off from her rude Inclinations; she could not endure that sedentary Life of sewing or stitching; a Sampler was as grievous to her as a Winding-sheet; and on her Needle, Bodkin, and Thimble, she could not tink quietly, wishing them chang'd into Sword and Dagger for a Bout at Cudgels. Her Head-geer and Handkerchief (or what the Fashion of those Times was for Girls to be dress'd in) were alike tedious to her, she wearing them as handsomly as a Dog would a Doublet; and so cleanly, that the sooty Pot-hooks were above the Comparison. This perplex'd her, Friends, who had only this Proverb favourable to their Hope, *That an unlucky Girl may make a good Woman*; but they liv'd not to the length of that Expectation, dying in her Minority, and leaving her to the Swing and Sway of her own unruly Temper and Disposition.

She would fight with Boys, and courageously beat them; run, jump, leap, or hop with any of her contrary Sex, or recreate herself with any other Play whatsoever. She had an Uncle, Brother to her Father, who was a Minister, and of him she stood in some Awe, but not so much, as to restrain her in these Courses; so that seeing he could not effectually remedy that inveterating Evil in her Manners, he trappann'd her on board a Merchant-Ship lying at *Gravesend*, and bound for *New-England*, whether he design'd to have sent her; but having learn-

ed to swim, she one Night jump'd over-board, and swimm'd to Shore, and after that Escape, would never go near her Unele again. Farthermore, it to be observed, that *Mercury* was in Conjunction with, or rather in the House of *Venus*, at the Time of her Nativity; the former of which Planets is a thievish, cheating, deceitful Influence; and the other hath Dominion over all Whores, Bawds, Pimps; and, joyn'd with *Mercury*, over all Thievers and Hectors: She hath a more general fluence than all the other six Planets put together for no Place nor Person is exempted from her, vading alike both sacred and profane; Nunne and Monastries, as well as the common Places of Prostitution; *Cheapside* and *Cornhill*, as well *Bloomsbury* or *Covent-Garden*. Under these benevolent and kind Stars, she grew up to some Maturity she was now a lusty and sturdy Wench, and fit put out to Service, having not a competency of her own, left her by her Friends to maintain herself without working; but as she was a great Libertine she liv'd too much in common, to be enclosed in the Limits of a private Domestick Life. A Quarter-staff was fitter for her than a Distaff; she would go to the Ale-house when she had made shift to get a little Stock, spend her Penny, come into any one's Company, and Club till she had none left; and then she was fit for any Enterprize. Moreover, she had a natural Abhorrence to tending Children, to whom she ever had an Averseness to her Mind, equal to the Sterility and Barrenness of her Womb, never (to our best Information) being made a Mother.

She generally went dress'd in Man's Apparel; which puts me in Mind how *Hercules*, *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus* are laugh'd at and exploded, for their effeminacy and degenerated Dissoluteness in their extravagant Debauchery; the first is pourtrated with a Distaff in his Hand; the other recorded to be marry'd as a Wife, and all the conjugal and matrimonial Rites perform'd at the Solemnity of Marriage; and the other lacks the Luxury of a Pen, as loose as his Female Riots to describe them. These were all Monsters of Men, and have no parallels either in old or Modern Histories, till this Time as *Mol Cutpurse* approach'd their Example; for her heroick Impudence hath quite outdone every Romance; never Woman before being like her. No Doubt but *Mol's* Converse with herself, informed her of her Defects, and that she was not made for the Pleasure or Delight of Man, and therefore, since she could not be honoured with him, she would be honoured by him, in that Garb and Manner of Dress which he wore. This she took to from her first Entrance into a competency of Age, and to her dying Day she would not leave it off.

Though she was so ugly in any Dreets, as never to

to be woo'd nor sollicit'd by any Man, yet she never had the *Green-Sickness*, that epidemic Disease of Maidens, after they have once pass'd their Paberty; she never eat Lime, Coals, Oatmeal, Tobacco-pipes, Cinders, or such like Trash; no Sighs, dejected Look, or Melancholly clouded her vigorous Spirits, or repres'd her Jovialry; she was troubled with none of those Longings which poor Maidens are subject to: She had the Power and Strength to command her own Pleasure of any Person who had reasonable Ability of Body; and therefore she need'd not whine for it, as she was able to beat a Fellow to a Compliance, without the unnecessary Trouble of Entreaties.

Now *Moll* thinking what Course of Life she should betake herself to, she got acquainted with some Fortune-tellers of the Town, from whom learning some Smatch and Relish of that Cheat, by their insignificant Schemes, and calculating of Figures, she got a tolerably good Livelihood; but her Income being not equivalent to her Expences, she enter'd herself into the Society of *Divers*, otherwise call'd *File-clyers*, *Cut-purses*, or *Pick-pockets*; which People are a kind of Land Pirates, trading altogether in other Men's *Bottoms*, for no other Merchandise than *Bullion* and ready Coin, and they keep most of the great Fairs and Marts in the World. In this unlawful Way she got a vast deal of Money; but having been very often in *Old Bridewell*, the *Compters*, and *Newgate*, for her irregular Practices, and burnt in the Hand four Times, she left off this petty Sort of Theft, and went on the Highway, committing many great Robberies, but all of 'em on the Round-heads, or Rebels, that fomented the Civil War against King *Charles* the First; against which Villains she had as great an Antipathy as an unhappy Man, that, for counterfeiting a Half-Crown in those rebellious Times, was executed at *Tyburn*, where he said, *That he was adjudge'd to die but for counterfeiting a Half-Crown; but those that usurp'd the whole Crown, and stole away its Revenue, and had counterfeited its Seal, were above Justice, and escap'd unpunish'd.*

A long Time had *Moll Cutpurse* robb'd on the Road; but, at last, robbing General *Fairfax* of 250 *Jacobus's* on *Hounslow-Heath*, shooting him thro' the Arm for opposing her, and killing two Horses on which a couple of his Servants rid, a close Pursuit was made after her by some Parliamentary Officers, quartering in the Town of *Hounslow*, to whom *Fairfax* had sold his Misfortune. Her Horse fail'd her at *Turnham-Green*, where they apprehend'd her, and carried her to *Newgate*. After this, she was condemn'd, but procur'd her Pardon, by giving her Adversary 2000*l.* Now *Moll* being frighten'd by this Disaster, she left off going on the Highway any more, and took a House, within two Doors of the *Globe Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, over-against the Conduit, almost facing *Shoe-Lane* and *Salisbury-Court*, where she dispens'd Justice among the wrangling Tankard-Bearers, by often exchanging their Burden of Water for a Burden of Beer, as far the lighter Carriage, though not so portable.

In her Time Tobacco being grown a great Mode, she was mightily taken with the Pastime of Smoaking, because of its Singularity, and that no Woman ever smoak'd before her, though a great many of her Sex, since, have follow'd her Example.

Moll being quite scar'd from thieving herself, she turn'd *Fence*, that is to say, a Buyer of stolen Goods; by which Occupation she got a great deal of Money. In her House she set up a kind of Brokery, or a distinct Factory for Jewels, Rings, and Watches, which had been pinch'd or stolen any manner of

Way, at never so great a Distance, from any Person. It might properly enough be call'd the *Insurance-Office* for such Merchandise; for the Losers were sure, upon Composition, to recover their Goods again, and the Pirates were sure to have a good Ransom, and the so much in the Gross for Brokage, without any more Danger; the *Hae and Cry* being always directed to her for the Discovery of the Goods, and not the Takers.

Once, a Gentleman that had lost his Watch by the busy Fingers of a Pickpocket, came very anxiously to *Moll*, enquiring if she could help him to it again. She demanded of him the Marks and Signs thereof, with the Time when, and where he lost it, or by what Crowd, or other Accident. He replied, *That coming through Shoe-Lane, there was a Quarrel betwixt two Men; one of which, as he afterwards heard, was a Grafter, whom they had set in Smith-field, having seen him receive the Sum of 200*l.* or thereabouts, in Gold. There was one Bar-Rul, as he was since inform'd, who, observing the Man hold his Hand in his Pocket where his Gold was, just in the middle of a Lane whitherto they dogg'd him, overthrew a Barrel trimming at an Ale-house Door, while one behind the Grafter push'd him over, who, withal, threw down Bar, who was ready for the Fall. Betwixt these two presently arose a Quarrel; the Pickpocket demanded Satisfaction, while his Comrades interposing, after two or three Blows in Favour of the Countryman, who had drawn his Hands out of his Pocket to defend himself, soon drew out his Treasure; and while he was looking on the Scuffle, some of them had lent him a Hand too, and finger'd out his Watch. Moll smill'd at this Adventure and told him, He should hear further of it within a Day or two, at the farthest. When the Gentleman came again, she understood by his Discourse that he would not lose it for twice the Value, because it was given him by a particular Friend; so she squeez'd 20 Guineas out of him before he could obtain his Watch.*

One Night late, *Moll* going Home almost drunk from the *Devil Tavern*, she tumbled over a great black Sow, that was rousing in a Dunghill near the Kennel; but getting up again, in a sad dirty Pickle, she drove her to her House, where finding her full of Pigs, she made her a Drench to latten her Farrowing, and the next Morning she brought her eleven curious Pigs, which *Moll* and her Companions made fat and eat; and then she turn'd the Sow out of Doors, who presently repair'd to her old Master, a Bumpkin at *Islington*, who with Wonder receiv'd her again. Having given her some Grains, he turn'd her out of his Gates, watching what Course she would take, and intending to have Satisfaction for his Pigs wheresoever he should find her to have laid them. The Sow, naturally mindful of her squeaking Brood, went directly to *Moll's* Door, and there kept a lamentable Noise to be admitted: This was Evidence enough for the Fellow, that there his Sow had laid her Belly; when knocking, and having Entrance, he tells *Moll* a Tale of a Sow and her Litter: She replied, he was mad: He swore, he knew his Sow's Meaning by her grunting, and that he would give her Sawce to her Pigs. Goodman *Coxcomb*, quoth *Moll*, come in, and see if this House looks like a Hog-sye; when, going into all the Room, and seeing how neat and clean they were kept, he was convinced that the Litter was not laid there, and went Home cursing his Sow for misinforming him.

To get Money, *Moll* would not stick out to bawd for either Men or Women; inasmuch, that her House became a double Temple for *Priapus* and *Venus*, frequented by Votaries of both Sorts. Those who were generous to her Labour, their Desires were fa-

vourably accommodated, with Expedition; whilst she linger'd with others, laying before them the difficult but certain Attainment of their Wishes, which serv'd as a Spur to the Dulness of their Purfes: For the Lady *Pecunia* and she kept the same Pace, but still in the End she did the Feat. *Moll* having a great Antipathy against the Rump Parliament, she lit on a Fellow very dextrous for imitating People's Hands; with him she communicated her Thoughts, and they concurr'd to forge and counterfeit their Commissioners and Treasurers Hands to the respective Receivers and Collectors Hands, without Delay, to such as he in his counterfeited Orders appointed: So that wheresoever he had Intelligence of any great Sum in the Country, they were sure to forestall the Market. This Cheat lasted for half a Year, till it was found out at *Guild-hall*, and such a politic Course taken, to avoid Cozenage, that no Warrants would pass among themselves. But when the Government was seiz'd and usurp'd by that Arch-Traytor *Oliver Cromwell*, they began this Trade a fresh, it being very easy to imitate his single Sign Manual, as that ambitious Usurper would have it stil'd; by which Means, her Man also drew great Sums of Money out of the Customs and Exeise, nay, out of the *Exchequer* itself, till *Oliver* was forc'd to use a private Mark, to make his Credit authentick among his own Villains.

After 74 Years of Age, *Moll* being grown crazy in her Body, and discontented in Mind, she yielded to the next Distemper that approach'd her, which was the Dropsy; a Disease which had such strange and terrible Symptoms, that she thought she was possess'd, and that the Devil was got within her Doublet. Her Belly, from a wither'd, dry'd, wrinckled Piece of Skin, was grown to the titel, roundest Globe of Flesh, that ever any beauteous young Lady strutted with. However, there was no Blood that was generative in her Womb, but only that destructive of the Grape, which by her Excesses was now turn'd into Water; so that the tympanied Skin thereof sounded like a Conduit-Door. If we anatomize her any farther, we must say her Legs represented a Couple of Mill-posts, and her Head was so wrapp'd with Cloaths, that she look'd like Mother *Shipton*.

It may well be expected, that, considering what a deal of Money she got by her wicked Practices, she might make a Will; but yet, of 5000 *l.* which she had once by her in Gold, she had not above 100 *l.* left her latterly, which she thought too little to give to the Charitable Uses of building Hospitals and Alms-houses. The Money that might have been design'd that Way, as it came from the Devil, so it return'd to the Devil again, in the Rump's *Exchequer* and Treasury at *Haberdashers* and *Goldsmiths-Hall*. Yet, to preserve something of her Memory, and not leave it to the Courtesy of an Executor, she anticipated her Funeral Expences; for it being the Fashion of those Times to give Rings, to the undoing of the *Confectioners*, who liv'd altogether by the Dead and the New-born, she distributed some

that she had by her, among her chief Companions and Friends.

These Rings (like Princes Jewels) were notable ones, and had their particular Names likewise; as the *Bartholomew*, the *Ludgate*, the *Exchange*, and so forth; deriving their Appellations from the Places whence they were stolen: They needed no Admiration of a Death's Head, nor the Motto *Memento mori*; for they were the Wages and Monuments of their thieving Masters and Mistresses, who were interr'd at *Tyburn*; and she hop'd her Friends would wear them, both for her Sake and theirs. In short, she made no Will at all, because she had had it so long before to no better Purpose; and that if she had had her Desert, she should have had an Executioner instead of an Executor.

Out of the 100 Pounds which she had by her, she dispos'd of 30 Pounds to her three Maids which she kept, and charg'd them to occupy it the best Way they could; for that, and some of her Arts in which they had had Time to be expert, would be beyond the Advantage of their Spinning and Reeling, and would be able to keep them in Repair, and promote them to *Weavers*, *Shoe-makers*, and *Tailors*. The rest of her personal Estate, in Money, Moveables, and Household-Goods, she bequeath'd to her Kinsman *Fritb*, a Master of a Ship, dwelling at *Reddiffe* whom she advis'd not to make any Ventures there with, but stay at Home and be drunk, rather than go to Sea, and be drown'd with 'em.

And now, the Time of her Dissolution drawing near, she desir'd to be bury'd with her Breech upwards, that the might be as preposterous in her Death as she had been all along in her infamous Life. When she was dead, she was interr'd in *St. Bridget's Church* yard, having a fair Marble-stone put over her Grave on which was cut the following Epitaph, compos'd by the ingenious Mr. *Milton*, but destroy'd in the great Conflagration of *London*.

*Here lies, under this same Marble,
Dust, for Time's last Sieve to garble;
Dust, to perplex a Sadducee,
Whether it rise a He or She,
Or two in one, a single Pair,
Nature's Sport, and now her Care.
For how she'll cloath it at last Day,
Unless she sighs it all away;
Or where she'll place it, none can tell:
Some middle Place 'twixt Heav'n and Hell——
And well 'tis Purgatory's found,
Else she must hide her under Ground
These Reliques to deserve the Doom,
Of that Cheat Mahomet's fine Tomb;
For no Communion she had,
Nor sort'd with the Good or Bad;
That when the World shall be calcin'd,
And the mix'd Majs of human Kind
Shall separate by that melting Fire,
She'll stand alone, and none come nigh her.
Reader, here she lies till then,
When, truly, you'll see her again.*

THE LIFE of JONATHAN SIMPSON.

WHEN a Man who has had an Opportunity of living not only in Reputation but even in Splendour, all his Days, brings himself to the Gallows, we are apt to look on his Case as more deplorable than that of another Person, though in Reality he is much less to be pitied; because their must be violent Inclinations to Dishonesty, if it seems to be preferr'd of Choice, and where there will be a Rogue in Spite of all that Providence can do to prevent it.

We can't indeed judge the Hearts of Men so far as to say this was positively the Case with *Jonathan Simpson*, because he certainly receiv'd high Provocation from his Wife while he was in Trade; but then to find no other Reason for his turning Highwayman than the Bent of his Mind notwithstanding, such as he had still enough either to have lived quietly on all his Days, or to have gone into again in another Place, after he had shut up shop on his Wife's Account.

It is not to run into a Train of Reflections before we give the Story on which they are built, but to tell the Reader, that *Jonathan Simpson* was the Son of a very wealthy Inhabitant of *Launceston in Cornwall*, and that his Father put him Apprentice to a Linnen-Draper in *Bristol* when he was but fourteen Years of Age. When he had served his Time, which he did with Reputation, the indulgent Father gave him Fifteen Hundred Pounds to let up with in the City where he was free, and where he soon fell into great Business, and got very apace.

Less than a Year after he had kept Shop, he marry'd a Merchant's Daughter of the same Place, who brought him a Fortune of Two Thousand Pounds. This was a great Addition to his Wealth, but the Union proved unhappy, because the young Man was before engaged in Affection to a Gentlewoman less Fortune in the Neighbourhood, whom he rather hinder'd her from having, and with whom he continued a Familiarity that soon displeased her husband.

Jealousy doubtless is the most tormenting Plague that can haunt either Man or Woman, and it frequently drives both to Extravagancies that before they could not have thought of. Possibly in Fact this Passion might be more than any thing the Occasion of *Simpson's* Ruin; but to Appearance it wrought on him in a merry Manner, for it was the Occasion of the following pleasant Adventure.

He formed a Pretence of going into *Cornwall* to visit his Friends, and so took his Leave of his Wife for twelve Days, who as soon as he was gone, receiv'd Gallant Notice, being unwilling to lye so long alone. He was to come in the Evening, and a Couple of Fowls and a Bottle of Wine were got ready for his Reception. *Simpson* staid abroad till the Woodcock was got into his Spring, and

and then he comes to the Door before the Maid, who was privy to her Mistress's Affairs, was gone to Bed. He ran immediately up into the Chamber, and Madam could not conceal her Lover in a great Chest, that stood in the Room, so suddenly but that her Cuckold heard the Lid of it move: However he took no Notice, but told her he was glad she had got something for Supper, and made an Excuse for his returning so soon.

Mrs. *Simpson's* Spark was also marry'd since he had lost his Mistress, and he had made some Pretence of going abroad for some Days, to spend that Time in the Company of one he liked better than his Wife, designing when he was once enter'd to have continued in *Simpson's* House till near the Time of his Return. *Jonathan* found an Errand also to some Relations at the further End of *Bristol*, that must be done that Night, on which he dispatch'd his dear Rib, and sent immediately for the Spouse of her Gallant to come and sup with him in his Chamber on the two Fowls.

While they were at Supper he told his Guest that he had lost his Wife that Evening, and that she had been seen with her Husband. This immediately inflamed her with Jealousy, because she knew of their former Intimacy, so that there was no Difficulty to persuade her to revenge the Affront, which *Simpson* took Care to have done on the very Chest wherein poor *Pill Garlick* was almost stifled. As soon as the Job was over, he lifted up the Lid of the Chest, and cry'd, *Come out Brother Cuckold*; which he did in Confusion enough. The poor Woman was ready to swoon for what she had done when she saw her Husband; but *Simpson* made him swear not only to forgive her, but never to mention the Thing, under Penalty of losing his Ears; and so he turn'd them both home together very well reconciled.

But though this was all he did to his Neighbour, his Revenge on his Wife went yet further; for when she came back from the Place he had sent to, he refused her Admittance; and the next Day sold off his Stock, shut up Shop, and went off with all the Money he could raise, resolved never more to live in *Bristol*.

Such a Crisis as this must be a great Tryal for any Man; but there can be no Excuse sufficient to defend a Person that invades the Property of another. Almost any Man in such a Case would have run into Extravagancies; but none but a Man that was viciously inclined would have turned Highwayman, as *Simpson* now did. He had above Five Thousand Pounds of his own, but his Expences were of a Piece with the rest of his Actions; for at the End of eighteen Months he had not a Penny left of all this large Sum, and of all the Money he had during that Time taken on the Road.

While his Money lasted he play'd with the Law; for

for though he was once or twice discover'd, he made up the Matter, and prevented a Prosecution. The Law is chiefly for poor Rogues, who can neither daub a Plaintiff, hire an Evidence, or corrupt a — or a — G — was hang'd in Queen Anne's Time because he was not Principal in the Fact he suffer'd for, and consequently had less Money than they that escaped. When a Ministry of State is corrupted, there are commonly a great many of your little Officers, who are forced to make a wry Face, before their Masters can be touch'd: Nay, 'tis hardly once in an Age that a Mazarine, a Mortimer, or a Blue-String goes to Pot; and when such a One does come to Justice, 'tis commonly after he has spent all his Money in his own Defence, unless a Felton undertakes to be the Executioner, and so the Job is finished without the Help of the Law. If Charteris had been pistol'd for a private Affront, he might have met with his Desert; but it was not for a Man to be hang'd with so much Money.

No sooner had Simpson wasted all his Substance but he was apprehended and condemn'd at the Old Bailey for a Robbery on the Highway, and he must certainly have swung for it, if some of his rich Relations had not procured him a Reprieve from Above. It came when he was at Tyburn, with the Halter about his Neck, and just ready to be turn'd off in Company with several others. As he was riding back to Newgate behind one of the Sheriff's Officers, the Officer ask'd him, if he thought any thing of a Reprieve, when he came to the Gallows. *No more, said Simpson, than I thought of my Dying-Day. A very pretty Expression at that Time.*

When he was brought to the Prison-Door, the Turnkey refused to receive him, telling the Officer, that as he was sent to be executed, they were discharged of him, and would not have any thing to do with him again, unless there was a fresh Warrant for his Commitment; whereupon Simpson made this Reflection: *What an unhappy cast-off Dog am I! that both Tyburn and Newgate should in one Day refuse to entertain me. Well, I'll mend my Manners for the future, and try whether I can't merit a Reception at them both the next time I am brought hither.* He was as good as his Word; for 'twas believed he committed above forty Robberies in the County of Middlesex within six Weeks after his Discharge.

He was a very good Skater, and made a Practice of robbing People on the Ice between Fulham and Kingston-Bridge, in the great Frost, 1689, which held thirteen Weeks. He used to kick up their Heels, and then search their Pockets.

One Time a Gentleman whom he stopp'd gave

him a fine Silk Purse full of Counters, which took for Gold, and so did not examine them came to his Inn at Night. When he found he outwitted, he made no Words of it, but kept his Booty in his Pocket, looking out frequently for his Benefactor, whom he knew to be often on the Road. At the End of about four Months, he met his Worship again on Bagshot-Heath, when he went up to the Coach, Sir, says he, *I believe you have made a Mistake the last Time I had the Happiness to see you, in giving me these Pieces; I have been troubled since for fear you should have wanted them at Night, and am glad of this Opportunity to return them for my Care. I require you to come this Morning to your Coach and give me your Breeches, may search them at Leisure, and not trust any thing to your Generosity, lest you should mistake.* The Gentleman was obliged to comply by a promise, and Simpson found at Night that the Freight Breeches, was a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuff-Box, a Purse, containing ninety eight Guineas and a half Jacobus's.

Another Time he robb'd the Lord Delamoor at Dunmoor-Heath of three hundred and fifty Guineas, persuading his Lordship first to send away his Attendants on a sham Pretence of two Highways that were just before, and had robb'd him of five hundred Pounds. This Action made his Lordship never to do a good-natured Deed again to a Gentleman.

The Robberies he committed on Drovers, Market-People, &c. were almost innumerable. He stopp'd in one Day nineteen of those People between London and Barnet, and took from them above five hundred Pounds. He even ventured to attack the Duke of Berwick, natural Son to King James the Second, and take from him his Watch, Ring, and Money, amounting in all to a great Value.

This great Malefactor was at last apprehended by Means of two Captains of the Foot-Guards, whom he attempted to rob both together. It was an obstinate Fight between them, and behaved himself with so much Bravery, that the Probability, he had not been taken, if one of the Officers had not shot his Horse under him, that was before that wounded in both his Arms and one of his Legs. Nay even when he was dismounted, defended himself till other Passengers came to his aid, which his Adversaries were scarce to do, they being also both very much hurt. He was sent to Newgate he now found the King much his Friend as to receive him, neither did he burn this Time refuse to bear his Burden. He was hang'd on Wednesday the eighth of September, aged thirty two Years.

The LIFE of MOLL JONES.

MARY JONES was born in *Chantery-Lane*, where her Parents lived in a great deal of Credit. She was brought up to the making Hoods and Scarves at the *New-Exchange* in *Strand*. She married an Apprentice, whom she sed extremely, and whose Extravagancies were ought to be the first Occasion of her taking to a different Course of Life; for as he was not in a Capacity to get any Money himself, she was willing to do any Thing in order to furnish him with whatever he wanted; being fond of having him always appear like a Gentleman. The first Species of thievery she took to, was picking of Pockets.

One Day meeting, near *Rosamond's-Pond*, in *St. James's Park*, with one Mr. Price, a Milliner, keep-Shop in the same Exchange in which she was bred, Moll pretended to ask him some Questions about Mrs. Zouch, a Servant of his, who had murdered her Bastard-Child; whereupon he pull'd out a Trumpet, which he usually carry'd in his Pocket to hold to his Ear, being so very deaf that he could not hear otherwise. Whilst he was earnestly listening to what Moll said to him thro' this Vehicle, she pick'd a Purse out of his Breeches, in which were fifteen Guineas and a Broad Piece. Mr. Price never miss'd it, till he came home, and then where he find her he could not tell.

Shortly after this, she was apprehended for picking a Pocket of one Mr. Jacob Delafay, a Jew, who was Chocolate-maker to King James II. and King William III. and lived over-against *York-Buildings* the *Strand*. For this Fact she was committed to *Newgate*, and burnt in the Hand; which Punishment being her out of conceit with the Trade of *Diving* and *Filing*, she turn'd Shop-lifter, in which she was very successful for three or four Years; at the End of which, privately stealing half a dozen Pair of Silk Stockings from Mr. Wansel, a Hosier in *Exeter-Exchange*, she was detected in her very committing the Theft, by one Smith a Victualler, at the *Rose and Crown* Ale-house over-against the little *Savoy-Gate* in the *Strand*, who was buying a Pair of Stockings there at the same Time. This Smith being a Constable, seized her, and carrying her before Justice Frydal, he committed her to *Newgate*, after which she was burnt in the Hand again.

Once more Moll obtaining her Liberty, she was resolv'd to be reveng'd on Smith the Constable, at whose House she had spent a pretty deal of Money, and discovering her in thieving; therefore knowing this Victualler to be very vain-glorious, as well as covetous, usually boasting of his Friends in the Country, and his Wealth at home, she found thereby that she had some Relations about *Ludlow*, in the Con-ty of *Shropshire* and *Herefordshire*, which gave her Opportunity to put this Trick upon him.

In a Summer Evening, something late, a Rogue of her Acquaintance, booted and spurr'd, with a Purse in his Hand, and covered with Dust, came a-

long the *Strand*, and very solicitously and hastily enquired out for Mr. Smith, and by his Neighbours was informed which was his House. The Fellow follow'd their Direction; yet like an ignorant Countryman that dared not to go one Step without new Directions in the Wood of this great Town, he kept the same gaping Enquiry in his Country Tone, where Mr. Smith dwelt. The People thought the Fellow Mad; but it prepared Mr. Smith, with very great Solemnity, to receive this importunate Visitant. Being come to his Door, he with some earnestness and elevation of Voice, demands which is his House? Smith gravely answer'd beyond the Question, *I am the Master, for want of a better: What would you please to have with me?*

Our Impostor, upon this, tells him, That if he be the Gentleman, he hath some News out of the Country, which most nearly concerns him, having come on purpose to be the first Messenger of such glad Tidings. Pray, Sir, come in, *quoth Smith*, you are very heartily welcome; pray how do all our Friends in the Country? Very well, *quoth the Rogue*, except your Uncle that is dead; who we hope is best of all. A little before his Death, he made his Will, and, Sir, hath made you his Heir, and left you all his personal Estate besides, save a few Legacies. To-Day he is to be bury'd by some of his Kindred; but before I came away, knowing my deceased Master your Uncle's Mind, I took an Inventory of all the Goods, and lock'd up all his Bonds and other Writings, and the Money and Plate, in one of the great Chests, and have brought the Key along with me, which I here present you with.

To have seen the perplexed Looks of this Ale-Draper, which he labour'd to frame to a Countenance of Grief, (but could not for his more prevalent Joys which visibly appear'd) would have made a Man split his Sides with laughing. At length, after a deep Sigh, and a few Ejaculations on the Certainty of Death, he unriddled his Face, and very heartily welcom'd the Fellow, brought him into his Kitchen, and cramm'd his Guts with good Victuals and Drink, commanding his Wife to make him what Cheer she could, since there was no recalling the Dead, though he was a dear Uncle, and the very best of Friends.

During this Preparation, the Fellow stands at some Distance, plucks off his Hat, and so keeps it, and much ado there was to persuade him to be cover'd; then he desired his new Master's Favour, that he might continue the Bailiff and Steward of his Lands; to which Smith readily assented, fore-praising his Honesty and Faithfulness. After Supper, they resum'd the Discourse, with which Smith was much delighted. Then they began to consider of their Journey, the Expedition whereof this Fellow very much urged in Regard of those poor Kindred of his Uncle's, who, no doubt, would make

Havock of those Goods which were left about the House, and perchance might venture upon the Locks, and seize the rest; whereupon all Haste was used to begin the Journey; but *Smith* would not disgrace himself among his Kindred, and therefore would stay till he had provided himself and his Wife with new Mourning Cloaths, and Things suitable to his new Fortunes, with a black Suit and Cloak for the Man, who was to attend them into the Country, and bring them to this Inheritance.

When these were ready, they set forward, the Victualler having discharged his Man's Horse-Hire, and other Expences, besides Diet and Lodging, during his Stay in *London*. Upon the Road he was very officiously waited upon by this new Servant the first four Days Journey, lodging the last Night, as this Impostor said, within ten Miles of the Place whither they were to go: But early in the Morning up gets the Spark, saddles his Horse with the Portmanteau and his Mourning in it, and away he gallops by another Road, leaving his Master to find out the *Utopia* of his great Windfall; who arising, and missing his Guide and Servant, that was lost beyond all Enquiry, began to suspect the Cheat; yet Covetousness prevailing against Reason, he resolv'd to pursue the Adventure; and having the Town in Mind, which he was inform'd was no farther than ten Miles off, he rode thither, where he could hear of no such Man, nor no such Matter.

Vex'd, and yet ashamed to enquire any farther, or to make a Discovery of his own Folly, poor *Nick*

and *Frotb* and his Doxy turn'd their Horses Head, and sorrowfully departed, cursing the Hour they ever saw this cheating Rogue; and to add to their Misfortunes, their Money was drawn very low, so that they were forced to make long Journeys and short Meals in their Way homewards, and at last to keep themselves, were fain to part with their Horses at *St. Alban's*, whom their hard Travel and harder Feeding had brought down to a Third of Price they cost them in *London*. After this on Friday weary'd and wasted with Vexation, they arrived at *London*, and in the Evening crept into their House to avoid the Laughter of their Neighbours, among whom, before their setting out, they had nois'd their sudden Wealth; the Defeat was of at length coming to their Knowledge, and was poor Man so flouted and jeer'd as he was many Years after.

But *Moll* did not very long outlive this Piece of Revenge; for still following the Art and Mystery of Shoplifting, she was apprehended for privily stealing a Piece of Sattin out of a Mercer's Shop on *Ludgate Hill*, whither she went in a very splendid Equipage, and personated the late Dutchess of *folk*, to avoid Suspicion of her Dishonesty; but graceless Grace being sent to *Newgate*, and condemn'd for her Life at the *Old Bailey*, she hang'd at *Tyburn* in the Twenty fifth Year of Age, on Friday the Eighteenth Day of December in the Year 1691.

The LIFE of TOM TAYLOR.

At the same Time with *Moll Jones* was executed *Tom Taylor*, a Parson's Son, born at *Colechester* in *Essex*; who accustoming himself to Gaming from twelve Years of Age, was so addicted to Idleness, that he would not be brought up to any honest Employment. Fathermore, rejecting the good Counsel of his Parents, and joining himself to bad Company, he soon got into a Gang of Pickpockets, with whom he often went out to learn their evil Profession, and find the ready Way to the Gallows. Going once, with three or four of these Diving Sparks, to *Guildford*, a Market Town in *Surrey*, where there was next Day a Fair to be kept, fearing to be discover'd in that Concourse of so many People, they resolv'd to do their Business that very Evening, when the People were very busy in fitting-up their Stalls, and some little Trading was stirring besides. Their first Consultation was how to draw the Folks together to make one Jobb of it, which was agreed on in this Manner. *Tom Taylor* pretended to be an ignorant Clown, got his Head into the Pillory, which was elevated near the Market-House, as if he had only a Mind to be laughed at. The Noise thereof causing the whole Town to run together to see this Spectacle, his Companions so ply'd their Work, while the People gaz'd, laugh'd, and star'd, that they left but few of them any Money in their Pockets. Nay, the very Keeper of the Pillory, who was as well pleas'd at this

curious Sight as any Body, was serv'd in the same Manner with the rest.

Tom seeing the Work was done, and having the Sign given him that his Comrades were departed, came down from his Wooden Machine; where the Company dispers'd themselves. A little while after, some of them clapping their Hands into their Pockets, they cry'd out with one Voice, that their Pockets were pick'd, while in the Confusion they slunk away to his Companions, who were out of the Reach of Apprehension.

At last, *Taylor* being pretty expert at picking Pockets, he set up for himself; and one Day going to the Playhouse in *Drury-Lane*, very well dressed, he seated himself by a Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he pick'd of about forty Guineas, and was clean off. This good Success tempted *Tom* to go thither the next Day, in a different Suit of Cloaths, when perceiving the same Gentleman in the Pit, whose Pocket he had pick'd but the Day before, he takes his Seat by him again. The Gentleman was so sharp, as to know his Face again, for all the Change of Apparel, though he seem'd to take no Notice of him; whereupon putting a great Quantity of Guineas into the Pocket next *Tom*, it was not long before he fell to diving for them. The Gentleman had few'd Fishing Hooks all round the Mouth of that Pocket, and our Gudgeon venturing too deep, by unconscionably plunging down to the very

in, his Hand was caught, and held so fast, that he could no manner of Way disentangle it.

Tom angled up and down in the Pocket for near a Quarter of an Hour, the Gentleman all the While seeing his struggling to get his Hand out, took no Notice, till at last Tom very conteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Sir, by a Mistake, I have somewhat put my Hand into your Pocket, instead of my own.* The Gentleman, without making any Noise, rose and went to the *Rose Tavern*, at the Corner of *Ridgely-street*, and Tom along with him, with his Hand in his Pocket, where it remain'd till he had paid for some of his Cronies, who paid down eighty Guineas to get the Gudgeon out of this dry pond.

However, the Gentleman being not altogether contented with this double Satisfaction for his Loss, most unmercifully caned him; and then turning him over to the Mob, they as unmercifully pump'd him, and duck'd him in a Horse-Pond, and after that cruelly us'd him, that they broke one of his Legs and an Arm.

Tom meeting with such bad Usage in his first setting up for himself, he was so much out of Conceit with the Trade of picking Pockets, that he left it quite off, and follow'd House-breaking; in which kind of Villany he was so notorious, that he had committed above sixty Felonies and Burglaries only in the County of *Middlesex*, in less than fourteen Months. He reign'd eight Years in his Crimes; but at length taking a Barn on Fire betwixt *Brentford* and *Austirly*, a little Village lying about a Mile North from that town, while the Servants came from the Dwelling house to quench it, he ran up into a Chamber, pretending to help to preserve the Goods, but ran away with a Trunk, in which was a great deal of Plate, and an Hundred and forty Pounds in Money. He was apprehended before he got to *Hamersmith*, where being carry'd before a Magistrate,

he was committed to *Newgate* and receiving Sentence of Death at the *Old Bailey*; when about Twenty nine Years of Age: He was hang'd at *Tyburn* on Friday the eighteenth Day of December, in the Year 1691, as before mention'd. Where he said he had been addicted to Swearing, Drunkenness, Whoredom, all all other Sins whatever, excepting Murder.

On the same Day, besides these Two, suffer'd, 1. One *William Horsey*, for the horrid Murder of two Men, one of which was his particular Friend; 2. *William Smith*, a Vintner, for Felony; 3. *Mary Motte*, for the barbarous Murder of her Male Bastard Child, by putting it up in a Basket, and exposing it in a Gutter, till'd it was starv'd; 4. *John Barret*, a Furrier's Son, who was put Apprentice to a Clothier, but serving only four Years of his Time, and getting into bad Company, he committed a Burglary, which brought him to this shameful Death: 5. *William Good*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Hackney Fields* of a Silver-hilted Sword, a Gold Watch, and twenty eight Guineas; 6. *Richard Johnson*, for committing several most notorious Robberies in and about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and other Places in the County of *Middlesex*; 7. *Anne Miller*, for Felony and Burglary; 8. and 9. *Edward Booth*, and *Humphrey Malice*, the last of whom was a Gardener at *Westminster*, for robbing a Gentleman in *Chelsea-Fields* of a Silver Sauff Box, a Gold Watch, a Periwig, a Beaver-Hat, a Pair of Stone Buckles set in Silver, and Twenty four Shillings in Money. 10. A Glazier living in *Exeter-street*, for committing several notorious Robberies on the Highway, to the great Astonishment of all his Neighbours, among whom he seem'd to carry a very civil and honest Correspondence, and devoutly exclaim'd against all Manner of Vice; but as the old Proverb is, *The still Sow drinks all the Draughts.*

The LIFE of JACK WITHRINGTON.

THIS Fellow was the youngest of five Brothers, who were all born at *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*. The other four were all hang'd in the Country, for which Reason they must remain Obscurity; but Jack had the good Fortune to be serv'd for *Tyburn*, and by that Means to have his Name transmitted to Posterity. He was bound to a Tanner in *Shaftsbury*, a Town in his native Country, with whom he served about three Years: For being of an aspiring Mind, and thinking himself above any mechanical Drudgery, he scorn'd to be confin'd any longer, and like many Others, whom we have mentioned, chose rather to expose himself to the rude World, than receive a Maintenance for seven Years as the Reward of his Fidelity.

After his Elopement, he enter'd into the Earl of *Oxford's* Regiment of Horse, in which when *Monmouth's* Rebellion was suppress'd in the West of *England*, he came up to *London*, where he soon met

with Opportunities of discovering his Valour to the World. These Occasions were two Quarrels in which he was engaged: The first with a Man famous for Fighting, against whom he behav'd with so much Bravery and Skill, that it won him a vast Reputation: The second with a Person of great Estate, but a noted Coward, when he shew'd himself a Gentleman by his Adherence to the Point of Honour and good Breeding. It must be confess'd, that to a Thinking Man, a Character founded upon such Excellencies as these must appear ridiculous; but as 'tis quite otherwise with Respect to the fashionable Part of Mankind, we need not wonder that *Withrington* by these Duels won abundance of Applause, so as thereby to contract a Familiarity with all the greatest Fighting Men of the Time, especially those in his own Regiment, and, what is the Consequence of the other, with all the noted Ladies of Pleasure, who, though in other Cases they are altogether mercenary,

cenary, think themselves obliged to be kind to Men of Bravery, there still subsisting a Sort of *Quixotism* among those People.

Withrington however carry'd his Manhood so far, as to get himself turn'd out of the Regiment within a Year after, for challenging his Captain. He then became a perfect Bully and Gamester; and, being fortunate, in a little Time by these Means saw himself Master of a considerable Sum of Money. Notwithstanding all this good Luck at first, he found himself afterwards subject to the Fate of Gamesters, viz. to be frequently without Money in Spite of his large Winnings.

This brought him at last to consider the Uncertainty of Fortune, and endeavour to make himself Master of her, by supplying with Fraud, what he might want in plain open Skill. But this neither did not continue long; for every one began to be aware of him, as of a common Sharper, and none that knew him would venture to play with him.

In the common Scale of Knavery, the next Step above a Sharper is a downright Thief. *Withrington* made bold to ascend this Degree, and was resolv'd to take the most honourable Station thereon, that of a Highwayman. He had Money enough to buy him a good Horse, and Accoutrements, so that the Resolution and the real Attempt were not long asunder. His first Adventure was with a Farmer, from whom he took Forty Pounds, giving him in Return only the following Harangue, occasion'd by the Countryman's reproaching him with the Robbery.

And prithee Friend, says he, who is there now a-days that does not rob? The Taylor steals by cutting out the Cloth double for his Customer's Breeches; the Surgeon by prolonging a Cure; the Apothecary by his quid pro quo, without any Regard to the Constitution of his Patient; the Merchant by his Change-Alley Outcries, which enable him to raise and fall the Stocks at his Pleasure: The Notary Publick gets a whole Lordship at once, once by an &c. The — robs us by imposing on our Credulity; the Lawyer by every thing he does. In a Word, the Grocer uses false Weights; the Vintner adulterates his Wine; the Butcher blows up his Meat; the Victualler draws in short Measures; the Cook roasts his Meat twice; and, to sum up all, the Bakers, and you Farmers, giving him a Stroke across the Shoulders with his Whip, you cheat us by mutually complaining against one another, and raising the Price of Bread in a Time of Plenty. Now I profess Travelling; and why should not I have the Liberty to do in my Way of Trade as all others do in theirs, by stopping now and then a Man on the Road, and taking what he has.

We may suppose the Farmer was not much edify'd by this Discourse, because he gave the Orator no Thanks, and seem'd willing to get away as soon as he could.

The next that fell in *Withrington's* Way, whom we have an Account of, was Mr. Edward Clark, Gentleman Usher to the Dutchess of Mazarine. They met in *Devonshire*, in the Road between *Cbudleigh* and *Ajbburton*. Mr. Clark made some Resistance, so that in the Scuffle *Withrington's* Masque fell off, and discover'd his Face, which Mr. Clark knowing, he called him by his Name, and said he hoped he would not rob an old Acquaintance. *Indeed I shall, Sir, quoth Withrington, for you get your Money much easier than I do, who am forced to venture my Life for a Maintenance; you have so much a Year for eating, drinking, and entertaining your Lady with Scandal and Nonsense. What I shall take from you will do you little Harm; 'tis only putting a higher Price upon half a score Reputations, which you know*

how to do as well as any Coxcomb in England. Lo dies never let such faithful Servants go unrewarded; nor will yours suffer your Loss to fall on yourself. He got about eight Guineas out of this Gentleman's Pocket, and for old Acquaintance Sake bid him *Good-bye* very heartily.

Withrington's Robberies in less than a Year and half were talk'd of almost all over the Kingdom. But alas! he met with a Diversion, common to many kind, that draws even the most stupid into the Ran of polite Persons. The poor Man was in Love and with whom but a rich Widow Innkeeper in *Bristol*? Farewel to the Highway; *Withrington* has another Scent to pursue. No more Robberies to be thought of from a Man who was himself robb'd of his Heart! He employ'd an old Bawd in the Affair who was intimately acquainted with our Hostess, and by this Flesh Broker's Mediation Things had like to have come to an Issue, and *Jack* to have been Master of the *Swan-lun*. In short, there was nothing prevented it but the accidental coming of a certain Gentleman, who knew our Highwayman, and inform'd his Mistress what he was. The Effects of this Discovery were *Jack's* being kick'd out of Doors by the Hostler and Chamberlain, and the Commitment of Madam the Negociatress to *Bridewell*, in order to mill Dolly.

Withrington carry'd it off as well as he could though all his Acquaintance perceiv'd he was actually in Love. He absolutely deny'd it. *Why did you not rob your Landlady according to Custom* said they. *Because,* said he, *I chose rather to suffer of Herself and of all she had at once, than to rob Things by Halves: Curse on my Stars, that I have not succeeded.* He would then pretend that *William* shot him,

— He took his Stand
Upon the Widow's Jointure-Land;

and that 'twas not the Woman but her Wealth that he was in Love with. However for some Time there was as much Alteration in his Behaviour, as *Dryden* has described in that of *Cymon*, when he became enamour'd of *Iphigenia*; before which that excellent Poet gives us this Picture of him.

*A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes that ever low'd the Ground.
His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight a Country Fair.
His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back:
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of Thought.*

But when he had beheld the fair One that captivated his Soul, then

*Love, studious how to please, improv'd his Parts;
With polish'd Manners, and adorn'd with Arts;
Awak'd the sleepy Vigor of his Soul;
And brushing o'er, gave Motion to the Pool;
To liberal Arts inclin'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soft'n'd the fierce, and made the Coward bold.*

It was just the same Thing with *Withrington*, as Regard to his Morals; for he had even a Mind to turn honest, and never offend against the Laws of Hospitality and mutual Forbearance again while he liv'd: But pinching Want, and a Prospect of nothing but Misery, ruin'd these good Beginnings, and turn'd the whole Stream of his Mind back into the former Channel.

channel, from whence it never afterwards was directed.

After his Return to the Highway, he, and one of his Companions, met with Mr. *Thompson*, a notedaylor, in a Part of *Hertfordshire* that was convenient for robbing. They took from him about 30 pounds in Silver, and then dismounting him, they order'd him to stay where he was till they brought more Company. As soon as they were gone from him, he remounted his Horse, and attempted to ride off as fast as he could. But our Highwaymen perceiving what he was at, having the best of horses, they fetch'd him back, and mistrusting he had more Money, by his being in so much haste, they search'd him afresh, he protesting all the while, that he had not so much as a Farthing left if it were to save his Soul. In a literal Sense he might be right; but they made a shift to find Forty Guineas, which they thought better than Farthings. *Withrington* upon this exclaim'd, *That 'twas a sad Thing at one Christian could not believe another!* They then shot his Horse, to put a Stop to his Speed, and so rode away and left him.

In Conjunction with the same Accomplice, he oppos'd a Gentleman and his Wife both on one Horse, betwixt *St. Alban's* and *Dunstable*. They very humbly crav'd Benevolence, which not being readily granted, they shot the Horse, and swore, *that if they could have no Money, they would have the Woman.* This they perform'd by taking Madam aside into an adjacent Coppice, and each of them taking his Pleasure with her, while the other stood sentinel over the Husband. When they had done, they rid'd the Gentleman of eleven Guineas, telling him, *That was no more than their just Wages, for performing his Drudgery, and they would be paid for what they had done.*

The last Robbery *Withrington* committed was against a Nobleman on *Hounslow-Heath* attended by two Footmen. There was a short Dispute; but *Withrington* having the best of it, he took a Portmanteau, in which was Two Hundred and Eighty Guineas, Sixty Pounds in Silver, and a Parcel of fine Linnen. A Hue and Cry was soon issued out after him, and he was apprehended by Means of it at *Malmesbury* in *Wiltshire*, from whence he was remov'd to *London*, where he was condemn'd for his Fact.

The Sentence of Death seem'd to have no Effect on his Temper, for he was as gay and humorous under that Circumstance as ever he had been before. When he was riding up *Holborn Hill*, he order'd

the Cart to stop; and calling up the Sheriff's Deputy, Sir, said he, *I owe a small Matter at the Three Cups, a little further, for which I am afraid of being arrested as I go by the Door; therefore I shall be much obliged to you, if you will be pleased to carry me down Shoe-Lane, and bring me up Drury-Lane again into the Road by which I am to travel this devilish long Journey.* The Deputy inform'd him, that if such a Mischance should happen, he should come to no Damage; for, says he, *I'll be Bail for you myself, rather than you shall go back to Prison again.* Thank you heartily, Sir, quoth Jack, *I protest, I could not have thought that I had a Friend in the World, who would have stood by me so in such a Time of Need.* After this he rode very contentedly to the Place of Execution, where he was tuck'd up with as little Ceremony as usual. This fatal Day was *Wednesday* the first of *April*, in the Year 1691.

The Night before his Execution, he writ the following short Letter to a Friend in *Dorsetshire*.

Dear Tom,

As I very much question whether or no you may see any News-Papers in the Place where you live, I think it highly necessary to send you Word by Letter, that I am to be hang'd to-morrow; otherwise you may lose your old Correspondent, and never know the Reason of it. I don't believe you'll be much surpris'd at these Tidings, because you have often told me 'twas what I must come to; as to my own Part, I have a thousand times confessed, that I expected it.

But I send you this as a Secret, and as to my Friend and Confident; for though 'tis my Fate to be taken out of the World in good Health, there's no Need for all the Country to know it. No, no, Tom, prithee take Care of my Reputation when I am gone, and don't let me be abus'd by Slanderers; for as big a Rogue as I have been, I believe there are some bigger, who have nevertheless left good Names behind them; and what need a Man wish for more?

I am apt to think they'll be so ill-natur'd in the other World, as never to let me send to thee from thence, because we have never had a Line from any one of my Brothers. But if a Body can't do a Thing, one can't. I don't know what to say more, unless it be, that I should be very glad if I was along with you in *Dorsetshire*.

Yours, &c.

J. Withrington.

The LIFE of TOM COX.

THOMAS COX was born at *Blandford* in *Dorsetshire*. He was the youngest Son of a Gentleman, so that having but a small Patrimony, he soon consumed it in riotous Living. Upon the Decay of his Fortune he came up to *London*, where he fell in with a Gang of Highwaymen, and easily comply'd with their Measures, in order to support himself in his dissolute Course of Life. He was three Times try'd for his Life, before the last fatal Tryal; and had, after all these Imputations, a Prospect once more of making himself a Gentleman, so indulgent was Providence to him. A young Lady fell in Love with him at *Worcester*, he being a very handsome Man, and she went so far as to communicate her Passion, and almost make him a direct Offer of herself and Fifteen Hundred Pounds. Cox marry'd her; but, instead of settling himself in the World, and improving her Fortune, he spent it all in less than two Years, broke the poor Gentlewoman's Heart with his ill Usage, and then took to his old Courses again.

The Robberies he committed after this were almost innumerable: We shall briefly mention a few, without dwelling on Particulars that are not material. One Day he met with *Killigrew*, who had been Jester to King *Charles* the Second, and order'd him to deliver. *Are you in Earnest, Friend?* said the Buffoon. *Tom* reply'd, *Yes, by G—d am I! for though you live by jesting, I can't.* *Killigrew* found he spoke Truth; for so well as he lov'd jesting, he could not conceive that to be a Jest which cost him Twenty-five Guineas; for so much *Tom* took from him.

Another Time he robb'd Mr. *Hitchcock*, an Attorney of *New-Inn*, of Three Hundred and fifty Guineas, on the Road between *Midhurst* and *Tetworth* in the County of *Suffex*, giving him in Return a Lesson on the Corruption of his Practice, and throwing him a single Guinea to bear his Charges. Mr. *Hitchcock* was a little surprized at the Highwayman's Generosity, but more at his Morality, imagining the World must needs be near its End, when the Devil undertook to reform it.

Mrs. *Box*, an infamous Bawd, living in *Fountain-Court*, in the *Strand*, was another that fell into his Hands. She had been at *Litchfield* to receive Fifty Pounds, which was left her as a Legacy by a Sister. Cox made bold to ease her of her Burden, and give her a great many hard Words into the Bargain. He told her of the Vileness of her Profession, and that 'twas pure Envy made a Bawd. For, says he, when you have lost all your own Teeth, and are grown as ugly as Imagination can figure, you decoy young Women, and make them subservient to your Pleasure, that you may hurry them by Diseases into your own Condition. The old Haradan, being used to Scurrility, return'd his Compliments with others of the same Kind, which provoked Cox so far, that he made her come out of the Coach, where she was

alone, and pull off her Mousing-Clothes, telling her, That when she came home, she would have much more Reason to buy Mourning than at the Death of her Sister; because by her Departure from the World she had got something, but by this Adventure she had lost it all again.

Tom Cox was as great a Libertine in his Sentiments as he was in his Practice, for he profess'd Belief that the *Summum Bonum* of Man consisted in sensual Pleasures, as *Epicurus* is said to have thought formerly, whose Disciple he called himself. 'Tis a common Thing to call Persons *Epicureans* that fall into these Notions, and I don't know whether in the Work of this Nature it may be worth while to protest that the Word is falsely apply'd; since the Ideas of all that we are to regard. However, 'tis Pity *Epicurus*, who was certainly a very good, as well as a very wise Man, should suffer in the Opinions of those who may not have Opportunity to inform themselves. Let *Epicurean* signify what it will, they are no Imitators of *Epicurus* who are not Lovers of Virtue, and who do not place their supreme Happiness in the most exalted Pleasures of the Mind, as that great Philosopher certainly did.

Our Offender was at last apprehended for a Robbery on the Highway, committed near *Chard* in *Somersetshire*: But he had not been long confined in *Ilchester* Jail, before he found an Opportunity of escaping. He broke out of his Ward into the Keeper's Apartment, who, as good Luck would have had been drunk over Night, and was now in a profound Sleep. 'Twas a Moonlight Night, and he could see a Silver-Tankard on the Table in the Room, which he secured, and then let himself out with Authority into the Street, by the Help of the Keeper leaving the Doors all unlock'd as he pass'd. The Tankard he had stole was worth Ten Pounds; and besides that he got into a Stable just by, and took a good Horse, with proper Furniture, to carry him off. This he look'd upon as one of his fortunate Nights, to get his Liberty, and a good Booty in the Bargain.

'Tis reported of *Tom Cox*, that he more than once robb'd Persons of his own Trade. Indeed there is an old Proverb, that *two of a Trade can't agree*; but it must certainly be a very dangerous Thing for Highwaymen to make so bold one with another, because every one of them is so much exposed to the Revenge of the rest; and as Cox sometimes robb'd in Company, it discovers that he was not an unfociable Thief.

One Time in particular he had Accomplish'd when he formed a Project of robbing a Nobleman well attended, who was travelling the Kingdom. *Tom* associat'd himself with this Nobleman on the Road, and talk'd to him as they pass'd along of the Adventures he had met with, in such an agreeable Manner as gave a great deal of Pleasure. They he not rid many Miles together, before two of *Tom*'s Companions

Companions came up and bid them stand; but immediately fled upon Tom's pulling out a Pistol, and making a little Bluster. The Nobleman attributed his Delivery to the Generosity and Bravery of this new Companion, putting still more Confidence in him, and desiring his Company as long as possible. They were to stay a whole Day at the next great Town, in order to take a Ride round the Country, and see what was to be seen, according to the Custom which this noble Friend of Tom's had practised all the Way. In the Morning the Saddle Horses were not ready, and our two Fellow-Travelers set out on the Tour of the Day, the Person of Quality refusing to take a Footman with him as usual, that he might the more freely converse with his new Acquaintance.

We shall not trouble the Reader with what they saw on the Way, and how much they were pleased, because that is little to our Story. About Noon they came to a convenient Place, when Cox suddenly drew off the Masque, and commanded his Companion to deliver his Money. *Why ay, such a thing might be done here, for 'tis a devilish lonesome Country; but I can fear no Danger while you are with me; you, whose Courage I have so lately experienced,* says the Nobleman, not imagining but Cox had been all this Time mimicking the Adventure of the preceding Day, *Such a thing might be done? Why, in the Name of Satan, I hope you don't think I have let you Company all this Time to play with you at all; if you do, Sir, let me tell you, you are damnably mistaken.* With that he pull'd out a Pistol, and presented to his Breast, swearing and curling like a madman, till he had given sufficient Proof that he was in Earnest. Fill'd with Astonishment and Confusion, our Nobleman deliver'd a Diamond Ring, a Gold Watch, and near an Hundred Guineas in Money, staring all the while in Tom's Face with as much sadness as a Picture. To prevent a sudden Pursuit, Tom then dismounted his Companion, bound

him Hand and Foot, and kill'd his Horse, according to the Custom of experienc'd Highwayman; taking his Leave with a Sneer and *Good b' w' ye, Fellow-traveller, till I meet you again.*

After this Tom Cox committed two other Robberies that were known. One of them was on a Grafter, who had been at *Smithfield* and receiv'd about Three Hundred Pounds for Cattle, a great Part of which was in Silver, and consequently made it pretty bulky. When he had got the Money he fell to caning the poor Sufferer in an unmerciful Manner; who desired to know the Reason of such Usage after he had taken all. *Sirrah, says Tom, 'tis for loading my Horse at this Rate; that you may remember another Time to get your Money charged into Gold before you come out of Town; for who the Plague must be your Porter!* We may reasonably suppose the Grafter chose rather to pay for the Return of his Money for the future, than carry so much about him.

Tom's last Robbery was on a Farmer, from whom he took about Twenty Pounds. It was not above a Week after the Fact before the said Farmer came to London about Business, and saw Tom come out of his Lodgings in *Essex Street* in the Strand; where upon crying out *stop Thief*, he was immediately apprehended in *St. Clement's Church-Yard*, and committed by a neighbouring Magistrate to *Newgate*, where he lived till the Sessions in an extravagant Manner, being very full of Money. Receiving Sentence of Death on the Farmer's Deposition at *Justice-Hall*, on *Wednesday* the third Day of *June*, 1691, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, in the Twenty sixth Year of his Age. He was so resolute to the last, that when Mr. *Smith* the Ordinary ask'd him a few Moments before he was turn'd off, whether he would join with his Fellow Sufferers in Prayer? *D—n you, No*; says he, and kick'd both Ordinary and Executioner out of the Cart.

The LIFE of SIMON FLETCHER.

THIS Offender was a Son of a Baker in *Refectory-Lane*, to which Trade he serv'd about four Years with his Father; but happening several times to fall into bad Company, and being of a vicious Inclination, he was prevailed on, without much Difficulty, to run away from his Service, and enter with a Gang of Thieves. The chief Sort of Thieving at that Time was cutting off People's Purse or Pockets, which was in Use long before the modern and more dextrous Practice of picking out the Money, and leaving the Case behind. The latter, however, must be allow'd to be only an Improvement of the former, and therefore the Performances of any of our Pick-Pockets cannot be said to derogate from the Merit of those Gentlemen of the last Age; for the Inventors of these Sciences have generally been look'd upon to

deserve a greater Share of Praise than they that have brought those Sciences to Perfection, because 'tis much easier to refine upon the Thought of another Person, than to start any new Thought of our own.

Simon Fletcher was look'd upon to be the greatest Artist of his Age by all his Contemporaries of the same Trade; which is the Reason of our Introducing him into this Place. There are some particular Stories of his Performances in this Kind, which might be here inserted, if they did not seem to be rather Inventions than Realities, for which Reason we think it proper to omit them. He was not less knowing in all the other Parts of Roguery that were then in Practice, and 'tis affirmed, that he was constituted Captain of all the Thieves in and about London, by general Consent. All that we know more of him is, that

that he was at last taken, committed to *Nerugate*, and hang'd at *Tyburn*. His Exit was in 1692, when he was about fifty three Years of Age.

Having mention'd his *cutting of Purfes*, and being made *Captain* of the Thieves, no Place can be properer than this to give some Account of those Words; we mean, to inform the Reader how *cutting of Purfes* was perform'd, and what was the Office and Authority of a *Captain of the Thieves*.

The Women of those Times wore their Pockets more expos'd than they do at present, and 'twas very common for the Men to carry their Money in a Purse or Bag ty'd about their Middle, almost in the same manner as the Women now tie their Pockets, or as some publick Officers carry their Purfes to this Day on solemn Occasions; the Use of Fobs and Breeches Pockets not being then introduc'd, the Reason of their Invention being perhaps only to prevent the Rogueries that were then committed. Now the Art of these Fellows consisted in cutting off those Purfes so as not to be perceiv'd; for which Purpose they haunted Fairs, Markets, Churches, and other publick Places, that so they might take Advantage of the Throng. He who perform'd the Operation, had always another standing near him, to whom he immediately gave the Purse, and whose Business it was to make off as fast as he could, while the other staid to brazen it out, if he were suspected, clear himself, and prove his Accuser a Liar.

A Captain of Thieves is a Sort of absolute Lord over all those that put themselves in Subjection to him. He has the Privilege to examine all Novices that are just enter'd, put them to Tryals of their Skill, ask them Questions relating to their Calling; and, finally, to assign them such Provinces in the Commonwealth of Thieves as he thinks most suitable to their Genius, to which they are obliged to keep

upon Forfeiture of their Honour. He has always Reserve of the most experienc'd and active Fellow whom he sends upon any sudden and difficult Enterprizes, and who are always to be near the Person. No Man in the Fraternity must forget his Point of Duty, or exceed the Bounds of his Commission, by meddling with another Man's Charge, or attempting Things which he has been told are above his Capacity. The usual Time of Probation is about three Months, during which the young Initiate is constantly at his Exercise before the Captain, a Trooper's Horse that is not broke is at the Riding School. He must scale a Wall, snatch off a Perriwig, steal a Watch, and do a hundred Things of the Kind.

When his Abilities have been sufficiently proved, and the Captain has pronounc'd what he is fit for, he is constantly to wait upon his Honour once a Week, and give an Account of his Actions. At the same Time he is to pay a Dividend out of what he has gotten towards the Captain's Maintenance, who reprehends, or praises him, according as his Diligence or Vigilance have deserv'd, and appoints a Station for the ensuing Week. An Oath drawn up in the most sacred Terms is exacted of every Member for the Security of the Society.

There are Punishments assign'd for those who offend in any of the abovemention'd Particulars: The first Time, 'tis said, they are abridg'd of Part of what they have taken; the second Time of a whole Week's Benefit, and so on to a Deprivation sometimes of a year or six Months. But the most disgraceful Penance to be made a Spy or Follower to the rest for a certain Time. These Punishments have their desir'd Effect, and the whole Fraternity is kept in Order, better if any Member were troublesome, the Captain would deliver him up to the common Law, and see him fairly hang'd.

The LIFE of PATRICK FLEMMING.

PATRICK FLEMMING was a Native of Ireland, and born at *Athlone*, which is remarkably situated in the Counties of *East* and *West Meath*, as well as in the Provinces of *Leinster* and *Connaught*. His Parents rented a Potato-Garden of about 15 s. per Annum, upon the Produce of which, and the Increase of their Geese, Hens, Pigs, &c. they wholly depended for the Subsistence of themselves and nine Children. They, and their whole Family of Swine, Poultry, and Progeny, all took up their Lodging at Night not only under the same Roof, but in the same Room; according to the Practice of Abundance of their Country-People, who build only for Necessity, without any Idea of what we call Beauty and Order. One may guess from the Circumstances of the Father, that the Son had small Share of liberal Education, tho' he had the most Claim to it of any one of the Children, as he was the eldest: But what he wanted in Acquirements was made up with Impudence, a Quality which in most

ignorant People happily fills up their Void of Knowledge.

When he was about thirteen Years of Age, the Countess of *Kildare* took him into her Service in the Capacity of Footboy; and finding him so utterly destitute of Learning, she was so indulgent as to send him to School: But instead of being grateful to her Ladyship in improving his Time to the best Advantage, he was entirely negligent, and discover'd no Inclination to his Book. Her Lady admonish'd him frequently, but to no Purpose; for he grew naturally careless but insolent, till at last, being found incorrigible, he was discharged from the Family.

It was not long, however, before he was so fortunate as to get to be a Domestick of the Earl of *Trim's*; but here his Behaviour was worse than before. He was a Scandal to the whole Family for the little Wit he had was altogether turned on mischief: His Lord bore it a pretty while, notwithstanding the repeated Complaints of his Fellow-
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vants, and took no Notice so long as he could avoid it; but at last this Nobleman also was obliged to turn him out of Doors; and this was the Occasion. The Earl of *Antrim* was a *Roman Catholic*, and kept a Priest in the House, as his Chaplain and Confessor, to whom every one of the Servants was requir'd to pay great Respect. *Patrick* on Account of his Disorderliness was often reprov'd by this Gentleman, and he receiv'd it very well till one Day he happen'd to find the holy Father asleep in some private part of the House, in a very indecent Posture; whereupon he went and got all the Family to that place, and shew'd them what he had discover'd as a revenge upon the Parson, who at that Instant awak'd. With Respect to the Servants this had the desired Effect, and expos'd the Priest to Ridicule: at the Earl, when he heard it, took the Part of his Chaplain, believ'd the Story a Slander, and immediately gave *Flemming* a Discharge, as desir'd. *Patrick* found Means, however, before he entirely left the Neighbourhood, to rob his Lordship of Money and Plate to the Value of about Two hundred pounds, with which he fled to *Athenrea* in the Province of *Connaught*.

He hid himself here in a little Hut that he found ten or twelve Days, till he imagin'd the Hue and cry after him might be over, and then made the best of his Way to *Dublin*; where he soon enter'd into a Gang of House-breakers, and during the Space of Years was concern'd in more Robberies than had ever before been committed in that City in the Memory of Man.

While he continued in *Dublin*, he was twice in danger of being hang'd for his Offences, which were great as to make him the publick Subject of Contumeliation all over the City. He now perceiv'd he began to be too well known to stay there any longer safely, and so he retir'd into the Country, and was call'd Highwayman. The chief Place of his Haunts was about the Bog of *Alan*, where he attack'd almost all that pass'd that Way, of whatever Quality; telling them, "That he was absolute Lord of that Road, and had a Right to demand Contribution of all that travell'd it, and to punish those with Death who refus'd to comply; therefore, if they had any Regard for their Lives, he advis'd them to deliver what they had peaceably, and not put him to the Trouble of exerting his Prerogative." By these Means he became more dreaded in the Counties where he robb'd than any Thief of his Time: for he not only threaten'd those with Death who refused with him, but actually murder'd several, and many others with Abundance of Barbarity.

'Tis reported, that in a few Days he robb'd one

hundred and twenty five Men and Women upon the Mountain of *Barnmoor*; near which is a Wood which they call *Colorockedie*, where he had assembled a numerous Gang, out of which not a few at several Times were taken and executed. Persons of Quality he usually address'd in their own Style, and told them he was as well bred as they, and therefore they must subscribe towards maintaining him according to his Rank and Dignity.

Among the principal Persons whom he stopp'd and robb'd were the Archbishop of *Armagh*, and the Bishop of *Rapho*, both in one Coach; the Archbishop of *Tuam*; and the Lady *Baltimore*, with her young Son, a Child of four Years old; whom he took from her, and oblig'd her to send him a Ransom within twenty four Hours, or else he told her, he would cut the young Puppy's Throat and make a Pye of him. From the Archbishop of *Tuam* he got a Thousand Pounds. After this he fled into *Munster*, and continued the same Trade there, till he was apprehended for robbing a Nobleman of Two hundred and fifty Pound, for which Fact he was carry'd to *Cork*, and committed to Prison.

But even now they were far from having him so safe as they imagin'd; for the County-Jayl was not strong enough to hold him. He was no sooner confin'd than his Eyes were about him, and his Head plotting an Escape: At last he found Means to get up a Chimney, and by removing some few Obstacles, to get out at the Top, and so avoid Hanging for that Offence.

He follow'd his Villanies for some Years after his breaking out of Prison, during which Time he murder'd five Men, two Women, and a Boy of fourteen Years old. Besides which he mangled and wounded a great many others; in particular Sir *Donagh O Brian*, whose Nose, Lips, and Ears he cut off, for making some small Resistance while he robb'd him. At last he was apprehended by the Landlord of a House where he used to drink, near *Mancob*. The Landlord sent Advice to the Sheriff of the County when he would be there with several of his Associates, and the Sheriff, according to the Instruction, came one Evening with a strong Guard, and beset the House. *Patrick* and his Company would have defended themselves; but the Landlord had taken Care to wet all their Fire-Arms, and prevent their going off; by which Means they became useless, and our Desperado with fourteen more were taken, carry'd to *Dublin*, and there executed on *Wednesday* the twenty-fourth of *April*, in the Year 1650. After which *Patrick Fleming* was hang'd in Chains on the high Road a little without the City.

The LIFE of SAWNY DOWGLAS.

NEXT after the Life of *Patrick Fleming* it may not be amiss to give some Account of the Adventures of *Sawny Dowglat*, a *Scotchman*; who was the Son of a Tanner, and born at *Port Patrick* in the Shire of *Galloway*, where he liv'd till the unnatural Civil War broke out in 1641. *Sawny* at this Time being very zealous on the Side of the Kirk, and consequently against the King, enter'd himself into the Service of the Parliament, was at the Siege of *Dundee*, and boasted after that bloody Action was over, that he kill'd with his own Hands no less than twenty nine Persons. Those who have read the Histories of that Time will remember that *Dundee* was taken by Storm, and that the Garrison was put to the Sword; which gave *Sawny* an Opportunity to discover his Cruelty.

After the Restoration of King *Charles*, the Second, when the *Scots* were reduc'd to Obedience, *Sawny* found himself oblig'd to seek some other Subsistence than the Army. He had now been a Soldier about twenty Years, and though he had never been advanc'd higher than to carry a Halbert, yet he was something loth to lay down his Commission. However there was no opposing Necessity, and he was obliged to submit as well as many of his Betters, who were glad they could come off thus, after having been so deeply concern'd in the Rebellion.

Coming into *England*, and being destitute of both Money and Bread, he was not long resolving what Course to take in order to supply himself. The Highway, he thought, was as free for him as for any Body else, and he was both strong and desperate: But the Question was where should he get a Horse and Accoutrements. *What* (said he again) *should hinder my taking the first that comes in my Way, and seems fit for my Purpose?* Pursuant to this last Resolution, he kept on the main Road with a good Crab-Tree Stick in his Hand, till he saw a Gentleman's Servant alone, well mounted, with Pistols before him. He had some Question ready to ask, and after that another, till the poor Footman was engaged in a Discourse with him, and rode along gently by his Side. At last *Sawny* observes an Opportunity, and takes him an effectual Knock on the Pate, which follow'd with four or five more left him insensible on the Ground, while our young Adventurer rode off with the Horse till he thought himself out of the Way of any Enquiry.

The first Robbery he committed was in *Maidenhead-Thicket*, in *Berkshire*, in those Times a very noted Haunt for Highwaymen. The Person he stopp'd was one *Mt. Thurston*, at that Time Mayor of *Thornbury* in *Gloucestershire*; he got about 18 *l.* and was so uncivil as to refuse the poor Gentleman

Ten Shillings to bear his Charges home; which was all he requir'd, and for which he begg'd very hard.

Another Time he robb'd the Dutchess of *Marle* of Diamond-Rings to the Value of 200 *l.* sides a Pearl Necklace, rich Bracelets, and Ear-Rings. After this he came and took Lodgings at the House of one *Mr. Knowles*, an Apothecary in *Tutthill-street*, *Westminster*; where he set up for a Gentleman, and appear'd very fine, and made Love to his Landlady's Daughter, who was reputed to be a 2000 *l.* Fortune. For some Time he was very well receiv'd both by the young Lady and her Father; but when his Money was gone, and they found him full of Shifts, and Evasions, they not only discarded him as a bad band and Son-in-law, but turn'd him fairly out of Doors.

Sawny now took to the Road again, and committed more Robberies than before, ranging all over the North of *England*, and being often so fortunate as to escape Justice when it pursu'd him. He more contracted a Familiarity with *Du Vall*, the generous spirited Highwayman that ever liv'd, whose Friendship continu'd till Death parted them by Deputy *Jack Ketch*. *Sawny's* last Attempt was on the Earl of *Sandwich*, who was afterwards Admiral in the *Dutch War*, and unfortunately lost his life together with his Ship. This noble Commander was surpris'd in the Coach, resolv'd not to be surpris'd by a Highwayman, and discharged a Pistol at *Sawny's* Horse, which immediately dropping down under him, the Servants came up and secur'd our brave *North-Britain*, who was thereupon committed to *Newgate*, and in less than a Month after order'd to *Tyburn*.

While he was under Sentence he behav'd in a very profane and indecent Manner; cursing the Bellmen for his bad *English*, when he repeated the usual motto the Night before his Execution. At *St. Pauls-church* the next Day, when the appointed Ceremony was perform'd, instead of composing his Conscience, and looking as a Man in his Condition ought to do, he only told the Spectators, *That 'twould be hard a Man could not be suffer'd to go to the Gallows in Peace; and that he had rather be hang'd twice over without Ceremony, than once after a superstitious Manner.* He read no Prayer-Book, but carry'd the Ballad of *Chevy-Chace* in his Hand all the Way to *Tyburn*; when he came thither he took no Notice of the Ordinary, but bid the Hangman be speedy, and not make a great deal of Work about nothing, or moan about a meer Trifle. He died Sept. 10, 1664, aged fifty three, and was bury'd in *Tyburn-Road*.

The LIFE of WILLIAM BEW.

WE have little more to say of this Fellow, than that he was Brother of Captain Bew, the notorious Highwayman, who was kill'd nine Years ago at *Knightsbridge*, by one *Figg*, and the Thief-Takers; and that he was himself as great an Offender in that Way as his said Brother in most of his Time; only his Reign was shorter than that of some Others, he being apprehended at *Winford* before he had pursued the Course many Years, brought from thence to *Newgate*, and at the Execution tuck'd up at *Tyburn*. This fatal Day to him was *Wednesday* the 17th of *April*, in the Year 1689.

It cannot be expected that we should give a particular Detail of all the Actions of every one whom we introduce into this Collection; nor is it at all material; since the Reader cannot but think as well of, that the most remarkable Particulars have been transmitted to us, and consequently, that those Things which are pass'd over in Silence, would, if they had been recorded, have afforded him but very little Pleasure. Captain *Smith* indeed, in his Lives, is generally found something to relate of every one he mentions, but then most of his Stories are such fac'd Inventions, that we are confident those who have ever seen his Books will pardon us for omitting them. It will not be long before we shall come to more Certainty, and then a more particular Account of every Malefactor's Crimes may be produced; and we may be depended upon for taking care on our Parts, that every Thing shall be related with the utmost Exactness. That this Life of *Bew* may not, however, appear more barren than any other, we shall insert in it two short Stories, which we have, as we are inform'd, to tell himself in his Lifetime.

The first of them is, that being at *Bristol*, he took Lodging in the House of one Mr. *Stone*, who kept the *Dolphin-Inn* in *Dolphin-lane*. This Landlord of the Inn had never any Child, and was reputed to be a very notorious Fellow. *Bew* lay in the next Room to him, and heard his Wife tell him one Night, that she believed she was with Child. The old Gentleman upon this began to be terribly uneasy, and reckon'd up all the Charges that a Bantling would bring upon him, not forgetting the extraordinary Expences of a Nanny. He then consider'd whether a Boy or a Girl would cost him most, and concluded, upon the whole, that a Son was likely to be soonest got off his Hands, and put into a Capacity to maintain himself. Upon he told his Spouse very abruptly, *That he would have her bring him a Boy*. Madam reply'd, *That it was not in the Power of her, or of any Man living, to be deliver'd of which Sex she pleas'd*. To this the old Man answer'd with a severe Snub, *That it was in vain for her to talk, for a Boy he must have, if he had any Child at all; and that if Na-*

ture sent a Girl into the World, he would metamorphose it into the Sex he liked; for he would put only Boy's Clothes upon it, and oblige her never to let any Body into the Secret, at least till she was able to shift for herself. This Dialogue, doubtless, was pleasant enough to *Bew*, who did not stay to see the Event of his Landlady's great Belly. But making himself merry was not the only Advantage he found in this Apartment; for he overheard the miserable old Wretch tell his Wife, every Night, whether he was to go the next Day, and upon what Business. By this Means he got Intelligence of his being to go one Day a pretty Way out of Town, to receive One Hundred and thirty Pounds, and he took Care to lighten him of his Burden before he came home again, and rode off with it into another Part of the Kingdom; it being worth while, as he often merrily used to say, to change his Quarters for such a Lump as this.

The other Story is of an Adventure of *Bew's* with a young Lady, whom he overtook on the Road, with her Footman behind her. He made bold to keep them Company a pretty Way, talking all along of the Lady's extraordinary Beauty, and carrying his Compliments to her to an unreasonable Height. Madam was not at all displeased with what he said; for she look'd upon herself to be every bit as handsome as he made her: However, she seem'd to contradict all he told her, and profess'd with a mighty formal Air, *That she had none of the Perfections he mentioned, and was therefore highly obliged to him for his good Opinion of a Woman who deserv'd it so little*. They went on in this Manner; *Bew* still protesting, that she was the most agreeable Lady he ever saw, and the declaring, that he was the most complaisant Gentleman she ever met with: This was the Discourse till they came to a convenient Place; when *Bew* took an Opportunity to knock the Footman off his Horse; and then addressing himself to the Lady, Madam, says he, *I have been a great while disputing with you about the Beauty of your Person; but you insist so strongly on my being mistaken, that I cannot in good Manners contradict you any longer: However, I am not satisfy'd yet, that you have nothing handsome about you, and therefore I must beg Leave to examine your Pocket, and see what Charms are contain'd there*. Having deliver'd his Speech, he made no more Ceremony, but thrust his Hand into her Pocket, and pull'd out a Purse with fifty Guineas in it. *These are the Charms I mean*, says he; and away he rode, leaving her to meditate a little upon the Nature of Flattery, which commonly picks the Pocket of the Person 'tis most busy about.

These two Relations, and what we have said at the Beginning concerning the Time of his Execution, are all the Particulars we know of *William Bew*.

The LIFE of JOHN COTTINGTON alias MUL-SACK.

THE Father of *John Cottington*, or *Mul-Sack*, as he was oftener called, was a Haberdasher of Small Wares in *Cheapside*, and one Time reputed to be pretty wealthy: but having a large expensive Family, and being himself very fond of what is commonly called Good Company, he so far wasted his Substance, as to die very poor, even so poor as to be bury'd by the Parish. This was an unhappy Thing for his Children, who were no less than nineteen in Number, fifteen of which were Daughters, and *John* was the youngest of them all of either Sex, which expos'd him perhaps to more Misfortunes than those who had some Reason to govern themselves by, at the Time when they became Orphans.

At about eight Years of Age he was put out Apprentice, to a Trade no less honourable than Chimney-sweeping. He was bound for a great many Years, as he was so young at the Time of going to his Master; but he took Care not to make his Servitude longer than ordinary, for instead of adding six or seven Years, he cut off two from the usual Term, and ran away in the fifth Year of his Apprenticeship; apprehending that as he was got into his Teens he was as good a Man as his Master, and being confident that he had learn'd enough of his Trade for him to live upon.

He had not been long gone from his Master, before he perceived Business coming on him even as fast as he could wish, and he made all the Advantage possible of his good Fortune; not in the usual sneaking Manner, by hoarding up all he got; but by behaving himself like a Gentleman, swearing at every one that offended him, and assuming to himself almost as much State as the old Chimney-sweeper below; who we may be certain is haughty, because to say any One *is as proud as Lucifer* is become a Proverb. Nor was it only in *Cottington's* Carriage that you might observe the Effects of his good Fortune; for he lived in the best Manner possible; no Liquor but Sack, forsooth, would go down with him, and that too must always be mull'd, to make it the more pleasant. It was from this that he got his Name of *Mul-Sack*, by which he was commonly called, and by which we shall chuse to distinguish him in the following Account of his Exploits.

One Evening *Mul-Sack* was drinking at the *Devil Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, when he observ'd what he thought was a beautiful Woman; and being naturally pretty amorous, and at that Time in particular warm with his Favourite Liquor, he made his Addresses to her. Madam appear'd to be none of the coyest, for she received him very freely, only nothing but Matrimony would go down with her, which did not thoroughly please him: Yet why, (thought he at last) *should I be against it? I can*

keep myself and a Wife very well, and I never a Woman whom I could like better than this, therefore, bang it, I'll e'en take her, for better or worse. Upon this, he immediately gave her Hand, and there were no more Words to be gain'd, but away they tramp'd to the Fleet together where Divinity link'd their Hands, pronounc'd Man and Wife, and pray'd heartily for their welfare, in particular, that they might be successful in their honest and lawful Endeavours for the Procreation of Children, which, as the holy Office of Church informs us, is the principal End of Matrimony.

But how was our jolly Bridegroom deceiv'd Night, when he found himself eipoused to an *maphrodite*, and that the Lady he had marry'd no other than a Person well known by the Name *Anniseed Robin*? The Redundancy of Nature soon discovered, and the Bride confess'd her Fault, or if you please *his* Fault, with abundance of lying Contrition, while poor *Mul-Sack* had nothing more to do in Bed than to go to sleep as usual.

This Disappointment in Matrimony had a great Effect upon our Gentleman's Manners; for while he was never before known to be guilty of any Crime than spending his Money, sitting up late keeping jovial Company, he now run into all of Extravagancies: in particular, he got acquainted with five noted *Amazons* in *Drury-Lane*, who called the *Women-swarvers*, and whose Actions then much talk'd of about Town; till being apprehended for a Riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to *Barbadoes*. *Mul-Sack* once present when these Furies got a poor Woman among them, whom one of them suspected of having been great with her Husband. As a Punishment for this they stripp'd her as naked as she was born, beat her with Rods in a terrible manner, then shav'd off all the Hair about her whole Body. After that they fous'd her in a Tub of Soap over Head and Ears, and in fine almost kill'd her, in spite of all her Tears, Cries, and Protestations of Innocency.

After the Law, the greatest Enemy that Person of this Character have in the World, had depriv'd *Mul-Sack* of these worthy Companions, he resolv'd to pursue his Amours elsewhere, and to that purpose appear'd when out of his Business in a very smart, and genteel manner; being withal a great Person, and having a very extraordinary Flow of Words for a Man of his Calling. With these Accomplishments, he found Means to insinuate himself into the good liking of a Merchant's Wife in *Mark-street*, who had before this none of the best of Characters. This Lady had originally been very handsome, but by a long Course of Amours, her Beauty was a little the worse for wearing when *Mul-Sack* became acquainted.



R. Burgh. Sculp.

at Cottingham alias Mull Sack Robbing y Oxford Waggon
wherein he found Four Thousand Pounds in Money.

quainted with her. However, what she wanted in Person she made up in Purse; for our Smut made a Shift to squeeze out of her about 120*l.* before she fell sick and dy'd, which happened not a great while afterwards.

Captain Smith has told a long Story of this Lady's Sickness, Death-bed Repentance, and Confession to her Husband in her last Moments, the Substance of which is, that she desired her good Man to call up all her Children, to the Number of twelve, one of which she told him she believed might be his, because she did not remember that any other Man had enter'd upon the Pienissés Time enough to have had any Share in it: *but for the rest, my Dear,* (said he with a deep Sigh) *I am afraid you are just as such their Father, as the Kings of England have seen Kings of France for some hundreds of Years past; that is, you know very well, in Name only.* Here she nam'd whom she believ'd to be the Father of every one, tho' she could not be very positive in either; because always more than one Man had been dabbling about the proper Time. She concluded all with telling him, that as they were all taken in his Net, she hoped he would not expose himself and her after her Death, but put up his horns without Words, and contentedly act the Part of a Father. We have not heard how far the Husband comply'd with his dying Wife's Request, but there is good Reason to think it caused a grunting in his Gizzard.

Mul-Sack had lately been so plentifully supply'd with Money, that, when his kind Benefactress departed this Life, and changed this vain World, as is ought in Christian Charity to believe, for a better, he could not think of applying himself to Business anew, and relapsing again to his Sooty Occupation. We may observe, that there is a sort of Vainety inherent in us all, that makes us try any Shift, rather than go backwards in the World. This Temptation is doubtless the Original of Knavery in a great measure. Citizens that have been reputed rich will hold up their Heads to the last, and think it much more honourable to pay Six-Pence in the Pound for a Statute of Bankruptcy, provided they can be asked again, than honestly lay down their Trades while they can pay Twenty Shillings, and seek a easier Way of Livelihood. So a Courtier that is attain'd to be first Minister of State, generally prefers bringing his Neck to the Block, before attending at the Levee of his Successor, after having fitted his Post with universal Applause. 'Tis just the same in inferior Life, a Man that has once commenc'd Villain, seldom, as we said before, cares to go backwards, till he is drawn backwards up *Holborn-Hill*, or some other Place for the same Purpose.

After this short Digression then, we are to tell you, that *Mul-Sack* now turn'd Pickpocket, a Calling that generally serves for an Introduction to the Gentlemen who make the Heroes of this History. As a Tryal of his Dexterity, the first Thing he did was to take a very valuable Gold Watch, set with Diamonds, from a Lady of chief Quality in those Times of Usurpation. One Mr. *Jacomb*, a Man very much flow'd by the Precisians, preached at that Time a weekly Lecture at *Ludgate Church*, and the Gentlewoman we are speaking of was one of his Admirers and constant Attendants. *Mul-Sack* had taken Notice for some Time how the pretty Bable hung gling at her Side by a Gold Chain. One of the Companions he had engaged on this Occasion found means to take out the Pin of one of the Coach-wheels, so that the Wheel fell, and the Coach caused an Obstruction just under the Gate. The End of it was to make a Crowd, and oblige Madam to

alight before she came to the Church Door; all which was effected, and *Mul-Sack* stood ready, dress'd in what was then the Height of the Mode, to offer the Lady his Arm into the Church. He presented himself very impudently, the favour was kindly accepted, and by the Way he found Means to cut the Gold Chain in two, and secure the Watch as they passed through the Crowd. The Loss was not perceived till Mr. *Jacomb* concluded, when the devout Gentewomen was going to see how long the Spiritual Meal had lasted: But alas! all the Consolation she had received vanish'd after her Darling Watch.

It is reported that there never was in *England* a more dexterous Gang of Pickpockets than in the Time of this *Mul-Sack*. We might here introduce by the Way of Epifode, (as the Criticks phrase it) abundance of their surprising Performances; but because we would avoid Prolixity, only remark in general, that they would lay Wagers of taking any Gentleman's Watch, tho' warned of it but a Minute before, and perform it by jostling them, asking a Question, pretending some urgent Business, giving them a Letter, and a Thousand other Methods of diverting their Attention, and leaving the Prize unguarded long enough for them to accomplish their Pleasure: Nor was there any one of these Fellows, who understood his Business better than our Hero, *Mul-Sack*, so that it would be almost incredible to relate all the Tricks of that Kind he play'd about the City, and the numerous Stratagems he had Recourse to.

We are inform'd, that, before *Mul-Sack* left off this Trade, he was once so impudent as to attempt the Pocket of *Cromwel* himself, and the Danger he then run of being detected, was the Occasion of his leaving this secret sort of Knavery, and taking to Highway, in Company with one *Tom Cheney*.

These two Fellows had the Courage and Confidence to set upon Colonel *Hewson*, a great Man in those Times, and one who had been advanced from a Cocker to the Dignity he then enjoy'd, merely because his Conscience was according to the Measure of that Time; that is very large, or if you please very small, which Expressions the witty Author of *Hudibras* tells us, signify the same Thing. The Colonel's Regiment was then marching to *Hounslow*, and he not so far before it, but some of the Troopers saw the Action of our Bravoes. No Body can doubt but they were soon pursu'd; yet by the help of a good Horse, *Mul-Sack* got clear off; but *Cheney's* Beast failing him, he was obliged to stand in his own Defence, which he did very stoutly, till he was overpower'd by Numbers, desperately wounded, taken Prisoner, and carry'd to *Newgate*. Sessions began at the *Old Bailey* within a few Days after, and *Cheney* being brought to the Bar, begg'd to have his Tryal put off on Account of his Wounds: But the Favour could not be obtain'd; for they caused a Chair to be brought for him to sit in, obliged him to plead, and pass'd Sentence of Death upon him. What he had urged as a Motive for putting off his Tryal, was made the Means to hasten his Execution; for tho' 'twas Two o'Clock in the Afternoon when he was condemn'd, he was carry'd in a Cart that very Day to *Tyburn*, and there executed, lest he should have evaded the Sentence of the Law, by dying in *Newgate*.

The next Companion *Mul-Sack* enter'd into Articles with was one Mr. *Horne*, a very bold Man, and a Pewterer by Trade, tho' he had been formerly a Captain in Colonel *Downe's* Regiment of Foot. Their Engagement was to act in Concert, offensively and defensively, like generous Highwaymen: But neither did this Partnership subsist long; for the first considerable Action they ventur'd on was fatal to the

poor Captain, he being taken in the Pursuit, while *Mul-Sack* had still the good Fortune to escape. The Captain's Fate was the same as *Cheney's*, saying that he continued in good Health till the Hour of his Execution, when he behaved with so much Bravery and Gallantry, that his Death drew Tears from a great Part of the Spectators, particularly from that Sex, who know the Value of a brave Man so well, as always to be griev'd when such a One dies, especially at *Tyburn*.

His Companions having such ill Success *Mul-Sack* was resolv'd to try his Fortune alone, and he several times practis'd his calling upon Committee Men, Sequestrators, Members of Parliament, &c. who were then almost the only Men in the Nation worth robbing; they having plunder'd every Body else, and gotten the Wealth of *England* into their own Hands. In all these Adventures he was as fortunate as he could wish, which prompted him forwards to attempt still greater Things. Being inform'd that Four Thousand Pound was coming from *London*, to pay the Regiments quarter'd at *Oxford* and *Gloucester*, he resolv'd to venture his Life for so considerable a Sum, tho' two or three Men well arm'd were appointed for a Convoy. Just at the Close of Day, when the Waggon was past *Wheatley*, at the Foot of a Hill he staid from an Ambuscade, presented his Pistol, and bid the Carrier Stand. He had certainly now gone to Pot, if the Guard had not thought it impossible he should attempt such an Action without Company; but the Apprehension of more behind the Hedge made these sturdy Fellows ride for their Lives, and leave our Adventurer to secure the Booty; which he spent with as much Mirth as he had obtain'd it with Danger.

There were also two or three Passengers in this Waggon, who were frighted terribly; but *Mul-Sack* generously told them he had no Design upon what they had. *This (says he) that I have taken, is as much mine as theirs who own it; being all extorted from the Publick by the rapacious Members of our Commonwealth, to enrich themselves, maintain their Janizaries, and keep honest People in Subjection; the most effectual Way to do which, is to keep them very poor.*

It is said, that *Mul-Sack* got more Money than any Highwayman of his Time, though no Man was less suspected than he by his Acquaintance in Town. When out of his Calling he appeared like a Merch-

ant, talk'd always about Business, and was seen o' *'Change* very often, being the Methods he us'd to conceal his Trade; for nothing betrays a Man so soon as endeavouring to hide himself.

One Time having Notice that the Receiver-General at *Reading* was to send up Six Thousand Pound to *London* by an Ammunition Waggon, he immediately contriv'd to save that Trouble, and bring it up to Town himself on his own Horse. An Accomplice was necessary in this Undertaking, and he soon found one, by whose Assistance he scal'd the Receiver's House the Night before the Money was to be carted. The Window they got in, at next to the Garden, where they left the Ladder standing, and came off at the present very well, having bound all the Family to prevent any Alarm whereby they might be discover'd.

But an Affair of this Kind, as might very well be expected, made a great Noise, and *Mul-Sack* was apprehended in Town, by some who had seen him in *Reading* the Evening the Fact was committed. Upon this he was sent down to *Reading*, and try at the next Assizes for *Berkshire*, before Judge *Jermyn*, who did all he could to hang him. Nevertheless, by his Cunning, he found Means either to baffle the Evidence, or to corrupt the Jury by Money, so far, that he was acquitted; the Prosecution against him being only circumstantial.

Not long after this narrow Escape, our Offender growing in Wickedness, added Murder to his former Crimes: The Person on whom it was committed was one *John Bridges*, with whose Wife he had before contracted a Familiarity. On this Account he fled beyond Sea, and got himself introduc'd to the Court of King *Charles* the Second, who was then in Exile.

He got so much Intelligence here, that he ventur'd home again, upon a Presumption of obtaining his Pardon from *Oliver Cromwell*, as a Reward for what he could discover of Affairs amongst the King's Friends. Accordingly he apply'd himself to the King's surper, confess'd his Crime, and made very large Promises, upon the Performance of which *Cromwell* assur'd him of his Life: But, whether could be as good as his Word, or whether the Protector thought such an abandon'd Wretch utterly unfit live, so it was, that he was apprehended, condemn'd and executed in *Smithfield Rounds*, in *April*, 1668 being 45 Years of Age.

The LIFE of TOM AUSTIN.

NEVER was a more barbarous Villain than this of whom we are now to give some Account, nor is it possible there ever should be. True, another may commit more Barbarities in Number than he did, but they cannot be more horrid in their Kind; and God knows to what a Number they would have increased, if he had not been so detected as he was. But to proceed to the Narrative.

Thomas Austin was born at Columpton in Devonshire, of very honest Parents, who at their Death left him a Farm of their own, worth about Eighty Pounds per Annum, which is a pretty Estate in that Country; and as his Land was without Incumbrance, and he had a good Character at that Time, he got a Wife with a suitable Fortune, she having more than Eight Hundred Pounds to her Portion. By this Increase of his Riches, and the Thought of having so much Ready Money by him, made him neglect the Improvement of his Living, and take an idle extravagant Course; by Means of which in less than four Years Time he had consumed all that his Wife brought him, and mortgaged his own Estate.

Being now reduced to pinching Circumstances, and not knowing which Way to turn himself for a Livelihood, the Devil so far got the upper Hand of him, as to excite him to the Commission of all manner of unlawful Actions for the Support of himself and his Family. Several Frauds he was detected in, which his Neighbours were so good as to forgive, out of Respect to his Family, and to what he had been. At last he was so desperate as to venture on the Highway, where assaulting Sir Zachary Whist, on the Road between Wellington and Tinton Dean, that unfortunate Gentleman was murdered by him, for making some Attempts to save his Money.

The Booty he got from Sir Zachary was forty six Guinea's, and a Silver-hilted Sword, with which he got home undiscover'd and unsuspected. This did not however last him long, for he follow'd his old riotous Course. When 'twas all spent he pretended to go to an Uncle of his, who liv'd at about the Distance of a Mile from his own Habitation, and it was one of the bloodiest Visits that ever was made.

When he came to the House he found no Body at home but his Aunt and five small Children, who inform'd him that his Uncle was gone out on Business, and would not be at home till Evening, de-

siring him to stay a little and keep them Company. He seemingly consented to stay; but had not sat many Minutes before he snatch'd up a Hatchet that was at Hand, and cleaved the Skull of his Aunt in two; after which he cut the Throats of all the Children, and laid the dead Bodies in a Heap all weltring in their Gore. Then he went up Stairs and robb'd the House of Sixty Pounds.

He made all the Haste he could home to his Wife, who perceiving some Drops of Blood on his Clothes, ask'd him how they came there? *You Bitch*, says he, *I'll soon shew you the Manner of it!* pulling at the same Time the bloody Razor which he had before used out of his Pocket, and cutting her Throat from Ear to Ear. When he had gone thus far, to complete the Tragedy, he ripp'd out the Bowels of his own two Children, the eldest of whom was not three Years of Age.

Scarcely had he finish'd all his Butcheries, before his Uncle, whom he had been to visit, came accidentally to pay him the same Compliment in his Way home; when entering the House, and beholding the horrid Spectacle, he was even Thunder-struck with the Sight, though as yet he little thought the same Tragedy had been acted on all his Family too, as he soon after fatally found. What he saw however was enough to point out the Offender, whom he immediately laid hold off, and carry'd him before a Magistrate, who sent him to Exeter Jail.

In the Month of August, 1694, this inhuman Wretch suffer'd the Punishment provided by the Law, which appears much too mild for such a black unnatural Monster! But the Laws of England aggravate nothing, and are content with barely taking away the Lives of the very worst of Criminals.

Austin's Behaviour both in Prison and at the Gallows was very fullen and dogged, yet he would now and then say something that discover'd he was very far from having a just Sense of his Crimes. An Instance of this was while the Halter was about his Neck, when he was ask'd by the Minister who attended him, what he had to say before he dy'd; *Only*, says he, *there's a Woman yonder with some Curds and Whey, and I wish I could have a Pennyworth of them before I am hang'd, because I don't know when I shall see any again.* This extravagant Request was not granted, and so he was turned off without offering to give a Reason for his committing the Murder for which he suffer'd; nor indeed can it be thought he had any other Reason than his own inhuman Temper.

The LIVES of EDWARD and JOAN BRACEY.

THESE two Criminals flourish'd from the Year 1680 to 1684, during which Time they committed a great Number of Robberies and Frauds. Their natural Inclinations to such a Manner of Living first brought them together, and kept up the Union between them till they were separated by Justice, though we cannot learn that they were ever marry'd, *Joan* only assuming the Name of her Companion, as is common in such Cases, the better to colour their living together, and impose on the World.

Edward Bracey had been a Highwayman before he fell into Company with his pretended Wife, who was the Daughter of a wealthy Farmer in *Northamptonshire*, named *John Philips*. The Beginning of their Acquaintance was *Bracey's* making Love to her, in Hopes to get a large Sum of Money out of the Old Man for a Marriage-Portion, and then to have left both Wife and Father-in-law: But he was very agreeably deceiv'd; for *Joan* was as good as he: She suffer'd herself to be first debauched by him, and then consented to rob her Father, and go along with him on the Pad; all which she accordingly accomplish'd. They now pass'd for Husband and Wife wheresoever they went, frequently robb'd together on the Highway, and as often united in picking of Pockets and Shop-lifting at all the Country Fairs and Markets round about.

'Twas next to impossible that they should continue this Course of Life long together, without coming into Trouble: One or t'other of them was often in Danger of the Gallows, but they had both the good Fortune to escape till they had got a large Quantity of Money. The Dread of Justice more than a Desire to live honestly now prevail'd upon them to quit their Vocation, and take to some creditable Business, in which they might spend the Remainder of their Days in Quiet, and live comfortably upon what they had acquir'd by their Industry. In order to this, they took an Inn in the Suburbs of *Bristol*, where they met with Success; having a large Trade in particular for Wine; which was occasion'd by the Beauty of our Landlady. 'Tis no uncommon Thing for a Husband to get Money by his having a handsome Wife; especially if they have both Art enough to manage an Intrigue; which was the present Case. All the gay young Fellows of the Place came to drink with *Madam Bracey*, purely for the Sake of having an Opportunity to discover their Love: She gave them all Encouragement so long as they could spend a great deal of Money, and then took Care not only to turn them out of Doors, but to expose them sufficiently.

It may not be amiss to give an Instance of this her Manner of using her Suitors. One *Mr. Day*, an eminent-Citizen of *Bristol*, was among the Number

of her humble Servants. He made her a great many fine Proposals, and she receiv'd 'em all with a durance of Complaisance, consenting at last that she should make use of the first Opportunity that offer'd to take a Night's Lodging with her. In a little Time *Mr. Day* was inform'd that his Landlord *Bracey* was to be abroad such a Night, and that that could happen more favourably to his Wishes. He went at the Time appointed with all the Ardor of a Lover, and was receiv'd by a Maid-Servant, who told him her Mistress was gone to Bed, and was waiting impatiently for him; but desiring him however to pull off his Clothes, and leave them in another Room, where he might be conceal'd, and have Time to refresh himself again, in Case any Surprise should happen. The innocent *Mr. Day* thanked her for the Condescendance, and hugg'd himself in the Thought of his Mistress's sincere Affection, because the Maid was so careful for his Safety.

Mrs. Abigail led him to the Room appointed, and put out the Candle on Account of mere Modesty, and knock'd at the Door while *Mr. Day* undress'd himself, which he did in two Minutes. Now the best of the Comedy was to be play'd; our tractable Maid conducted the Gallant to a Door, which she told him open'd into her Mistress's Chamber, bid him enter softly, and immediately turn'd the Key upon him. Here *Mr. Day* wander'd about to find the Bed, and pronounc'd the Name of *Mrs. Bracey* as loud as he dur'd, that she might give him Directions; but *Mrs. Bracey* answer'd. He was sufficiently amazed at the Odness of the Scene, but was yet more surpris'd when he tumbled down a Pair of Stairs against the Back Door of the House. The Contrivance was now plain; he saw that Mistress and Maid were agreed not only to baulk his Passion, but to strip him of his Clothes also. 'Twas in vain to call, or make Protections; he receiv'd no other Answer, than that the Back-Door was only bolted, and he might open it if he pleas'd, and go about his business.

This Door open'd into a narrow dirty Lane, down which the Common Sewer ran; and there was no going out at it, unless you got into a Coach, or upon a Horse, directly off the Steps, which was the only Use made of it, and that not often, especially in Winter-Time, as it was at present. *Mr. Day* knew all these Inconveniences; but the terrible pinch of Cold, and the Shame of being discover'd, if he staid till broad Day-light, made him go out, wade through the Mud, and make the best of his Way home, where he was heartily lugh'd at by those Friends to whom he told the Story; which were only such as he could not conceal it from, and even upon these he laid the severest Injunctions imaginable never to divulge a Word of it. They kept the Secret from every Body else.

else, but diverted themselves privately with poor Mr. Day all his Life afterwards.

Every one whom our honest Inn-keepers impos'd on were not however so easy as Mr. Day; so that in less than a Twelvemonth's Time their House became so scandalous that they were obliged to leave it, and then they had nothing to do but to take to their old Courses again, being by this Time pretty well got over the Apprehensions they were under of a Halter. At their first setting out again, they play'd such a Trick as was hardly ever match'd, which was the Woman's Contrivance as well as the former. We shall relate this also in a few Words as we can conveniently.

A young Gentleman, who had spent his Fortune, had us'd their House all the Time they had been at Bristol, and got a pretty deal in their Debt. They knew he was Heir to an Estate of about an Hundred Pounds a Year, which was kept from him only by the Life of an old disemper'd Uncle, and they had a mighty Itching to get this Reversion into their Hands. In order to this Joan threaten'd him grievously with Prison for what he ow'd them, till she perceiv'd he was heartily frighten'd, and would do any Thing to keep his Liberty: She knew besides that he was viciously inclin'd, and only wanted a little Introduction to be made any Thing of that they could wish. Upon this she told him what she and her Husband were going upon, and prevail'd with him to join them. In a Day or two after, she inform'd him that a rich Tradesman was coming to Bristol with a large Quantity of Money, and that he must accompany her Husband To-morrow to take it from him. Accordingly Bracey and the young Man set out, oppos'd a Person on the Road, and took from him above an Hundred Pounds, with which they return'd home together. The Man that was robb'd had been put out with the Money in his Pocket for that very purpose.

As soon as the Fast was over, and they had got their Dupe safe, Madam told him plainly, that he must make over the Reversion of his Estate to them, or her Husband should immediately swear the Robbery upon him, and get him hang'd for it. The Terror he was under, and the Promise of Liberty upon complying, made him do all they desir'd. After which they still kept him in their House till they had sold it again, obliging him to assure the Purchaser, that he had receiv'd a valuable Consideration of Mr. Bracey; which was readily enough believ'd, because every Body knew the young Gentleman's extravagancy. They got Fourteen Hundred Pounds for this Bargain, with which they immediately made off, leaving the unfortunate Spark to lament his Folly. The Name of this young Man was Rumbald.

Joan after this usually dress'd herself in Men's Apparel, and she and her Fellow Adventurer committed a great many Robberies together on the Highway.

At last, however, Fortune put an End to their Progress in Iniquity; for as they were robbing a Person of Quality's Coach together in Nottinghamshire, Madam was apprehended, and carry'd to Nottingham-Jail. At the next Assizes she was condemn'd by the Name of Joan Bracey, and in April, 1685, she was executed, aged twenty nine Years.

Her pretended Husband got off at the Time when she was taken, and conceal'd himself for some Time after by skulking about the Country. One Day being at a publick Inn he was seen by some Body whom he had robb'd, who immediately got Assistance, and came to take him, being at the Stair-foot with armed Men before Bracey knew any thing of the Matter. It happen'd that in the Room where he was one of the Drawers had left his Cap and Apron, which Bracey in a Moment snatch'd up, and put on, running down Stairs ready to break his Neck, and crying out as he run, *Coming, Gentlemen, coming*; as if he was waiting upon Company above. This Stratagem preserv'd his Life a little longer; for the Gentleman, who came to secure him, not apprehending any thing, let him pass as a Drawer, though he had taken too much Notice of his Face before; so that he got his Horse out of the Stable and rode off, while they were searching the House after him. Two or three of his Companions, who were with him in the Inn, and knew nothing of the Occasion of his running down so, were apprehended and brought to Justice.

This Escape however did him but little Service; for about three or four Days after, stopping at a little House to drink, and leaving his white Mare, on which he usually robb'd, at the Door, another Gentleman who had suffer'd by him came by, alarmed the Neighbourhood upon his Knowledge of the Beasts, and beset the House, before he had the least Notice. As soon as he heard a Noise of Men at the Door, he ran out, and attempted to mount; but two or three Pieces were instantly discharged at him, one of them killing his Mare, and another taking off several of his Fingers. He then endeavour'd to leap over some Pales, and get off by the Backside of the House, when another Discharge was made at him from a Fowling-Piece, which lodg'd several great Goose-Shot in his Guts, and wounded him so that he dropp'd down on the Place, and dy'd in three Days afterwards.

We should have mention'd before, that Bracey's pretended Wife was handsomely bury'd by her Friends, and that a reputed Witch told him about the Time of her Execution, that he should not survive her many Days, which happen'd to be verifi'd. This, at least, is what was reported in the Country, and those who give any Credit to the Stories of Witches, may believe as much of it as they please: Those who laugh at these Things can't blame us for relating what we have been inform'd of.

The LIFE of ANN HARRIS.

ANN HARRIS, alias Sarah Davis, alias Thorn, alias Gothorn, was born of honest but poor Parents, in the Parish of St. Giles's without Cripplegate; but being debauch'd by one James Wadsworth, she soon abandoned all manner of Goodness. This Wadsworth was otherwise call'd *Jemmy the Mouth* among his Companions. He was hang'd for Felony and Burglary at Tyburn, in the twenty fourth Year of his Age, on Friday the twenty fourth of September, 1702. She lived next with one William Pulman, otherwise call'd *Norwich Will*. from the Place of his Birth, who also made his Exit at Hyde-Park Corner on Friday the ninth of March 1704-5, aged twenty six Years, for robbing one Mr. Joseph Edwards on the Highway, of a Pair of Leather Bags, a Shirt, two Neckcloths, two Pocket-Books, twenty five Guineas, a Half Broad Piece of Gold, and four Pounds in Silver.

Now *Nan* being twice left a hempen Widow in less than three Years, she had learn'd in that Time to be as vicious as the very worst of her Sex, and was so absolutely enslav'd to all manner of Wickedness thro' Custom and Opportunity, that good Admonitions could work no good Effects upon her. Her Inclination was entirely averse to Honesty, as appears by the following Example.

She went one Day to a Mercer's Shop on *Ludgate-Hill*, in a Hackney Coach, very finely dress'd, with a pretended Footman waiting on her; where looking on several rich Pieces of Silk and Velvet, she bargain'd for as much as came to two hundred and odd Pounds; which being more Money than she had about her, she desired the Mercer to go along with her to her House, and she would pay him all in ready Specie. They putting the Goods into the Hackney Coach which brought her thither, the Mercer and she stept in, and rid with all Speed to Dr. Adams, who kept a mad House at *Fulham*; where being enter'd, and telling the Doctor this was the Gentleman of whom she had spoken to him in the Morning, he, and three or four lusty Fellows, set upon the Mercer like so many merciless Bailiffs on a poor Prisoner; one taking him by the Arms, another by the Middle, another by the Legs; which rustical Usage made the poor Man ask the Meaning thereof, and bawl out for two hundred and odd Pounds. Ay, ay, quoth the Doctor, the poor Gentleman's very bad indeed; he's raving mad, tie him quickly down in that Chair, and presently shave his Head.

All the while they were lathering and shaving him, his Cry was still either for Goods or Money; which made the Doctor say, Pray, Madam, see how his Lunacy makes him talk at Random! She, shaking her Head, replied, True, Sir; but is there any Hopes of his Recovery? To which the Doctor answer'd, You must know, Madam, that there are three kinds of Frenzies, according to the three internal Senses of Imagination, Cogitation, and Memory, which may

be severally hurt: For some are frantick, which can judge rightly of those Things that they see, as touching common Sense and Imagination; and yet in Cogitation and Fantasy they err from natural Judgment. Then some others being frantick, err in Imagination; and there are some frantick, who do err both in Sense and Cogitation; that is, both in Imagination and Reason, and do therewith also lose their Memory, which is the worst of all Frenzies; and this it is which afflicts this unhappy Gentleman: but I doubt not of making him Compos Mentis again in less than a Month.

While the Doctor was setting forth the Difference of Madnes, the Mercer was struggling and raving like a Madman indeed; and when he saw *Nan* give the Doctor five Guineas, with all giving him a strict Charge to take great Care of her Husband and he should wand for no Encouragement, he cry'd out 'Sh'e's a lying B——h, she's none of my Wife ' my Wife's at home in *Ludgate-street*; stop her ' stop her, stop her, she has cheated me of my Sil ' and Velvet. I am not mad, I am not mad, but ' a Parcel of Rogues here will make me run out of ' my Senses. Quoth Dr. Adams then to his Mercer ' Poor Gentleman! he's very bad indeed; we must ' bleed him too, and give him a strong Glyster ' Night; confine him to a Room where there's no ' Light at all, and bind him fast down Hand and ' Feet in his Straw; and for one Week give him ' nothing but Water-gruel, with little or no Bread ' in it; but the Week after, if his Distemper decreases, we may venture to give him a little Pea ' an broth boil'd with some husk'd Barley. Then ' Mercer bearing these Directions, cried out, I'll have ' none of my Blood taken from me, I have had enough taken from me already without paying for ' I want no Glyster, I tell you I am in my right ' Senses; I'll have none of your Gruel and Devil ' Broth; what cheat me and starve me too! No, no ' I am not lunatick. Quoth the Doctor, You shall ' not be starv'd, Sir; what Diet I prescribe now, ' to restore you to your Health again. To Health ' said the Mercer again, I think you are going to ' take it from me, as the Whore has my Goods.

But all the Mercer's talking was to no purpose for *Nan* being gone off with her Booty, he was hurried to his dark Room; where, being bound down to his Bed, a Glyster was applied to him much against his Will. However, he obtain'd his Liberty in less than four Days; for *Nan Harris* sending Penny-Post Letter to his Wife, which inform'd her where her Husband was, she, and some Friends, went with all Speed to Dr. Adams's, in whose House they found the poor Mercer almost mad indeed, and the Loss of his Goods and Freedom too; so they brought him home; but the Doctor never saw nor heard of *Nan Harris* any more.

I think those who would arrive to as much Perfection as they are capable of enjoying here, must

well know bad, that they may avoid to shun it, as good, which they ought rather to embrace; therefore to procure the Reformation of others, by wicked Examples of such whom the Sword of Justice has cut off for their heinous Enormities, I shall relate another memorable Prank play'd by *Nan Harris*.

So going once to Dr. *Cafe*, Student in Physick and Astrology, when he liv'd in *Black Friars*, she was soon introduced into his Presence, with also *Charles Moore*, but she thus declar'd the Cause of visiting on him. Sir, the Report of your great experience in your Practice hath brought me hither, imploring your Assistance, and that instantly you have any Respect to the Preservation of me. The Trouble I shall put you to shall be gratefully recompensed to the utmost of my Ability. The Doctor then inquiring of her, who it was, and what manner of Distemper the Person labour'd under, She told him, 'Twas her Husband, who being very drunk at Night, came to a sad Mischance in coming down the Stairs; but looking upon the Doctor to be a good Man, she would give him leave to tell what might be, and for that Purpose had brought her. Dr. *Cafe* smelling by her former Words, that Night might afflict her Husband, he put the Water into a Urinal, and after well shaking it for about a Minute, said, Good Woman, your Husband hath terribly ruin'd himself by falling down a Pair of Stairs. (replied *Nan*) 'tis really true, Sir, what you say I see, Sir, your Knowledge is infallible; but now Sir, comes the Difficulty, can you tell me how to get him down the Stairs he fell down?

When the Doctor was put to a *Ne plus ultra*; however to save his Credit as well as he could, he takes the Urinal into his Hand again, and shaking it somewhat longer than before, quoth he, Your Husband shall come down all the Stairs. Nay (replied *Nan*) there you're out, Sir, for he fell down but half the Stairs. The Doctor being now somewhat abashed at his false Promise, and shaking the Urinal again, quoth he to *Nan*. Is here all your Husband's Water? Said *Nan*, pouring a fine Courtesy at the same Time, No, Sir, he's out half his Water. The Doctor then, who was a mighty choleric Man, being in a great Passion cry'd, A Pox on you, your bringing but half his Water, made me imagine your Husband fell down all the Stairs, when if you had brought all his Water, I could easily have told you, that he fell down but half the Stairs.

Upon this excusing her Ignorance, she desired his advice for the speedy Cure of her Husband's Wounds, and whilst the Doctor was writing a Receipt for her, pulling a Cord out of her Pocket, with whose end she and her Spark came behind him, and suddenly clapping it over his Head, they acted the

Part of a *Turkish Mute* on a *Bashaw*; for having almost strangled him with several sudden Jerks, they went away with a silver Tankard and Cup, leaving our old Friend in a sad *Cafe* indeed, till he came to himself again, which was not in half an Hour; in which Time the Booty was divided betwixt *Nan* and *Charles Moore*.

This *Moore* was an infamous Rogue, who, for breaking open the House of Sir *John Buckworth*, Bart. was executed on Friday, Sept. 27. 1707. at *Tyburn*; where he told the Ordinary of *Newgate*, that if he had known when he was try'd, that he should have dy'd, he would have hang'd one or two with him for a Fancy; for then he would have made some Discovery of Persons concern'd with him in thieving, but now he was resolv'd to make none.

Thus far have we proceeded on *Nan's* wicked Crimes, to deter others from the like Practices; because nothing renders Man or Woman more contemned and hated, than when their Actions only tend to Irregularity: We have only to add, that bidding adieu to every thing that looked like Virtue, she drove a great Trade among Goldsmiths, to whose Shops often going to buy gold Rings, the only cheapen'd till she had the Opportunity of stealing one or two; which she did by means of a little Ale held in a Spoon over the Fire, till it congeal'd thick like a Syrup, for by rubbing some of this on the Palm of her Hands, any light thing would stick to it, without the least Suspicion at all. She was as well known among the Mercers, Lacemen, and Linnen-Drapers, on *Ludgate-hill*, *Cheapside*, or *Fleet-street*, as that notorious Shoplift *Isabel Thomas*, who was condemned for the same Crimes.

But at last she was apprehended for her Pranks, and being so often burnt in the Face, that there was no more room left for the Hangman to stigmatize her, the Court thought fit to condemn her for privately stealing a Piece of printed Callico out of the Shop of one Mr. *John Andrews*. Then, to evade their Sentence, she pleaded her Bally, and that she might succeed, used the old Stratagem of drinking new Ale very plentifully, to make her swell, cramming a Pillow under her Petticoats to make her look big. Having Matrons of her own Profession ready at hand, who, right or wrong, bring in their wicked Companions quick with Child, to the great Impediment of Justice, her Sentence was respited. But tho' she had the good luck to impose thus on the Bench after she was condemn'd, yet at the End of nine Months (all which time she was not wanting to procure a Pregnancy, if all the Men in the Goal could have done it for her, but they work'd in vain) she was call'd down to her former Judgment, and hang'd in the twentieth Year of her Age, at *Tyburn*, on Friday^s July the thirteenth.

The LIFE of TOM SHARP.

THOMAS SHARP was born of very honest Parents at Rygate in Surrey, where he served his Time to a Glover: But he had not been long out of his Apprenticeship, ere, by the Influence of bad Company, he was so hardened in Villainy, as not to be reclaim'd either by wholsom Advice, Threats, or the Examples of his Companions, who were executed before him. Nothing could put an End to his Roguery, but the Halter that put an End to his Life.

To prove that this Fellow was not only *Sharp* by Name, but also sharp by Nature, we need only relate the following Adventures. Dressing himself one Day in an old Sute of black Clothes, and an old tatter'd canonical Gown, he went to an eminent Tavern in the City, where at that Time was kept a great Feast of the Clergymen, and humbly begg'd one of the Drawers to acquaint some of the Ministers above Stairs, that a poor Scholar was waiting below, who crav'd their Charity. Accordingly the Drawer acquainted one of the Divines, that there was a poor Scholar below in a Parson's Habit. The Gentleman going down, and commiserateing his seeming Poverty, introduc'd him into the Company of all the Clergymen, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and gather'd him betwixt four and five Pounds, which he thankfully put into his Pocket. One of the Divines then, after asking Pardon for making so free, desired to know of him at what University he was bred. *Tom. Sharp* told them, he was never bred at any. *Can you speak Greek?* the Divine ask'd again. *No*, replied *Tom*. *Nor Latin?* the Divine ask'd. *No, Sir*, said *Tom*. *Can you write then*, quoth the Divine? *No, nor read neither*, replied *Tom*. At which they fell a laughing, and said, *He was a poor Scholar indeed. Then I have not deceived you Gentlemen*, quoth *Tom*, and so he brush'd off with their charitable Benevolence, as thinking himself not fit Company for such learned Sophisters.

This poor Scholar afterwards using the *Vine Ale-house* at *Charing Cross*, which was then kept by a rich old Man, who knew not that he was a Thief, he brought several of his Gang there once a Week, to keep a sort of a Club up one Pair of Stairs, with a Design to rob the Victualler. Accordingly they had several Times struck all the Doors above Stairs with a *Dub*, that is, a Picklock, but could never light on his Mammon, whereupon, one Night, *Tom. Sharp* puts the Candle to the old rotten Hangings that were in the Club-Room, and setting them in a Blaze, he and his Company cried out *Fire*. The Alarm brings up the old Man in a Trice, who in a great Fright ran up to secure his Money: *Tom*, runs softly after him at a Distance, to espy where his Hoard was, and in the mean Time, his Associates, with two or three Pails of Water, having quench'd the Flame, which had done no great Damage, the old Man, at the News, return'd down with a great

deal of Joy, leaving his Money where it was before. With this Information, the Night following, and two of his Companions having a great Sute there, with each his Laffs, they took the Opportunity of taking away 500 Pounds in Money; when the old Cove mis'd, he was ready to hang himself in his own Garters.

His chiefest Dexterity lay in robbing Waggoners. In their canting Language, they call them *Waggoners*. They who follow this sort of thieving, generally wait in a dark Morning, in the Road betwixt London and Bow, *Black-beath*, *Newington*, *Islington*, *Highgate*, *Kensington* *Gravel Pits*, *Knightbridge*, and going in at the Tail of a Waggon, they take out Packs of Linnen or Woollen Cloth, Boxes, Trunks, or other Goods. One above the rest, *Tom. Sharp* and his Accompanys, following a Waggon along *Tyburn Road* to *St. Charles*, they had no Conveniency at all of entering it, by reason a Man drove the Team before the Master and his Son, a Lad of about thirteen Years of Age, rid behind on one Horse. Still they follow'd the Waggon 'till it came just under *Aldgate*, when *Tom. Sharp*, who was a lusty hairy fellow, snatching the Boy off the Horse, he ran to the *Old Bailey* with him under his Arms, at which the Father cry'd out to his Man to stop the Waggon, for a Rogue had stolen away his Son; so whilst the Master rid after *Tom. Sharp*, and the Man rushed after his Master, one of *Tom's* Comrades slipped out Pieces of Woollen Cloth out of the Waggon. The old Man got his Son again, for *Tom* dropp'd him at the Sessions-House Gate.

Under this sort of thieving is also comprehended the robbing of Coaches in the Night Time in London, by cutting of Trunks and Boxes which are tied sometimes behind them; and also the *Charing Bays* or *Portmanteaus* from behind Horses, this is cutting them off; for *Chiving*, among Thieves, signifies a Knife. One Night *Tom. Sharp*, and another like himself, following a Man on Horse-back from *Charing-Cross* beyond the *Royal-Exchange*, they had no Opportunity of getting his Portmanteau, because he held one Hand on it all the Way; but coming just under *Aldgate*, acute Mr. *Sharp*, gave the Man a grievous Rap over the Knuckles, and ran out at the same Time, *What a Pox, will you do over People?* So whilst the Fellow clapt his Fingers to his Mouth, to suck them for Ease, *Tom's* Comrade cut off the Portmanteau, in which was good Linnen, and other Things of value, which they well made amends for the long Fatigue they had putter him and his Prancer, as they call a Horse.

For Offences of this Nature, *Tom. Sharp* was in Newgate no less than eighteen Times before the fatal Time. Take the following Description of his Prison, as this Fellow deliver'd it to some of his Friends, in his half-comic, half-tragic Strain.

'Tis a Dwelling in more than *Cimmerian* D-

an Habitation of Misery, a confus'd *Chaos*, without any Distinction, a bottomless Pit of Violence, a Tower of *Babel*, where are all Speakers, and all Hearers. There is mingling the noble with the ignoble, the rich with the poor, the wise with the ignorant, and the Debtors with the worst of Malefactors. It is the Grave of Gentility, the Banishment of Courtesy, the Poison of Honour, the Centre of Infamy, the Paradise of Couzenage, the Hell of Tribulation, the Treasure of Despair, the Refuge of Vengeance, and Den of Foxes. There he got Yesterday was great, To-day is mean; he that was well fed abroad, there starves; he that was rich abroad, is stark naked; he that commanded, obeys; he that lay in a good Bed, is forc'd to rest himself on the hard Boards, or cold Stones. There Courtesy is metamorphos'd into Insolence, Courage into Subtlety, Modesty into Boldness, Knowledge into Ignorance, and Order into Confusion: There one weeps, whilst another sings; one prays, whilst another swears; one goes out, another comes in; one is condemn'd, another absolved; and in fine, we shall hardly find two Persons of one Mind and Exercise. There Hunger is their Appetite; their Times of Meals, always when they get any thing to eat; their Table, the Floor; their Sauce, the stinky Stinks of their Wards; and their Musick, nothing but snoring, sneezing, and belching. The Hangings of their Chambers are ever in Morning, garnish'd with large Borders of Cobwebs; their Seats on the Ground; and they live Apostolically; that is, without Script, without Staff, and without Shoes. Many of their Collars are edg'd with a Piece of ticking Linnen, to represent a Neck-cloth, but indeed it is only the forlorn Relicks of their Shirts caving out at their Necks; and some of the Prisoners have their appointed Hours, wherein they fight their bodily Enemies, and evermore obtain the Victory, by continually bearing in Triumph the head of the Vermin they destroy on their Nails. A Word, Sighs are their chief Air, Coldness their Comfort, Despair their Food, rattling of Chains their Musick, and Death and Damnation their sole Expectation; whilst a Turnkey, with a grim Aspect and his Countenance, makes them tremble with fear of a new Martyrdom; tho' the insulting Rascal, in the Height of his Pride, need not screw his ill-favour'd Face to a Frown, because he knows not how to look otherwise; which so dejects the Spirits of these poor imprison'd Slaves, who fear him, that the Condition of their Looks seems to implore his Pity; tho' his flinty Heart having renounc'd any Compassion, casts a Defiance in their sad and piteous looks.

This may suffice for a Specimen of *Tom's* Eloquence. We shall now proceed to relate some more of his Adventures.

Going one Day into *Godlington's* Coffee-House, formerly at the Corner of *Parker's-Lane*, in *Drury-Lane*, and sitting down at a common Table, as the custom is to all Comers, a little after came in one of his Comrades, and sat himself down too. *Tom Sharp* at the same Time was looking on a curious Gold Medal, which he had sharp'd somewhere, and an Attorney of *New-Inn*, sitting opposite to him, he deduced the Favour of looking on't; which being granted him, and the Gentleman having view'd and commended it for a choice Piece, his Comrade, whom he seem'd not to know there, must needs have a sight of it too from the Attorney; who thinking no harm, gave it into his Hands. After he had curiously look'd on it a while, he has fairly march'd off with it: *Tom Sharp* saw him, but would not in the least take notice thereof, as knowing where to find him; and all this while the Gentleman imagin'd

nothing but that the right Owner had received it again. A little while after *Tom Sharp* demanded courteously his Medal, excusing the Gentleman's Detention thereof upon the Account of Forgetfulness. The Gentleman starting, replied, *Sir, I thought you had it long since*. He told him, he had it not, and as he deliver'd it unto him, he should require it from no other Person. They came to high Words, the Gentleman pish'd at it, and in the Conclusion, bade *Tom* take his Course; and so he did; for having first took Witness of the Standers-by, he fud'd him, and recover'd the Value of the Medal twice over.

Another Time *Tom Sharp*, being very well dress'd, he went to one Counsellor *Manning's* Chambers in *Gray's-Inn*, and demanded a hundred Pounds which he had lent him on a Bond. The Barrister was surpriz'd at his Demand, as not knowing him; but looking on the Bond, his Hand was so exactly counterfeited, that he could not in a manner deny it to be his own Writing: However, as he knew his Circumstances were such, that he never was in any Necessity of borrowing so much Money of any Man, and that therefore he could not be indebted in any Sum, upon the Account of borrowing, he told *Tom* he would not pay a hundred Pounds in his own wrong. Hereupon *Tom* taking his Leave, told him he must expect speedy Trouble.

Mr. Manning expecting to be arrested, sent for another Barrister, to whom opening the Matter, they concluded it was a forg'd Bond; whereupon *Mr. Manning's* Counsel got a General Release forg'd for the Payment of this hundred Pounds. When Issue was join'd, and the Cause came to be try'd before the Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, the Witnesses to *Tom Sharp's* Bond swore so heartily to his lending of the Money to the Defendant, that he was in a very fair way of being cast; 'till *Mr. Manning's* Counsel moving the Court in behalf of his Client acquainted his Lordship, that they did not deny the having borrow'd a hundred Pounds of the Plaintiff, but it had been paid above three Months. *Three Months* (quoth his Lordship) and why did not the Defendant take up his Bond, or see it cancell'd? To this his Counsel reply'd, That when they paid the Money the Bond could not be found, whereupon the Defendant took a general Release for Payment thereof; which being produc'd in Court, and two *Knights of the Post* swearing to it, the Plaintiff was cast. This put *Tom Sharp* into a great Passion, so that he cry'd to his Companions, as he was coming through *Westminster-Hall*, *Were ever such Rogues seen in this World before, to swear they paid that which they never borrow'd?*

This Fellow's Inclination to Wickedness was so strong, that it did not stop its Career in such Crimes, which could only be punish'd with a Fine and Piliory; but being a Man of an undaunted Mind in acting any sort of Villany, he was often wont to say, That that Man deserv'd not the Fruition of the least Happiness here, that would not, rather than go without it, venture his Neck. Thus Sin, if it be dress'd up in spacious Pretences, may be entertain'd as a Companion; but when it appears in its own Shape, it cannot but strike Horror into the Soul of any, if not really stupify'd, as *Tom Sharp* was, who, to maintain himself in an idle Course of Life, would perpetrate any thing.

Among many other Arts, peculiar to Persons of his Profession, *Tom* learn'd that of making *black Dogs*, which are Shillings, or other Pieces of Money, made only of Pewter, double wash'd by means of which he maintain'd himself for some time. It may not be amiss to observe here, that what the Professors of this hellish Art call *George Platercon*,

is all Copper within, with only a thin Plate about it; and they call what *Compostum*, is a mix'd Metal which will both touch and cut, but not endure the fiery Test. *Tom.* had not been a great while at the Trade of Coining, before several of his Gang were apprehended, and sent Post to the Gallows for their wicked Ingenuity, which oblig'd him to employ all the Powers of his Wit and Invention, in the Search of something else that might conduce to supply him in his manifold Extravagancies.

In the next place he went to picking of Pockets, at which being detected, he was committed to *New-Prison*; where having a great many loose Women coming after him, who supply'd him with a great deal of Money, he had all the Priviledge imaginable in the Jail; and going to take his Trial at *Hicks's-Hall* for his Fact, one *John Lee*, a Turnkey, conducting him thither, gave him the Liberty of being shav'd by the Way in a Barber's Shop. The Keeper having also a pretty long Beard, quoth *Tom Sharp*, *Come, we are Time enough yet, sit down, and I'll pay for taking your Beard off too.* Whilst he was trimming, *Tom.* talk'd one Thing or other to hold him in Discourse, till at last the Barber cry'd, *Shut, your Eyes, or else my Ball will offend 'em.* The Man did as he was bid, and *Tom.* took this Occasion to slip out; the Barber not taking him for a Prisoner, and hid himself in an Alcouse hard by. The Turnkey not hearing him talk, open'd his Eyes, and not seeing him in the Shop, rose up so hastily, that he overthrew *Cut-Beard*, Basin, Water, and all upon him, and ran out into the Street with the Barber's Cloth about him, and Napkin on his Head. The People seeing him thus, with the Froth about his Face, concluded him mad, and as he ran gave him the Way. The Barber, with his Razor in his Hand, ran after the Turnkey, crying, *Stop Thief, stop Thief*; but he never minding the Out-cry, still ran staring up and down, as if his Wits had lately stolen away from him, and he was in pursuit of them. Some durst not stop him, and other would not; till the Barber seiz'd him at last, and getting his Cloth and Napkin from him, made him pay Six-pence besides for being but half shav'd, while *Tom.* in the time of this Hurly-burly, got clear off.

Being afraid of being apprehended for this Escape, he was obliged to lie *incognito* in a Garret in *St. Andrew's-Street*, by the *Seven-dials*, where also dwelling in the same House one *Baynham*, a poor illiterate Taylor, who was lately turn'd an Astrologer, and had a mighty great Conceit of his own natural Parts, which were very extraordinary in ordinary Things, they became intimately acquainted one with another; and hearing this Star-gazer often wish he could speak *Arabic*, for the Understanding *Albumazar*, *Messabalah*, *Abdilazus*, *Ulugh Beighi*, and other Authors, who had written on the Art of Astrology in that Language, *Tom Sharp* pretended he had that Tongue as perfect as his own, and would teach it him in three Months for forty Shillings, one half in Hand, and the other when he had perform'd his Bargain. *Baynham* was very glad of this Opportunity, and giving him twenty Shillings, he was to procure *Erpenius's Arabic* Grammar, which he understood no more than a wild Indian did *Welsh* or *Nish*. *Tom.* proceeded with teaching his Pupil a great many canting Words, telling him *Autem* was *Arabic* for a Church; *Borde*, a Shilling; *Buffer*, a Dog; *Belly-cheat*, an Apron; *Cokir*, a Liar; *Cuffin*, a Man; *Canke*, dumb; *Cannakin*, the Plague; *Deuse-avil*, the Country; *Ferme*,

a Hole; *Flag*, a Groat; *Glymmer*, a Fire; *Ga*, a Lip; *Gybe*, a Pass; *Harmanback*, a Constable; *Jigger*, a Door; *Kinchin*, a Child; *Libege*, a Lie; *Make*, a Half-penny; *Nab*, a Hat; *Prat*, a Thief; *Quarron*, a Body; *Ruffin*, the Devil; *Swag*, a Squire; *Slat*, a Half-Crown; *Trin*, the Gallows; *Wit*, a Penny; *Yarum*, Milk; and abundance more to the same Purpose. They went on in this Manner two or three Days, when *Tom* absconding from his Lodging, not one Digit of his Body was to be seen ever after. Thus he trick'd the poor Astrologer as nicely as he had the Daughter of *James Garard*, a Printer, out of above fifty Shillings, in telling a five or six Years before, that she should have a husband in a short Time, and the poor Creature was married at the Time of *Tom's* Adventure.

Afterwards *Tom.* Sharp equipping himself in a Cloak, he went to the *Portuguese* Chapel in *St. Colins-Linn-Fields*, and privately threw a Paper of Lamp-black into the holy Water, plac'd by the Door, having first changed the Silver Basin for a Pewter one, which he had under his Cloak. Soon after the Service came out and cross'd himself, and having said a short Ejaculation to himself, he look'd towards the bigotted Congregation, to bless them with a *ex vobiscum*, but when he saw them all have black Crosses on their Foreheads, and the People also staring on his, there was such staring one upon the other, as if they would have star'd thro' one another. At length they found they were impos'd upon by the Heretick, who was got far enough off before now; whereupon, highly resenting the Prophanation of that which they thought sufficient Proof against the Devil, and all his Works, they presently went cursing of him with their greatest *Anathema* of Book, and Candle; but *Tom* being ready curs'd their Hands, their Revenge did him no Injur to all.

Tom's last Fact was shooting a Watchman, who oppos'd him in breaking open a Shoe-maker's Shop at the Corner of *Great Wild-Street*, facing up *Queen-Street*. He was apprehended and condemn'd for this Murder; but such was his Impiety, that under Sentence of Death, that instead of thanking such who had so much Christianity in 'em as to bid him prepare for his latter End, he would bid them not to trouble his Head with the idle Whimsies of Heaven and Hell, for he was more a Man than to dread or believe any such Matter after this Life. But when he came to the Place of Execution, which was at the End of *Long Acre* in *Drury-Lane*, and a Halter was put about his Neck, he then chang'd his Tone, and began to call out for Mercy, with such a sorrowful Voice, which could not but awake the lethargick Conscience that ever the Devil lull'd asleep. One there might plainly see by the Deluge of Tears which fell from his Eyes, what Convulsion-Fits his poor Soul suffer'd, whilst his own Mouth confessed how grievously his afflicted Spirits were stretch'd on the Rack of black Despair. Now was the Time to peruse the voluminous Registers of his ill Conscience, which formerly lay clasp'd in some unsearch'd Corner of his Memory, were laid open before him; and the Devil who hitherto gave him the lessening End of the Perspective-Glass to survey his licentious Courses, turn'd the magnifying End to his Eye, which made him implore Heaven for a gracious Pardon of his manifold Transgressions. In this manner he was turn'd off the Cart on *Friday* the twenty second Day of *September*, 1704, aged twenty nine Years.

The LIFE of GEORGE SEAGER.

The following Account was sent in a LETTER from a Gentleman in London, to his Friend in the Country, in the Year 1697.

S I R,

Have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which perhaps is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the exciting of what I imagine, to the relating of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-Teller sits awkwardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not liv'd to its due Vigor, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Exertion of Thought. However, in Compliance with your Request I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to relate the unaccountable Actions of George Seager, who was lately executed here.

This notorious Fellow, aged twenty six Years at the Time of his Death, was born at Portsmouth in Hampshire, where his Father and Mother dying, his Mother took Care of him for a while; but she not being able to support herself, left him to the Parish to bring up him, the Overseers whereof placed him out to a Pack-Thread. After two Years he left that Employment, and went to a Silk-Throwster for a Year and half; when running away from his Master, he took bad Courses, as being addicted to Gaming, Searing, Drunkenness, and Theft; but a Gang of five Ruby Men of War pressing him, he went on board that Ship to Sea, where robbing the Seamen's Cists, he was often whipp'd at the Cap's Stern, put in the Bilboes, and once Keel-haul'd. Keel-hauling a Man is tying a Rope round his Middle, to which the other Ropes are so fasten'd, that carrying him to the End of the Main-Yard-Arm on the Starboard-side of the Ship, he is flung from thence into the Water, and hauled under the Ship by a Man standing on the Main-Yard-Arm on the Larboard-side, where a Gun is fired over the Criminal's Head as he is drawing up. However, as no Punishment would deter him from pilfering, the Captain of the Ship, rather than be plagued with him, put him ashore at Portsmouth, from whence he begg'd his Way to Plymouth, where he lifted himself into Johnny Gibson's Regiment, to whom he was a continual Pique.

The first Time he mounted the Guard, being put on the Ramparts, and ordered by the Corporal not to let the grand Rounds pass without challenging, he said, he would take Care of them, imagining that if he challenged them he must fight them too. So the grand Rounds going about at Twelve o'clock, with Johnny Gibson at the Head of them, Seager, who had got a whole Hatful of Stones by him, because he chose to fight at a Distance cries out; *Who comes there?* Being told, they were the

grand Rounds; *Oh! d—mn ye*, quoth George, *the grand Rounds are ye! Have at you then; for I have waited for you this Hour and above.* So pelting them with Stones as fast as he could fling, the grand Rounds could not pass any farther, till they called out to the Captain of *Lampart-Guard*, who sent the Corporal to relieve him, in order to his being examin'd; but Johnny Gibson finding him to be a raw Soldier, who had never been upon Duty before, he escaped any Punishment inflicted on Offenders by Martial Law.

Another Time, some arch Soldier putting a Whisk of Hay into the Mouth of the Wooden Horse, which stands at the End of the Parade by the Main-Guard House, Johnny Gibson espying it, quoth he, *I'll warrant him an honest Fellow, who was so kind as to give my Horse some Hay; gin I ken who it was, I'll give him Saxpence to drink.* George standing by the Governor when he said so, quoth he, *It was I, Sir, who gave your Horse that Hay.* Said Johnny then, *I'll vow it was well done of thee, and there is Saxpence for thy Pains; but as you was so civil as to feed my Horse, you ought to ride him to Water too.* So commanding him presently to be mounted on it, with a fifty Pounds Weight at his Feet, he there sat for an Hour, cursing Johnny's Civility to him to the very Pit of Hell.

But not long after this Riding-Bout, George standing Centry one Night at Johnny's Door, as he was coming homewards to his House, quoth he, *Who comes there?* Johnny Gibson the Governor reply'd, *A Friend, Lad.—What Friend? Stand, Sir.—* Quoth Johnny, *I am the Governor.* George reply'd, *I don't know that; therefore stand off, till I call the Corporal, or else I'll shoot you.* Johnny would fain have press'd upon his Post; but when he saw himself frustrated in his Design, quoth he, *I'll see, honest Friend, that ye know yer Duty, therefore ye need no call the Corporal, there's a Shilling for ye; and if ye'r hungry, ye may gang into my Kitchen and fill yer Belly, and in the mean Time I'll stand for ye.* George refused his Favour several Times; but when Johnny as often promised him upon his Word and Honour, that not the least Harm should come to him for leaving his Post, he gave him his Musquet, and went into his Kitchen. When he had fill'd his Belly, he went out by a backward Door to the Guard-House, where being several Soldiers playing at Cards, he put in among them. While he was here the Corporal espying him, *Ha, ha*, quoth he *how a Pox came you here from your Post already?* George reply'd, *Don't you trouble yourself about that, I have got one there to stand for me.*

The Corporal said no more to him then; but about an Hour and a half afterwards going to relieve the Centries, when he came to George's Post, he was much surpriz'd to see Johnny walking there with a Musquet on his Shoulders, who cry'd out, *Come, make haste Men, and relieve me, for it is a warr,*

cold Night; but, by my Bel, Iſe will never ſtand for any Knave agen, till he gang to fill his Belly; how- ever, Iſe ſhall ken that ill ſaud Loan another Time from a black Sheep. Some Time after, George being in Johnny's own Company, and ſtanding another Time Centry at his Door, wanting Shoes, he ask'd him for a Pair: *Quoth Johnny, Haſte thou ever a Piece of Chalk about thee?* George told him, *Yes;* and giving him a Piece, with which he drew out a Pair of Shoes on the Centry-Box, quoth he, *Thear's a Pair for thee.* George could not well tell what to ſay to him; but as ſoon as Jonny went in a doors, he draws out a Man ſtanding Centry on the Centry-Box, and went off from his Poſt. Afterwards, the Governor coming out, and ſeeing what George, who was not there, had done, he preſently went to the Guard-Houſe to ſee for him; but finding none of Gentleman, he ſent a Corporal with a File of Muſ- queteers to look for him. After long ſearching about the Town, they found him playing at *All-Fours* in an Ale-Houſe, and brought him Prisoner to Jonny, who demanding how his Impudence could be ſo great as to quit his Poſt before he was reliev'd, he ſaid, *He had leſt a Man to do his Duty. Yes,* quoth Johnny, *a Man chalk'd out for me. Why,* replies George, *I thought a Centry chalk'd out for you, would do as well as a Pair of Shoes for me.* But, to be ſhort, Johnny committed him to the Hole, where living only upon the Allowance of Bread and Water for fourteen Days, he was then brought forth, and ran the Gauntloop ſix Times thro' the whole Regiment.

After this George had alſo ran the Gauntloop ſeveral Times for robbing the Soldiers Barracks of Viſtuals, Linnen, or any thing elſe that he could find, but no Punishment deterring him from his pil- ſtering Tricks, he was in a Draught ſent over to *Flan- ders*, where going one Day into a great Church in *Bruffels*, he eſpy'd a *Capuchin-Fryar* confeſſing a young Woman in a very private Place; and as ſoon as the good old Father had given Abſolution to his Penitentiary, he made up to him under Pretence of confeſſing his Sins; for, as it happen'd, the Fryar was an *Engliſhman*. But, inſtead of confeſſing his manifold Crimes, his Intention was to commit more; for, pulling a Piſtol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to his Breaſt, quoth he, *Reverend Father, I per- ceived the young Gentlewoman, whom you juſt now con- feſs'd, gave you ſomething; but let it be more or leſs unleſs you ſurrender it to me, who have moſt Need of it, I will ſhoot you thro' the Heart, altho' I was ſure to be hang'd this very Moment for it.*

The Fryar being much ſurprized at theſe dange- rous Words, and deeming Life ſweet, he gave him what he had of his Female Penitentiary, which was two *Louis d'Ors*; then binding him Hand and Foot

in a Corner adjacent to his Confeſſion-Box, he went away; and that ſame Day, deſerting his Regiment made the beſt of his Way for *England*, where he committed ſeveral moſt notorious Burglaries in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtmiſter*, and the Out-Par- thereof; but at laſt being apprehended, and ſent to *Newgate*, for breaking open the Houſe of the *Lord Caſſi*, and taking thence Plate and fine Linnen value at Two Hundred and forty Pounds, he was hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday*, the Twenty ſeventh Day of *January*, in the Year 1696-97.

Thus have I given you all the Account I cou- collect, of a Man, who Life you were ſo deſirous to be acquainted with; there is nothing very remark- ble in his Actions, but his being your Countryman is a ſufficient Excuse for your Curioſity.

I am, S I R, Yours, &c.

We may add by way of *Poſſcripts* to the fore-goi- Letter, that at the ſame Time and Place were ex- ecuted the following Criminals, viz. 1. *Joſeph P- ter*, aged Twenty ſeven Years, and born in *San- wark*; who running away from King William's Ser- vice at Sea, broke open the *Lady Anverquerque* Houſe, and took from thence One Hundred & Thirty Pounds in Money, which he conſumed in leſs than a Week; and when he came to the Tree, ſay- ing his Impudence as to ſay, *I muſt needs own that I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market, but not care I for hanging, ſince a ſhort Life well ſpent is bet- ter than a long one!*

2. *Benjamin Eliſon*, aged Twenty five Years, born at *Wapping*, was condemn'd for breaking open the Houſe of the Earl of *Albemarle*, and tak- ing thence ſome Jewels, and a Gold Watch of great Value; but he was not much concerned at his timely End; for, inſtead of repenting, he ſaid, *I now was to live my Life over again, I would be in other Trade but a Thief; becauſe he has no ſooner ſet his Work, but he is paid for his Labour.*

3. *James Ayres*, aged Thirty Years, and born in *Scotland*, was condemn'd for committing ſeveral & notorious Robberies on the Highway; and be- come to the Place of Execution, and eſpying a Country Fellow gazing earneſtly upon him, quoth he, pointing at the ſame Time towards him, *I have got one Half-Crown in my Breeches ſtill; and be- lieving you to be out of Buſineſs, I will give it you with all my Heart, to take but one Turn for me for ſix an Hour: And let me tell you, a Crown an Hour is good Pay for any Working Man in England.*

The LIFE of NED BONNET.

EDWARD Bonnet was born of very good and reputable Parents, in the Isle of *Ely*, in *Cambridgeshire*, who bestowing some small Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and Casting Accounts, about the Fifteenth Year of his Age, he was put out an Apprentice to a Grocer, living at *Potten* in *Bedfordshire*, whom he served honestly. When he was out of his Time, he married a Neighbour's Daughter, by whom he had two small Children at the Time of his Death, and set up for himself in the Country, being at one Time worth above six hundred Pounds. He was ruined by a Fire, which burnt all his Goods and House to the Ground; and not being in a Condition to retrieve his Loss, he came up to *London*, to avoid the unfortunate Duns of Creditors, where lighting into a Gang of Highwaymen, he took to their Courses, to raise himself, if possible, once more. Having been upon several Exploits, wherein he was successful, the sweet Profit of his Enterprizes made him in Love with robbing on the Highway, that he devoted himself wholly to it, and committed (as is reported) above three hundred Robberies, particularly in *Cambridgeshire*, infomuch that he was much dreaded by the People in that Country, as that great Tory, *Patrick Flemming*, was by the old Irish.

After he was grown a good Proficient in the gainful Art and Mytery of robbing on the Highway, he sometimes attempted to rob by himself, for he was an excellent Horseman, and kept the best of Horses, which would leap a Hedge, Ditch, or Five-Bar Gate, with him on his Back, and knew the Road by Day or Night, in that Country, as perfectly as if was marked by a Compass.

Upon this Beast one Time he met a young *Cantabrigian*, who had more Money than Wit, recreating himself abroad in his Calash, with a brisk jolly Purtezan, belonging to bawdy *Barnwell*, a little Village, within a Mile of the University of *Cambridge*, well lust with such sort of Cattle, as will sell the foul Disease to a Gentleman at a very moderate Price. He made up to these Gallants, and commanding them to stand, he very civilly demanded their Money; which they refusing, he took the Sum of six Pounds or thereabouts from 'em by Violence; and because they gave him some Trouble before they would part with what they had, he was resolved to put them to some Shame.

To accomplish this, he presented a Couple of Pistols towards them, and swore they should suffer no more than present Death, if they did not strip themselves stark naked; and they, to save their sweet Lives, obey'd his Commands. Then tying their Hands behind them, he bound their Legs one to the other, and flinging the Horse away he ran upon a Trot with these *Adamites*, home to his Inn in *Cambridge*. But as soon as they came into the Town, with a Multitude of Men, Women, and Children, who were hallooing and shouting after them, that the like

to be sure was scarcely seen after the *Lady Godiva*, when she rid naked thro' the City of *Coventry*. But their Shame did not end here; for the young Gentleman being call'd to an Account by the Vice-Chancellor, for this Scandal which he had brought on the Collegians, by his publicly keeping Company with lewd Women, he was expell'd by the University; and the Strumpet sent to the House of Correction, to do farther Penance by Way of Mortification for the Flesh.

Having performed this Exploit, and removing his Quarters on t'other Side the Country, he met with his Taylor and Son, who had lately arrelled him for a Sum of four or five Pounds, which he ow'd Mr. *Stitch*. Resolving now to be revenged on him, he requested him to deliver his Purse; but the Taylor not approving of his Proposition, he us'd a great many Words and Ceremonies to divert *Ned Bonnet* from his Project. *Ned* not being to be Tongue-patched, he, by force of Arms, took thirty six Pounds away from his former Creditor, and rid off; which made the Son say to his Father, *I wonder what these Fellows think of themselves? Surely they must go to Hell for committing these notorious Actions.* Good forbid, reply'd the Taylor, for to have Conversation of such Rogues there, would be worse than all the rest.

After this, *Ned Bonnet* meeting on the Road betwixt *Cambridge* and *Ely*, Mr. *Piggot* the Anabaptist Preacher in *Little-Wild-street*, he commanded him to stand and deliver; whereupon, this pious and much Pains-taking Propagator of the Gospel, being very loath to part with his Mammon to this Devil of a Robber, as thinking it false Heraldry to put Metal to Metal, he dropp'd a great many devout Sayings to divert him from his intended Purpote. This putting *Ned Bonnet* into a great Passion, he said, *Pray, Sir, keep your Breath to cool your Porridge, and don't talk of religious Matters to me, for I'll have you to know, that, like all other true bred Gentlemen, I believe nothing at all of Religion; therefore deliver me your Money, and bestow your laborious Cant upon your Female Auditors, who'll never scold at their Maids without cudgelling them with broken Pieces of Scripture, which flow very fluently upon them on all Occasions.* So taking from him a good Watch, worth eight Pounds, and as many Guineas, he ty'd his Legs under his Horse's Belly, and left him to steer his Course as well as he could.

Another Time *Ned* and his Associates meeting with a Person of Quality, attended by four Servants, on the descending of a Hill into a hollow Way, the one Side whereof was inclos'd with a craggy shattering Rock, and the other with a large Wood, rising considerably higher than the Road, here they thought it very proper to assault the Nobleman and his Attendants, whom they commanded to stand and deliver what they had. At this the Person of

Quality smil'd, (thinking, or at least dissembling that he thought so) that they were only in Jest, and told them, *He believed they were Gentleman only upon a Frolick; therefore, if they would accompany him to the next Town, they should be entertained with the best the Place would afford.* To this Ned and his Comrades reply'd furlyly, *They must convince him by stronger Arguments if he persisted not to deliver his Money, which volens volens they were resolv'd to have.* So having made ready, they bore up to seize his Horse's Bridle. Upon this, perceiving they were in Earnest, a sharp Dispute began betwixt them; but the Nobleman's Party being overpowered, they were forced to surrender themselves Prisoners at Discretion.

The Robbers then taking from the Nobleman a Purse full of Gold, a gold Snuff-Box, a gold Watch, and a rich diamond Ring, they carried him and his Servants into the adjacent Wood, where tying them Hands and Feet, they left them; but saying, *That they would bring them more Company presently.* Accordingly, they were as good as their Word, for in less than two Hours they made the Nobleman and his four Servants just a dozen Persons, whom also binding, quoth Ned Bonnet, 'There are now twelve of you, all good Men and true; so bidding you farewell, you may give in your Verdict on us as you please when we are gone; tho' it will be none of the best, yet to give as little Trouble as may be, we shall not stay now to challenge any of you: So once more farewell.

Ned Bonnet and his Comrades now going to their Place of Rendezvous, to make merry with what they had got, which was at a bye fort of an Inn standing somewhat out of the high Road between Stamford and Grantham, it happened at Night to rain very hard, so that one Mr. Randal a Pewterer, living near Marygold-Alley in the Strand, before it was burnt down, was oblig'd to put in there for Shelter. Calling for a Pot of Drink, whereon was the Inn-keeper's Name, which was also Randal, the Pewterer asked him, as being his Name fake, to sit and bear him Company.

They had not been long chattering before Ned and one of his Comrades, with a Trull, came down Stairs and placed themselves at the same Table; and understanding, by the Means aforesaid, what this Stranger's Name was, one of the Rogues fixing his Eyes more intent than ordinary upon him, in a deal of seeming Joy, he leaped over the Table, and embracing the Pewterer, quoth he, 'Dear Mr. Randal! who would have thought to have seen you here? 'Tis Ten Years, I think, since I had the Happiness to be acquainted with you.

Whilst the Pewterer was recollecting whether he could call this Spark to mind or not, for it came not into his Memory, that he had ever seen him in his Life, the Highwayman again cry'd out, *Alas! Mr. Randal, I see now I am much altered, since you have forgot me.* So being here arrived to a Ne plus ultra how to go on, up starts Ned, and with as great seeming Admiration, said to his Companion, *Is this, Harry, the honest Gentleman in London, whom you so often us'd to praise for his great Civility and Liberality to all People? Surely then we are very happy in meeting thus accidentally with him.*

By this Discourse they would almost have persuaded Mr. Randal that they perfectly knew him; but being sensible of the contrary, he very seriously assured them, that he could not remember that he ever had seen any of them in his Life. No! said they, as struck with Admiration, *that's strange we should be altered so much within these few Years.* Then Mr. Randal began to ask the Spark, who pretended to know him so well, some Questions which

he was certain he could not positively answer; but fearing they should then be put to a Nonplus, he waved them, and strained Compliments with Mr. Randal to sup with them; which all his Refusals could not avoid.

By that Time they had supped, in came four more of Ned's Comrades, who were invited also to sit down, and more Provisions were called for, which were as quickly brought, and as quickly devour'd. When the Fury of consuming half a dozen geese Fowls and other Victuals was over, besides several Flasks of Wine, there was not less than three Pounds odd Money to pay. At this they star'd on each other, and held a profound Silence, whilst Mr. Randal was fumbling in his Pocket. When they saw he only brought fourth a Moute, which was only as much as came to his Share to pay, he that pretended to know him, started up, and protested he should excuse'd for old Acquaintance sake: But the Pewterer, not willing to be beholden, as indeed they never intended he should, to such Companions, left for the Civility they should expect greater Obligations from him, pressed them to accept his Dividend of the Reckoning, saying, *If they thought requisite he would pay more.*

At last their Trull taking the Wink, said, *Come, what needs all this ado? Let the Gentleman if he so pleases, present us with this small Treat, as you give him a larger at his taking his Farewell the Morning.* Mr. Randal not liking this Proposal it was started that he and Ned should throw Dice and the Controversy; and fearing he was got into Company, to avoid Mischief, Randal acquiesced to throw a Main for who should pay the whole Share which was so managed that the Lot fell upon Ned. For putting the Change upon him, the Dice threw with ran all Fives and Sixes on Ned's Side, a but only Fours and Fives on the Pewterer's Side, which he perceiving, and going to detect them, the Strumpet snatched them up, and by the Art of Hocus, converted them into regular ones. By the Means Randal, having the Voice of the whole Board against him, was deputed to pay the whole Reckoning; tho' the dissembling Villains vow'd a protested they had rather it had fell to any of the to have had the Honour of treating him, with a making large Promises what great Things they would do the next Morning, to make him amends.

Mr. Randal dissembled his Discontent at the shirking Tricks as well as he could; and they perceiving he would not engage in Gaming, but counterfeited Drowsiness, and desired to be a-bed, the Company broke up, and he was shew'd to his Lodging, which he baricado'd as well as he could, by putting old Chairs, Stools, and Tables against the Door. Going to Bed and putting the Candle out, he fell asleep; but was soon awaked by a capering up and down the Room, and an Outcry of Murder at Thieves.

Upon this surprizing Noise he leaped out of Bed and ran to the Door, to see whether it was fast or not; and finding nothing removed (for the Highwaymen came into his Chamber by a Trap Door which was behind the Hangings) he wondered how the Noise should be there in his Apartment, unless it was enchanted. But as he was about to remove the Barricade to run and raise the House, he was surrounded with a Crew, who tying and gagging him, they took away all his Cloaths, and left him to shift for himself as well as he could.

A little after, the Inn-keeper, the better to colour his Business, came thundering at the Door, demanding what was the Cause of this Clamour at this Time of Night? But hearing no Body answer, he jumble

opened the Door, and entered the Room with a Candle, bringing also his Hostler and Tapster along with him. Finding the Gentleman in that condition, he soon unloos'd him, with a great deal of seeming Sorrow for this Disaster; for he had not only lost his Cloaths, but also forty Pounds which he had in Gold in his Breeches. In the mean while Ned Bonnet and one of his Comrades came into Mr. Randal's Chamber, to enquire the meaning of this disturbance there, and when they were acquainted with his Loss, they swore, in a seeming great Rage, they would find out the Rogues, if they went to a conjuror. But the poor Pewterer believed they need not consult the Devil to know who had robbed him, more than they might have doubted going to him themselves when they died.

Mr. Randal being thus cheated and robbed of all he had about him, he was obliged to borrow some of the Cloaths of the Inn-keeper and then with a heavy heart return early in the Morning home again, as being not able to prosecute his intended Journey, and want of Money to defray his Charges.

One Time Ned Bonnet, in a Rencounter on the Road, met with the Misfortune of having his Horse staid under him; whereupon, he was obliged to follow his Trade on Foot, till he could get another. It was not long before he took a good Gelding out of the Grounds of a Man, who since kept the Red-Lyon-Inn in Hounslow; upon which, riding strait into Cambridgeshire, a Gentleman one Day overtook him on the Road, who had just like to have been robbed. Hearing Ned Bonnet to be tuning something of a Psalm, he, thereupon, took him to be a merry Man, and desired his Company to such a Place, to which he said he was also going, (for a Highwayman is never out of his Way, tho' he is going, against his Will, to the Gallows.) But at length, coming to a Place convenient for his Purpose, he obliged the Gentleman to stand and deliver his Money; which being above eighty Guineas, he had no Conscience to give him half a Crown to bear his Charges, till he had Credit to recruit himself again. This Gentleman ever after could not endure the Tune of a Psalm, and had as great an Aversion against Sterbold, Hopkins, Tate, and Brady, as the Devil has to holy Water.

The Reader will observe by what precedes, that Ned Bonnet had always a sprightly Imagination, and this was yet more apparent before the Faceties of his Mind were debauched by evil Practices: We shall give one Instance, which was omitted at the Beginning, to prove the Liveliness of his Genius when he was but a Child. Being sent to his Father when he was no more than ten Years old, with a Present to the Parson of the Parish, he went and knocked manfully at the Door.

The Gift was a Spear-rib, the old Man having just killed a Hog, and it was wrapped up in a Cloth, and put into a Basket. A Servant comes to the Door, and demands of young Bonnet his Business. *I want to speak with your Master* says he. Immediately the Master was informed, and, he imagining what the Affair was, comes to receive the Dole of his pious Parishoner, a Thing that Gentlemen of the Cloth are as ready to do, as any Men in the World. *Well, my Dear, quoth he, What is your Business? Why only my Father has sent you this,* says Ned, and gives him the Basket, without moving his Hat. *O Fie, fie, Child,* says Levi, *have you no Manners? You should pull off your Hat, and say, Sir, my Father gives his Service to you, and desires you to accept this small Token: Come go out again with the Basket, and knock at the Door, and I'll let you in, and see how prettily you can perform it.*

The Parson waited within the Door till he was weary, expecting Ned to knock; till at last, imagining the Boy had mistook the Case, he opens the Door, and sees our Gentleman at a Distance, walking off with his Present. *So ho! So ho! Sirrah, where are you a going?* calls the Parson with a loud Voice. *Home, Sir,* answered the Boy as loudly. *Nay, but you must come back, and do as I bade you first,* says the Priest again. *Thank you for that, Sir,* quoth Ned: *I know better; and if you teach me Manners, I'll teach you Wit.* So away he fairly went with the Spear-rib, which his Father, upon hearing the Story, had Wit enough to keep, and laugh at the Parson into the Bargain.

At length one Zachary Clare, whose Father kept a Baker's Shop at Hackney, being apprehended for robbing on the Highway, and committed to Cambridge Goal, to save his own Bacon, he made himself an Evidence against Ned Bonnet, who being secured at his Lodging in Old-Street, was sent to Newgate, where remaining till the Assizes held at Cambridge, before Mr. Baron Lovel, he was carried down thither, and executed before the Castle, on Saturday the 28th of March, 1713, to the general Joy and Satisfaction of all the People in that Country; where a great Number on Horseback met him on the Road, when he was going down, to conduct him safe to Prison. Before he was turned off he shew'd himself very much troubled for the poor Condition in which he left his Wife and Children, and owned that his shameful Death was no more than what he deserved, in that he had been condemned for his Life not above three Years before, at Chelmsford in Essex, and was pardoned for the same; but not making good use of that Royal Mercy, which was extended towards him, the just Judgment of God had now overtook him for all his Wickedness.

The LIFE of JACK SHRIMPTON.

JOHN Shrimpton was born of good and reputable Parents, living at Penns, near High-Wickham, in Buckinghamshire, who bestowing so much Education upon him, as might qualify him for a Tradesman, he was put out an Apprentice when he was between 15 and 16 Years of Age, to a Soap-boiler in Little-Briton, in London; but not serving out his Apprenticeship there, he was turn'd over to another Soap-boiler in Ratcliffe-high-way; where getting acquainted with a Parcel of unlucky Prentices, they went one Morning early to rob an Orchard a little out of Town. Jack Shrimpton getting into a Tree, whilst his Companions lay perdue, to prevent his Discovery, in the mean time a Sea Captain came out with another Brother Officer's Wife to recreate themselves, and just under this Tree wherein Jack was hid, our Gallant being dispos'd to give his Lady a Green-gown, she denied his Civility, by Reason a great Dew being fell on the Grass, she was fearful of disobliging her fine Clothes. Hereupon the Gentleman spread his fine Cloak on the Ground, and giving his Mistress what pleas'd her, and praising his own Activity in the Sport of Venus, to a high Degree, Jack Shrimpton shaking the Tree, threw the Apples down in Shoals about their Ears: The two Lovers, in a great Fright and Consternation, ran into the House as fast as they could, without any Thoughts of the Cloak, which Shrimpton, when he came out of the Tree, with all Speed carried away, and sold it for Six Pounds.

When Jack Shrimpton was out of his Time, his Inclination not suiting with the Thoughts of getting a Livelihood by his honest Industry, he led a rakish Course of Life, and went into the Army, where he was some time in the Troop of Horse commanded by Major General Wood; but not finding such Preferment as he expected by being a Soldier, he came into England, and took to the High-way. He did always the most Damage betwixt London and Oxford, insomuch that scarce a Coach or Horseman could pass him without being robb'd.

One Time overtaking a certain Barrister at Law of the Middle-Temple, in the Woods betwixt Wickham and Stoken-Church, the Gentleman lik'd Shrimpton's Horse so extremely well, that he was pleas'd to proffer him 30 Guineas for it at first Word. But Shrimpton valuing his Horse at a higher Rate, would not take under 50 for him. The Gentleman told his new Companion, whom he had pick'd up upon the Road, that he had no more than 30 Guineas about him, and what would just bear his Charges to the Place whither he was going, however, because he had a great Fancy for the Horse, he would give him a Note, to be payable upon Sight in London, for 10 Pounds more. Shrimpton refus'd his Chapman's Offer, saying, Sir, mine is a Horse worth its Weight in Gold; and, if you was to know all, has procur'd me more Money than ever Bacchus got for Alexander; therefore I shall not part with him on any

Terms: But indeed, Sir, you must part with 30 Guineas nevertheless, or otherwise we must discuss the Matter presently at Sword and Pistol. The Barrister was much startled at these Words; but Jack Shrimpton being very resolute in his Demand, he was oblig'd to part with his Money without seeing the Horse, which he so much admir'd to his Cost.

Some Time after the committing of this Robbery, Mr. Shrimpton (whose Practice in this unlawful Course of Life, plainly shew'd his main Industry was to ruin himself, in following a Profession which demonstrated an open Defiance to his Happiness) being in London, he accidentally lit into the Company of the Common Hangman, where he was taking a Glass of Wine; and coming to the Knowledge of his Occupation, he ask'd him this Question: *What is the Reason, when you perform your Office, that you put the Knot just under the Ear; for in my Opinion, 'twas you to fix it in the Nape of the Neck, it would be more easy to the Sufferer?* The Hangman reply'd, *If one Christian may believe another, I have hang'd a great many in my Time, but upon my Word, Sir, I never had any Complaint as yet. However, it should be your good Luck to make use of me, I shall oblige you, be so civil as to hang you after your own Way.* But Shrimpton not approving of the Hangman's Civility, he told him, that he desir'd none of his Favours, because they generally prov'd of a very dangerous Consequence.

One Mr. Littleton, a Face Painter, living in Silver-street in London, was acquainted with several of Shrimpton's Friends, by which means he had been taken into his Company; and once having some Business which requir'd him into Buckinghamshire, he went and lodg'd at Shrimpton's Brother's, who kept an Inn at Woodburn. Now whilst Mr. Littleton was in the Country, Jack Shrimpton din'd with his Wife in London, on a Sunday; on the Tuesday following he din'd with Mr. Littleton himself, in the Count of Bucks; and the Day after, being Wednesday, overtaking Mr. Littleton in a Coach, near Gerrard's-Cross, where likewise were three or four other Coaches, Shrimpton spoke first to him, after the usual Way, stand and deliver. Pray, says he, what you do so quickly, because I have a great deal of Work lies on my Hands to finish betwixt this and Night. So Mr. Littleton giving him 35 Shillings, he rid up to the Passengers in the other Coaches, from whom he took 150 Pounds: But three Days after the playing of this Trick, Shrimpton sent to Littleton the following Letter by a Porter, with two Guineas inclos'd.

S I R,
THE last Time I had the Honour to see you was at Gerrard's-Cross, which is all from your humble Servant to command

J. Par

AND

Another Time *Jack Shrimpton*, who also call'd himself *Parker*, meeting a Couple of Bailiffs beyond *Wickham*, carrying a poor Farmer to Goal, he desir'd to know what the Debt might be; and being told six Pounds odd Money, he requested them to go with him to the next Ale-house, and he would pay it. They went along with him, where taking a Bond of the Farmer, whom he knew very well, he paid the Bailiffs their Prisoner's Debt and Fees, and then parted. But *Jack Shrimpton* way-laying the Bailiffs, he had no more Mercy on them, than they had on the Farmer, for he took away what Money he paid 'em, and about 40 Shillings besides; after which he rid back again to the Farmer, and regaling him with a Treat of a Guinea, cancel'd his Bond, and then went in Pursuit of new Adventures.

A little while after *Shrimpton* travelling the Road, he met with a poor Miller, who was going to turn Highwayman himself; for being very much indebted, so that he expected nothing but to be daily clapt up in a Jail, he was resolv'd to better his Fortune, or lose his Life. Thus roving along, and meeting (as abovesaid) with *Shrimpton*, he held up an Oaken Plant, for he had no other Arms, and bad him stand, as thinking that Word was sufficient to scare any Man out of his Money.

Shrimpton perceiving the Simplicity of the Fellow, fir'd a Pistol at him, which (tho' he purposely miss'd him) put our new Robber into such an Agony, that he surrender'd himself to *Shrimpton's* Mercy; who presently said, *Surely, Friend, thou art but a young Highwayman, or else you would have knocked me down first, and have bid me stand afterwards.* The poor Miller told him his Misfortunes; on which *Shrimpton* taking some Compassion, quoth he, *I am a Highwayman myself, and am now waiting in this Road for a certain Neighbour of yours, who I expect will come this way by and by with six score Pounds; therefore if you will be assisting in the Robbery of him, you shall have half the Booty.*

The Miller was very thankful for this kind Offer, and resolv'd to stand by him to the very utmost. Then *Shrimpton* having told him again, that it was not long since he had robb'd one of his Neighbours of 150 Pounds, he farther said, "Honest Friend, whilst I ride this Way, do you go that Way, and if you should meet him whom I have told you of, be sure knock him down, and take all he has from him, without telling him why or wherefore; and in case I should meet him, I'll serve him the same Sauce."

They both separated, and went in Search for their Prey, till at last, upon the joining of two Roads, they met together again. *Shrimpton* wondering the Person he wanted should not yet come, order'd the Miller to follow him still, saying, *Without doubt we shall catch the old Cuff anon.* But as he was thus encouraging his new Companion, who was just at his Horse's Heels, he takes up his Stick, and gave *Shrimpton* such a smart Blow betwixt Neck and Shoulders, that he fell'd him to the Ground; then being able to deal with him, he robb'd him of about fourcore Guineas, and bad him go quietly about his Business, or otherwise he would have him hang'd, according to his own Confession, for lately robbing his Neighbour. Thus the Biter was bit: but *Shrimpton* swore he would never more take upon him to learn Strangers how to rob on the Highway.

This notorious Malefactor pursu'd his wicked Courses a long while, 'till at last being at *Bristol*, where he resided for some Months, he was drinking one Night very late at a Bawdy-house in *St. James's Churchyard*, when a Watchman going his Rounds, and hearing a great Noise of swearing and cursing in the House, he compell'd *Shrimpton* to go along with him to the Watch-house. As they were going together thro' *Wine-street*, he shot the Watch-man thro' the Body, and flung his Pistol away, that it might not be found; but some Men happening to go by at the same Time, they apprehended *Shrimpton*, and the Watchman dying on the Spot, they secur'd him till Morning; when carrying him before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate* in *Bristol*, where he behaved himself very audaciously.

At length being brought to a Trial, he was convicted not only for wilful Murder, but also for five Robberies on the Highway.

After Sentence of Death was pass'd upon him, he was very careless of preparing himself for another World, whilst under Condemnation; for two Divines coming to him to admonish him, and give him good Advice about his latter End, he said, *Ye need not be so officious as ye are about my Soul, for 'tis Time enough to take Care of that when I come to the Gallows.* So the Divines seeing him harden'd in his Sin, they left him to take his own Measures; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *St. Michael's-Hill*, he was turn'd off without shewing any Signs of Repentance, on Friday the fourth of September, 1713. Thus died this incorrigible Offender, tho' he had several great Men to make Intercession to the Queen for a Pardon.

The LIVES of CHRISTOPHER DICKSON, JOHN GIBSON, and CHARLES WEYMOUTH.

CHristopher DICKSON, the first of these Malefactors, aged 22 Years, was born at *White-Chapel*, where he served five Years Apprenticeship with a Baker, and then by consent, parted with him. Afterwards he was Journeyman to another Baker, but staid not long there, before bad Company drew him away, and seduced him to follow wicked Courses. The chief Persons who led him astray, were *John Gibson* and *Charles Weymouth*; the first of whom aged twenty Years, was born at *Newcastle under Line*, in *Staffordshire*, and was a Sea-faring Man; and the other aged twenty five Years, born at *Redriff*, had also been brought up to the Sea, and served the Queen on Board some of her Men of War, for several Years off and on.

When these wicked Wretches first launched out into the Ocean of Iniquity, they met a poor old Man going to *Brentford Market*, whom they assaulted on the Highway; but finding nothing about him but an old Pair of Spectacles, *Kit Dickson* took them away for madness: The old Man begging hard for them, said, *Gentlemen, pray be so kind as to return me my Spectacles; for they are but little worth to you, and very serviceable to me, as fitting very well my Age, which is above threescore Years.* But *Dickson* swearing heartily at him, because he had no Money, told him, he would not part with them, till *Jack Gibson* said to his Comrade *Prithee*, *Dickson*, give the poor old Fellow his Spectacles; for if we follow this Trade, we may assure our selves, we shall never reach his Years, to make any use of them; whereupon *Dickson* returned the old Man his Spectacles again.

One Morning before break of Day, these Sparks lying perdue for a Prey, where was a dead Horse flea'd in a Field, they threw the Carcass cross the Road; and a little after a Country Fellow riding before it was light, a full Gallop, and not perceiving the Obstacle laid in his Way, down fell his Horse, and flung him into a Ditch. In the mean Time, these acute Rogues coming to his Assistance, they very kindly helped him out of the Mire; but for Civility Money, they took three Pounds odd Money of him, and bound him both Hand and Foot, whilst his Horse was run quite away. Some short Time after it being broad Day, some Passengers came by, to whom the Country Fellow crying out for Relief, they went and unbound him; and when he was on his Legs again, and saw the flea'd Horse lying in the Road, quoth he, *Gads bleed, such Rogues as these were never heard of before, for they have stolen the very Skin off of the Horse I rid on.* Then going home on Foot, where he found his Horse was got before him, quoth he to his Wife and Servants, *Gads bleed, how came Dobbin alive again? I'm sure it can't be him, it must be the Devil in his Shape; for my Horse was killed and flea'd not above three or four Hours ago, by a Parcel of Rogues that*

robbed me of all the Money I had about me. And ever after, let his Wife and Servants say what they would to the contrary, they could never persuade him that it was the same Horse he rid out with.

Another Time these accomplished Villains riding into the Country, they there killed an Ox, and cutting off three of its Feet, about the same Length that Neats Feet are usually sold at Market, they put them into their Portmanteau's, which were only stuff'd with Straw. Then going to an Inn in *Faringdon* in *Berkshire*, they called for a very plentiful Supper, and went up to their Chamber, in which was two Beds. But before they turned into Bed, they cramm'd the Straw which they had in their Portmanteaus up the Chimney, and then filled them again with two good Pair of *Holland Sheets*, three *Pillowbiers*, two Pair of *Callico Window Curtains*, one fine Blanket, and a very good Quilt, and then went to their Repose.

In the Morning our Adventurers lying very late, the Chamberlain having the Curiosity of going softly up Stairs to see whether they were stirring, and peeping thro' the Keyhole of the Door, against which one of the Beds was placed, he perceived three cloven Feet, which they had tied to their Feet, dangling out at the Bed's Foot. At this sight running down Stairs again very much affrighted, (for his Hair stood on end, and the Sweat ran down his Face in Drops as big as Pease) quoth he to his Master and Mistress, *The three Strangers that came hither last Night, are three Devils; nay, I'm sure they must be Devils, for I saw their cloven Feet.*

The Master not believing this Relation without ocular Inspection himself, away he crept softly up Stairs, and peeping thro' the Keyhole too, he no sooner saw the black cloven Feet hanging out at the Bed's Foot, but he ran down Stairs faster than he went up, and told his Wife, That it was true what the Chamberlain said, furthermore adding, *I am ruined and undone; for if it should be known that so my Devils haunt my House, I shall never have a Customer come to it again; and how to be rid of those Devils I can't tell.*

The Inn-keeper's Wife being much startled at what her Husband said, after some short Pause on the Matter, quoth she, *My Dear, I would have you go and fetch the Parson of the Parish hither presently, and see if he can rid the House of these infernal Guests by laying them.* Accordingly the Parson was fetched who positively assured them over a Pint of Sack, that he would soon send them all to Hell again, their proper Place of Rendezvons, in spite of their Teeth.

The Parson now softly creeping up Stairs to behold them, he no sooner saw their cloven Feet too, but he ran down again in as great Precipitation as the Inn-keeper and Chamberlain had done before him, saying, ' Indeed, Neighbours, their Guests in

Room are certainly all Devils; therefore the Advice I can give you is this, That when Devilships are pleased to come down, you give them very good Words, and take not Farthing for what they have had for themselves or for their Horses.

The Inn-keeper and his Wife promis'd to observe Direction, altho' their Reckoning came to above three; and at last the Devils coming down into the Kitchen, where they called for a good Breakfast, demanded what was to pay? Quoth the Host, One Farthing, Gentlemen: You are kindly welcome, without paying any Thing. They still went upon paying their Reckoning; but when he found that their Landlord and Landlady would take any Money, they took Horse and rid straight to London. Afterwards the Chamberlain going to the Linnen off the Bed. and finding it ready to his Hands, with divers other Things, as apparel, he acquainted his Master thereof, who said, Why then I'm come off better still; for considering they were thieving Devils, 'tis very well he did not take the House away with them; but now I shall never be troubled with such Guests. And indeed he had his Desire, for it was his intention not to trouble him any more.

At length the Devil indeed having left these sham Prisons in the Lurch, they were met with at last, and taken at Newgate; and at Justice-Hall in the Old Bailey were indicted upon three special Indictments, for robbing and assaulting John Edwards, Thomas Slap, and Samuel Slap, on the Queen's Highway. All these Indictments Weymouth pleaded guilty; the other two putting themselves upon their Trial. As proved, That the several Persons robb'd, went to Town to sell Cattle, staid to drink at the Anchor and Hope at Stepney, where the Prisoners were with others of their Gang; and staying till nine o'Clock at Night, as they were coming out of the Fields, were set upon; and they robbed Edwards of a Hat, value four Shillings, eleven Shillings in Money, and a Pocket-Book; Blake of five Shillings in Money, a Pocket-Book, a Pair of Scissors, and a Buckle; and Slap of twenty Shillings in Money, and a Hat. Edwards having a Stick in his Hand, oppos'd them, and defended himself as well as he could; but they beat him so very barbarously that he was in Danger of his Life, and could not appear against them.

William James one of their Accomplices, being deposed, That he and the Prisoners, and John Wade, and Henry Thompson, not taken, being the Anchor and Hope in Stepney, were told by Joan, that there were three Men had Money; whereupon they went to the Sign of the World's

End, and stay'd till they came out, and then followed and robbed them: The Evidence being so very plain, the Jury found them Guilty.

When these Criminals were under Sentence of Death, they whistled and play'd at Cards, till the very Day before they were to die; when reflecting on the Past Follies of their ill spent Lives, they then began to bewail their Misfortunes; before this they were so little concerned for the dreadful Circumstances in which they lay, that instead of preparing themselves for their latter End, they only sung and damn'd. Weymouth particularly declared, That his coming to an untimely End, was occasion'd by his keeping Company with an old Bawd in Grays-Inn-Lane, of whom, and all others of that Profession, he gave the following Character.

They are the Refuse and Sink of all human Society, who having pass'd thro' all the Degrees of Wickedness with their own Bodies, and finding they are incapable of acting any further Wickedness themselves, do (when they are grown old) become the Devil's Factors, and tempt others to do that which they are now unable to perform, and thereby do what in them lies to take the Devil's Work out of his Hands, their whole Business being to involve others in the same Damnation with themselves. These, wherever they are found, are the very Pests and Plagues of a Nation, and above all other Offenders, deserve to be made Examples of Publick Justice.

On Wednesday the 10th of March, 1713-14, they were convey'd up Tyburn Road. At the same Time suffered Death with them, Alexander Petre, for privately stealing a great Quantity of Copper, of the value of twenty Pounds, out of the Warehouse of one Mr. Thomas Chambers. He readily confess'd that he was guilty of the Fact; but said, That one Powell, the Evidence against him, was the Person that enticed him to the Commission of that Crime. He was twenty two Years of Age, born at Newcastle upon Tyne, in the County of Northumberland; his Calling a Sailor, having for twelve Years been employ'd on board several of her Majesty's Men of War; and the last of them on board which he serv'd was the *New Advice*, a fourth Rate. And also Samuel Denny alias Appleby, was hanged on the same Day, for stealing a Gelding from Mr. John Scagg, and robbing him of twenty seven Shillings in Money, on the Queen's Highway; he was twenty three Years of Age, born at Braintree in Essex, and a Wheelwright by his Trade; but had served four Years as a private Centinel in the Army, which being a Soldier was the Occasion of his taking to ill Courses.

The LIVES of Edward Burnworth, *alias* Frazier, William Blewit, Thomas Berry, Emanuel Dickenson, William Marjoram, John Higgs, &c.

Edward Burnworth, *alias* Frazier, was the extraordinary Person who framed a Project for bringing *Rapine* into Method, and bounding even the Practice of Licentiousness within some Kind of Order. It may seem reasonable therefore to begin with his Life, preferable to the rest, and in so doing, we must inform our Readers, that his Father was by Trade a Painter, though so low in his Circumstances, as to be able to afford his Son but a very mean Education. However, he gave him as much as would have been sufficient for him in that Trade to which he bound Apprentice, *viz.* a Buckle-maker in *Grub-street*, where for some Time Edward lived honestly and much in the Favour of his Master; but his Father dying, and his unhappy Mother being reduced into very narrow Circumstances, Restraint grew uneasy to him, and the Weight of a Parent's Authority being lost, he began to associate himself with those incorrigible Vagrants, who frequent the Ring at *Moorfields*, and from Idleness and Debauchery, go on in a very swift Progression to Robbery and picking of Pockets. Edward was active in his Person, and enterprising in his Genius; he soon distinguished himself in Cudgel-Playing, and such other *Morefields* Exercises, as qualify a Man first for the Road, and then for the Gallows. The Mob who frequented this Place, where one Frazier kept the Ring, were so highly pleased with Burnworth's Performances, that they thought nothing could express their Applause so much as conferring on him the Title of young Frazier. This agreeing with the Ferocity of his Disposition, made him so vain thereof, that quitting his own Name, he chose to go by this, and accordingly was called so by all his Companions.

Burnworth's grand Associates were these, William Blewit, Emanuel Dickenson, Thomas Berry, John Legee, William Marjoram, John Higgs, John Wilson, John Mason, Thomas Mekins, William Gillingham, John Barton, William Swift, and some others that is not material here to mention. At first they contented themselves with picking of Pockets, and other Exercises in the lowest Clats of Thieving, in which, however, they did more Mischief than any Gang which had been before them for twenty Years. They rose afterwards to Exploits of a more hazardous Nature, *viz.* snatching Womens Pockets, Swords, Hats, &c. The useful Places for their carrying on such infamous Practices, being about the *Royal-Exchange*, *Cheapside*, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, *Fleet-street*, the *Strand*, and *Charing-Cross*. Here they stuck a good while, nor is it probable they would ever have risen higher if Burnworth their Captain had not been detected in an Affair of this Kind, and

committed to *Bridewell*, from whence he moved to *New-Prison*, where he projected an which he put in Execution. During this Imprisonment, instead of reflecting his evil Course, he meditated only how to engage his Company in Attempts of a higher Nature, and considering large a Circle he had of wicked Associates, he to entertain Notions of putting them in such a situation as might prevent their falling easily in the Hands of Justice, which many of them within a Month or two last past had done.

Full of such Projects, and having once regained his Freedom, he took much Pains to gain his former Associates, *Barton*, *Marjoram*, *Berry*, *Blewit*, and *Dickenson*, in whose Company he walked with strange Ease, considering Warrants were out against the Part of the Gang. In the Night-time Burnworth strolled about to such little Bawdy-Houses as formerly frequented, and where he yet feared might be safe. One Evening having wandered the rest, he was so bold as to go into a House in the *Old-Bailey*, where he heard the Servants and officers of *Jonathan Wild* were in close Pursuit, and that one of them was in the inner Room himself. Burnworth loaded his Pistol under the and having primed it, goes with it ready to the Room where *Jonathan's* Foreman was a Quartern of Brandy and a Glass before him. Hark ye, *(says Edward)* You Fellow, what served your Time to a Thief-Taker, what might you have with me or my Company? You think to gain a hundred or two by swearing Livet away? If you do you are much mistaken that I may be some Judge of your Talent the Year. I must hear you swear a little on another Oath. Upon which filling a large Glass of Brandy with putting a little Gunpowder into it, he clapped it to the Fellow's Hands, and then presenting his Pistol to his Breast, obliged him to wish most horrible Mischiefs upon himself, if ever he attempted to hurt him or his Companions any more. No sooner had he done this, but Frazier knocking him down, he the Room, and went to acquaint his Company with his notable Adventure; which, as it undoubtedly frightened the new Thief-Taker, so it greatly exalted his Reputation for Bravery: A Thief-Taker only agreeable to Burnworth's Vanity, but useful to him so to his Design, which was to advance himself to a Sort of absolute Authority. His Associates were cunning enough to penetrate his Views; but not knowing it, suffered them to take Effect, instead of robbing as they used to do, as *Adams* directed them, or they received Intelligence of the Booty, they now submitted themselves to him.

once, and did nothing but as he commanded them. The Morning before the Murder of *Thomas Ball*, *Burnworth* and *Barton*, pitch'd upon the House of old Justice of the Peace in *Clerkenwell*, to whom they had a particular Pique for having formerly committed *Burnworth*, and propos'd it to their Companions to break it open that Night. They put their Design in Execution successfully, carrying off some things of real Value, and a considerable Parcel of what they took to be Silver Plate; with this they went into the Fields above *Islington*, and from thence to *Copenhagen-House*, where they spent the greatest part of the Day. On their parting the Booty, *Burnworth* perceived what they had taken for Silver was nothing more than a gilt Metal, at which he in a Rage would have thrown it away. *Barton* oppos'd him and said, *They should be able to sell it for something*; To which *Burnworth* replied, *That it was good for nothing but to discover them, and therefore it should not be preserved at any rate*. Upon this they parted, and while they were debating, came *Blewitt*, *Berry*, *Dickenson*, *Higgs*, *Wilson*, *Legee*, and *Frazier*, who joined the Company. *Burnworth* and *Barton* agreed to toss up at whose Disposal the Silver Ware should be; they did so, and it fell to *Burnworth* to dispose of it as he thought fit; upon which he carried it immediately to the *New-River-Street*, and threw it in there, adding, *He was sorry he had not the old Justice himself there, to share the same Fate*; being really as much out of Humour as the Justice had impos'd upon them in a fair Sale of the Commodity.

They loiter'd up and down the Fields 'till towards Evening, when they thought they might venture into Town, and pass the Time in their usual Pursues. While they were thus murdering of Time, a Comrade of theirs came up puffing and blowing as if ready to break his Heart. As soon as he reached them, *Lads*, (says he,) *beware of one thing; the Constables have been all about Chick-Lane in search of Folk of our Profession, and if ye venture to that House where we were to have met to Night, 'tis all to one but we are all taken*. This Intelligence occasion'd a deep Consultation amongst them, what Method they had best take: *Burnworth* exhorted them to keep together, telling them, as they were armed with Pistols and Daggers, a small Force would venture to attack them. This was approved by all the rest, and when they had made a solemn Oath to stand by one another in Case of Danger, they resolved, as Night grew on, to draw towards Town, *Barton* having quitted them and gone home. As they came through *Turnmill-Street*, they met the Keeper of *New Prison*, from whom *Burnworth* had eloped about six Weeks before. He desired *Edward* to step cross the Way to him, adding, *that he did not intend to do him any Prejudice*. *Burnworth* replied, *That he was no way in fear of any Injury he was able to do him*. And so concealing a Pistol in his Hand, he stepped over to him, his Companions waiting for him in the Street, but the Neighbours being some Suspicion of the Methods they follow'd began to gather about them; upon which they ran to their Companion, to come away, which, after making a low Bow to the Captain of *New Prison*, he did. Finding the People increase they thought it their most advisable Method to retire back into the Fields; this they did, keeping very close together, and in order to deter the People from making any Attempt, turn'd several times and presented their Pistols in their Faces, swearing they would murder the first Man who came near enough for them to touch him.

As soon as they had dispers'd their Pursuers, they entered into a fresh Consultation, in what Manner they should dispose of themselves. *Burnworth* heard what every one propos'd, and said at last *That he thought the best Thing they could do, was to enter the other Quarter of the Town, and so go directly to the Water-Side*. They approv'd his Propos'd, and accordingly getting down to *Black-Fryers*, cross'd directly into *Southwark*. They went afterwards to the Musick-house, but did not stay there, retiring at last into *St. George's-Fields*, where their last Counsel was held to settle the Operation of the Night. There *Burnworth* exerted himself in his proper Colours, informing them that there was no less Danger of their being apprehended there than about *Chick-Lane*; for that one *Thomas Ball*, who kept a *Gin-Shop* in the *Mint*, and who was very well acquainted with most of their Persons, had taken it into his Head to venture upon *Jonathan Wild's* Employment, and was indefatigable in searching out all their Haunts, that he might get a good Penny by apprehending them. He added, that but a few Nights ago, he himself narrowly miss'd being caught by him, being oblig'd to clasp a Pistol to his Face, and threaten to shoot him dead: Therefore, continued *Burnworth*, the surest Way is to go to this *Rogue's* House, and shoot him dead upon the Spot. His Death will not only secure us from all Fears of his Treachery, but it will so terrify others, that no-body will take up the Trade of Thief-catching in haste; and if it were not for such People, hardly one of our Profession in a Hundred would see the Inside of *New-gate*.

Burnworth had scarce made an End of his bloody Propos'd, before they all testified their Assent to it, *Higgs* only excepted, who seeming to disapprove thereof, they upbraided him with being a Coward and a Scoundrel, unworthy of being any longer the Companion of such brave Fellows. When *Frazier* had sworn them all to stick fast by one another, he put himself at their Head, and away they went directly to put their Design in Execution. *Higgs* retreating under the Favour of the Night, being apprehensive that himself might share the Fate of *Ball*, upon the first Dislike of him, *Burnworth* and his Party, when they came to *Ball's* House, and enquired of his Wife for him, were inform'd that he was gone to the next Door, a Publick-house, and that he would step and call him. *Burnworth* immediately followed her, and meeting *Ball* at the Door, took him fast by the Collar, dragg'd him, into his own House, and began to expostulate with him why he had attempted to take him, and how ungenerous it was to seek to betray his old Friends and Acquaintance. *Ball* apprehending their mischievous Intentions, address'd himself to *Blewitt*, and beg'd of him to be an Intercessor for him, that they would not murder him. But *Burnworth* with an Oath replied, *He would put it out of the Power of Ball ever to do him any farther Injury*, and thereupon immediately shot him. Having thus done, they all went out of Doors again; and that the Neighbourhood might suppose the Firing the Pistol to have been without any ill Intention, *Blewitt* fired another in the Street over the Tops of the Houses, saying aloud, *They were got safe into Town, and there was no Danger of meeting any Rogues there*. *Ball* attempted to get as far as the Door, but in vain, for he dropp'd immediately, and died in a few Minutes afterwards.

Having thus executed their barbarous Design, they went down from *Ball's* House directly towards the *Faulcon*, intending to cross the Water back again

again. By the Way they met with *Higgs*, who was making to the Water-side likewise; him they fell upon, and rated for a pusillanimous Dog: that would desert them in an Affair of such Consequence, and then *Burnworth* proposed to shoot him, which 'tis believed he would have done, had not *Marjoram* interposed, and pleaded for the sparing his Life. From the *Faulcon-Stairs* they crossed to *Pig-Stairs*; and there consulting how to spend the Evening, they resolved to go to the *Boar's-Head Tavern* in *Smithfield*, as not being there known, and being at a Distance from the Water-side, in Case any Pursuit should be made after them, on Account of the Murder. At this Place they continued till near Ten of the Clock, when they separated themselves into Parties for that Night. This Murder made them more cautious of appearing in publick; and *Blewit*, *Berry*, and *Dickenson* soon after set out for *Harwich*, and went over in a Packet boat from thence for *Helvoet-Sluis*.

Higgs also being in Fear, shipped himself at *Spithead*, where he began to be a little at Ease; but Justice quickly overtook him; for his Brother who lived in Town, having wrote a Letter to him, and given it to a Ship-Mate of his, this Man accidentally fell into Company with one *Arthur* a Watchman, of *St. Sepulchre's* Parish, and pulling the Letter by Chance out of his Pocket, the Watchman saw the Direction, and recollected that *Higgs* was a Companion of *Fraizer's*. Upon this he sends Word to *Mr. Delafay*, Under Secretary of State, and proper Persons were immediately dispatched to *Spithead*, who seized and brought him up in Custody. *Wilson*, another of his Confederates, withdrew about the same Time, and preserved himself from being heard of for a considerable Time.

Burnworth with some Companions continued to carry on their rapacious Plunderings, and as they kept pretty well united, and were resolute, they were too strong to be apprehended. Amongst the rest of their Pranks, they stopped the Chair of the Earl of *Harborough* in *Piccadilly*; but the Chairmen drawing their Poles, and knocking one of the Robbers down, the Earl came out of the Chair, and after a smart Dispute, in which *Burnworth* shot one of the Chairmen in the Shoulder, they rais'd their wounded Companion, and withdrew. About this Time a Proclamation was published for the apprehending *Burnworth*, *Blewit*, &c. it being justly suppos'd that none but Men guilty of these Outrages, could be the Persons concerned in the Murder of *Ball*. A Gentleman who had bought one of these Papers, came into an Alehouse in *White-Cross-street*, and read it publicly. The Discourse of the Company turning upon the Impossibility of the Persons concerned making their Escape. *Marjoram* one of the Gang who was there, unknown, weighing the Thing with himself, retired immediately into the Fields, where loitering about till Evening, he then stole into *Smithfield*, and going to a Constable, surrendered himself as an Accomplice in the Murder of *Ball*, desiring to be carried before the Lord Mayor, that he might put himself in a Way of obtaining a Pardon, and the Reward promised by the Proclamation. That Night he was confined in *Woodstreet* Compter, his Lordship not being at Leisure to examine him.

The next Day the Noise of his Surrender being spread all over the Town, many of his Companions changed their Lodgings, and provided for their Safety; but *Barton* planting himself in the Way, as *Marjoram* was carrying to *Goldsmiths Hall*, he popped out upon him at once, though the Constable had him by the Arm, and presenting a Pistol to him,

said, *D—n ye I'll kill you.* *Marjoram* a Sound of his Voice duck'd his Head, and he immediately firing, the Ball graz'd only on his I without doing him any Hurt. The Surprise which they were all struck who were assailing the stable, gave an Opportunity to *Barton* to retire, after his committing such an Insult on publick Justice perhaps was never heard of. *Marjoram* proceeded, and made a full Discovery of all the Transactions in which he had been concerned, *Legge* being that Night by his Directions in *White-Cross-Street* and committed to *Newgate*.

Burnworth was now deprived of his old Associates, yet he went on at his old Rate by himself. A few Nights after, he broke open the House of *Beexley* a great Distiller, in *Clare Market*, and away from thence Notes to a very great Value, a Quantity of Plate, which mistaking for white metal he threw away. One *Benjamin Jones* picked up, and was thereupon hanged, being one of the Number under Sentence, when the Condemned Hold was shut up, and the Criminals refused to submit to the Keepers. *Burnworth* was particularly scribed in the Proclamation, and three hundred Pounds offered to any who would apprehend yet so audacious was he to come to a House in *born*, and laying a Pistol down loaded on the Table, called for a Pint of Beer, which he drank and refused, defying any Body to touch him, though he knew him to be the Person mentioned in the proclamation.

It happened at this Time, that one *Christina Leonard* was in Prison for some such Feats as *Burnworth* had been guilty of, who lodged at the same Time with *Leonard's* Wife and Sister; who suffering nothing could so effectually recommend to the Mercy of the Government, as the procuring *Leonard* to be apprehended; he, accordingly made a Proposal, by his Wife, to Persons in Authority and the Project being approved, they appointed a sufficient Force to seize him, who were placed in an adjoining Alehouse, where the Wife of *Christina Leonard* was to give them the Signal. About Six o'Clock in the Evening, on *Shrove Tuesday*, *Leonard* and her Sister, and *Burnworth*, being all together, *Kate Leonard* proposed to fry Pancakes for Supper, which the other two approved of; accordingly her Sister set about them. *Burnworth* had put off his Surtout Coat, in the Place whereof he had several Pistols. There was a back Door which *Burnworth* usually kept upon the Latch, only in order to make his Escape, he should be surprized. This Door *Kate* fastened unperceived by *Burnworth*, and whilst her Sister was frying the Pancakes, went to the Alehouse for a pot of Drink; when having given the Men who were there waiting for him the Signal, she returned and entering the House, pretended to lock the Door herself, but designedly missed the Staple: The Door being thus upon the jar only, as she gave the Drink to *Burnworth*, Six Persons rushed into the Room. *Burnworth* hearing the Noise, and fearing his Surprize, jump'd up, thinking to have made his Escape at the back Door, not knowing it to be bolted; but they were upon him before he could get it open, and holding his Hands behind him, one of them ty'd him, whilst another, to intimidate him, fired a Pistol near his Head. Having thus secured him, they immediately carried him before a Justice of the Peace, who after a long Examination committed him to *Newgate*. Notwithstanding his Confinement in that Place, he communicated to his Companions, the Suspicion he had of *Kate Leonard's* betraying him, and the

or there was of her detecting some of the rest. They were easily induced to treat her as they had done *all*, and one of them fired a Pistol at her, just as she was entering her own House; but that missing, they made two or three other Attempts of the same nature, untill the Justices of the Peace placed a guard thereabouts in order to secure her from being killed, and if possible to seize those who should attempt it, after which they heard no more of these attacks.

In *Newgate* they confined *Burnworth* to the Condemned-Hold, and took what other Precautions they thought proper, in order to secure so dangerous a person, who they were aware, meditated nothing but how to escape. He was in this Condition when *Arton*, *Swift* &c. were under Sentence, and it was readily suspected that he put them upon a new Attempt of breaking out, which failed of Success. The officers upon Suspicion of his being the Projector of this Enterprize, removed him into the *Bilboa Room*, and there loaded him with Irons, yet nothing could shake the Stubbornness of his Temper, which urged him continually to force his Way thro' all Opposition, and regain his Liberty, in order to practise more Villainies. It is impossible to say how, but by some Method or other he had procured Saws, Files, and other Instruments for this Purpose. With these he first released himself from his Irons, then broke thro' the Wall of the Room in which he was lodg'd, and got into the Woman's Apartment, the Window which being fortified with three Tires of Iron Bars, forced one of them in a little Time. While he was filing the next, one of the Women gave the officers Notice, whereupon they came and dragged him back to the Condemned-Hold, and there fastened him down to the Ground.

WILLIAM BLEWIT, who next to *Azier*, was the chief Person in the Gang, was one of *St. Giles's* Breed, his Father a Porter, and his Mother at the Time of his Execution, selling Greens the same Parish. They were both of them unable to give their Son Education, or otherwise to provide for him, which occasioned his being put out by the Parish to a Perfumer of Gloves; but his Temper declining him to wicked Practices, he soon got himself into a Gang of young Pick-pockets, with whom he practised several Years with Impunity; but being at last apprehended in the very Fact, he was committed to *Newgate*, convicted the next Sessions, and order'd for Transportation. Being shipped on board the Vessel with other Wretches in the same condition, he was quickly let into the Secret, of their having provided for an Escape. *Blewit* immediately foresaw Abundance of Difficulties in their designs and therefore resolved to make a sure use of his own Advantage, which he did, by communicating all to the Captain, who immediately seiz'd their Tools, and prevented the Loss of his Ship. In return for this Service, *Blewit* obtained his Freedom, and before he had been two Months in Town, somebody seizing him, and committing him to *Newgate*, at the next Sessions he was tried for returning from Transportation, and convicted, but pleading the Service he had done, in preventing the Attempt of the other Malefactors, Execution was respited till the Return of the Captain, and on his Report the sentence was changed into a new Transportation, to that foreign Port he would: But he no sooner regain'd his Liberty, than he put into the same Use before, till he got into Acquaintance with *Burnworth* and his Gang, who taught him other Methods of robbing. He had, to his other Crimes, added the Marriage of several Wives, of which the first had

so great a Love for him, that upon her visiting him at *Newgate*, the Day before they sat out for *Kingston*, she fell down dead in the Lodge; another of his Wives married *Emanuel Dickenson*, and she survived them both.

His meeting *Burnworth* that Afternoon before *Ball's* Murder was accidental, but the Savageness of his Temper led him to quick Compliance with that wicked Proposition. After the Commission of that Fact, tho' he with his Companions went over to *Holland*, they were so uneasy there, that they were constantly perusing the *English News Papers*, at the Coffee-Houses in *Rotterdam*, that they might gain Intelligence of what Methods had been taken to apprehend the Persons concerned in *Ball's* Murder; resolving, on the first News of a Proclamation, or other Interposition of the State on that Occasion, to quit the Dominions of the Republick. But as *Burnworth* had been betrayed by the only Persons from whom he could hope for Assistance, and *Higgs* seized on Board a Ship, where he fancied himself secure, so *Blewit* and his Associates, tho' they endeavoured to acquaint themselves with the Transactions at *London*, relating to them, fell also into the Hands of Justice, when they least expected it.

The Proclamation for apprehending them came no sooner into the Hands of Mr. *Finch* the *British* Resident at the *Hague*, but he caused an Enquiry to be made, whether any such Persons as were therein described, had been seen at *Rotterdam*; and being assured that there had, and that they were lodged at the *Hamburg Arms* on the *Bosm-Keys* in that City, he sent away a special Messenger to enquire the Truth thereof; of which he was no sooner satisfied, than he procured an Order from the States-General for apprehending them any where within the Province. By Virtue of this Order, the Messenger, with the Assistance of proper Officers, apprehended *Blewit* at the House whither they had been directed; but *Dickenson* and *Berry* had left him, and were gone on Board a Ship, not caring to remain any longer in *Holland*. They conducted their Prisoner to the *Stadt-houze* Prison in *Rotterdam*, and then went to the *Brill*; where the Ship, on Board which his Companions were, not being cleared out, they surprized them also, and sent them under a strong Guard to *Rotterdam*, where they were put in the same Place with their old Associate *Blewit*. We shall now take an Opportunity to speak of each of them.

EMANUEL DICKENSON was the Son of a very worthy Person. The Lad was ever ungovernable in his Temper, and being left a Child at his Father's Death, himself, his Brother, and several Sisters, they unfortunately addicted themselves to evil Courses. *Emanuel* having addicted him to picking of Pockets for a considerable Space, at last attempting to snatch a Gentleman's Hat off in the *Strand*, he was seized with it in his Hand, and committed to *Newgate*, and at the next Sessions convicted, and ordered for Transportation; but his Mother applying at Court for a Pardon, and setting forth the Merit of his Father, procured his Discharge; the only Use he made of which, was to associate himself with his old Companions; who, by Degrees, led him into greater Villainies, till he was with the rest drawn into the Murder of *Ball*.

THOMAS BERRY was descended from Parents in the most wretched Circumstances, who suffered him to idle about the Streets, and get into such Gangs of Thieves, as taught him from his Infancy the Art of Diving. He did not always meet with Impunity; for besides getting into the little Prisons, and

being whip'd several Times, he had been thrice in *Newgate*, and for the last Fact ordered for Transportation: However, by some Means or other, he got away from the Ship, and returned quickly to his old Employment; in which he had not continued long, before falling into the Acquaintance of *Burnworth* it brought him to the Commission of Murder, and after that with great Justice to an ignominious Death.

After they were all Three secured, the Resident dispatched an Account thereof to *England*, whereupon he received Directions for applying to the States-General for Leave to send them back. This was readily granted, and six Soldiers were ordered to attend them on Board, besides the Messengers who were sent to fetch them. Captain *Samuel Taylor*, in the *Delight* Sloop, brought them safe to the *Nore*, where they were met by two other Messengers, who assisted in taking Charge of them up the River. In the Midst of all the Miseries they suffered, and the Certainty they had of being doom'd to suffer much more as soon as they came on Shore, yet they behaved themselves with the greatest Gaity imaginable. On their Arrival at the Tower, they were put into a Boat with the Messengers, with three other Boats to guard them. Each filled with a Corporal and a File of Musqueteers; and in this Order they were brought to *Westminster*; where after being examined before Justice *Cholk* and Justice *Blackerby*, they were conducted by a Party of Foot-Guards to *Newgate*, through a continued Lane of Spectators, who proclaimed their Joy, at seeing these egregious Villains in the Hands of Justice.

On their Arrival at *Newgate*, the Keepers having put them on each a Pair of the heaviest Irons in the Goal, they next did them the Honour of conducting them up Stairs, to their old Friend *Edward Burnworth*, who congratulated them on their late Arrival, and they condoled with him on his Confinement. Being exhorted to apply the little Time they had to live in preparing themselves for another World, *Burnworth* replied, *If they had any Inclination to think of a future State, yet so many Persons as were admitted to see them, must needs divert any good Thoughts.* But their Minds were totally taken up with consulting the most likely Means to make their Escapes, and all their Actions shewed their Thoughts were bent only on Enlargement, and that they were altogether unmindful of Death, or at least careless of the future Consequence thereof.

On *Wednesday* the 30th of *March*, 1726, *Burnworth*, *Blewit*, *Berry*, *Dickenson*, *Legee* and *Higgs*, were all put into a Waggon, Hand-cuff'd and chain'd and carried to *Kingston*; under a Guard of the Duke of *Bolton's* Horse. At their coming out of *Newgate* they were very merry, charging the Guard to take Care that no Misfortune happened to them, and calling upon the Spectators, as to shew the Respect they bore them, by Hallowing, and paying them the Compliments due to Gentlemen of their Profession. As they passed along the Road, they frequently threw Money among the People who followed them, diverting themselves with seeing the others strive for it; and particularly *Blewit* having thrown out some Half-pence amongst the Mob, a little Boy picked up one of them, and calling out to *Blewit*, said, *As sure as you will be condemned at Kingston, so sure will I have your Name engraved hereon.* Whereupon *Blewit* took a Shilling out of his Pocket, and gave it to the Boy, telling him, *There was something towards defraying the Charge of Engraving.*

On the 31st of *March*, the Assizes were opened,

before the *Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice Raymond*, and Mr. Justice *Denton*; and the Grand Jury having found Indictments against the Prisoners, they were severally arraigned thereupon, when Five of them pleaded not guilty; but *Burnworth* absolutely refused to plead at all; upon which, after being advised by the Judge, not to force the Court upon the Rigour, his Thumbs were ty'd and strain'd with Packthread; which having no Effect upon him, the Sentence of the Prefs was read to him, and he still continuing contumacious, was carried down to the *Stock House*, and the Prefs laid upon him. He continued one Hour and three Minutes, under the Weight of three hundred, three Quarters, and ten Pounds, endeavouring to beat out his Brains against the Floor; during which Time, the High-Sheriff himself was present, and frequently exhorted him to plead to the Indictment; which at last he consented to do. Being brought up to the Court, after the Trial which lasted from Eight in the Morning, till One in the Afternoon, on the first Day of *April*, they were all Six found guilty of the Indictment, and being remanded back to the *Stock House*, were all chained and sluped down to the Floor. While they were under Conviction, they diverted themselves with repeating Jest and Stories of various Natures, particularly of the Manner of their Escape before out of the Hands of Justice, and the Robberies and Offences they had committed; and it being proposed for the Satisfaction of the World, for them to leave the Particulars of the several Robberies by them committed, *Burnworth* replied, *That were to write all the Robberies by him committed, an hundred Sheets of Paper, wrote as close as could be, would contain them.*

On *Monday*, the 4th Day of *April*, they were brought up again from the *Stock House*, to receive Sentence of Death. When Sentence was pass'd they entreated Leave for their Friends to visit them in the Prison, which was granted them by the Court, but with a strict Injunction to the Keeper to be careful over them. After they returned to the Prison they bent their Thoughts wholly on making their Escape, and for that Purpose had procured proper Implements for the Execution of it. *Burnworth's* Mother being surprized with several Files, Escorted her, and the whole Plot discovered by *Blewit's* Mother, who was heard to say, *That she had for the Opium.* It seems the Scheme was to murder two Persons who attended them in the Goal, together with Mr. *Elliot* the Turnkey. After they got out they intended to have fired a Stack of Bay adjoining to the Prison, and thereby amuse the habitants while they got clear off. *Burnworth's* Mother was confined for this Attempt; in his favour; and some lesser Implements that were sewed up in the Waistbands of their Breeches being ripped out, all Hopes of Escape whatsoever were now taken away; yet *Burnworth* affected to keep up the same Spirit with which he hitherto behaved, and tallied to one of his Guard, of coming in the Night in dark Entry, and pulling him by the Nose, if he did not see him decently buried.

About Ten of the Clock on *Wednesday* Morning (viz. *April* the 6th, 1726) they, together with *Blackburn*, who was condemned for robbing on the Highway, a Fellow grossly ignorant and stupid, were carried out in a Cart to their Execution, being attended by a Company of Foot to the Gallows. In the Passage thither, that audacious Carriage in which they had so long persisted, totally forsook them, and they appeared with all that Seriousness and Detestation, which might be looked for, from Persons

their Condition. *Blewit* perceiving one Mr. *Warwick* among the Spectators, desired that he might stop to speak to him, which being granted, he threw himself upon his Knees, and earnestly entreated his pardon, for having once attempted his Life, by presenting a Pistol at him, upon Suspicion that Mr. *Warwick* had given an Information against him. When at the Place of Execution and tied up, *Blewit* and *Dickenson* especially, pray'd with great Fervour, and becoming Earnestneis exhorting all the young Persons they saw, to take Warning by them, and not allow such Courses as might in Time bring them to so terrible and End.

Blewit acknowledged, that for six Years he had lived by Stealing and Pilfering only. He had given all the Cloaths he had to his Mother, but being informed that he was to be hung in Chains, he desired his Mother might return them to prevent his being cut up in his Shirt: He then desired the Executioner

to tie him up so, that he might be as soon out of his Pain as possible: Then he set the Penitential Psalm, and repeated the Words of it to the other Criminals; then they all kissed one another; and, after some private Devotions, the Cart drew away, and they were turned off. *Dickenson* died very hard, kicking off one of his Shoes, and loosing the other. Their Bodies were carried back under the same Guard which attended them to their Execution. *Burnworth* and *Blewit* were afterwards hung up in Chains, over-against the Sign of the *Fighting Cocks* in St. George's Fields: *Dickenson* and *Berry* were hung up on *Kennington-Common*; but the Sheriff of *Surrey* had Orders to suffer his Relations to take down the Body of *Dickenson* after its hanging up one Day, which Favour was granted on Account of his Father's Service in the Army, who was killed at his Post, when the Confederate Army besieged *Mir*, in the late War. *Legge* and *Higgs* were hung up on *Putney-Common*, beyond *Wandsworth*.

The LIFE of TOM KELSEY.

THOMAS KELSEY was born in *Leather-Lane*, in the Parish of St. *Andrew's Holborn*; but his Mother being a Welch Woman, and she having an Estate of about 40 *l. per Annum*, left her by an Uncle at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, the whole Family went down thither to live upon it, which consisted only of the two old People, and this their Son.

Tom was from his Infancy a stubborn untoward Brat, and this Temper encreased as he grew up; so that at 14 Years of Age he was prevail'd on by one *Jones*, who has since been a Victualler in *London*, to leave his Father and come up to Town, in order to seek his Fortune. Having neither of them any Money, they were oblig'd to beg their Way along in the best English they were Masters of. Going one Day to a Gentleman's House with their Complaint, he took a liking to the Boys, and receiv'd them both into his House; *Kelsey* in the Quality of a Horse-keeper, and *Jones* as a Falconer. It may be supposed they were both awkward enough in their Callings, but *Tom's* Place was the least difficult, so that he kept it the longest, the Gentleman being soon weary of his Falconer, and glad to send him about his Business again.

Kelsey used to tell the following Story, as the Reason of *Jones's* Discharge; whether it were exactly true or no, there is something pleasant in it. One Day the Master and Man went out a Hawking together, and as soon as the Master discovered the Game, he gave the appointed Sign, and *Jones*, who had the Hawk on his Fist, let her fly. The poor Falcon, without pursuing the Game, mounted directly upwards; upon which the Gentleman began to be in a terrible Passion, not suspecting the Cause of her so doing. At last, when he saw no sign of her coming down again, *I believe*, says he, *the Hawk intends to lodge in the Sky To-Night. I believe so too*, quoth *Jones*, *for she took her Night-Cap along with her*.

The Gentleman was not long finding out what

this Night-Cap was; for in a few Minutes the Bird dropp'd down dead by them with Hood on, having flown upwards till she was quite spent. This not only got *Jones* a Discharge, but procured him a handsome Caning into the Bargain, which he would have been very willing to have gone without.

Jones's being turned away, while *Kelsey* was retain'd, was the Occasion of breaking off their Acquaintance, which probably might save *Jones* from the Gallows; it being very likely that if they had continued together, they would both have shared the same Fate; whereas *Jones* now got a Tapster's Place in *London*, and continued ever after in the same Business either as a Servant or a Master. It was not a great while after, before *Tom Kelsey* was detected in some little pilfering Tricks, and turned out of Doors after his Companion, whom he could not find when he came to *London*. His being out of Place till he could subsist no longer, and his natural Inclination to Dishonesty, soon brought him forwards in the course of Life for which he was afterwards so infamous. He fell into Company with Thieves, and was as bold and as dextrous in a little Time as the best of them, if not even beyond them all.

Going one Day by the House of Mr. *Norton*, a *Silversmith* in *Burleigh Street*, near *Exeter-Change*, a couple of his Companions came by him like Strangers, and one of them snatch'd off his Hat, and flung it into the *Goldsmiths* Chamber Window, which stood open, running away as fast as they could. *Tom*, who had a Look innocent enough to deceive any Body, made a sad Complaint to Mr. *Norton*, who stood at his Door, and saw all that past. It happened that at that Time there was no Body at Home but himself, of which *Tom* had got Intelligence before. Poor Lad! says Mr. *Norton*, *you shall not lose your Hat; go up Stairs and fetch it yourself, for I cannot leave the Shop*. This was just what *Tom* wanted; he went up and took his Hat, and with it a Dozen of Silver Spoons that lay in his Way; coming down in a Minute,

nute, and making a very submissive Bow to Mr. Norton for his Civility, who let him go without Suspicion. This Prize was divided between him and his two Associates, as is common in such like Cases.

Tom was not, however, so successful in his Villanies, but that he was condemn'd to be hang'd before he was 16 Years of Age. The Fact was breaking open the House of one Mr. *Johnson*, a Grocer in the Strand, and stealing from thence two silver Tankards, a silver Cup, six silver Spoons, a silver Porringer, and 40 *l.* in Money. But he got off this Time on account of his Youth, and the Interest his Father made at Court; for hearing of his Son's Condemnation, the old Gentleman came directly up to Town, and arrived before the Day appointed for his Execution, procuring a full Pardon by the Mediation of some powerful Friends.

To prevent his following the same Courses again, and exposing himself afresh to the Sentence of the Law, the old Gentleman put his Son Apprentice to a Weaver, but before he had served half a Year of his Time, he ran away from his Master, and took to his old Courses again. It was his Pride, to make all whom he conversed with as bad as himself, an Instance of which appeared in what he did by one *David Hedges*, a Cousin of his by the Mother's Side. This Youth going to *Kingston* Assizes along with *Tom*, a few Days after he came to Town, he was prevailed upon by him to pick a Pocket in the Court; in which Action being apprehended, he was immediately try'd, and condemn'd to be hang'd upon a Gibbet within Sight of the Bench, as a Terror to others. This Week was fatal enough to young *Hedges*; for he came to London on the Monday, on Tuesday and Wednesday spent and lost 10 *l.* which was all the Money he had, along with Whores and Sharpers, on Thursday in the Evening pick'd a Pocket, was condemn'd on Friday Morning, and hang'd on Saturday. This was the End of one of *Kelsey's* hopeful Pupils, who had the Impudence to boast of it.

Another of the Actions of this Extravagant, was, his robbing the Earl of *Feverham's* Lodgings. This Nobleman was General of the Forces in the Reign of King *James* the Second, and consequently had a Centinel always at his Door. *Tom* dress'd himself in a Foot Soldier's Habit one Evening, and went up to the Fellow who was then on Duty, asking him a great many Questions, and offering, at last, to make him drink, if he knew where to get a couple of Pots of good Beer. The Soldier told him there was very good a little beyond *Catherine-Street*, but he durst not leave his Post so long as to fetch it. Can't I

take your Place, brother Soldier? quoth *Tom*, I assure if some Body be at the Post there can be no Danger. The Soldier thank'd him, took the Silence, and went his Way; mean while *Tom's* Associates got into the House, and were rifling it as fast as they could. They had not quite done when the Soldier came back; whereupon *Tom* gave him Two-pence more, and desired him to get a little Tobacco also. While the poor Fellow was gone for this, the Villains came out, and *Tom* went with them, carrying off not only above 200 *l.* worth of Plate, but even the Soldier's Musquet. The next Day the Centinel was call'd to Account, and committed to Prison. At the ensuing Court Martial he was ordered to run the Gantloop for losing his Piece, and then was sent to *Newgate*, and loaded with irons, on Suspicion of being privy to the Robbery; where, after nine Months Confinement, he miserably perished.

Kelsey, after this, broke open the House of the Lady *Grace Pierpoint*, at *Thistleworth*, and stole from thence a great many valuable Things. Soon after one of his Companions impeached him for this Fact; whereupon, being informed that the Officers were in search after him, he fled to the Camp of King *William* in *Flanders*. Here he got considerable Booty out of his Majesty's Tent, and from other general Officers, with which he got to *Amsterdam*, and sold it to a Jew; whom he afterwards rob'd, and sold what he had gotten to another Jew at *Rotterdam*, from whence he returned for *England*.

He had not been long returned to his native Country, before he was detected in breaking open the House of a Linnen-Draper in *Cheapside*, which put a final End to his Liberty, tho' not to his Villainy. For being sent to *Newgate*, and having no Hope of ever getting out any more, unless to go to the gallows, he grew desperate, and resolved to do all the Mischief he could there. Mr. *Goodman*, one of the Turnkeys of that Jail, being one Day drinking in the Common Side Cellar, *Kelsey* privately stabbed him into the Belly with a Knife, of which Wound he instantly died. For this Murder he received Sentence of Death at the next Sessions in the *Old-Baile*, and a Gibbet being erected in *Newgate-Street*, near the Prison, he was thereon executed on Friday the 13th of June, 1690, being then no more than twenty Years of Age. As a Terror to the other Prisoners who were then in Confinement, his Body was suffered to hang on the Gibbet the Space of three Hours.

The LIFE of RICHARD KEELE.

More impudent Villain was never heard of than this of whom we are now to give some Account, who was born of very good and reputable Parents at *Rumsey* in *Hampshire*; and having no other Education bestowed upon him than Mr Reading and Writing, he was put Apprentice to Barber and Perriwigmaker living at *Winchester*, whose Daughter he married; but after seven or eight Years Cohabitation, left her, and married another Woman in *London*, who had fifty Pounds *per Annum*, during Life, quarterly paid her by a Justice of the Peace, living in *St. Margaret's Church-Yard* at *Winchester*.

His sole Delight and Pleasure was ever in keeping Company with the greatest Rogues, Whores, and Tives, from whom he had learnt so much of their bad Manners, that he exceeded them all in Villany; especially when he came to be a Bailiff, the general Character of which Office is, that the Beginning is delectable, the Course desperate, and the End damnable. Soon after he was married to his last Wife, he kept an Ale-house in *Milk-Alley*, near *St. Ann's Church*; but he had not been long in that Employment, ere he was arrested at the Suit of one *Thomas*, a Soldier in the First Regiment of Foot-Guards, in the Sum of one hundred Pound, for keeping Company with his Wife *Isabella Thomas*, a most notorious Shoplift, whom he encouraged in her Thieving, till she was condemned, but obtained Mercy.

Being now arrested, as aforesaid, and so little beloved, that none would bail him, he was carried to the *Gate-house* Prison at *Westminster*, where he had not been a Week, before forty Robberies were committed to his Charge, for which he way heavily loaded with Irons; but no Prosecution commencing against him he was admitted to Bail for them before Sir *Per King*, then Recorder of *London*. But still being a Prisoner on *Thomas's* Action, he removed himself by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the *Fleet Prison*, from whence he was shortly after removed again to *Newgate*, upon an Information exhibited against him for speaking several blasphemous Expressions when in the *Gatehouse*; and being try'd for the same at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old Bailey*, before the Lord Chief Justice *Parker*, the Sentence of the Court was, That he should stand twice in the *Pillory*, once at *Charing-Cross*, and once without *Temple-Bar*, and to suffer Imprisonment for a whole Year.

When the Time of Confinement was expired, and this notorious Fellow had procured his Liberty, he returned a Bailiff's Follower; but his Income thereby being but very small, and supposing a still the more profitable Employment, he stole a Dog and Perriwig, for which he was committed to *Newgate*. On his Trial being found guilty of Felony, he was burnt in the Hand, and ordered to Labour at the Workhouse for twelve Months. Accordingly being carried with one *William Low-*

ther, and *Charles Houghton*, two other Felons, to *Bridewell* in *Clerkenwell*, on the 19th of *September*, 1713, they made a Mutiny, upon Captain *Boreman's* going to put Irons on them, to prevent their making an Escape out of his Goal. In this Fray *Charles Houghton* was shot dead on the Spot, *William Lowther* shot in several Parts of his Body, but not mortally wounded, and *Dick Keele* had one of his Eyes shot out. But these Villains having killed *Edward Perry*, one of the Turnkeys of *Bridewell*, *Keele* and *Lowther* were committed by Justice *Fuller* to *Newgate* again: where the former of them was kept in the Master-side, at the Charge of *Isabel Thomas*, that notorious Shoplift; who being now at Liberty, by pleading to her Majesty's Pardon but in *August* last, and followed Shoplifting as much as ever, till at last she was apprehended and received Sentence of Death again, on *Monday* the 14th of *December*, 1713, for privately stealing 63 Yards of Silk, Value six Pounds, from the Shop of *Philip Bass*, a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*.

Now *Dick Keele* being afraid of coming to a Trial for the Murder of *Edward Perry* at the *Sessions-House* in the *Old-Bailey*, he put himself into a Salvation; and perhaps it might not be without a Cause; for he was such a common Fellow, that he would debauch himself with the very worst of Whores. But now having no other Device to delay his coming to Justice any longer, he was at the next *Sessions* brought to a Trial, on which the Evidence for the Queen being very full and clear to the Fact laid to his Charge, he and *William Lowther* were both found guilty of Wilful Murder. Notwithstanding this, such was the Assurance and Impudence of *Keele*, whilst in the Condemned Hold, that he was sure he should not die, and therefore made no Preparation for his approaching Death, as supposing his Sister, who lived with a Person of Quality, would procure his Pardon. However, mistaking his Aim, he and his Comrade *Will. Lowther* were executed on *Clerkenwell-Green*, on *Wednesday* the 23d of *December*, 1713; the first being 32 Years of Age, and the other but 23.

It was always the Custom of this unhappy Person to say, that he glorified in all manner of Wickedness; and if it ever was his Fate to come under the Circumstances of Death for the Breach of any Law, he should so far behave himself above the common Nature of Mankind, as not to shed Tears for his Offence, when launching into the very Gulph of Eternity; and therefore, like other whining Fools, he should not make any Confession of his Sins to any Person that presumed to ask him at the very Place of Execution, in case he was to come to such an untimely End.

But it is evidently seen, that a shameful Death commonly overtakes such Wretches for their Wickedness; and tho' this Fellow pretended to out-brave the very Terrors thereof, yet when he came under

the unhappy Circumstance of being cut off by the Sword of Justice for his Crimes, no Man could bewail and bemoan himself more than he did; however, his Sorrow was not so much for the Thought of his Sins, as being sent out of the Land of the Living in his almost juvenile Years. He stood to his Resolution of Silence, tho' not of Bravery, in not making a Confession of all his Sins, to those who desired it; for according to the Papers put out of him, he never discover'd in particular his robbing of a Shoemaker living once near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, call'd *Bond and Judgment*: An Account whereof take as follows.

One Day *Dick Keele* being out of Money, by his paying twenty or thirty Pounds to an Adversary, whom that notorious Shoplift *Isabel Thomas* used to rob, he was resolv'd to make up those pull-backs by robbing himself. So meeting with *Bond and Judgment*, as aforesaid, (a very honest Man, so called upon his lending Money to People upon such an Assignment made over to him; and as soon as the Time was expired that the Money was to be paid, upon Non-payment, instantly, taking the Advantage thereof, and turned the Person and whole Family out of Doors, by seizing on all they had) I say, meeting with him not far from *Paddington*, and having been over-reach'd himself before upon an Occasion by the same Fellow, he commanded him to stand and deliver. Quoth *Bond and Judgment*, *Don't you know me, Sir?* Ay, reply'd *Dick*, you Son of a Whore, I know you to be a mercenary Rogue, that would send your Father and Mother to Gaol for the Fillip of a Farthing; therefore it is but a just Judgment befell you, to take all you have from you. So clapping a Pistol to his Breast, poor *Bond and Judgment* was oblig'd to stop the Fury of the Bullets, by giving him threescore Guineas; which was such a sinking of his Stock, that he went to *Newgate* quickly after, and was hard put to it to raise Money for an *Habeas Corpus*, to remove his corrupted Carcass to the *Queen's Bench Prison* in *Southwark*.

Another Time *Dick Keele* being very well mounted on a Horse, and accoutred with Sword and Pistols, who should he meet on *Hounslow-Heath*, but C——, lately a Tradesman, but then an Officer, as well mounted as himself. Nevertheless, he having as much Courage as the pretended Son of Mars, he gave him and ugly Word of Command, which was, *stand and deliver*.

Here our military Man was at a Stand indeed, what to say to him; but thinking the bloody Colour of his Cloaths might frighten him, quoth he, 'Don't you see whose Livery I wear? See whose Livery you wear, replied *Dick*, why, are you a Footman?' No, said C—— again, I am an Officer in the Army; therefore to your Peril be it, if you presume to stop me when I am about unlawful Occa-

sions. Nay, replied *Dick*, if you are about such Occasions, I am about unlawful Occasions. Therefore deliver what you have, or else we try who is the best Man, Said, C——— I do bear a Commission to fight with Highways; I only wear Her Majesty's Cloth to fight for Queen and Country. Why then, replied *Dick*, that Cloth, nor any other, must not be Protected from my Arrest; therefore, as this Pistol is Tip-staff, I demand your Money upon Pain of Death. So taking (not finding any Money about him) his Coat, Waistcoat, and Breeches, order'd him to take up another Sute on the regimental Account.

He utterly hated and abhorred his last Wife the sake of *Arabella* or *Isabel Thomas*, otherwise call'd *Isabel Jones*, alias *Bolton*, alias *Wildman* alias *King*, besides several other Names, to shew her from the Severity of Justice, of which Cause she had much Occasion, especially after her robbery a great Mercer in *Cheapside*, of about sixty Pounds worth of Silk, for which she had like to have apprehended, but only she made her Escape the back Alleys to her Lodgings in *Jerwin-street*.

She was about thirty three Years of Age, born at *Blackburn* in *Lancashire*, and about eight Years before her Death came up to *London*, where she was Servant in several worthy Families, in which she behaved herself very honestly; but falling at last into a wicked Company, she soon learned to be wicked and committed divers Felonies in the Shops of Linen-Drapers, and Lace-men, living in about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; to which being clearly proved upon her, she was at last burnt in the Hand.

She formerly received Sentence of Death for stealing several Yards of Muslin out of Mr. *Woolshop*, a Linen-Draper, living at the Corner of *St. Martin's Lane* and *Red-Cross-street*, but received Mercy pleading to the Queen's most gracious Pardon the 1st of August following. Next she was apprehended privately stealing sixty two Yards of Sarcenet, six Pounds, out of the Shop of Mr. *Phillip B. Mercer* on *Ludgate-Hill*, beforementioned, for which she received Sentence of Death again, and was executed at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 23d of December 1713, with *James Gofwel*, *Thomas Hudson*, together with Mr. *Richard Jewkes*, a Victualler, at the Head of the *White Horse*, in *White Horse Yard*, in *St. Martin's Lane*, *Giles Spenter*, *Samuel Hicks*, *James Gordon*, *Anthony Martin*, *James Urwin*, *Richard I. Sarah Bugden*, alias *Small*, alias *Jones*, alias *Evans*, and *Mary Baker*, otherwise call'd *Cook*, *Lobby*, and *Hannun*, or *Harnale*, from the Men to whom she was marry'd, who were all together, for which she suffered Death.

The LIFE of PATRICK O-BRYAN.

THE Parents of Patrick O-Bryan were very poor; they liv'd at *Loughrea*, a Market Town in the County of *Galway* and Province of *Connaught* in *Ireland*. Patrick came over to *England* in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and list'd himself into his Majesty's *Coldstream* Regiment of Guards, so called from their being first led at a Place in *Scotland* which bears that Name. As good a Soldier he made is little to our Purpose; only we may observe, that 'twas not possible he should be more expert in the Use of his Arms than he was in the Practise of all manner of Vices. His Small Allowance of a private Centinel was far too little for him; and he was not like a great many poor Men, who make the same Complaint, yet do not honestly to live on it, and only endeavour to make up the Scantiness of their Salary by their good bandy. No; Patrick's Maxims were widely different from those; he was resolv'd to have Money where there were any in the Land, and not to starve in the midst of Plenty, from a foolish Principle of Justice and Honour. The first Thing he did was to get in Debt at all the Publick Houses and Shops; he would trust him; and when his Credit would maintain him any longer, he had Recourse to borrowing of all he knew, being pretty well furnish'd with the common Defence of his Countrymen, a sword that would brazen out any Thing, and even laugh at the Persons whom he had imposed on, to alter very Faces. By such Means as these he subsisted for some Time.

At last, when he found Fraud would no longer support him, he went out upon the Food-pad. Dr. *Crover* the Parson of *Croydon*, was one of those whom he stopp'd. This Man had in his Youth been whipp'd at the *Old-Bailey*, and burnt in the Hand, for stealing a Silver Cup. Patrick knew him very well, and greeted him upon their lucky Meeting; telling him, *That he could not refuse lending a little Assistance to one of his old Profession*. The Doctor assured him, *That he had not made a Word, if he had had any Money about him; but he had not so much as a single Farthing*. Then, says Patrick, *I must have your Gown, Sir. If you can win it, quoth the Doctor, so you shall; but let me have the Chance of a Game at Cards*. To this O-Bryan consented, and that Reverend Gentleman pull'd out a Pack of the Devil's Books; with which they fairly play'd at *All-fours*, to decide, who should have the black Robe. Patrick had the Fortune to win, and the other went home very contentedly, as he had lost his Divinity in such an equitable manner. Indeed, according to the Idea which this Story seems to give of the Doctor, our Highwayman might become a Canonical Abbot as well as he, and be no more a Scandal to the Clerical Cloth.

There was in Patrick's Time a famous Posture-master in *Pall-Mall*; his Name was *Clark*. Our Adventurer met him one Day on *Primrose-Hill*, and

saluted him with *Stand and deliver*. But he was mightily disappointed; for the nimble *Harlequin* jump'd over his Head, and, instead of reviving his Heart with a few Guineas, made it sink into his Breeches for Fear; he imagining the Devil was come to be merry with him before his Time, for no human Creature, he thought could do the like. This Belief was a little Mortification to him at first; but he soon saw the Truth of the Story in the publick Prints, where Mr. *Clark's* Friends took Care to put it, and then our *Teague's* Qualm of Conscience was changed into a Vow of Revenge, if ever he met with his Tumbler again; which however he never did.

Another Time Patrick O-Bryan was got behind a Hedge in the Way to *Hackney*, late in the Evening, in order to wait for a Booty. He had not been here long before he heard a very merry Dialogue between one of the Sons of *Apollo*, and an old Bawd, whom he had employ'd to get him into the Company of a young Lady at a Boarding-School just by. The Conversation ended so much to our Poet's Satisfaction, that pronounc'd the following Lines in a kind of Rapture.

*Oh! thou art wondrous in thy Art! thy Head
Was form'd for mighty Things; like those who rule
The Fates of Empires: But our kinder Stars
Have sent thee to direct the Realms of Love.*

Just as his Transport was over, out stepp'd O-Bryan, and presented a Pistol to the Head that conceiv'd those fine Imaginations. It must be allow'd, that such a Surprize as this was enough to make the poor Bard a little cooler; but lest it should not cool him enough, O-Bryan order'd him to strip himself to the Skin; which he did with abundance of Reluctance; for the fine Embroidered Suite of Clothes he had on: was only hired as an additional Charm to his Verses, that he might the more effectually win the young Lady's Heart. Madam the Procurers was also dress'd in her richest Brocade, that her Visit might be perform'd with the better Grace: She suffer'd the same Fate, and was reduc'd to the Condition of our first Parents before the Fall; Patrick telling them both, *That as he perceived neither of them had any Religion before, 'twas proper they should begin to have some; and therefore out of Charity to their Souls he had converted them to A-damitism*. We may suppose they did not very well like their new Religion: But Patrick was a down-right Pope; if they had not hearkened to his Arguments he would have made use of his Arms, and fairly have sent him out of the World, because they would not be implicitly obedient to their Superiors in it. This they both consider'd, and so thought it their best Way to receive his *Ipse dixit*.

O-Bryan at last intirely deserted from his Regiment, and got a Horse, on which he robb'd on the Highway a long Time. One Day in particular he

met *Nell Gwyn* in her Coach on the Road to *Winchester*, and address himself to her in the following Manner. *Madam, I am a Gentleman, and, as you may see, a very able one: I have done a great many signal Services to the Fair Sex, and have in Return been all my Life long maintain'd by them. Now, as I know you are a charitable W—e, and have a great Value for Men of my Abilities, I make bold to ask you for a little Money, though I never have had the Honour of serving you in particular. However, if an Opportunity should ever fall in my Way, you may depend upon it I will exert myself to the uttermost; for I scorn to be ungrateful.* *Nell* seem'd very well pleas'd with what he had said, and made him a Present of ten Guineas: However, whether she wish'd for the Opportunity he spoke of, or no, cannot be determin'd, because she did not explain herself; but if a Person may guess from her general Character, she never was afraid of a Man in her Life.

While *Patrick* robb'd on the Highway, he perverted several young Men to the same bad Course of Life. One *Claudius Wilt* in particular was hang'd at *Worcester* for a Robbery committed in his Company, though 'twas the first he was ever concern'd in. Several others came to the same End through his Seducements; and he himself was at last executed at *Gloucester*, for a Fact committed within two Miles of that City. When he had hung the usual Time, his Body was cut down and deliver'd to his Acquaintance, that they might bury him as they pleas'd, But being carry'd home to one of their Houses, some Body imagin'd they perceiv'd Life in him, whereupon an able Surgeon was privately procured to bleed him, who by that and other Means which he us'd brought him again to his Senses. The Thing was kept an entire Secret from the World, and 'twas hop'd by his Friends that he would spend the Remainder of his forfeited Life, which he had so surprizingly retriev'd, to a much better Purpose than he had employ'd the former Part of it.

These Friends offer'd to contribute in any manner he should desire towards his living privately and honestly: He promis'd them very fairly, and for some Time kept within due Bounds, while the Sense of what he had escap'd remain'd fresh in his Mind; but the Time was not long before, in Spite of all the Admonitions and Assistances he receiv'd, he return'd again to his Villainies like a Dog to his Vomit; leaving his kind Benefactors, stealing a fresh Horse, and taking once more to the Highway, where he grew as audacious as ever.

It was not above a Year after his former Execution, before he met with the Gentleman again who had convicted him before, and attack'd him in the same Manner. The poor Gentleman was not so much surprized at being stopp'd on the Road as he was at seeing the Person who did it, being certain

'twas the very Man whom he had seen execute. This Consternation was so great, that he could not help discovering it; by saying, *How comes this, pass? I thought you had been hang'd a Twelve-month ago.* So I was, says *Patrick*, and therefore you ought to imagine that what you see now is only my Ghost; However, lest you should be so uncivil as to hang Ghost too, I think it my best Way to secure you. Upon this he discharg'd a Pistol thro' the Gentleman's Head; and, not content with that, dismounting Horse, he drew out a sharp Hanger from his Side and cut the dead Carcass into several Pieces.

This piece of Barbarity was followed by another which was rather more horrible yet. *Patrick* was four more as bad as himself, having Intelligence that *Lancelot Wilmot*, Esq; of *Wiltshire*, had a great deal of Money and Plate in his House, which stood in a lonely Place, at about a Mile and a half from *Tringbridge*; they beset it one Night, and got in. When they were entered, they ty'd and gagg'd the Servants, and then proceeded to the old Gentleman's Room, where he was in Bed with his Lady. They served both these in the same Manner, and then went in the Daughter's Chamber. This young Lady they severally forced after one another to their brutal Pleasure, and when they had done, most inhumanly stabb'd her, because she endeavour'd to get free from their Arms. They next acted the same Tragedy on the Father and Mother, which they told them, not because they did not breed up their Daughter to better Manners. Then they rifled the House of every Thing valuable which they could find in it, that it might be carried off, to the Value in all of 2500*l*. After which they set the Building on fire, and left it to consume with the unhappy Servants that was in it.

Patrick continued above two Years after this before he was apprehended, and possibly might never have been suspected of this Fact, if one of his bloody Accomplices had not been hang'd for another Crime at *Bedford*. This Wretch at the Gallows confess'd all the Particulars, and discovered the Persons concerned with him; a little while after which, *O'Brien* was seized at his Lodging in *Little Suffolk-Street* near the *Hay-Market*, and committed to *Newgate* from whence before the next Assizes he was convey'd to *Salisbury*, where he own'd the Fact himself, and all the other Particulars of his wicked Actions that have been here related. He was now a second Time executed, and great Care was taken to do effectually. There was not, indeed, much Danger of his recovering any more, because his Body was immediately hung in Chains, near the Place where the barbarous Deed was perpetrated. He was in the 31st Year of his Age at the Time of his Execution which was on *Tuesday* the 30th of *April*, in the Year 1689.

The LIFE of ELEONOR SYMPSON.

ELEONOR SYMPSON was born of very honest Parents, at Henly upon Thames, in Oxfordshire. She laid a Bastard, not on her by the Clerk of the Parish, to her own Father, who was a Farmer; for which Piece of Impudence being turned out of Doors, she came up to London, and turned common Whore. Whilst she continued this wicked Course of Life, she picked up one Night a Linnen-Draper, to whom pretending so great Modesty and Bashfulness, that she was a-m'd to go with a Man into a Tavern or an Ale-house, they at last agreed to go into a dark Alley. Here, whilst the Cul y was feeling what Gender she was of, she in the mean Time was feeling for his Watch, which privately drawing half way out of his Fob, quoth she, *The Watch is coming Sir.* He being eager on the Game of High Gammer Cook, reply'd, *D——n the Watch, I don't value the Watch a Farthing.* At last, when she had got the Watch out of his Fob indeed, and transported it into her own Pocket, she said again, *Pray, dear Sir, make haste, for I vow the Watch is just here.* He still not comprehending her meaning, reply'd again, *D——n the Watch, I tell you I don't value the Watch of a Farthing.*

The Sport being over, they parted, but he had not gone far, when beginning to have a Thought about him, he felt for his Watch, and finding it out in his Precincts, he made all the Haste he could after his Mistress, and overtaking her in St. Martins Lane, charged her with a Constable, who committed her to the Round House all Night.

Next Morning the Linnen-Draper appeared against her at St. Martin's Vestry, where charging her upon Oath, before the Justices, of her robbing him of his Watch, Quoth one of the old Mumpsimus-Jells, *Mrs. Jelliver, what have you to say for yourself now? you see the Fact is sworn positively against you.* Mrs. Jelliver, as he called her, dropping a very fine Courtesy, and looking as demure as a Whore at a Christening, said in her Defence, *That being some last Night to my Lodging, that Gentleman there, who is my Accuser, did so far prevail with me as to be nought with him in a dark Alley, and whilst he was jumbling me up against a Wall, Sirs, to pass the Time away, I play'd with his Watch, which being half way out of his Fob, I told him, let him deny if he can, that the Watch was coming, whereupon he reply'd, D——n the Watch, he did not value the Watch of a Farthing; nay, when I had the Watch got out of his Fob, and had put it into my own Pocket, at the same Time pointing to it, and plainly telling him the Watch was here, still he was so eager in his Work, that he said again, D——n the Watch, I tell you I don't value it of a Farthing; so thinking of more Consequence than that comes to, I was carrying it home for my own Use, but since he requires it again, here it is Gentlemen, and I freely return it him again with all my Heart.* At this Confession, the

Justices were all ready to split their Sides a Laughing; and making the Complainant give his Mistress a Guinea for his Folly, he had his Watch again, and she being discharged, went about her Business.

Another Time Sympson being pick'd up by a Couple of Captains in the Coldstream, or second Regiment of Foot Guards, they carried her to Rigby's Ordinary, at the Roe Buck in Suffolk Street, where having a good Supper, and being also much elevated with Wine, they began to act several Beastialities upon her; but she made them pay for their Frolick in the end; for having drank them to such a Pitch, that they both fell into a sound Sleep upon the Floor, honest Sympson began to dive into their Fobs and Pockets, whence she took a couple of gold Watches, two Purse of Guineas, some Silver, two gold Snuff-Boxes, two diamond Rings off their Fingers, broke the silver Hilts off their Swords, then shutting in both their Perukes, which she clapt on their Heads again, she went off without saying so much as a Word to any Body. When they awoke, and found their Loss, what Volleys of Oaths and Curses flew about the Room, like Peals of great Ordnance! There was striving betwixt them, who should swear the fastest; but all to no Purpose; the Whore being gone they knew not whether, they were forced to be contented with their Calamity; and what was worse too, to pay a Reckoning of four Pounds into the Bargain.

One Time Nell meeting a Butcher's Son of Clare Market, who was a J—— in the same County, he being dispos'd to have a Game at *Tricke Tracke* with her, (for you must know, that by his Father's Trade, he was given to the Flesh) she takes him into *Pissing-Alley*, in *Hollywell-Street*, otherwise called the Backside of St. Clements in the Strand, so eminently noted for Taylors selling there their Cabbage. No sooner were they arrived into that dark Hole, so fit for Fornication and Adultery, but as he was lugging out his Dagger, to whip her thro' the Beard, she at the same Time lugged out his silver hilted Sword from his Side, which he never paid for to this Day, and cry'd, *Pray Sir, don't play the Spaniard upon me at once; I shall never be able to bear it.* The J—— who was a Man of no great Metal at the best, reply'd, *My Dear, I'll use you gently, and immediately, (being dead drunk) he fell down on his Arse.* Hereupon Nell takes up her Coats, stops his Mouth with her T——y M——y, and pisses down his Throat. His W—— now fancying himself in a Tavern, and taking Nell's warm Water for mull'd Wine, he said, he was very well satisfied, and would pay the Reckoning next Day to a Farthing, and so fell asleep, while Nell carried off his Sword, Wig, and Hat, and left him there wallowing in Sir Reverence, Urine, and other Nastiness, till somebody that came by carried him to the Place of his Habitation, laid him upon a Butcher's Block, and left him to shift for himself.

Now it happening to be about One of the Clock on a

on a *Saturday Morning*, the Butcher who owned the Block was drinking at an adjacent Alehouse. Whilst he was there, a Calf newly killed, but not dress'd, was stolen from before his Shop; which missing, he fell a swearing and staring like a Devil for his Loss, and called out to the Man that was then putting out the Stands and Sheds against the Market-People came, and ask'd him if he knew any Thing of his Calf. D——n me, reply'd the Fellow, *can't you see? why it lies upon your Block there.* By G——, quoth he, *so it does; well, Jack, I beg your Pardon, for I did not see it till you told me.* So taking out his Knife, and whetting it on his Steel, quoth he, *Prithee Jack come hither, and lend me a Hand to lift him on one of the Hooks, to slay him.* The Butcher was briskly whetting his Knife still, and did not mind what his Calf was made of, till Jack coming to assist him, finding it was somewhat of a Man, said to him, *Master, this is J—— such a one, 'tis no Calf; but yet, Sir, as his Flesh may be a Novelty, I don't know but it may fetch a Penny in the Pound more than the best Mutton in the Market, considering he has fed himself a long Time upon laced Mutton, and will to his dying Day, if he can have it gratis; for he never loved to pay for any Thing in his Life, unless needs must when the Devil drives.* The Butcher seeing his Mistake, kicks him off of the Block, but was bound over for it next Day, and had he not have made up his W——p's Loss, by Nel, he had certainly been prosecuted for the Robbery.

But a little after this Exploit, *Sympson* finding that her Tail brought her not the Comings-in she expected, though she was a tolerable handsome Woman, and a good Tongue Pad, she was resolv'd to try what her Hands could do. The first Experiment she made this Way, was at a certain Mercer's in *Bedford-street*; whither going in a Chair very well dress'd, with a Couple of sham Footmen attending her, in good Liveries, when she came into the Shop, she called for several Pieces of Silk to look on. In the mean Time an Apple-Pasty coming in for the Family, she seem'd on a sudden to be taken very ill and withdrew from the Place where she was, to the farther End of the Shop, and sat at the End of a Counter, under which was a great deal of rich Silks.

Her Footman taking the Hint of her Illness, told the Journeyman, there happening then to be none but him, that they believed their Lady (who past for the Countess of *Colrain*) being newly married, long'd for some of the Apple Pasty just then come in, for she was mighty apt to long of late for any Thing that was good. The Journeyman pitying her Condition, presently ran up Stairs, and acquainted his Master and Mistress of the Matter. They were mightily concern'd at it; but before they came down, she gave her Footmen six whole Pieces of Silk, who put them into the Chair, the Chairmen not supposing any otherwise than that the suppos'd Lady had bought it.

When the Mercer and his Wife came down, they invited her up Stairs, which Kindness, after some seeming Reluctancy, she accepted of, eat very heartily of the Pye, as she might have done of other Varieties which were there, but she refus'd them. When she had done, she return'd them many Thanks

invited them to her Lodgings in *St. James's-Square* and for their extraordinary Civility, promis'd to out five or six hundred Pounds with them, herself and her Lord went to *Ireland*.

When she came down Stairs, she laid out four five Guineas, and pitch'd upon other Silks, to the Value of one hundred and twenty Pounds, when ordering to be brought to her House as aforesaid the Evening, (because she was going then to pay a Visit to the Dutchess of *Somerset* at *Northumberland House* at *Charing Cross*;) she then took Chair, and went off. But within a few Hours afterwards, Silks she had stol'n being miss'd, there was a great Outcry, the Mercer swearing that the longing Lady had long'd for more than she could eat; which proved as he said, for going to enquire after her in *James's-Square*, there was no finding the Lady (or rain, nor any Thing like it).

Another Time she went to a Dinnen-Drapery Shop in *Cornhill*, attended with a Couple of Footmen behind a hired Chariot; who knocking at the Door with an Authority, for it was then about eight or nine at Night in Winter Time, the Journeyman opened it, and gave Admission to this suppos'd Person of Quality, and her Attendants, whom she intended to send to a Couple of Merchants by the *East India-House*. Being shew'd several Parcels of the finest Muslins, she pitch'd upon as much as came to eighty Pounds, when pulling out a Purse, in which she had not above twenty Guineas, and perhaps none of them Counters, quoth she, *Upon my Word, I have less Money about me than I thought for, I cannot pay what I have agreed for; therefore I beg the Favour of you to let your young Lad, your Apprentice here, just step to Mr. such a one, my Banker, Lombard Street, and telling him you are come for the Countess of Colrain, desire him to pay you one hundred Pounds upon Sight of this Note.*

Away goes the Apprentice with the Note, and in came her two Footmen, who presently knock'd down the Journeyman, flunn'd him to that Degree that they carried off above two hundred Pounds worth of Muslin into the Chariot, and went off with it, before the other could recover himself. After above a quarter of an Hour, calling down his Master he told him of the Disaster, and wondering the Apprentice did not come back in above an Hour's Time at last a Messenger was sent from the Banker, whose House they found the Lad charged with Constable, for bringing a forg'd Note. But when the Master came in his Behalf, and told how the Matter was, to his Loss of above two hundred Pounds, he was discharged.

But not long after this notorious Robbery, *Sympson* was taken in the Act of Shoplifting at *Sturbridge Fair*, and was committed to *Cambridge Gaol*, at the Assizes following being try'd, she received Sentence of Death; whereupon she pleaded her Belief and a Jury of Matrons being impannell'd, as is usual on such Occasions, she was brought in quitted with Child; and was really so; for she was brought to Bed of a Girl before the Assizes following; when being called down to her former Judgment, she was hanged at *Cambridge*, upon *Saturday* the 10th of *July* 1714, aged twenty eight Years.

The LIFE of EDWARD HINTON.

EDWARD HINTON was born in London in the Year 1673 of very reputable Parents. In his younger Years he discover'd strong Bent to Learning, which his Father cherish'd by putting him to St. Paul's-School, that celebrated Seminary for Youth. This good Turn of Mind was however soon overcome by a vicious one, which inclin'd also to be innate, and grew stronger as he grew older. Even at nine Years of Age, 'tis said, he had one of his Sisters of Sixpences and other small pieces to the Value of Thirty Shillings, and kept abroad in Company with Boys like himself till he had eat and lost it all. This was a very indifferent proof of what the old People were so proud of, his integrity, and Inclination to Virtue.

Indulgent Parents are more forward to attribute the Faults of their Children to the want of knowing better, than to any Propensity which they have to be wicked. This was the Case here: After a little Correction, young Hinton was sent to School again, on his promising to be a better Boy for the future. It in vain, alas! were his Promises; Thieving on grew into a Habit with him, and there was no opportunity of getting Money or any Thing else undelicately that ever escap'd him. He went to far hall as to rob his Father's Counting-House of a considerable Sum of Money, which he carry'd to a wretched Woman, with whom he was soon after taken at Cambridge-Heath.

Old Mr. Hinton perceiv'd by this Time, that there is no Good to be expected from his Son if he let him stay any longer in London, so he thought it the best Way to send him where he might have no Room to practise his Villanies, and accordingly he procur'd the King's Letter to make him a Reform'd on board a Man of War. In this Station he sail'd to the West-Indies, and behav'd himself handsomely in several engagements. At Cadiz he fought with a Spaniard, who attack'd him one Day when he went ashore, and kill'd the Don dead on the Place, and made his Escape aboard the Ship again undiscover'd. But as soon as the Ship return'd to England, he quitted her, on a pretence that a younger Reform'd was preferred before him on the Death of a Lieutenant. Whether or know this was the real Cause is uncertain; but from this Time he became a professed Thief.

The first Action which he perform'd in Conjunction with others, was the robbing Admiral Carter's Country-House. Soon after this he and his Comrades broke open the Lady Dartmouth's House on Hack-Heath, and stole Plate to a great Value, which they sold to a Refiner near Cripplegate. We mention this last Circumstance, because the Refiner gave a signal Proof of his Exactness in Trade, and Sincerity of buying stolen Goods; for the Day after the Plate was sold, a Golden Cup and Cover were verified among other Things, whereas the Thieves

had valued it all together as Silver, believing the Cup to be only gilt. When Hinton saw this Advertisement, he said smartly to his Companions; *What a Rogue was this to cheat us so! You see, there's no trusting any Body, nor any such Thing as a fair Dealer in the World.* This Reflection from him, without Doubt, was very entertaining.

Hinton was some Time after apprehended for this Robbery, and condemn'd at Maidstone Assizes; but his Youth, and the Intercession of his Friends procured him a Pardon. He was again taken up for breaking open and robbing the House of Sir John Friend at Hackney, for which he also receiv'd Sentence of Death; but was a second Time so far indulged as to have a Halter transmuted into Transportation, in order to which he was soon after put aboard with other Convicts. One would have thought he had now been safe enough; for he drew the rest of the Convicts into a Conspiracy, to get the Ship's Company under the Hatches, and make their Escape in the Long Boat; which they effected near the Isle of Wight, Hinton having first beat the Captain with a Rope's End, as a Return for being serv'd so himself.

He was no sooner ashore than he left his Company, and travell'd alone through the Woods and By-Ways, being in a very torn and rusty Habit. This Distress oblig'd him to sink from stealing to begging, which he practis'd all the Way to Hounslow-Heath, telling the People a lamentable Story of his having been shipwreck'd. But he soon alter'd his Tone when he saw a convenient Opportunity; for on Hounslow-Heath he unhors'd a Country Farmer, and mounted in his Place: Nor was it long after before he changed this Horse for a better, and his own ragged Suit for a very genteel one, with a Gentleman's meet.

Being now got among some of his old Gang, they continued some Months to rob on the Highway almost every Day that pass'd. The Buckinghamshire Lace-men, and Stage-Coaches, in particular, were afraid to travel for them. Hinton by himself, at two or three several Times, robb'd a Dutch Colonel of his Money, Horse, Arms, and Cloak; and another Gentleman, who had Courage enough to exchange a Pistol with him. This Gentleman was wounded in the Leg by Hinton's Fire, and our young Highwayman perceiving it, was so generous as to lend him his Assistance, and accompany him as far as within a little Way of Epsom; when he left him, in order to take Care of himself; for he very much question'd whether the Gentleman would act the same generous Part, if he once had his Enemy in his Power.

One Day, after robbing the Passengers in the Southampton Coach, they were so closely pursued, that some of the Gang were taken; and though Hinton had the good Fortune this Time to Escape,

yet the Society being broken, he did not care to venture any more on the Highway alone; whereupon he return'd to his old Vocation of House-breaking, picking of Pockets, &c. till after the following Accident.

An old French Gentlewoman had her House broke open one Night, and she was found the next Morning dead on the Floor, with her Mouth gagged, and her Chair upon her. No Body could guess at the Villains; but they found on Examination that her Money was all gone, and they imagin'd her Death might be occasioned by her falling down in that Posture: She was ty'd in the Chair, and therefore might easily be stifled. A Night was appointed for the Funeral, and Providence was left to discover the Authors of this Tragedy. When the Company were got together, who were to attend the Corpse, it was observ'd by some Body that one *Dewster*, a Grandson of the old Woman's, changed his Colour, and trembled, as they try'd his Gloves on. This created such a Suspicion, that he was charged with the Fact; which he confess'd, and impeach'd his Accomplices, among whom his own Brother, and one *Butler*, were found guilty of the Murder and Robbery, and hang'd in Chains for the same.

Hinton was nam'd as a Party concern'd, and talk'd of publickly as such, yet he remain'd unapprehended till after the Execution of those above-mention'd. At last he was taken and committed for some other Fact; of which being acquitted, a Bill was brought in against him for this. *Dewster*, upon whose Evidence the two former were convicted, was not now to be found; nevertheless, the circumstantial Proofs against him were very strong; for it was sworn, that he was lurking about the old Woman's House, and that he was seen to go in, and come out, at her Door the Night before she was found dead. But the Time that *Hinton* avoided being apprehended, had given him Opportunity to prepare against all this; for he had secured so many Evidences, and their Depositions were so positive, and so agreeable one to another, that the Court were induced to believe him innocent, and Discharged him accordingly. As this was so extraordinary a Case, it may not be displeasing to our Readers, if we give some Account of the Witnesses, and the Substance of what they deposed.

The first that appeared on his Behalf was a well dress'd young Man, who declared, That he and another Gentleman going through *Somerfet-House-Yard*, on the Day set forth in the Indictment, they met Mr. *Hinton*, who had been his School-Fellow, and whom he was surpriz'd to find there, having been inform'd that he was transported for Crimes; which he was very sorry for: That Mr. *Hinton* confess'd his having been order'd for Transportation, expressing at the same Time a great Concern for his Guilt; but that he had made his Escape, because he was put aboard as a common Felon, and was now waiting to see what his Friends would do for him, in order to his transporting himself, which he was resolv'd to do the first Opportunity: That finding Mr. *Hinton* so sensible of his Offences, he desired his Company to *Chelsea*, intending to make use of the Time they were together to exhort him to a more regular Course of Life for the future: That Mr. *Hinton* accepting the Offer, they took Water at *Somerfet-Stairs*, and went up to the *Swan* at *Chelsea*, where they staid till Seven o'Clock at Night, and then came down to a Publick House on the *Bank-Side*, supped on a Dish of Fowls and Bacon, staid there till almost eleven; then cross'd the Water to *Somerfet-Stairs*, went together into the *Strand*, and there parted.

All this he deliver'd with a very good Grace;

and being ask'd how he came to remember the Day of the Month so exactly? He reply'd, That a few Days after he heard a Paper of the Murder cry'd about the Street, and buying it, found Mr. *Hinton*'s Name among the Murderers, whereupon he made a Memorandum in his Pocket-Book. Here he shew'd his Pocket-Book to the Court, and then went on telling them, That he made all the Speed he could, his Friend that was with them, and to the Watermen who carry'd them, shew'd them both the Paper, and desired them also to take Notice of the Day; because Mr. *Hinton* being a Man of a bad Character, any Rogue should swear against him, he might hang'd for what, as they were both sensible, he was entirely innocent of.

The next of honest Mr. *Hinton*'s Evidences was the pretended Friend of the former, who said, That he saw the Prisoner and his Friend the last Deposition talk together in *Somerfet-House-Yard*; but knew not on what Subject: That then they went to *Chelsea*, where the former Evidence was very earnest with the Prisoner to reform some ill Practices he had been guilty of; That a few Days after his Friend the former Evidence came to him, desired him to take Notice of the Day they went to *Chelsea*, and bear in Mind the Person that accompany'd them; which he did, and was certain the Prisoner at the Bar was the very Man. This Evidence was also very positive on the other Circumstances, of their supping at the *Bank-Side*, coming over the Water together, and parting in the *Strand* at Eleven o'Clock at Night.

Then the Waterman stood up, and affirmed, That he carry'd the two Gentlemen who spoke last to *Chelsea*, and a third Person with them. Being ask'd, the Prisoner at the Bar was that third Person? He said his Eyes were bad; but then going close to *Hinton*, he turn'd again to the Court, and answer'd, Ye my Lord, this is the Gentleman. This Waterman then confirm'd all the Particulars concerning the Supper, and crossing the Water at eleven o'Clock adding, that he had mark'd down the Day of the Month in Chalk, at the Desire of the first Witness.

The pretended Landlord of the House where they supped, gave in his Deposition in the fourth Place the Substance of it was a Repetition of what had been before said, concerning the Supper of Bacon and Fowls, and the staying at his House till almost Eleven o'Clock. The Means of his remembering the Day of the Month, was his having started Beer that Day and being very dirty when our three Gentlemen came. And look here, my Lord, said he, and took his Book from under his Arm, you may see all the Days of the Month when I started Beer for a long while past.

The last of all that appeared, was a Man, who told the Court, That he liv'd in *Burleigh Street* in the *Strand*, where Mr. *Hinton* was his Lodger: That Mr. *Hinton* came home at Eleven o'Clock on the Night mention'd in the Indictment, and that he not only staid within all that Night, but all the next Day, complaining that he was not very well. The Manner how this Witness remember'd the Day, was by his Landlord's Receipt; for he was very sure that he paid his Rent that Afternoon.

It must be acknowledg'd, that such a Set of Witnesses as this was enough to dash Truth out of Countenance, nor is it at all to be wonder'd at that *Hinton* was easily discharged by the Court. The Truth of the Story might have still been unknown, if he had not himself been so impudent as to boast in *Newgate* of this Matter-piece of Invention, as he frequently call'd it, and as every one must confess it to be; though 'tis enough at the same Time

The to make any one weep, who considers what a Purpose.

but the Storm was not yet over; for several Bills were presented against him, for Robberies committed in the Counties of *Surrey* and *Hertford*, to answer which he was detain'd a Prisoner. One of his own Gang had made himself an Evidence against him, which made the Case look very doubtful; yet even so he had again Hopes of escaping, by stopping the Mouth of this Fellow. Some of *Hinton's* Friends undertook to manage the Matter, and they threaten'd bringing in several Indictments against their false Brother, if he did not retract in Court what he had sworn; which for his own Safety he did, pressing that he had recollected himself, and that Mr. *Hinton* was never concern'd with him in any Robbery whatever.

His, and the other Assistances he receiv'd from his old Friends, brought him off with Honour at the *Surrey* Assizes, and he did not at all doubt but he could escape as well at *Hertford*, there being no Evidence against him that he knew of; so that he went thither with abundance of Confidence. But when his Trial came on, in Spite of all that could be oppos'd in his Favour, one of the Gentlemen whom he had robb'd, and whom he did not expect to appear, swore so positively, that he was the very Person who unhors'd him, and took away his Money, that the Court saw Reason to believe him. True, they began before to imagine that he must be concern'd in some of those Things he had got off of, because 'tis unprecedented for a Man to be so often accus'd, and not be at all guilty: Besides, *Hinton* was known to be an old Offender, which gave Room both to suspect the witnesses he brought, and to believe that he had perfectly left off his Trade, though he had Art enough to make himself seem innocent. In a Word, the *Hinton* fancy'd himself safest, he met with a reserved Fate, being convicted, condemn'd, and executed the same Day: A Thing seldom heard of, at this Time occasion'd by the Judge's not inform'd what a dangerous Person he was,

on account of his Interest among the Thieves, and how proper it would be to take him out of the Way as soon as possibly they could; the Jailor protesting, that he was afraid he could not keep him a Week in Custody.

At his Death he behav'd in an unconcerned, but not an impudent Manner: He pray'd for Forgiveness of all he had wrong'd, and complain'd mightily of his being executed so suddenly as not to have Time to prepare himself for Eternity. He was but just turn'd of twenty one Years of Age, which made it the more surprising, that he could have run such a Length in Villainy, as to be the common Subject of Conversation at that Time. But he had a very ready Wit, was full of smart and lively Repartees, and arm'd with an undaunted Resolution, so that there never was Man who seem'd more capable of being a distinguish'd Rogue than he. *Mercury* among the Ancients was the God of Thieves as well as of Wit, and if we consider young *Hinton* in a physical Manner, it must be allow'd that in every Respect his Constitution was perfectly mercurial. 'Tis reported that he declared to a Person, who reprov'd him for his Practices, and put him in mind of an Estate that was to come to him on the Death of a near and aged Relation, That if he had Five hundred Pounds a Year, his Propensity to Thieving was such, that he believ'd he could never leave it off.

If we may be allow'd upon such a Subject to give a little Scope to Fancy, it look'd as if *Mercury* had not only inspir'd him all his Days, but that the same God even attended his dead Corpse to the Grave; for the Persons who brought his Body in a Coach from *Hertford* to *Mary-bone*, where he was bury'd, were robb'd a little before they came to the End of their Journey; one Woman losing her Gold Chain, and another a pretty deal of Money. Thus have we pursued from the Cradle to the Grave, a Man whose Person and Fate were lamented by those who detested his Crimes; a Man who, with a Stock of Virtue equal to his natural Endowments, might have been as remarkable for his Services to the Publick, as he was render'd notorious for his Villainies.

The LIFE of Captain WORLEY.

THIS Reign was but short, but his Beginning somewhat particular, setting out only in a small open Boat, with eight others, from *New-York*. This was as resolute a Crew as ever went upon this Account; They took with them a few Fruits, and a dry'd Tongue or two, a little Water, half a dozen old Muskets, and Ammunition accordingly. Thus provided, they left *New-York* the latter End of *September* 1718; but it may be supposed, that such a Man of War as this could undertake any considerable Voyage, or attempt any extraordinary Enterprize; so they stood down

the Coast, till they came to *Delaware* River, which is about 150 Miles distant, and not meeting with any Thing in their Way, they turned up the same River as high as *Newcastle*, near which Place they fell upon a Shallop belonging to *George Grant*, who was bringing Household Goods, Plate, &c. from *Oppoquenimi* to *Philadelphia*; they made Prize of the most valuable Part of them, and let the Shallop go. This Fact could not come under the Article of Piracy, it not being committed *super altum Mare*, upon the High Sea, therefore was a simple Robbery only; but they did not stand for a Point of Law in the Case,

but

but easing the Shallop Man of his Lading, the bold Adventurers went down the River again in quest of more Booty.

The Shallop came straight to *Philadelphia*, and brought the ill News thither, which alarm'd the Government as much as if War had been declar'd against them: Expresses were sent to *New York* and other Places, and several Vessels fitted out against this powerful Rover, but to no manner of Purpose; for after several Days Cruise, they all returned, without so much as hearing what became of the Robbers.

Worley and his Crew, in going down the River, met with a Sloop of *Philadelphia*, belonging to a Mulatto, whom they call'd *Black Robin*; they quit- ted their Boat for this Sloop, taking one of *Black Robin's* Men along with them, as they had also done from *George Grant*, besides two Negroes, which en- creased the Company one Third. A Day or two af- ter, they took another Sloop belonging to *Hull*, home- ward bound, which was somewhat fitter for their Purpose: they found aboard her Provisions and Ne- cessaries, which they stood in need of, and which en- abled them to prosecute their Design, in a Manner more suitable to their Wishes.

Upon the Success of these Rovers, the Governor issued out a Proclamation, for the apprehending and taking all Pyrates, who had refused or neglected to surrender themselves, by the Time limited in his Majesty's Proclamation of Pardon; and thereupon ordered his Majesty's Ship *Phoenix*, of 20 Guns, which lay at *Sandy Hook*, to Sea, to cruise upon this Pyrate, and secure the Trade to that, and the adjoining Colonies.

In all Probability, the taking this Sloop sav'd their Bacons for this Time, tho' they fell into the Trap presently afterwards; for they finding themselves in tolerable good Condition, having a Vessel newly clean'd, with Provisions, &c. they stood off to Sea, and so missed the *Phoenix*, who expected them to be still on the Coast.

About six Weeks afterwards they returned, having taking both a Sloop and a Brigantine, among the *Ba- hama* Islands; the former they sunk, and the other they let go: The Sloop belonged to *New York*, and they thought the sinking of her good Policy, to pre- vent her returning to tell Tales at Home.

Worley had by this Time encreased his Company to about five and twenty Men, had six Guns mounted, and small Arms as many as were necessary for them, and seem'd to be in a good thriving sort of a Way. He made a black Ensign, with a white Death's Head in the Middle of it, and other Colours suitable to it. They all signed Articles, and bound themselves under a solemn Oath, to take no Quarters, but to stand by one another to the last Man, which was rashly fulfilled a little afterwards.

For going into an Inlet in *North Carolina* to clean, the Governor received Information of it, and fitted out two Sloops, one of eight Guns, and the other with six, and about seventy Men between them. *Worley* had clean'd his Sloop, and sail'd before the *Carolina* Sloops reach'd the Place, and steer'd to the Northward; but the Sloops just mentioned pursuing the same Course, came in sight of *Worley* as he was cruising off the Capes of *Virginia*. Being in the Offing, he stood in as soon as he saw the Sloops, in-

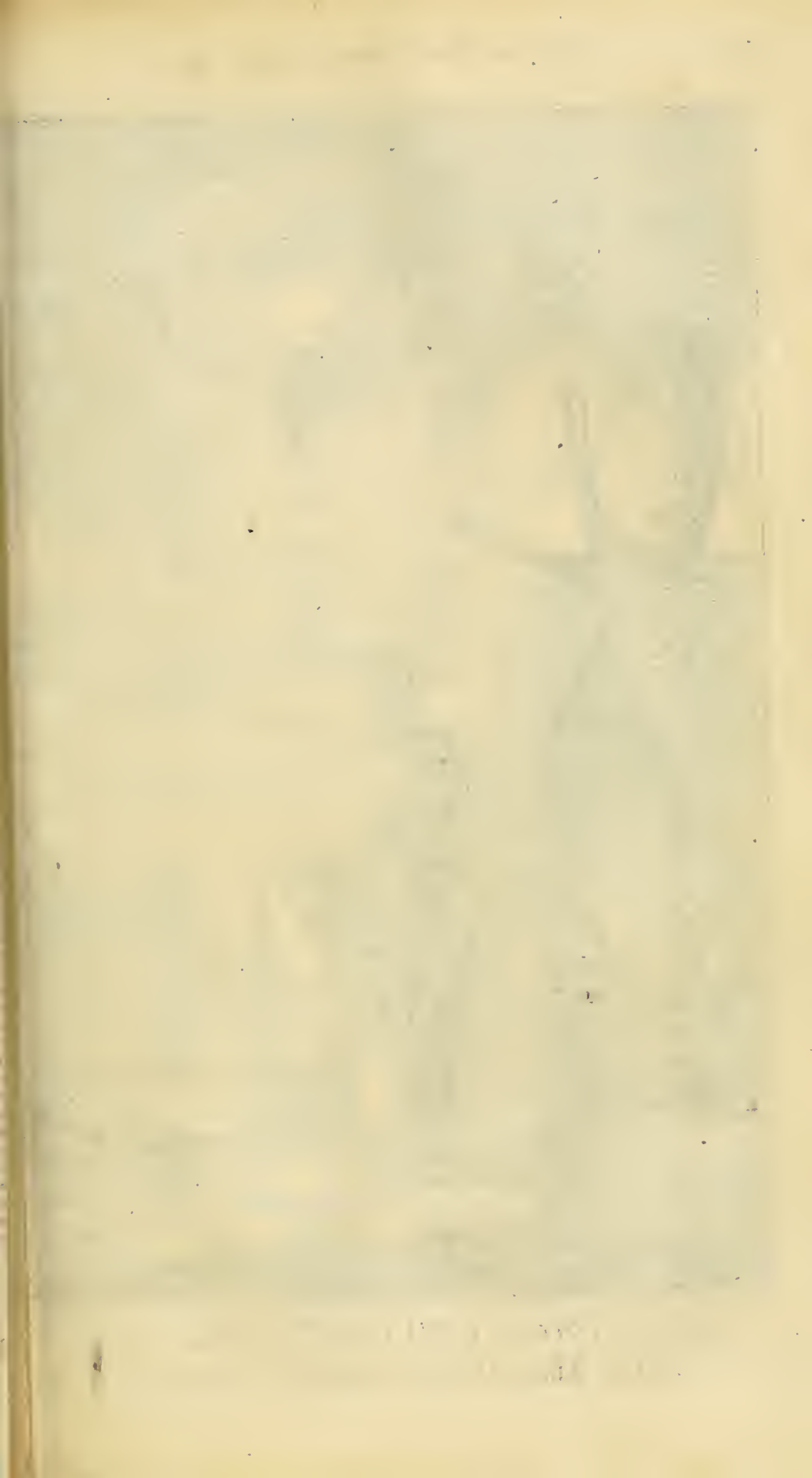
tending thereby to have cut them off from *James River*; for he verily believed they had been bound thither, not imagining, in the least, they were in Pur- suit of him.

The two Sloops standing towards the Capes at the same Time, and *Worley* hoisting his black flag, the Inhabitants of *James Town* were in the utmost Con- sternation, thinking that all three had been Pyrates, and that their Design had been upon them; so that all the Ships and Vessels that were in the Road, or in the Rivers up the Bay, had Orders immediately to hale into the Shore, for their Security, or else to pre- pare for their Defence, if they thought themselves in a Condition to fight. Soon after two Boats, which were sent out to get Intelligence, came crowding in, and brought an Account, that one of the Pyrates wa. in the Bay, being a small Sloop of six Guns. The Governor (expecting the rest would have followed, and all together have made some Attempt to make, for the sake of Plunder) beat to Arms, and collected all the Force that could be got together, to oppose them; he ordered all the Guns out of the Ships, to make a Platform, and, in short, put the whole Co- lony in a warlike Posture; but was very much sur- prised at last, to see all the supposed Pyrates fighting with one another.

The Truth of the Matter is, *Worley* gained the Bay, thinking to make sure of his two Prizes, by keeping them from coming in; but by the hoisting of the King's Colours, and firing a Gun, he quickly was sensible of his Mistake, and too soon perceived that the Tables were turned upon him; and that instead of keeping them out, he found himself by a superior Force kept in. When the Pyrates saw how Things went, they resolutely prepared themselves for a desperate Defence; and tho' three to one are great Odds, yet *Worley* and his Crew determined to fight to the last Gasps, and receive no Quarters, agreeably to what they had before sworn; so that they must either die or conquer upon the Spot.

The *Carolina* Men gave the Pyrate a Broadside and then Boarded him, one Sloop getting upon his Quarter, and the other on his Bow; *Worley* and the Crew drew up upon the Deck, and fought very ob- stinately, Hand to Hand; so that in a few Minutes abundance of Men lay weltering in their Gore. The Pyrates proved as good as their Words, not a Man of them cry'd out for Quarter, nor would accept of such when offered, but were all kill'd except the Captain and another Man, whom they reserved for the Gal- lows, and those very much wounded. They were brought ashore in Irons, and the next Day, which was the 17th Day of *February* 1718-19, they were both hanged up, for fear they should die, and evade the Punishment which was thought due to their Crimes.

The Reader will see a very good Reason for the great Disproportion in the Length of these Lives, some of the Pyrates having continued their Depreda- tions but a short Time, and that too in a Capacity much inferior to others: Nor is it possible to give long Accounts of all that may deserve it, with any degree of Certainty; and we chuse rather to make the Narrative short, than lengthen it with Stories that have no other Foundation than our own Fancies, or, what is as little to be built upon, the many lying Reports which these Fellows always occasion.





*Cap.^t GEORGE LOWTHER and his Company
at Port Mayo, in the Gulph of Matique.*

The LIFE of Capt GEORGE LOWTHER.

GEORGE LOWTHER sail'd out of the River of Thames, in one of the Royal African Company's Ships, called the *Gambia Castle*, of 16 Guns and 30 Men, *Charles Rufel* Commander; of which Ship the said *Lowther* was second Mate. Aboard of the same Vessel was a certain Number of Soldiers, commanded by one *John Massey*, who were to be carry'd to one of the Company's Settlements, on the River of *Gambia*, to garrison a Fort, which was sometime ago taken and destroy'd by Captain *Davis* the Pirate.

In May 1721, the *Gambia Castle* came safe to her Port in *Africa*, and landed Captain *Massey* and his Men on *James's Island*, where he was to command under the Governor, Colonel *Whitney*, who arrived there at the same Time in another Ship: And here, by a fatal Misunderstanding between the military Folks and the trading People, the Fort and Garrison not only came to be lost again to the Company, but a fine Galley well provided, and worth 10,000 *l.* turn'd against her Masters.

The Names of Governor and Captain sounded great; but when the Gentlemen found that the Power that generally goes along with those Titles was over sway'd and born down by the Merchants and Factors (mechanick Fellows as they thought them) they grew very impatient and dissatisfy'd, especially *Massey*, who was very loud in his Complaints against them, particularly at the small Allowance of Provision to him and his Men; for the Garrison and Governor too were victualled by the Merchants, which was no small Grievance and Mortification to them. And the want of Eating was the only Thing that made the great *Sancho* quit his Government, so did it here rend and tare theirs to Pieces: For *Massey* told them, that he did not come there to be a *Guiney Slave*, and that he had promised his Men good Treatment, and Provisions fitting for Soldiers: That as he had the Care of so many of his Majesty's Subjects, if they would not provide for them in a handsome Manner, he should take suitable Measures for the Preservation of so many of his Countrymen and Companions.

The Governor at this Time was very ill of a Fever, and, for the better Accommodation in his Sickness, he was carry'd aboard the Ship *Gambia Castle*, where he continued for about three Weeks, and therefore could have little to say in this Dispute; tho' he resolv'd not to stay in a Place where there was so little Occasion for him, and where his Power was so confin'd. The Merchants had certainly Orders from the Company, to issue the Provisions out to the Garrisons; but whether they had cut them short of the Allowance that was appointed them, we can't say; if they did, then was the Loss of the Ship and Garrison owing principally to their ill Conduct.

However, an Accident that happen'd on board the Ship, did not a little contribute to this Misfortune; which was a Pique that the Captain of her

took against his second Mate, *George Lowther*, the Man who is the Subject of this short History, and who, losing his Favour, found Means to ingratiate himself into the good liking of the common Sailors, insomuch that when Captain *Rufel* order'd him to be punish'd, the Men took up Handspikes, and threatened to knock that Man down who offered to lay hold of the Mate. This served but to widen the Differences between him and the Captain, and more firmly attach'd *Lowther* to the Ship's Company, the greatest Part of which he found ripe for any Mischief in the World.

Captain *Massey* was not a whit the better reconcil'd to the Place by a longer Continuance, nor to the Usage he met with there; and having often Opportunities of conversing with *Lowther*, with whom he had contracted an Intimacy in the Voyage, they aggravated one another's Grievances to such a Height, that they resolv'd upon Measures to curb the Power that controul'd them, and to provide for themselves after another Manner.

When the Governor recovered of his Fever, he went ashore to the Island, but took no Notice of *Massey's* Behaviour, tho' it was such as might give Suspicion of what he design'd; and *Lowther* and the common Sailors, who were in the Secret of Affairs, grew insolent and bold, even refusing to obey when commanded to their Duty by Captain *Rufel* and the chief Mate. The Captain seeing how Things were carried, goes ashore early one Morning to the Governor and Factory in order to hold a Council; which *Lowther* apprehending was in order to prevent his Design, he sent a Letter in the same Boat to *Massey*, intimating it to him, and that he should repair on board, for it was high Time to put their Project in Execution.

As soon as *Massey* received this Letter, he went to the Soldiers at the Barracks, and said to them, and others, *You that have a Mind to go to England, now is your Time.* They generally consenting, *Massey* went to the Store-room, burst open the Door, let two Centinels upon it, and order'd that no Body should come near it; then he went to the Governor's Apartment, and took his Bed, Baggage, Plate, and Furniture; in Expectation, that the Governor himself, as he had promised *Massey*, would have gone on board; which he afterwards refused, by Reason, as he said, he believed they were going a pyrating; tho' at first, whatever *Lowther* design'd, *Massey* certainly propos'd only the going to *England*. When this was done, he sent the Boat off to the chief Mate with this Message, *That he should get the Guns ready, for that the King of Barro* [a Negroe Kingdom near the Royal African Settlement] *would come aboard to Dinner.* But *Lowther* understanding bett the Meaning of those Orders, he confin'd the chief Mate, shotted the Guns, and put the Ship in a Condition for sailing. In the Afternoon *Massey* came on board with the Governor's Son, having sent off all the Pro-

visions of the Island, and eleven Pipes of Wine, leaving only two half Pipes in the Store-house, and dismounting all the Guns of the Fort.

In the Afternoon they weigh'd one Anchor, but fearing to be too late to get out of the River, they slipped the other, and so fell down; in doing of which, they ran the Ship a-ground. *Masse* shew'd himself a Soldier upon this Accident; for as soon as the Misfortune happen'd, he left the Ship with about sixteen Hands, and row'd directly to the Fort, remounted the Guns, and kept Garrison there all the Night, while the Ship was ashore; and obliged some of the Factory to assist in getting her clear. In the mean while *Ruffel* came off, but not being suffered to come on board, he called to *Lowther*, and offer'd him and the Company whatever Terms they would accept of, upon Condition of surrendering up the Ship; but this had no Effect upon any of them. In the Morning they got her afloat, and *Masse* and his Men came aboard, having nailed up and dismounted all the Cannon of the Fort: They put the Governor's Son, and two or three others ashore, who were not willing to go without the Governor, and slip'd out of the River, having exchange'd several Shot with the *Martha*, *Otter*, &c. that lay there, without doing Execution on either Side.

When the the Ship came out to Sea, *Lowther* call'd up all the Company, and told them, *That it was the greatest Folly imaginable to think of returning to England; for what they had already done, could not be justify'd upon any Pretence whatsoever, but would be look'd upon, in the Eye of the Law, as a capital Offence, and none of them were in a Condition to withstand the Attacks of such powerful Adversaries, as they would meet with at Home. For his Part, he told them, he was determined not to run such a Hazard, and therefore if his Proposal was not agreed to, he desired to be set ashore in some Place of Safety: That they had a good Ship under them, a Parcel of brave Fellows in her; that it was not their Business to strive, or be made Slaves; and therefore, if they were all of his Mind, they should seek their Fortunes upon the Seas, as other Adventurers had done before them. They one and all came into the Measures, knocked down the Cabins, made the Ship flush fore and aft, prepared black Colours, new nam'd her *The Delivery*, having about 50 Hands and 16 Guns; and then the following short Articles were drawn up, signed, and sworn to, upon the Bible.*

The Articles of Captain George Lowther, and his Company.

1. **T**HE Captain is to have two full Shares; the Master is to have one Share and a half; the Doctor, Mate, Gunner, and Boatswain, one Share and a quarter.

2. He that shall be found guilty of taking up any unlawful Weapon on board the Privateer, or any Prize by us taken, so as to strike or abuse one another, in any regard, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and majority of the Company shall think fit.

3. He that shall be found guilty of Cowardice in the Time of Engagement, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and majority shall think fit.

4. If any Gold, Jewels, Silver, &c. be found on board of any Prize or Prizes, to the Value of a Piece of Eight, and the Finder do not deliver it to the Quarter-master, in the Space of 24 Hours, he shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and majority shall think fit.

5. He that is found guilty of Gaming, or Defraud-

ing another to the Value of a Shilling, shall suffer what Punishment the Captain and majority of the Company shall think fit.

6. He that shall have the Misfortune to lose Limb, in Time of Engagement, shall have the Sum of One hundred and fifty Pounds Sterling, and remain with the Company as long as he shall think fit.

7. Good Quarters shall always be given where call'd for.

8. He that sees a Sail first shall have the best Pistol, or small Arms on board her.

It was on the 13th of June that *Lowther* left the Settlement, and on the 20th, being then within 20 Leagues of *Barbadoes*, he came up with a Brigantine belonging to *Boston*, called the *Charles*, James Douglas Master, which they plunder'd in a practical Manner, and let the Vessel go; but least she should meet with any of the Station Ships, and so give Information of the Robbery, in *Terrorum*, to prevent a Pursuit, *Lowther* contriv'd a sort of a Certificate, which he directed the Master to shew to their Consort, if they should meet with her; and upon Sight of it the Brigantine would pass unmolested: This Consort, he pretended, was a 40 Gun Ship, and cruising thereabouts.

After that the *Delivery* proceeded to *Hispaniola* near the West End of the Island she met with a French Sloop laden with Wine and Brandy. Aboard of this Vessel went Captain *Masse* as a Merchant, and ask'd the Price of one Thing, and then another bidding Money for the greater Part of her Cargo; but after he had tasted a wine, he whisper'd a Secret in the Frenchman's Ear, viz. *That they may have it all without Money.* Monsieur presently understood their Meaning, and unwillingly agreed to the Bargain. They took out of her thirty Casks of Brandy, five Hogheads of Wine, several Pieces of Chintzes, and other valuable Goods, and about 70 l. English, in Money; of which *Lowther* generously returned five Pounds back to the French Master for his Civilities.

But as all Constitutions grow old, and thereby shake and totter, so did their Commonwealth, in about a Month of its Age, feel Commotions, and intestine Disturbances, by the Divisions of its Members, which had near hand terminated in its Destruction: These civil Discords were owing to the following Occasion. Captain *Masse* had been a Soldier almost from his Infancy, but was very indifferently acquainted with maritime Affairs, and having an enterprising Soul, nothing could satisfy him, but he must be doing Business in his own Way; therefore he required *Lowther* to let him have thirty Hands to land with, and he would attack the French Settlements, and bring aboard the Devil and all of Plunder.

Lowther did all that he could do, and said all that he could say, to dissuade *Masse* from so rash and dangerous an Attempt; pointing out to him the Hazard the Company would run, and the Consequences to them all, if he should not succeed, and the little Likelihood there was to expect Success from the Undertaking: But 'twas all one for that, *Masse* would go and attack the French Settlements, for any thing *Lowther* could say against it; so that he was obliged to propose the Matter to the Company, among whom *Masse* found a few Fellows as resolute as himself; however, a great Majority being against it, the Affair was over ruled in Opposition to the Captain. Upon this *Masse* grew fractious, quarrel'd with *Lowther*, and the Men divided into Parties, some siding with the Land Pyrate, and some with

with the Sea Rover, and were all ready to fall together by the Ears.

In the Midst of this Squabble the Man at the Mast-head cry'd out, a Sail! a Sail! then they gave over the Dispute, set all their Sails, and steer'd after the Chance. In a few Hours they came up with her, she being a small Ship from *Jamaica*, bound to *England*; they took what they thought fit out of her, and a Hand or two, and then *Lowther* was for sinking the Ship, with several Passengers that were in her; for what Reason no body knows; but *Massey* interposed in this Affair, prevented their cruel Fate, and the Ship safely arrived afterwards in *England*.

The next Day they took a small Sloop, an interloping Trader, which they detain'd with her Cargo. All this while *Massey* was uneasy, and declared his Resolution to leave them; and *Lowther* finding him a very troublesome Man to deal with, contented that he should take the Sloop for made Prize of, with what Hands had a Mind to go with him, and shift for himself. Whereupon *Massey*, with about ten more Malecontents, goes aboard the Sloop, and comes away in her directly for *Jamaica*.

Notwithstanding what had pass'd, Captain *Massey* puts a bold Face upon the Matter, and goes to Sir *Nicolas Law*, the Governor, informs him of his leaving *Lowther* the Pirate, owns, *That he assisted in going off with the Ship, at the River Gambia*; but that 'twas to save so many of his Majesty's Subjects from perishing; and that his Design was to return to *England*, till *Lowther*, conspiring with the greater Part of the Company, went a pyrating with the Ship; upon which, he had taken this Opportunity to leave him, and surrender himself and Vessel to his Excellency.

Massey was very well received by the Governor, and had his Liberty given him, with a Promise of his Favour, and so forth; and, at his own Request, he was sent on board the happy Sloop, Captain *Law*, to cruise off *Hispaniola* for *Lowther*; but not being so fortunate as to meet with him, Captain *Massey* returned back to *Jamaica* in the Sloop, and getting a Certificate, and a Supply of Money, from the Governor, he came home Passenger to *England*.

When *Massey* came to Town, he writes a long Letter to the Deputy Governor and Directors of the *African Company*, wherein he imprudently relates the whole Transactions of his Voyage, the going off with the Ship, and the Acts of Pyracie he had committed with *Lowther*; but excuse it as Rashness and Inadvertency in himself, occasioned by his being ill used, contrary to the Promises that had been made him, and the Expectations he had entertained. He own'd however, that he deserved to die for what he had done; yet, if they had Generosity enough to forgive him, as he was still capable to do them Service, as a Soldier, so he would be very ready to do it; but if they resolv'd to prosecute him, he begg'd only this Favour, that he might not be hang'd like a Dog, but suffer'd to die like a Soldier, as he had been bred from his Childhood; that is, that he might be shot.

This was the Substance of the Letter, which, however, did not produce so favourable an Answer as he hoped for, Word being brought back to him, *That he should be fairly bang'd*. Upon this, *Massey* resolv'd not to go out of the Way, when he found what important Occasion there was likely to be for him, but takes a Lodging in *Aldersgate-street*, and the next Day goes to the Lord Chief Justice's Chambers, and enquires, if my Lord had granted a Warrant against Captain *John Massey* for Pyracie. Being told by the Clerks, that they knew of no such Thing, he

inform'd them, he was the Man, that my Lord would soon be applied to for that Purpose, and the Officer might come to him at such a Place, where he lodg'd: They took the Direction from him in Writing, and in a few Days, a Warrant being issued, the Tipstaff went directly, by his own Information, and apprehended him, without any other Trouble than walking to his Lodging.

There was then no Person in Town to charge him with any Fact, upon which he could be committed; nor could the Letter be proved to be his Hand writing, so that they had been obliged to let him go again, if he had not helped his Accusers out at a Pinch: The Magistrate was reduced to the putting of this Question to him; *Did you write this Letter?* He answer'd, *I did*: And not only that, but confessed all the Contents of it; upon which, he was committed to *Newgate*, but was afterward admitted to a hundred Pounds Bail, or therabouts.

On the 5th of *July* 1723, he was brought to his Tryal, at a Court of Admiralty held at the *Old Bailey*, when Captain *Russel*, Governor *Whitney's* Son, and others, appeared as Evidence, by whom the Indictment was plainly proved against him; tho' if this had not been done, the Capt. in was of such an heroick Spirit, that, in all probability, he would have denied nothing; for instead of making a Defence, he only entertain'd the Court with a long Narrative of his Expedition, from the first setting out, to his Return to *England*, mentioning two Acts of Piracy committed by him, which he was not charged with, often challenging the Evidences to contradict him, if in any Thing he related the least Untruth; and instead of denying the Crimes set forth in the Indictment, he charged himself with various Circumstances, which fixed the Facts more home upon him. Upon the whole, the Captain was found Guilty, received Sentence of Death, and was executed three Weeks, after, at *Execution Dock*.

We return now to *Lowther*, whom we left cruising off *Hispaniola*, from whence he ply'd to Windward, and near *Porto Rico*, chased two Sail, and spoke with them; they proved to be a small *Prig-I* Ship, commanded by Captain *Smith*, and a *Spanish* Pyrate, who had made Prize of the said Ship. *Lowther* examined the *Spaniard's* Authority, for taking an *English* Vessel, and threatened to put every Man of them to death, for so doing; so that the *Spaniards* fancied themselves in a very pitiful Condition, till Matters clear'd up, and then they found their Masters as great Rogues as themselves, from whom some Mercy might be expected, in regard to the near Relation they stood with them, as to their Profession. In short, *Lowther* first rifled, and then burnt both the Ships, sending the *Spaniards* away in their Launch, and turning all the *English* Sailors into Pyrates.

After a few Days Cruise, *Lowther* took a small Sloop belonging to St. *Christophers*, which they mann'd and carried along with them to a small Island, where they cleaned, and staid some Time to take their Diversions; which consisted in unheard of Debaucheries, with drinking, swearing, and rioting, in which there seem'd to be a kind of Emulation among them, they resembling rather Devils than Men, and striving who should out do the rest in new invented Oaths and Execrations.

They all got aboard about *Christmas*, observing neither Times nor Seasons for perpetrating their villainous Actions, and sail'd towards the Bay of *Honduras*; but stopping at the *Grand Caimanes*, for Water, they met with a small Vessel with 13 Hands, in the same honourable Employment with themselves; the Captain of this Gang was one *Edward Low*, whose

whose Life will be inserted in this Collection. *Lowther* received them as Friends, and treated them with all imaginable Respect, inviting them, as they were few in Number, and in no Condition to pursue the Account (as they called it) to join their Strength together; which on the Consideration aforesaid, was accepted of, *Lowther* still continuing Commander, and *Low* being made Lieutenant: The Vessel the new Pirates came out of, they sunk, and the Confederates proceeded on the Voyage that *Lowther* before intended.

On the 10th of *January*, the Pyrates came into the Bay, and fell upon a Ship of 200 Tun, called the *Greyhound*, *Benjamin Edwards* Commander, belonging to *Boston*. *Lowther* hoisted his pyratical Colours, and fired a Gun for the *Greyhound* to bring to; which she refusing, the *Happy Delivery* (the Name of the Pyrate) edg'd down, and gave her a Broadside, which was returned by Captain *Edwards* very bravely, and the Engagement held for an Hour; but Captain *Edwards* finding the Pyrate too strong for him, and fearing the Consequence of too obstinate a Resistance against those lawless Fellows, ordered his Ensign to be struck. The Pyrates Boat came aboard, and not only rifled the Ship, but whipp'd, beat, and cut the Men in a cruel Manner, turned them aboard their own Ship, and then set Fire to theirs.

In cruising about the Bay, they met and took several other Vessels without any Resistance, viz. two Brigantines of *Boston* in *New England*, one of which they burnt, and sunk the other; a Sloop belonging to *Connecticut*, Captain *Airs*, which they also burnt; a Sloop of *Jamaica*, Captain *Hamilton*, which they took for their own Use; a Sloop of *Virginia* they unladed, and were so generous as to give her back to the Master that own'd her. They took a Sloop of 100 Tun, belonging to *Rhode Island*, which they were pleas'd to keep, and mount with eight Carriage, and ten Swivel Guns.

With this little Fleet, viz. Admiral *Lowther*, in the *Happy Delivery*; Captain *Low*, in the *Rhode Island* Sloop; Captain *Harris* (who was second Mate in the *Greyhound* when taken) in *Hamilton's* Sloop; and the little Sloop formerly mentioned, serving as a Tender; I say, with this Fleet the Pyrates left the Bay, and came to *Port Mayo* in the Gulph of *Matigues*, and there made Preparations to careen; they carried ashore all their Sails, and made Tents by the Water side, wherein they laid their Plunder, Stores &c. and fell to work; and at the Time that the Ships were upon the Heel, and the good Folks employ'd in heaving down, scrubbing, tallowing, and so forth, of a sudden came down a considerable Body of the Natives and attack'd the Pyrates unprepared. As they were in no Condition to defend themselves, they fled to their Sloops, leaving them Masters of the Field and the Spoil thereof, which was of great Value, and set Fire to the *Happy Delivery*, their capital Ship.

Lowther made the best Provision he could in the largest Sloop, which he called the *Ranger*, having ten Guns and eight Swivels; and she sailing best, the Company went all aboard of her, and left the other at Sea. Provision was now very short, which, with the late Loss, put them in a confounded ill Humour, insomuch that they were now and then going together by the Ears, laying the Blame of their ill Conduct sometimes upon one, then upon another.

The Beginning of *May* 1722, they got to the *West-Indies*, and near the Island of *Descada* they took a Brigantine, one *Payne* Master, that afforded them what they stood in need of, which put them in bet-

ter Temper, and Business seemed to go on well again. After they had pretty well plundered the Brigantine, they sent her to the Bottom. They went into the Island and watered, and then stood to the Northward, intending to visit the Main Coast of *America*.

In the Latitude of 38 they took a Brigantine, called the *Rebecca* of *Boston*, Captain *Smith*, bound thither from *St. Christophers*. At the taking of this Vessel, the Crews divided; for *Low*, whom *Lowther* joined at the *Grand Caimanes*, proving always a very unruly Member of the Commonwealth, continually aspiring, and never satisfy'd with the Proceedings of the Commander, he thought it the safest Way to get rid of him, upon any Terms; and, according to the Vote of the Company, they parted the Bear Skin between them: *Low* with 44 Hands went aboard the Brigantine, and *Lowther* with the same Number staid in the Sloop; and so they separated that very Night, being the 28th of *May* 1722.

Lowther proceeded on his Way to the Main Coast, took three or four fishing Vessels off *New York*, which was no great Booty to the Captors. On the 3d of *June*, they met with a small *New England* Ship, bound home from *Barbades*, which stood an Attack a small Time, but finding it to no Purpose, yielded herself a Prey to the Booters: The Pyrates took out of her fourteen Hogheads of Rum, six Barrels of Sugar, a large Box of *English* Goods, several Casks of Loaf Sugar, a considerable Quantity of Pepper, six Negroes, besides a Sum of Money and Plate, and then let her go on her Voyage.

The next Adventure was not so fortunate for them; for coming pretty near the Coast of *South Carolina*, they met with a Ship just come out, on her Voyage to *England*; *Lowther* gave her a Gun, and hoisted his pyratical Colours; but this Ship, which was called the *Amy*; happening to have a brave gallant Man to command her, who was not any ways daunted with that terrible Ensign, the black Flag he, instead of striking immediately, as it was expected, let fly a Broadside at the Pyrate. *Lowther* (not at all pleased with the Compliment, though he put up with it for the present) was for taking Leave; but the *Amy* getting the Pyrate between her and the Shore, stood after him to clap him aboard; to prevent which, *Lowther* run the Sloop a-ground, and landed all the Men with their Arms. Captain *Gwatkins*, the Captain of the *Amy*, was obliged to stand off, for fear of running his own Ship ashore; but at the same Time thought fit, for the publick Good, to destroy the Enemy; and thereupon went into the Boat, and rowed towards the Sloop, in order to set her on Fire; but before he reached the Vessel, a fatal Shot from *Lowther's* Company ashore, put an End to their Design and Captain *Gwatkins's* Life. After this unfortunate Blow, the Mate returned aboard with the Boat, and, not being inclined to pursue them any farther, took Charge of the Ship.

Lowther got off the Sloop after the Departure of the *Amy*, and brought all his Men aboard again, but was in a poor shattered Condition, having suffered much in the Engagement, and had a great many Men kill'd and wounded: He made Shift to get into an Inlet somewhere in *North Carolina*, where he staid a long while before he was able to put to Sea again.

He and his Crew laid up all the Winter, and shifted as well as they could among the Woods, divided themselves into small Parties, and hunted generally in the Day time, killing black Cattle, Hogs &c.

for their Subsistence, and in the Night retired to their Tents and Huts, which they made for Lodging; and sometimes, when the Weather grew very cold, they would stay aboard of their Sloop.

In the Spring of the Year 1723, they made Shift to get to Sea, and steered their Course for *Newfoundland*, and upon the Banks took a Scooner, call'd the *Swift*, John Hood Master; they found a good Quantity of Provisions aboard her, which they very much wanted at that Time, and after taking three of their Hands, and plundering her of what they thought fit, they let her depart. They took several other Vessels upon the Banks, and in the Harbour, but none of any great Account; and then steering for a warmer Climate, in August they arrived at the *West-Indies*. In their Passage thither they met with a Brigantine, called the *John and Elizabeth*, Richard Stanny Master, bound for *Boston*, which they plundered, took two of her Men, and discharged her.

Lowther cruised a pretty while among the Islands without any extraordinary Success, and was reduc'd to a very small Allowance of Provisions, till they had the Luck to fall in with a *Martinico* Man, which proved a seasonable Relief to them; and after that a *Guiney* Man had the ill Fortune to become a Prey to the Rovers; she was called the *Princess*, Captain *Wicksted* Commander.

It was now thought necessary to look out for a Place to clean their Sloop in, and prepare for new Adventures: Accordingly the Island of *Blanco* was pitched upon for that Purpose, which lies in the Latitude of $11^{\circ} 50$ m. N. about 30 Leagues from the Main of the *Spanish America*, between the Islands of *Margarita* and *Rocas*, and not far from *Tortuga*. It is a low even Island, but healthy and dry, uninhabited, and about two Leagues in Circumference, with plenty of *Lignum Vitæ* Trees thereon, growing in Spots, with shrubby Bushes of other Wood about them. There are, besides Turtles, great Numbers of *Guanoes*, which is an amphibious Creature like a Lizard, but much larger, the Body of it being as big as a Man's Leg: They are very good to eat, and are much used by the Pyrates that come here: They are of divers Colours, but such as live upon dry Ground, as here at *Blanco*, are commonly yellow. On the North-west End of this Island, there is a small Cove of sandy Bay; all round the rest of the Island is deep Water, and steep close to the Island. Hither *Lowther* resorted to, about the Beginning of October, unrigged his Sloop, sent his Guns, Sails, Rigging, &c. ashore, and put his Vessel upon the *Careen*. The *Eagle* Sloop of *Barbadoes*, belonging to the *South Sea* Company, with 35 Hands, com-

manded by *Walter Moore*, coming near this Island, in her Voyage to *Comena*, on the *Spanish* Continent, saw the said Sloop just careen'd, with her Guns out, and Sails unbent, which she supposed to be a Pirate, because it was a Place where Traders did not commonly use, and so took the Advantage of attacking of her, as she was then unprepared. The *Eagle* having fired a Gun to oblige her to shew her Colours, the Pyrates hoisted the *St. George's* Flag at their Topmast-Head, as it were to bid Defiance to her; but when they found *Moore* and his Crew resolved to board them in good Earnest, the Pyrates cut their Cable, and hawled their Stern on Snore, which obliged the *Eagle* to come to an Anchor a-thwart her Hawse, where she engaged them till they called for Quarter and struck, at which Time *Lowther* and twelve of the Crew made their Escape out of the Cabin Window. The Master of the *Eagle* got the Pirate Sloop off, secured her, and went ashore with 25 Hands, in Pursuit of *Lowther* and his Gang, but after five Days Search, they could find but five of them, which they brought aboard, and then proceeded with the Sloop and Pyrates to *Comena* aforesaid, where they soon arrived.

The *Spanish* Governor, being informed of this brave Action, condemned the Sloop to the Captors, and sent a small Sloop with 23 Hands to scour the Bushes, and other Places of the Island of *Blanco*, for the Pyrates that remained there, and took four more, with seven small Arms, leaving behind them Captain *Lowther*, three Men, and a little Boy, which they could not take; the above four the *Spaniards* try'd, and condemned to Slavery for Life; three to the Gallies, and the other to the Castle of *Arravia*.

The *Eagle* Sloop brought all their Prisoners afterwards to *St. Christophers*, where the following were try'd by a Court of Vice Admiralty, there held March the 11th, 1722, viz. *John Churchill*, *Edward Mackdonald*, *Nicholas Lezvis*, *Richard West*, *Samuel Levercott*, *Robert White*, *John Shaw*, *Andrew Hunter*, *Jonathan Delve*, *Matthew Frebarn*, *Henry Watson*, *Roger Grange*, *Ralph Candor*, and *Robert Wills*. The three last were acquitted, the other eleven were found Guilty, two of which were recommended to Mercy by the Court, and accordingly pardoned; and the rest executed at that Island, on the 20th of the same Month.

As for Captain *Lowther*, it is said, that he afterwards shot himself upon that fatal Island, where his Pyracies ended, being found, by some Sloop's Men, dead, and a Pistol burit by his Side.

The LIFE of Captain SPRIGGS.

SPRIGGS sail'd with *Low* for a pretty while, and came away from *Lowther* along with him; he was Quarter-Master to the Company, and consequently, had a great Share in all the Barbarities committed by that execrable Gang, till the Time they parted; which was about *Christmas* 1723; when *Low* took a Ship of twelve Guns on the Coast of *Guiney*, call'd the *Delight*, (formerly the *Squirrel* Man of War,) commanded by Captain *Hunt*. *Spriggs* took possession of this Ship with eighteen Men, left *Low* in the Night, and came to the *West Indies*. This Separation was occasion'd by a Quarrel with *Low*, concerning a Piece of Justice to be executed upon one of the Crew, for killing a Man in cold Blood; *Spriggs* insisting that he should be hang'd, and the other that he should not.

A Day or two after they parted, *Spriggs* was chosen Captain by the rest, and a black Ensign was made, which they call'd *Jolly Roger*, with the same Device that Captain *Low* carry'd, viz. a white Skeleton in the Middle of it, with a Dart in one Hand, striking a bleeding Heart, and in the other an Hour-Glass; when this was finish'd and hoisted, they fired all their Guns to salute their Captain and themselves, and then look'd out for Prey.

In their Voyage to the *West-Indies*, these Pyrates took a *Portuguese* Bark, wherein they got valuable Plunder; but not contented with that alone, they said they would have a little Game with the Men, and so order'd them a Sweat, more for Diversion of these brutal Wretches than the poor Man's Health. What they mean by a Sweat is performed after this Manner. They stick up lighted Candles circularly round the Mizon-Mast, between Decks, within which the Patients one at a Time enter: Without the Candles the Pirates post themselves, as many as can stand, forming another Circle, and armed with Pen-Knives, Tucks, Forks, Compasses, &c. and as he runs round and round, the Musick playing at the same Time, they prick him with those Instruments. This usually lasts for ten or twelve Minutes, which is as long as the miserable Man can support himself. When the Sweating was over, they gave the *Portuguese* their Boat, with a small Quantity of Provisions, and set their Vessel on Fire.

Near the Island of *St. Lucia*, they took a Sloop belonging to *Barbadoes*, which they plundered, and then burnt; forcing some of the Men to sign their Articles; the others they beat and cut in a barbarous Manner, because they refuse to take on with the Crew, and then sent them away in the Boat, in which they all got safe afterwards to *Barbadoes*.

The next was a *Martinico* Man, the Crew of which they served as bad as they had done the others, but did not burn the Ship. Some Days afterwards, in running down to Leeward, they took one Captain *Hawkins*, coming from *Jamaica*, laden chiefly with Logwood; they took out of this Vessel,

Stores, Arms, Ammunition, and several other Things, as they thought fit; and what they did not want they threw over-board or destroy'd: They cut the Cables to Pieces, knock'd down the Cabins, broke all the Windows, and in short took all the Pains in the World to be mischievous. They took by Force, out of her, Mr. *Burridge* and Mr. *Stephens*, the two Mates, and some other Hands; and after detaining the Ship from the twenty second of *March*, to the twenty ninth, they let her go. On the twenty seventh they took a *Rhode-Island* Sloop, Captain *Pike*, and all his Men were oblig'd to go aboard the Pyrate; but the Mate, being a grave sober Man, and not inclinable to stay, they told him, he should have his Discharge, and that it should be immediately writ on his Back; whereupon, he was sentenced to receive ten Lashes from every Man in the Ship, which was rigorously put in Execution.

The next Day Mr. *Burridge*, Captain *Hawkin's* Mate, sign'd their Articles, which was so agreeable to them (he being a good Artist and Sailor) that they gave three Huzzas, fir'd all the Guns in the Ship, and appointed him Master: The Day was spent in boisterous Mirth, roaring and drinking of Healths, among which was that of King *George* the II. For now and then these Gentry are provok'd to sudden Fits of Loyalty, by the Expectation of an Act of Grace, which they thought would be past at the Accession of his present Majesty to the Throne, who was then Prince of *Wales*. It seems Captain *Pike* had heard at *Jamaica* by mistake, that the late King was dead, so the Pyrates immediately hoist'd their Ensign Half-Mast (the Death Signal) and proclaimed his Royal Highness, saying, *They doubted not but there would be a general Pardon in a twelve Month, which they would embrace and come in upon; but if they should be excepted out of it, they would murder every Englishman that should fall into their Hands.*

The second of *April*, they spy'd a Sail, and gave her Chace till twelve o'Clock at Night: The Pyrates believed her to be a *Spaniard*, and so when they came close up to her, they discharg'd a Broad-side, with small and great Shot, which was followed by another: but the Ship making a lamentable Cry for Quarters, they ceas'd firing, and ordered the Captain to come aboard; which he did; but how disappointed the Rogues were when they found 'twas their old Friend Captain *Hawkins*, whom they had sent away three Days before, worth not one Penny? This was such a Baulk to them, that they resolv'd he should suffer for falling in their Way, tho' it was so contrary to his own Inclinations. About fifteen of them surrounded the poor Man with sharp Cutlasses, and fell upon him, whereby he was soon laid flat on the Deck. At that Instant *Burridge* flew amongst the thickest of the Villains, and begg'd earnestly for his Life, upon whose Request

quest it was granted. They were now most of
n drunk, as is usual at this time of Night, so
ey unanimously agreed to make a Bonfire of *Haw-*
r's Ship, which was immediately done, and in
lf an Hour she was all of a Blaze.

After this, they wanted a little more Diversion,
d so Captain *Hawkins* was sent for down to the
bin to Supper: What should the Provision be,
t a Dish of Candles, which he was forced to eat;
ving a naked Sword and a Pistol held to his Breast
the while; when this was over, they buffeted
n about for some Time, and sent him forward a-
ongst the other Prisoners, who had been treated
th the same Delicacies.

Two Days afterwards, they anchor'd at a little
inhabited Island, call'd *Rattan*, near the Bay of
Honduras, and put ashore Captain *Hawkins*, and
veral other Men; one of which was his Passenger,
o dy'd there of the Hardships he underwent.
hey gave them Powder and Ball, and a Musquet,
th which they were to shift as they could, sailing
ay the next Day for other Adventures.

Captain *Hawkins*, and his unfortunate Compan-
ons, staid nineteen Days upon this Island, supply-
; themselves with both Fish and Fowl, such as
ey were. At the End of that Time came two
en in a Canoe, that had been left upon another
agoon Island near *Benacca*, who carry'd the Com-
any at several Times thither, it being more con-
venient in having a good Well of fresh Water, and
enty of Fish, &c. Twelve Days afterwards they
'd a Sloop off at Sea, which, upon their making
great Smoke, stood in, and took them off; she
s the *Merriam*, Captain *Jones*, lately escap'd
t of the Bay of *Honduras*, from being taken by
: *Spaniards*.

At an Island to the Westward, the Pirates clean-
their Ship, and sail'd towards the Island of *St.*
Christopher, to wait for one Captain *Moor*, who
nmanded the *Eagle*-Sloop, when she took *Low-*
r's upon the Carreen, at *Blanco*. *Spriggs* resol-
d to put him to Death, whenever he took
n, for falling upon his Friend and Brother; but,
lead of *Moor*, he found a *French* Man of War
om *Martinico* upon the Coast; which *Spriggs*
t thinking fit to contend with, run away with
the Sail he could make. The *French* Man
owded after *Spriggs*, and was very likely to speak
th him, when unfortunately his Main-Top-Mast
me by the Board, which obliged him to give
e Chase.

Spriggs then stood to the Northward, towards

Bermudas, or the *Summer Isles*, and took a Sloop
belonging to *Boston*: He took out all the Men,
and sunk the Vessel, and had the Impudence to tell
the Master, that he design'd to increase his Company
on the Banks of *Newfoundland*, and then he would
sail for the Coast of *New-England*, in quest of Cap-
tain *Solgard*, who attack'd and took their Con-
sort *Charles Harris*. *Spriggs* was at that Time
in Company with *Low*, who very fairly ran for
it. The Pirate ask'd the Master if he knew Cap-
tain *Solgard*? who answering *No*, he ask'd ano-
ther the same Question; who denying also, he
put the same Question to a Third, who said he
knew him very well; upon which *Spriggs* ordered
him to be sweated, which was done in the man-
ner before describ'd.

Instead of going to *Newfoundland*, as the Pirates
threatened, they came back to the Islands; and to
the Windward of *St. Christopher's*, on the fourth of
June, they took a Sloop, *Nicholas Trot* Master,
belonging to *St. Eustatia*. Wanting at this Time a
little Diversion, they hoisted the Men as high as
the Main and Fore-Tops, and let them down sud-
denly, enough to break all the Bones in their Skins;
and after they had pretty well crippled 'em by this
cruel Usage, and whipp'd them about the Deck,
they gave *Trot* his Sloop, and let him go, keeping
back only two of his Men, besides the Plunder of
the Vessel.

Within two or three Days after they took a Ship,
coming from *Rhode-Island* to *St. Christopher's* laden
with Provisions and some Horses; the Pirates mount-
ed the Horses, and rid them about the Deck back-
wards and forwards a full Gallop, like Madmen at
New-Market; cursing, swearing, and hallooing, at
such a Rate, as made the poor Creatures wild.
Two or three of them at length throwing their
Riders, they fell upon the Ship's Crew, and whip-
ped, and cut, and beat 'em in a barbarous man-
ner, tilling 'em, it was for bringing Horses with-
out Boots and Spurs, for want of which they were
not able to ride 'em.

In this Manner these Wretches went on as long
as they could maintain their Community, taking
from all they met, every Thing they pleased: Nor
is it any Wonder that Men who have taken Pains
to divest themselves of Humanity should act thus;
since when we once lose the Notions of Right and
Property, which keep up the mutual Dependence
among mankind, we have nothing within us, that
can lay any Restraint upon our Actions.

The LIFE of Captain PHILIP ROCHE, &c.

PHILIP Roche was born in Ireland, of mean Parents, and from his Youth had been bred up to the Sea, where he apply'd the little Leisure he had, to the improving the small Share of Learning he had received at School. He was a brisk genteel Fellow, about thirty Years of Age at the Time of his Death; one whose black and savage Nature did no Ways answer the Comeliness of his Person; his Life being almost one continued Scene of Villainy, before he was discovered to have committed the horrid Murders we are now speaking of.

This inhuman Monster had been concerned with others, in insuring Ships to a great Value, and then destroying them; by which Means and other Rogueries, he had got a little Money. By these Means becoming Mate of a Ship, he was diligent enough in trading for himself between *Ireland* and *France*, so that he was in a Way of getting himself a comfortable Livelihood: But, as he resolv'd to be Rich, and finding fair Dealing brought in Wealth but slowly, he confess'd he had put other Methods in Execution. What these Methods were, he would never own; but 'tis thought he had murdered several innocent Persons in the Prosecution of his abominable Schemes. However, as we cannot have the particular Circumstances of these Facts, we shall confine ourselves to the horrid Deed for which he suffered.

Roche getting acquainted with one *Neal*, a Fisherman at *Cork*, whom he found ignorantly bold and ready for any villainous Attempt, he imparted the Design to him, which they afterwards executed. *Neal* being pleas'd with the Project, brings one *Pierce Cullen* and his Brother into the Confederacy; together with one *Wife*, who, at first, was very unwilling to come into their Measures; and, indeed, had the least Hand of them all in the Perpetration of what follows.

They pitch'd upon a Vessel in the Harbour, belonging to *Peter Tartoue*, a French Man, to execute their cruel Intentions upon, because it was a small one, and had not a great Number of Hands on board, and 'twas easy afterwards to exchange it for one more fit for Piracy; and therefore they apply'd themselves to the Master of her for a Passage to *Nantz*, whereto the Ship was bound.

Accordingly, in the Beginning of *November*, 1721, they went on board; and when at Sea, *Philip Roche* being an experienced Sailor, the Master of the Vessel readily trusted him with the Care of her, at Times, while he and the Mate went to rest.

This was the unhappy Case on the fifteenth of *November*, at Night, the Time design'd for the Tragedy. Before the Action, *Francis Wife* relented, and appear'd desirous to divert them from their bloody Purposes; whereupon Roche told him, *That as Cullen and he had sustained great Losses at Sea, unless every Irishman present would assist in repairing their Losses, by murdering all the French Rogues, and running away with the Ship, he should suffer the same*

Fate with the French Men; but if all would a, all should have a Share in the Booty. Upon this they all resolv'd alike, and Roche ordered the French Men and a Boy up to hand the Topmasts, Master and Mate being then asleep in their Cabins. The two first that came down, they beat out their Brains and threw them overboard: The other two, seeing what was done, ran up to the Topmast-Head; but *Cullen* followed them, and taking the Boy by the Arm, toss'd him into the Sea; then driving down the Man, those below knocked him on the Head, and threw him over-board.

Those who were asleep, being awakened by dismal Shrieks and Groans of dying Men, ran upon Deck in Confusion, to enquire into the Cause of this unusual Noises; but the same Cruelty was immediately acted towards them, e'er they could be sensible of the Danger that threatened them.

They were now (as Roche himself afterwards confess'd) all over as wet with the Blood that had been spilt, as if they had been dipp'd in Water, or stood under a Shower of Rain; nor did they regard it any more. Roche said, Captain *Tartoue* used many Words of Mercy, and ask'd them, if he had not used them with Civility and Kindness? If they were not of the Christian Religion, and own'd the same blessed Jesus and the like? but they, not regarding what he said, took Cords, and bound the poor Master and Mate Back to Back. While that was doing, some of them begged with the utmost Earnestness, and used the most solemn Intreaties, that they would at least allow them a few Minutes to say their Prayers, and crave Mercy of God for the various Sins and Offences of their Lives: But it did not move them, (although all the rest were dead, and no Danger could be apprehended from these two alone) for the bold Persons were hurry'd up, and thrown into the Sea after the rest.

The Massacre being finish'd, they washed themselves a little from the Blood, and search'd the Chests, Coffers, and all Places about the Ship, and then went down in the Captain's Cabin, and refresh'd themselves with some Rum they found there, being as Roche confess'd) never merrier in their Lives. They invest'd Roche with the Command of the Ship, and calling him Captain, talk'd over their Liqueur, with rare Actions they would perform about *Cape Breton*, *Sable Isle*, and the Banks of *Newfoundland*, while they design'd to go as soon as they had recruited the Company, and got a better Ship, which they projected speedily to do.

Roche taking upon himself the Command of the Vessel, *Andrew Cullen* was to pass for a Merchant or Super-Cargo, but when they bethought themselves, they were in Danger of being discovered, the Papers of the Ship, relating to the Cargo, Bills of Lading, &c. they erased and took out the Name of the French Master, and instead thereof, inserted the Name of Roche, so that it stood in the

Ship's Papers, *Peter Roche* Master. Having so few Hands on board, they contrived if they met any Ships, to give out, that they had lost some Hands by their being wash'd overboard in a Storm; by which Means they thought to screen themselves from being suspected of having committed any such wicked Act: For, the small Number of their Men might otherwise have given ground for such a Suspicion. They also supposed, that by this Means they might prevail with the first Ship they met to spare them some, on Consideration of their pretended Disaster.

In going to *Cales* they were in Distress by the Weather, and being near *Lisbon*, they made Complaint to a Ship, but obtain'd no Assistance. They were then oblig'd to sail back for *England*, and put into the Port of *Dartmouth*; but then they were in fear lest they might be discover'd. To prevent that, they resolv'd to alter the Ship, and getting Workmen, they took down the Mizzen-Mast, built a Spar-Deck, and made Rails (on pretence that the Sailors had been wash'd overboard) to secure the Men. Then they took down the Image of *St. Peter* at the Head of the Ship, and put a Lion in its place; painted over the Stern of the Ship with Red, and new-nam'd her the *Mary Snow*. The Ship being thus alter'd, that they thought it could not be known, they fancy'd themselves pretty secure; but wanting Money to defray the Charge of these Alterations, *Roche*, as Master of the Vessel, and *Andrew Cullen*, as Merchant, apply'd themselves to the Officers of the Customs for Liberty to dispose of some of the Cargo, in order to pay the Workmen. Having obtain'd Leave, they sold fifty-eight Barrels of Beef, and then hiring three more Hands, they set Sail for *Ostend*, and there sold more Barrels of Beef; thence they steer'd their Course to *Rotterdam*, dispos'd of the rest of the Cargo, and took in one Mr. *Annesly*, who freighted the Ship for *England*; but in their Passage, in a stormy Night, it being very dark, they took up Mr. *Annesly* their Passenger, and threw him into the Sea; who swam about the Ship a pretty while, calling out for Life, and telling 'em they should have all his Goods, if they would receive him again into the Vessel: but in vain were his Cries!

After this, they were obliged to put into several Ports, and, by contrary Winds, came to the Coast of *France*, where, hearing there was an Enquiry made after the Ship, *Roche* quits her at *Harve de Grace*, and leaves the Management to *Cullen* and the rest; who, having shipp'd other Men, sail'd away to *Scotland*, and there left the Vessel, which was afterwards seiz'd and brought into the River of *Thames*.

Some Time after this, *Philip Roche* came to *London*, and making some Claim for Money he had made Insurance of, in the Name of *John Eustace*, the Officer was apprized of the Fraud, and he arrested, and flung into the Compter; from whence directing a Letter to his Wife, she shew'd it to a Friend, who discover'd by it, that he was the principal Villain concern'd in the Destruction of *Peter Tartone*, and the Crew. Upon this, an Information was given to my Lord *Carteret*, that the Person who went by the Name of *John Eustace*, was *Philip Roche*, as aforesaid; and being brought down by his Lordship's Warrant, he stily deny'd it for some Time, notwithstanding a Letter was found in his Pocket, directed to him by the Name of *Roche*. At last, being confronted by a Captain of a Ship, who knew him well, he confessed his Name, but prevaricated in several Particulars; whereupon he was committed to *Newgate* upon violent Suspicion, and the next Day was brought down again at his own Request, confessed the whole, desir'd to be made an Evidence, and promis'd to convict three Men worse than himself. *Neal* and *Cullen* were discover'd by him, who dy'd miserably in the *Marshalsea*, and *Roche* himself was afterwards try'd, found guilty of the PyracY, and executed at *Tyburn*; no more of his Crew than the two just mention'd being apprehended.

He appear'd not very solicitous at his Tryal; knowing it was impossible to get clear of the PyracY: But when the Order for his Execution came from *Hanover*, he complain'd of being hardly us'd; for, he depended upon having his Life given him, when he made himself an Evidence against his Companions.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN GOW, alias SMITH.

JOH N Gow, sail'd from Amsterdam in July 1724, on board the *George* Galley of that Place, Oliver Ferneau Master. They went first to *Santa Cruz*, in South Barbary, where they took in Bee's-Wax, and staid till the Beginning of November. On the second or third Day of that Month, they weigh'd Anchor, and sail'd out of the Bay; about three Hours after which was acted the following horrible Tragedy, they being at that Time bound for the Streights.

A Combination having been formed between Gow and several others, that will be occasionally nam'd in this Relation, *Melvin*, one of the Conspirators, was heard to cry out, *There is a Man over-board*: The Captain thereupon, came instantly to the Side of the Ship, and look'd over; when *Melvin* and *Rolfson*, another Conspirator, seiz'd him, and endeavour'd to throw him into the Sea; but by struggling hard he got from them. At that Instant, one *John Winter* came up with a Knife in his Hand, and cut the Captain across the Throat, but not so as to kill him; for, in all Probability he missed his Wind-pipe. The former two laid hold of him again, and try'd to throw him over-board; yet he still struggled so as to prevent them, till Gow, who was then second Mate and Gunner, slept up to him with a Pistol in his Hand, and shot him thro' the Body; after which they threw him over as they at first intended.

After they had dispatch'd the Captain, they were to proceed with all the rest, whom they look'd upon as dangerous Persons. One *Daniel Maccawly* cut the Clerk's Throat, whose Name was *Stephen Algiers*, as he lay asleep in his Hammock; but not thoroughly, (as *Maccawly* afterwards used frequently to swear) for he awak'd and got out in the Struggle; whereupon *James Williams* meeting him, took Care to finish the bloody Action. *Williams* first ask'd him for his Watch, but *Algiers* said he had it not about him, gave him the Key of his Chest, and begg'd very hard for a little Time to say his Prayers; but the barbarous Villain was deaf to all his Cries, shot him directly thro' the Head with a Pistol loaded so high, that it burst in firing, and had like to have destroyed the Murderer too. *John Peterson* cut the Throat of *Bonaventure Jelphs* the chief Mate; and then *Melvin* ty'd a Rope about his Neck, dragg'd him to the Side, and threw him over board; *Michael Moore*, who stood Centry over the Arms, shooting him as he was drawn along.

All these Murders took up about Half an Hour's Time, and as soon as they were over, *James Williams* came upon the Quarter Deck, struck upon a Gun with his Cutlass, and saluted Gow (alias *Smith*) in the following Manner: Captain Smith

you are welcome! welcome to your new Command! Then Williams himself was declared Lieutenant. Peter Rolfson was made Gunner, and James Belwin Boatwain. The Officers being thus settled, the new Captain made a short and pithy Speech to his Men, to this Effect: If hereafter I see any of you whispering together, or if any of you refuse to obey my Orders, let every such Man depend upon it, that he shall certainly go the same Way as those that are just gone before. This laconick Harangue was very well received by the Conspirators; and all who had not engaged in the Confederacy, was immediately confined to the great Cabin the remaining Part of the Night.

William Booth, who was afterwards a Witness against this Crew at their Trial, was asleep in his Hammock, all the Time while these Barbarities were perpetrated; when he awaked and heard a Noise, he asked one of the Company what was the Matter, but was instantly answered with, *You Dog, if I had a Pistol I wou'd tell you!* But *James Belwin*, tho' not at first in the Secret, declared impudently the next Day, *That he was very sorry he was not told of the Design the Night before, for he would have lent them a Hand with all his Heart.* This was afterwards sworn against him at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, where he was condemned with the rest of his inhuman Companions.

The Day after the Perpetration of these Cruelties, *Phinnes*, who was an Evidence at the *Old-Bailey*, asked Gow, whether or no he was sure he hit the Captain when he shot at him; showing at the same Time the Mark of a Pistol-Ball in the Side of the Ship: To which Gow replied with an Oath, that the Pistol was loaded with two Balls, and he was certain one of them went thro' the Body of the French Son of a B—h. Thus did they delight to glory in their Villainies.

They had not been long Masters of the Vessel, before they took the *Sarah Snow*, of *Bristol*, when Captain Gow made a Declaration to the Crew, *That if any of them chose to go, they might; but if they were willing to stay with him, they should find good Usage.* There was but one of all the Ship's Company, who wou'd condescend to turn Pyrate; his Name was *Alexander Rob*: The rest were discharged, after they had rifled their Prize of every Thing they thought proper.

The next Ship that was so unhappy as to fall into their Hands, was the *Delight of Pool*, *Thomas Wife* Master. Out of her they took only one thousand pound weight of Fish. About a Month afterwards (*viz.*) on the eighteenth of December, they took the *Batchelor*, *Benjamin Cross* Master, within twenty Leagues of the Reck of *Lisbon*: Here they

they found two thousand pound Weight of Bread, two Barrels of Beef, and one of Pork, all which they seized. They had besides two Hands out of this Ship, whose Names were *Harvey* and *Teague*: These Men were both taken against their Content, and begged hard to be discharged, but the Captain would not grant it; for he had picked them out of the whole Ship's Company. *Harvey* afterwards had projected an Escape along with some others, who went off without him, while he went back to fetch something he had left behind. These Particulars being sworn at the *Old-Bailey*, the two Men were thereupon discharged.

A French Ship, call'd the *Lewis* and *Joseph*, was so unlucky as to be in the Way of these Rovers, on the 27th of December: The Master's Name was *Henry Mens*. English and French were all the same to them, provided there was any Thing to be got. They had before taken Meat and Bread, here they found twelve Pipes of Wine, forty Barrels of Oil, one hundred and twenty Barrels of Figs, and one hundred and thirty Chests of Lemons and Oranges: in all to the Value of about 500*l. Sterl.* This they look'd upon as an indifferent good Prize, considering they were young Traders.

On the sixth of January following, within thirty Leagues of *Vigo*, they took the *Triumvirate*, *Joel Davis* Master; they pillaged her of two Caggs of Butter, ten Anchors of Brandy, thirty Gallons of Rum, a Silver Cup, six Silver Spoons, a Silver Watch, and several other Things. This Vessel made no Resistance, and so they let her go as soon as they had plunder'd her. This was their last Expedition, and these five were all the Ships they ever took, at least all that have come to our Knowledge.

Soon after this Adventure with the *Triumvirate*, they made away for the Isles of *Orkney*, in order to clean their Ship; But an End was soon put to their Depredations; for, being stranded upon the Coast, they were apprehended by Mr. *Fen*, a Gentleman of that Country, and brought up to *London*;

where a High Court of Admiralty was held for their Tryal, before Sir *Henry Penrice*, Judge of that Court, assisted by Mr. Justice *Tracy* and Mr. Justice *Reynolds*, on *Wednesday* and *Thursday*, the 26th and 27th of May, 1725.

When the first Indictment was read, *Gow* obstinately refus'd to plead, for which the Court ordered his Thumbs to be ty'd together with Whip-cord. The Punishment was several times repeated by the Executioner and another Officer, they drawing the Cord every time till it broke. But he still being stubborn, refusing to submit to the Court the Sentence was pronounc'd against him, which the Law appoints in such Cases; that is, That he should be taken back to Prison, and there press'd to Death. The Jaylor was then order'd to conduct him back, and see that the Sentence was executed the next Morning; mean while the Tryals of the Prisoners, his Companions, went forwards.

But the next Morning, when the Press was prepar'd, pursuant to the Order of the Court the Day before, he was so terrify'd with the Apprehension of dying in that manner, that he sent his humble Petition to the Court, praying that he might be admitted to plead: This Request being granted, he was brought again to the Bar, and arraign'd upon the first Indictment, to which he pleaded, *Not guilty*. Then the Depositions that had been given against the other Prisoners were repeated, upon which he was convicted, and receiv'd Sentence of Death accordingly.

The Names of the rest of his Crew that were condemn'd with him, were *James Williams*, *Daniel Maccawly*, *Peter Rolson*, alias *Rollinson*, *John Peter-son*, *John Winter*, *William Melvin*, *William Moore*, *James Belvin*, and *Alexander Rob*; who were afterwards executed, along with *Bristock Weaver* and *William Ingram*, condemn'd at the same Time.

The LIFE of Captain BRIGSTOCK WEAVER, and WILLIAM INGRAM.

BRIGSTOCK WEAVER and *William Ingram* were both on board the *Good Fortune* Brigantine, *Thomas Anstis* Commander, when that Pirate took the *Morning-Star* in the Manner related in his Life. *Ingram* was made Gunner of the *Morning-Star*, after she was converted to *Anstis*'s Use, and *Weaver* succeeded *Anstis* in the Command of the *Good Fortune*. These Particulars are depos'd at the Tryal of our Two Offenders by *zekiel Davis*, who was on board the *Morning-Star* when she was taken, and was detain'd by the Pirates above ten Months after this Action. It is further prov'd, that *Weaver* had been Master under *Anstis* before this, and that *Ingram* came voluntarily on board, and sign'd the Articles, while *Anstis* lay at Anchor.

Weaver seem'd at first unwilling to accept the Command of the *Good Fortune*; but was afterwards present at the taking between fifty and sixty Sail of Ships in the *West-Indies* and on the Banks of *Newfoundland*, all which Time he seem'd pretty active, and discover'd but little sign of Remorse: Tho' *Davis* confess'd that in private he had sometimes talk'd pretty freely about leaving the Ship, and had always behav'd himself in a very civil manner. But as for *Ingram*'s Part, he was so far from being unwilling to leave his Companions, that he did all he could to prevent any Body else from getting away. In particular, while they were at *Cuba*, one *Mayork*, a *Portuguese*, desir'd Leave to go ashore, which was granted him, and he took his Gun

Gun and went: But *Ingram* mistrusted he had a Design to escape, and therefore immediately follow'd him. The poor *Portuguese*, as soon as he was loose, took to his Heels, and dropp'd his Gun for Expedition-sake; whereupon *Ingram* drew his Cut-throat, and pursu'd, took up the Gun, and fir'd it at him, and, at last, when he saw he could not overtake him, he return'd in a great Rage, and swore, if he could have catch'd him, he would have cut him in two.

The Stories of these Two Men are so interwoven with Others, that 'twill be impossible to distinguish many of their particular Actions: They were, however prov'd to have been concern'd, if not the principal Actors, in the following Pyracies: 1st, The seizing a *Dutch Ship* in *August*, 1722, and taking from thence an hundred Pieces of *Holland*, Value 800 *l.* a Thousand Pieces of *Eight*, Value 250 *l.* 2dly, The entering and pillaging the *Dolphin* of *London*, *William Haddock*, out of which they got three hundred Pieces of *Eight*, Value 75 *l.* forty Gallons of *Rum*, and other Things, on the twentieth of *November* in the same Year. 3dly, The stealing out of a Ship call'd the *Don Carlos*, *Lot Neekins* Master, four hundred Ounces of *Silver*, Value 100 *l.* fifty Gallons of *Rum*, Value 30 *s.* a Thousand Pieces of *Eight*, an hundred *Pistoles*, and other valuable Goods; and 4thly, The taking from a Ship call'd the *Portland* ten Pipes of *Wine*, Value 250 *l.* The two latter Facts both in the Year 1721.

Weaver came in *May*, 1723, to the House of Mr. *Thomas Smith* in *Bristol*, with whom he had been acquainted nine or ten Years before, in a very ragged Condition, and told him that he had been taken by Pyrates, and made his Escape from 'em. Mr. *Smith* pity'd his Condition, and immediately lent him some Money, and one Captain *Edwards* supply'd him with 10 *l.* more, to buy him Clothes, and other Necessaries. They moreover provided a Lodging for him at the *Griffin*, a publick Inn; and he walk'd openly about the Town: From thence he went to *Hereford* to see his Relations, being born in that City; where he staid some Weeks, and then came back to *Bristol*; still continuing to walk up and down unmolested, till about *Michaelmas* he was taken up by Captain *Joseph Smith*, who was Commander of the *Hamilton*, when she was taken by *Assis*, at which Time *Weaver* was Master of the *Good Fortune* Brigantine. His Apprehension was in the following manner.

Weaver was walking along one of the Streets of *Bristol* when he met the Captain, and was known

by him. The Captain ask'd him how he did, and desir'd to drink a Bottle with him; which being agreed to, when they came to the Tavern, he told *Weaver*, that he had been a great Sufferer by his boarding the Ship, and had in particular lost a considerable Quantity of Liquor; therefore, Mr. *Weaver* (says he) as I understand you are in good Circumstances, I expect you will make me some Restitution; which if you do, I will never hurt a Hair of your Head, because you was very civil to me when I was in your Hands. The Equivalent demanded was four Hogheads of Cyder; which whether *Weaver* was able to procure or not, or whether he imagin'd himself safe enough without it, we can't determine: However so it was, that the Cyder was not produc'd, and *Weaver* was apprehended, brought to *London*, try'd along with *Ingram*, and received Sentence of Death at the same Time with *Gow* and his Crew.

Ingram appear'd, according to all the Evidence, to have been a very resolute hardened Fellow, always one of the forwardest in any Action: It was depos'd against him in particular, That one *Benjamin Sates* desir'd to leave the Pyrate Service, and all the Crew consented to it but *Ingram*, so he was detained only upon his Opposition; every Man, it seems, among the Pyrates having Liberty to hinder another from going away. This was the Fact before related concerning the *Portuguese*, made his Case look very darkly.

But every Body, on the contrary, gave *Weaver* a good Character, with respect to his Behaviour; tho' his having acted as a Pyrate was as clear as the Sun at Noon-day. One Mr. *Parker*, a Surgeon declar'd in particular, That when he was taken by the *Good Fortune's* Company, they put burning Matches between his Fingers, and twice threw him overboard. But *Weaver* took his Part, though he gain'd the ill Will of a great Part of the Ship's Crew by so doing.

When Mr. *Weaver* and Others, continued he, came on board our Vessel, he said to me, Well, Doctor what do you think of it? how shall you like to be a Prisoner. — I can't say I have any great Liking to it, said I, but what must be, must be, You say right, (quoth *Weaver*) I am a Prisoner as well as you; but as your Ship fell in our Way, was oblig'd to speak with you: Now we have got our Hands in the *Lyon's* Mouth, we must draw them out again as gently as we can. This and a great deal more was said on his Behalf; but nothing was sufficient to invalidate the plain Matter of Fact that was produc'd.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN UPTON.

HE was about fifty Years of Age at the Time of his Execution in May, 1729. He was born at *Deptford*, of honest Parents, who gave him an Education suitable to their Station, teaching him to read and write, and making him fit for Business. He serv'd his Time to a Waterman on the River with Approbation, having always a good Character, 'till his last unhappy Voyage. From his leaving his Master 'till his Death, he had spent the greatest Part of his Time at Sea, chiefly to Men of War; aboard of which he had commonly serv'd as Boatwain, Quarter-Master, or some other inferior Officer. When he was at Home, he liv'd in Reputation among his Neighbours, having a Wife and Family: And this has been his Manner of Living for twenty eight Years.

The Reason of his going abroad the last Time, and leaving behind him four Orphans, he declared to have been his receiving Information that five Actions were taken out against him, for Debts contracted by his Wife in his Absence, of which he knew nothing till after her Death, when Creditors came to him hourly for Sums of Money on his said deceased Wife's Account. The Surprise of these Discoveries, and the Fear of an Imprisonment, made him precipitately leave his Habitation, and fly to *Pool* in *Dorsetshire*, whence he set sail as Boatwain, on board the *John* and *Elizabeth* Merchant-man, Captain *Hooper* Commander, being bound for *Bonaville* in *Newfoundland*; and never returned to *England* again till he was brought Prisoner by the *Nottingham* Man of War, in Order to his subsequent Trial. It was on the 12th of *July*, 1723. that he departed from the *English* Coast.

The Fact for which he suffered was sworn on him by *Charles Dimmock*, chief Mate, and *Henry Eaton*, second Mate, of the *Perry Galley*; and *Peter Purnell*, a Passenger in the same Vessel: We will first relate their Depositions, and then the Malefactor's own Account of his Voyage, as it was extracted from his Pocket Journal, which is the only Thing we could have any Information of, as he had never attained to the supreme Command among the Pirates, and consequently his Story could never make any Figure in the general Account.

The Substance of what they deposed was, That *Upton* was Boatwain of their Galley in a Voyage from *Barbadoes* to *Bristol*, when, on the 14th of *November*, 1725, in the Latitude of forty Deg. N. he was taken by a Pirate Sloop, called the *Night Rambler*, of which one *Cooper* was Commander: That the Prisoner expressed great Satisfaction at meeting of the Pirates, voluntarily litted with them, and sign'd their Articles: That soon after they took a *French* Sloop, which with the *Perry-Galley* they carry'd to *Aruba*, an Island near *Caracas*, where the Prizes were both plunder'd, and a Division of

the Booty made, when *Upton* had his Share along with the rest; there being out of the *Perry-Galley* alone three hundred and fifty Pounds in Money, besides her Provisions, Stores, Rigging, &c. That they (the Evidences) were kept on that Island seventeen Days, during which Time they must have starv'd had not the Doctor of the Pirates relieved them; which Tenderneis of the Doctor *Upton* observing, he swore at him, and said, *Damn 'em let 'em starve*: That the Prisoner advis'd the Pirates to burn the *Perry-Galley*, with her Captain and chief Mate in her, and appear'd to be more cruel in his Behaviour, than any of the older Pirates: That, in particular, he made a Cat of nine Tails, and saw the first Mate receive two hundred Lashes with it; and that he endeavour'd, by the most inhuman Treatment, to oblige the second Mate to join with them.

Upton could not say a great deal in his own Defence, the Evidence against him having been so full and clear; what he urged most was, his having been forced to join the Pirates. He called some Persons to vindicate his Character; but they could say nothing with respect to the Facts that were charged upon him; nor did he pretend himself absolutely to deny them, only endeavour'd to palliate all the most criminal Circumstances: He said, he never sign'd their Articles, that his Name on the List was written by somebody else, and that whatever Service he did, 'twas for Fear of being murder'd: He confessed his making the Cat of nine Tails, but said it was upon express Orders, which he durst not disobey. In a Word, the Jury brought him in Guilty, and Sentence of Death was pronounced against him accordingly.

We shall now proceed with the Account extracted from his Journal. It has been already mentioned, that he was bound for *Bonaville* from *England*: He arrived there, and was discharge by mutual consent, when, being at Liberty, he contracted with one *William Knight*, a Planter there, to serve him a Twelvemonth in Furring and Fishing for 18 l. Wages, which Agreement he punctually fulfill'd, and then left his Service to seek something further.

On the 31st of *August*, 1724. he went Passenger in a Sloop to *Boston* in *New-England*, whence he shipp'd himself on board the *Mary* Merchant-man, *John Kent* Master, made a Voyage in her to the Bay of *Honduras*, and so returned to *New-England*. It was after this that he went on board the *Perry-Galley*, Captain *King* Commander, bound to *Barbadoes* and *Bristol*. At *Barbadoes* the Ship was delivered and laden again, and then they prepared for *England*. Before their Departure, *Upton* desired the Captain to discharge him, and suffer him to go on board his Majesty's Ship the *Lynx*, Captain *Cooper* Commander; but Captain *King* absolutely deny'd his Request.

November the 9th, 1725. the *Perry Galley* set sail, and on the 12th of the same Month they were taken by the Pirates, who commanding them to hoist their Boat out, they ordered the Captain and Mate to come therein aboard their Vessel, which was done accordingly. The Pirates then returned with the Boat to the Galley, and made themselves absolute Masters of her immediately. One of them according to this Journal, swore at *Upton* in a terrible Manner, and said, *D—n you, you old Son of a B—b, I know you; and you shall go along with us, or else I'll cut your Liver out.* After this he beat him violently with his Cutlash; and the same Evening, when *Upton* was carried on board the Pirate Ship, three of the Gang attacked him; one with a Pistol cock'd and levelled at his Forehead, another with a Pistol at his right Ear, and a third with a Fork in each Hand pointing at his Breast; swearing, *That they would blow out his Brains, if he did not sign their Articles that Instant.* The Journal added, that *Upton* refused, and desired them to defer till next Morning, urging his four Children, and the Dislike he had to their Way of Life: and that when they insisted on his Compliance, he called the Captain as a Witness of his being forced, while one of the Company subscrib'd his Name.

This is his own Account concerning his Entering; but it is very probable this Journal might be a Contrivance to confront the Evidence against him, if ever he should be taken; for the Deponents swore positively and circumstantially, and they were all three Men of an undoubted Character.

The Journal goes on with saying, that the Pirates carried the *Perry-Galley* and her Men to the Island of *Ruby*, where they were kept till the 10th of *December*; about which Time one informed the Pirate that he saw her a Sail to *Offing*; upon which they made after her and took her, then she proved to be a small *Dutch Sloop*. *Upton* and some others were sent on board this Vessel, where watching an Opportunity, they made their Escape, carry'd away the Sloop, and got her down to the Point of *Gourda*, joining to the *Moskitta* Shore. What their Design was in this Action, we cannot determine, having only his Word for it; which to be sure gives us the best Side of Things. But to proceed, according to the best Light we have,

In the Month of *January*, 1725. he got his Passage along with the Traders to *Carpenter's River*, otherwise called the *Martine*, belonging to the *Spaniards*; to which Place they traffick for *Cocoa*. He arriv'd there on the 12th of *February*, when the Governor gave him Leave to go to *Porto-Bello*, by the Way of *Panama*, there being no other safe Passage thither on Account of the wild *Indians*. In twenty-eight Days he set out with the Mules for the City of *Curritago*, lying fifty-six Leagues on the burning

Mountains, and esteem'd to be about Midway between the North and South-Seas. When he came thither, he was taken up by the Governor for a Spy, and kept Prisoner three three Month and four Days; after which he was sent to *Kildare*, on the South-Sea, being still confin'd, where he staid a Month longer, waiting for the Barks which came out of the Lake of *Granada*, and were bound for *Panama*. At last he was sent on board the Admiral of *New Spain*, who commanded the *Lima Fleet* in the *South Sea*, where he was again very strictly examined.

The *Spaniards* desired him to enter into their Service, which he absolutely refused to comply with, and desired to go on Shore for *Porto-Bello*; but as he would not agree to their Proposals, they would not grant him his Request, and so, instead of setting him ashore where he desired, they sent him to *Panama*, where he was imprisoned four Months and five Days longer. After this, with thirty-two *Dutchmen*, who were also detained Prisoners, he was sent to *Porto-bello*, and there put on board the Gallies bound for *Old Spain*. From them he found some Means of escaping, but does not say in what Manner; and then he entered on board a *New York Sloop*, Captain *Phoenix* Commander, bound for *Jamaica*, where they arriv'd on the 23th of *December*, 1725. He had not been here long, before he was press'd on board his Majesty's Ship the *Nottingham*, commanded by Captain *Charles Cotterel*, where he remained more than two Years in the Quality of Quarter-Master, behaving himself all the Time very obediently to his Officers Commands, till he was accused of Piracy, and brought home in order to his Trial. For the Truth of this latter Part of the Story, he said, he appealed to Captain *Cotterel*.

At the Place of Execution he made some Reflections that are not proper to be rehears'd, and said, he forgave all his Enemies. Being ask'd at the Desire of a Gentleman, whether or no he persuaded the Pirates to burn the *Perry Galley*, with Captain *King*, and Mr. *Dimmock* the chief Mate, on board of her, he stedfastly denied the Fact; protesting that he never either propos'd such a Thing himself, or gave his Vote for the doing it. One would think the Words of a dying Man should have some Weight; yet now can we believe the Truth of what was now asserted, after three such creditable Witnesses had sworn the direct contrary, and declar'd to his Face, that he actually did persuade this Piece of Villainy. There was no Need for them to have added such a Circumstance, if it had not been true, because there was enough without it to have procur'd the Sentence that was pass'd on him, and have given him all the Satisfaction he could now expect. I mean, that of seeing him suffer what was the just Punishment due for his Crimes.

The LIFE of Captain EDWARD LOW.

EDWARD Low was born in *Westminster*, and had his Education there, such as it was, for he could neither write or read. Nature seem'd to have design'd him for a Pyrate from his Childhood, for he very early began the Trade of Plundering, and was wont to raise Contributions among all the Boys of *Westminster*; and if any were bold enough to refuse it, a Battie was the Consequence; but Low was so hardy, as well as bold, that there was no getting the better of him, so that he robbed the Youths of their Fairthings, with Impunity; when he grew bigger, he took to Gaming in a low Way, for it was commonly among the Footmen in the Lobby of the House of Commons, where he used to play the whole Game (as they term it) that is, cheat all he could, and those who pretended to dispute it with him, must fight him.

The Virtues of some of his Family were equal to his; one of his Brothers was a Youth of Genius; when he was but seven Years old, he used to be carried in a Basket upon a Porter's Back, into a Crowd and snatch Hats and Wigs: According to the exact Chronology of *Newgate*, he was the first who practis'd this ingenious Trick. After this, he applied himself to picking of Pockets: When he increased in Strength, he attempted greater Things, such as House breaking, &c. But after he had run a short Race, he had the Misfortune of ending his Days at *Tyburn*, in Company with *Stephen Bunce*, and the celebrated *Jack Hall* the Chimney-Sweeper.

But to return to *Ned*; when he came to Man's Estate, at his eldest Brother's Desire, he went to Sea with him, and so continued for three or four Years, and then they parted. *Ned* work'd in a Rigging-house in *Boston*, in *New-England*, for a while. About the Year 1717, he took a Trip home to *England*, to see his Mother, who was then living. His stay was not long here; but taking Leave of his friends and Acquaintance, for the last Time he could see them (for so he was pleas'd to say) he return'd to *Boston*, and work'd a Year or two longer in the Rigging Business. But being too apt to disagree with his Masters, he left them, and shipp'd himself in a Sloop that was bound to the Bay of *Loudras*.

When the Sloop arriv'd in the Bay, *Ned Low* was appointed Patron of the Boat, which was employ'd cutting of Logwood, and bringing it aboard to load the Ship; for that is the Commodity they make the Voyage for: In the Boat were twelve Men besides Low who all went arm'd, because of the *Sparks*, from whom this Logwood is but little better than Cole. It happen'd that the Boat one Day came aboard just before Dinner was ready, and Low said that they might stay and dine; but the Captain, being in a hurry for his Lading, order'd them a Bottle of Rum, and to take another Trip, because Time should be lost: This provok'd the Boat's crew, but particularly Low, who took up a loaded

Musquet and fired at the Captain, but missing him, he shot another poor Fellow thro' the Head, then put off the Boat, and with his twelve Companions got to Sea: The next Day they took a small Vessel, and went into her, made a black Flag, and declared War against all the World.

They then proceeded to the Island of the *Grand Caimanes*, intending to have fitted up their small Vessel, and prepare themselves, as well as their Circumstances would permit, for their honourable Employment; but falling in Company with *George Lowther*, another Pyrate there, and he paying his Compliments to Low, as great Folks do to one another when they meet, and offering himself as an Ally, Low accepted the Terms, and so the Treaty was sign'd without Plenipo's, or any other Formalties.

We have already given an Account of their joint Pyracies, under *Lowther* as chief Commander, till the 28th of May 1722, when they took a Brigantine of *Boston*, bound thither from *St. Christopher's*; at which they parted, and *Edward Low* went into the Brigantine, with forty four others, who chose him their Captain: They took with them two Guns, four Swivels, six Quarter-casks of Powder, some Provisions and so left *Lowther* to prosecute his Adventures, with the Men he had left.

Their first Adventure in the Brigantine was on Sunday the 3d Day of June, when they took a Vessel belonging to *Amboy*, *John Hance* Master, whom he rifled of his Provisions, and let go; the same Day he met with a Sloop, *James Calquhoun* Master, off *Rhode Island*, bound into that Port. This Ship he first Plundered, and then cut away his Boltsprit, and all his Rigging; as also his Sails from his Yards, and wounded the Master, to prevent his getting in to give Intelligence, and then stood away to the South-Eastward, with all the Sail he could make, there being but little Wind.

Low judg'd right in making Sail from the Coast, for a longer stay had proved fatal to him; for notwithstanding the disabled Condition he had brought the Sloop into, she made shift to get into *Block-Island*, at 12 o'Clock that Night, and immediately dispatch'd a Whale-Boat to *Rhode Island*, which got thither by seven the next Morning, with an Account of the Pyrate, his Force, and what had happen'd to him: As soon as the Governor had received this Information, he order'd a Drum to beat up for Volunteers, and two of the best Sloops then in the Harbour to be fitted out: He gave Commissions to one Captain *John Headland*, and Captain *John Brown*, jun. for ten Days; the former had eight Guns and two Swivels, and the latter six Guns, well fitted with small Arms, and in both Sloops 140 stout Fellows. All this was perform'd with so much Expedition, that before Sun-set they were under Sail, running out of the Harbour, at the same Time the Pyrate was seen from *Block Island*, which gave great Hopes that the Sloops would be Masters of her the

next Day: This however did not happen, for the Sloops returned into the Harbour some Days afterwards, without so much as seeing their Enemy.

After this Escape, Captain *Low* went into Port upon the Coast; for he had not fresh Water enough to run to the Islands, where he staid a few Days, getting Provisions and what Necessaries the Crew wanted, and then sail'd for Purchase (as they call it) steering their Course for *Marblehead*.

About the 12th of *July*, the Brigantine sail'd into the Harbour of Port *Rosemary*, and there found thirteen Ships and Vessels, but none of Force, at Anchor; they spread their black Flag, and ran in among them; *Low* telling them from the Brigantine, that they should have no Quarters if they resisted. In the mean Time they mann'd and arm'd their Boat, and took Possession of every one of them, plunder'd them of what they thought fit, and converted one to their own Use, *viz.* a Schooner of 80 Tuns. Aboard of this they put 20 Carriage Guns, and 50 Men, and *Low* himself went Captain, and named her the *Fancy*, making one *Charles Harris* (who was at first forced into their Service out of the *Grayhound* of *Boston*, by *Loruther*, of which Ship *Harris* was second Mate) Captain of the Brigantine: Out of the Vessels they took several Hands, and encreased the Company to 80 Men, who all signed the Articles; some willingly, and a few perhaps by force; and so they sail'd away from *Marblehead*.

Some Time after this, they met with two Sloops bound for *Boston*, with Provisions for the Garrison; the Schooner coming up first, she attacked them; but there happening to be an Officer and some Soldiers on board, who gave them a warm Reception, *Low* chose to stay till he could be joined by the Brigantine; in the mean while the Sloops made the best of their Way, and the Pyrates gave them Chase two Days, and at last lost Sight of them in a Fog.

They now steer'd for the Leeward Islands, but in their Voyage met with such a Hurricane of Wind, that the like had not been known; the Sea ran Mountain high, and seemed to threaten them every Moment with Destruction. It was no Time now to look out for Murder, but to save themselves, if possible, from perishing. All Hands were continually employed Night and Day, on board the Brigantine, and all little enough; for the Waves went over her, so that they were forced to keep the Pump constantly going, besides their Buckets. Notwithstanding which, finding themselves not able to keep her free, and seeing the utmost Danger before their Eyes, they turn'd to the Tackle, and hoisted out their Provisions, and other heavy Goods, and threw them over-board, with six of their Guns; so that by lightening the Vessel, she might rise to the Top of the Sea with the Waves. They were also going to cut away their Mast; but considering how dangerous it would be to be left in such a Condition, they resolv'd to delay it to the last, which was a great deal of Prudence in them; for a Ship without Masts or Sails lies like a Log upon the Water, and, if attack'd must fight with Disadvantage, the working of her being the most painful Part of the Engagement, because she may sometimes bring all her great Guns on one Side, to bear upon her Enemy, when the disabled Ship can do little or nothing.

But to proceed; by their throwing over-board the heavy Goods, the Vessel made considerable less Water, and they could keep it under with the Pump only, which gave them Hopes and new Life; so that instead of cutting all away, they took necessary Measures to secure the Mast, by making Preventor-

Shrouds, &c. and then they wore and lay too upon the other Tack, till the Storm was over. The Schooner made some somewhat better Weather of it of the two, but was pretty roughly handled notwithstanding, having lost her Main-Sail, sprung her Bolt-sprit, and cut her Anchors from her Bows. The Brigantine by running away to Leeward, when she wore upon the Larboard Tack, had lost Sight of the Schooner; but not knowing whether she might be safe or not, as soon as the Wind abated, she set her Main-Sail and Top-Sail, and made short Trip to Windward; and the next Day had the good fortune to come in Sight of her Consort, who, upon a Signal, which the other knew, bore down to her and the Crew were overjoy'd to meet again, after such ill Treatment from the Winds and Seas.

After the Storm, *Low* got safe to a small Island one of the Weather-nostr of the *Caribbees*, and there fitted their Vessel, as well as the Place could afford. They got Provisions of the Natives in exchange for Goods of their own; and as soon as the Brigantine was ready, 'twas judg'd necessary to take a short Cruise, and leave the Schooner in the Harbour till her Return. The Brigantine sail'd out accordingly, and had not been out many Days before they met a Ship at Sea, that had lost all her Mast. On board of her they went, and took from her Money and Goods, to the Value of 1000 *l.* as she left her in the Condition they found her: The Ship was bound home from *Barbadoes*, but lost her Masts in the late Storm, was making for a *tegoa*, to refit, where she afterwards arriv'd.

The Storm just spoken of, was found to have done incredible Damage in those Parts of the World; but however, it appear'd to have been more violent at *Jamaica*, both to the Island and Shipping: The was such a prodigious Swell of the Sea, that several hundred Tuns of Stones and Rocks, were thrown over the Wall of the Town of *Port-Royal* and the Town itself was overflowed, and above half destroyed; there being the next Morning five Feet Water from one End to the other; the Cannon Fort *Charles* were dismounted, and some wash into the Sea, and four hundred People lost their Lives; a more melancholly Sight was scarce ever seen when the Water ebb'd away all the Streets being covered with Ruins of Houses, Wrecks of Vessels, and a great Number of dead Bodies, for forty Sail Ships in the Harbour, were cast away.

The Brigantine returned to the Island, where she had left the Schooner, who being ready to sail, put to the Vote of the Company, what Voyage to take next; and herein they follow'd the Advice of the Captain, who thought it not advisable to go farther to Leeward, because of the Men of War who were cruising in their several Stations, which they were not at all fond of meeting; and therefore was agreed to go to the *Azores*, or Western Islands.

The latter End of *July*, *Low* took a French Ship of 34 Guns, and carried her along with him to the *Azores*. He came into *St. Michael's* Road the 1st of *August*, and took seven Sail that were lying there, *viz.* the *Nostre Dame Mere de Dieu*, Captain *Ree* Commander; the *Dorve*, Captain *Cox*; the *Pink*, formerly a Man of War, Captain *Thomps*; another *English* Ship, Captain *Chandler*; and five other Vessels. He threatened all with present Death who resisted, which struck such a Terror to them, that they yielded themselves up a Prey to the Villains, without firing a Gun.

The Pyrates being in great Want of Water and fresh Provisions, *Low* went to the Governor of *St. Michael's* for a Supply, and promised upon the Condition

Confliction to release the Ships he had taken, but otherwise to burn them all. This Demand the Governor thought it not prudent to refuse, but sent the Provision he required; upon which, he released six of the Ships (after he had plundered them of what he thought fit) and the other, *viz.* the *Rose* Pink, was made a Pirate Ship, which *Low* himself took the Command of.

The Pirates took several of the Guns out of the French Ship, which proved not very fit for their Turn, so that they mounted them aboard the *Rose*, and condemned the former to the Flames. They took all the Crew out of her, but the Cook, who, they said, being a greasy Fellow would fry well in the Fire; so the poor Man was bound to the Main-mast, and burnt in the Ship, to the no small Diversion of *Low* and his Mirmidons.

Low ordered the Scooner to lie in the Fare between St. Michael's and St. Mary's, where, about the 20th of August, Captain Carter in the *Wright* Galley had the ill Fortune to come in her Way; and because at first they shewed Inclinations to defend themselves and what they had, the Pirates cut and mangled them in a barbarous Manner; particularly some Portuguese Passengers, two of which being Priests, they tied them up at each Arm of the Fore-Yard, but let them down again before they were quite dead, and this they repeated several Times out of Sport.

Another Portuguese, who was also Captain Carter's Passenger, putting on a sorrowful Countenance at what he saw acted, one of this vile Crew attacked him upon the Deck, saying, *he did not like his Looks*, and thereupon gave him one Blow across his Belly with his Cutlash, that cut out his Bowels, and he fell down dead without speaking a Word. At the same Time, another of these Rogues cutting at a Prisoner, missed his Mark, and *Low* standing in his Way, very opportunely received the Stroke upon his under Jaw, which laid the Teeth bare; upon this the Surgeon was called, who immediately stitched up the Wound; but *Low* finding Fault with the Operation, the Surgeon being tollerably drunk, as it was customary for every Body to be, struck *Low* such a Blow with his Fist, that broke out all the Stitches, and then bid him sew up his Chops himself and be damned; so that *Low* made a very pitiful Figure for some Time after.

When they had plundered Captain Carter's Ship, several of them were for burning her, as they had done the *Frenchman*, but it was otherwise resolved at last; for, after they had cut her Cables, Rigging, and Sails to Pieces, they left her to the Mercy of the Sea.

After these Depredations, they steered for the Island of *Madera*, where missing other Booty, they took up with a Fishing Boat, with two old Men and a Boy in her, one of which they detained on board, but sent the other ashore with a Flag of Truce, demanding a Boat of Water of the Governor, on Pain of taking away the old Man's Life, whom they threatened to hang at the Yard Arm, upon their Refusal; but the Thing being comply'd with, the old Man was honourably (as the Pirates say) discharged, and all the three much handsomer clothed than when they took them. From this Island they failed to the *Canaries*, where meeting no Prey, they continued their Course for the *Cape de Verd* Islands, and at *Bonnavista* took a Ship called the *Liverpool Merchant*, Captain *Goulding*, from whom they stole a great Quantity of Provisions and dry Goods, 300 Gallons of Brandy, two Guns and Carriages, a Malt Yard, and Hawfers, besides six of his Men, and then

would not let them trade there, nor at St. Nicholas, but obliged Captain *Goulding* to go with his Ship to the Isle of *May*.

The Pirate also took among these Islands a Ship belonging to *Liverpool*, one *Scot* Commander; two Portuguese Sloops bound for *Brasil*; a small English Sloop trading there, *James Pease* Master, bound to *Santa Cruz*; and three Sloops from St. Thomas bound to *Curaso*; the Masters Names were *Lilly*, *Staples*, and *Simpkins*; all which they plundered, and then let them go about their Business, except one Sloop, which they fitted up for the following Purpose.

Low had heard by one of the above-mentioned Ships, that two small Gallies were expected every Day at the *Western Islands*, *viz.* the *Greyhound*, Captain *Glass*, and the *Joliff*, Captain *Aram*; the former of which was designed to be fitted for the py-ratical Trade to *Brasil*, if Things had happened to their Minds. They mann'd the Sloop, and sent her in quest of one or both of these Ships to the *Western Islands* aforesaid, whilst they careen'd their Ship *Rose*, at one of the *Cape de Verd*'s: But now Fortune, that had hitherto been so propitious to them, left her Minions, and baffled for the present all their Hopes; for the Sloop missing of their Prey, was reduc'd to great Necessities for want of Provisions and Water, so that they ventured to go ashore at St. Michael's for a Suppy, and to pais for a Trader; but they play'd their Parts so awkwardly, that they were suspected by the Governor to be what they really were, and he was soon put out of Doubt by a Visit some Portuguese made them, who happened unluckily to be Passengers in Captain Carter's Ship, when *Low* took her, and knew the Gentlemen's Faces very well; upon which the whole Crew was conducted into the Castle, where they were provided for as long as they liv'd.

Low, in the mean Time, did not fare quite so ill, but had his intended Voyage to *Brasil* spoil'd, by the oversetting of his Ship, when she was upon the Carreen, whereby she was lost, so that he was reduc'd to his old Scooner, which he called the *Fancy*, aboard of which they all went, to the Number of 100, as vile Rogues as ever ended their Lives at *Tyburn*. They proceeded now to the *West Indies*, but before they had gotten far on their Voyage, they attacked a rich Portuguese Ship, called the *Nostra Signiora de Victoria*, bound home from *Babia*, and after some Resistance took her. *Low* tortured several of the Men, to make them declare where the Money (which he supposed they had on board) lay, and extorted by that Means, a Confession that the Captain had, during the Chace, hung out of the Cabin Window, a Bag with 11,000 Moldores; and that, as soon as he was taken, he cut the Rope off, and let it drop into the Sea.

Low, upon hearing what a Prize had escap'd him, raved like a Fury, swore a thousand Oaths, and ordered the Captains Lips to be cut off, which he broil'd before his Face, and afterwards murdered him and all his Crew, being thirty two Persons.

After this bloody Action, they continued their Course, till they came to the Northward of all the Islands, where they cruised for about a Month; in which Time they made Prizes of the following Vessels, *viz.* a Sloop from *New-York* to *Curacao*, *Robert Leonard* Master; a Sloop from the Bay, bound to *New-York*, *Craig* Master; a Snow from *London* and *Jamaica*, bound to *New-York*; and the *Stanhope* Pink, *Andrew Delbridge* Master, from *Jamaica* to *Boston*; which last they burnt, because of *Low*'s irreconcilable Aversion to *New-England* Men.

After this Cruise, they went into one of the Islands and clean'd, and then steer'd by the Bay of *Honduras*, where they arrived about the Middle of *March* 1722 3, and met a Sloop turning out of the said Bay. The Pyrates had hoisted up *Spanish* Colours, and continued them till they drew near the Sloop; then they hall'd them down, hoisted their black Flag, fired a broadside, and boarded her. This Sloop was a *Spaniard* of six Guns, and 70 Men, that came into the Bay that Morning, and meeting there with five *English* Sloops and a Pink, had made Prizes of them all, plundered them, and brought the Masters of the Vessels away Prisoners, for the Ransom of the Logwood; their Names were *Tubill*, *Norton*, *Newbury*, *Spratfort*, *Clark*, and *Parrot*. The *Spaniards* made no Resistance, so that the *English* Pyrates soon became their Masters, and fell to rifling; but finding the above mentioned People in the Hold, and several *English* Goods, they consulted *Low* their Captain thereupon, and without examining any further, the Resolution pass'd to kill all the Company; and the Pyrates, without any Ceremony, fell Pell-Mell to Execution, with their Swords, Cutlasses, Pole-Axes, and Pistols, cutting, slashing, and shooting the poor *Spaniards*, at a sad Rate. Some of the miserable Creatures jump'd down into the Hold, but could not avoid the Massacre; they met Death every where, for if they escap'd it from one Hand, they were sure to perish by another; the only Prospect they had of Life, was to fly from the Rage of those merciless Men, and to trust to the more merciful Sea; and accordingly a great many leap'd overboard, and swam for the Shore.

Low perceiving this, ordered the Canoe to be mann'd, and sent in Pursuit of them; by which Means several of the poor unhappy Men were knocked on the Head in the Water, as they endeavouring to get to Land; however, about twelve of them reached to the Shore, but in a miserable Condition, being very much wounded, and what became of them afterwards was not known; except that one, who, while the Pyrates were at their Sports and Pastimes ashore, finding himself very weak, and fainting with his Wounds, and not knowing where to go for Help and Relief, in this Extremity, he came back to them, and begg'd for God sake, in the most earnest Manner possible, that they would give him Quarters; upon which, one of the Villains took hold of him, and said, *G—d—n him, he would give him good Quarters presently*, and made the poor *Spaniard* down on his Knees; then taking his Fusée, put the Muzzle of it into his Mouth, and fired down his Throat. 'Twas thought the rest did not long survive their miserable Condition, and could not prolong their Lives, to add to the Misery of them.

When the murdering Work was over, they rummaged the *Spanish* Pyrate, and brought all the Booty aboard their own Vessels: The six Masters aforementioned, found in the Hold, they restored to their respective Vessels: They forced away the Carpenter from the Pink, and then set Fire to the *Spanish* Sloop, and burnt her; which last Scene concluded the Destruction of their Enemy, Ship, and Crew.

Low set the Masters of the Vessels free, but would not suffer them to steer for *Jamaica*, where they were bound, for fear the Men of War should get Intelligence of them; but forced them all to go to *New York*, threatening them with Death, when they met them again, if they refused to comply with his Damands.

In the next Cruise, which was between the Leeward Islands and the Main, they took two Snows, bound from *Jamaica* to *Liverpool*, and a Snow from

Jamaica to *London*, *Bridis* Master; as also a Ship from *Biddisford* to *Jamaica*, *John Pinkham* Commander; and two Sloops from *Jamaica* to *Virginia*.

On the 27th of *May*, *Low* and his Consort *Harris*, came off *South Carolina*, and met with three good Ships, viz. the *Crown* Captain *Lovereign*, the *King William*, the *Carteret*, and a Brigantine, who all came out of *Carolina* together two Days before. The Pyrates were at the Trouble of chasing them, and Captain *Lovereign* being the sternmost, the last first a Prey into their Hands; and they spent all the Day in coming up with the rest.

Within a few Days they took a Ship called the *Amsterdam Merchant*, Captain *Willard*, from *Jamaica*, but belonging to *New-England*; as *Low* let none of that Country depart without some Marks of his Rage, he cut off this Gentleman's Ears, slit up his Nose, and cut him in several Places of his Body, and after plunging his Ship, let him pursue his Voyage.

After this he took a Sloop bound to *Amboy*, *William Frazier* Master, with whom Mr. *Low* happening to be displeased, he order'd lighted Matches to be ty'd between the Mens Fingers which burnt all the Flesh off the Bones; they then cut them in several Parts of their Bodies with Knives and Cutlasses; afterwards they took all their Provisions away, and set some of them ashore in an uninhabited Part of the Country.

The *Kingston*, Captain *Estwick*; another Ship, one *Burrington* Master; two Brigantines from *Carolina* to *London*, a Sloop from *Virginia* to *Bermudas*; a Ship from *Glasgow* to *Virginia*; a Schooner from *New York* to *South Carolina*; a Pink from *Virginia* to *Dartmouth*; and a Sloop from *Philadelphia* to *Surinam*, all tell a Prey to these Villains upon this Cruise, besides the above-mentioned.

It happened that at this Time one of his Majesty's Ships was upon the Cruise, on this Station, and got Intelligence of some of the mischievous Actions of this Miscreant, by one of the Vessels that had been plundered by him; upon which, steering as directed, the came in Sight of the Pyrates by break of Day, on the 10th of *June*. The Rovers looking out for Prey, soon saw, and gave Chace to the Man of War, which was called the *Greyhound*, a Ship of 20 Guns, and 120 Men, rather inferior in Force than otherwise, to the two Pyrate Vessels: The *Greyhound*, finding them so eager, was in no Doubt what they should be, and therefore tack'd and stood from them, giving the Pyrates an Opportunity to chace her for two Hours, till all Things were in Readiness for an Engagement, and the Pyrates about Gun shot off; then the *Greyhound* tack'd again, and stood towards the two Sloops. One of these Sloops was called the *Fancy*, and commanded by *Low* himself, and the other the *Ranger*, commanded by *Harris*; both which hoisted their pyratel Colours, and fired each a Gun. When the *Greyhound* came within Musquet-shot, she halled up her Main-sail, and clapp'd close upon a Wind; to keep the Pyrates from running to Leeward, and then engag'd: But when the Rogues found who they had to deal with, they edg'd away under the Man of War's Stern, and the *Greyhound* standing after them, they made a running Fight for about two Hours; but little Wind happening, the Sloops gained from her, by the Help of their Oars; upon which the *Greyhound* left off firing, and turned all Hands to their own Oars, and at three in the Afternoon came up with them. The Pyrates haul'd upon a Wind to receive the Man of War, and the Fight was immediately renew'd, with a brisk Fire on both Sides, till the *Ranger's* Main-Yard was shot down,

wn, and the *Greyhound* pressing close upon the disabled Sloop, *Lovv*, in the other, thought fit to bear away and leave his Consort a Sacrifice to his enemy; who (seeing the Cowardice and Treachery of his Commodore and Leader, having ten or twelve men killed and wounded, and finding there was no possibility of escaping) called out for Quarters, and rendered themselves to Justice, which proved severe enough to them a-while afterwards.

The Conduct of *Lovv* was surprizing in this Adventure, because his reputed Courage and Boldness hitherto, so possessed the Minds of all People, that he became a Terror, even to his own Men; but his Behaviour throughout this whole Action, shewed him to be a base cowardly Villain, for had *Lovv's* Ship fought half so briskly as *Harris's* had done (they were under a solemn Oath to do) the Man of War, in the Opinion of some present, could never have hurted them.

The *Greyhound* carried in their Prize to *Rhode Island*, to the great Joy of the whole Province, tho' Satisfaction had been more compleat, if the great Captain himself had grac'd the Triumph. The Prisoners were strongly secured in a Goal, till a Court of the Admiralty could be held for their Tryals, which began on the 10th Day of July, at *Newport*, and continued three Days.

This narrow Escape of *Lovv* and his Companions, who would have thought, might have brought them a little Consideration of their black and horrid Crimes, and to look upon this Interval as an Opportunity put into their Hands by Providence, to reconcile themselves to God, by a hearty and sincere Repentance. But alas! they were dead to all Goodness, and had not so much as one Spark of Virtue to warm them up to be thankful for such an eminent Deliverance: But instead thereof, vented a Million of Curses and Curses upon the Captain of the *Greyhound*, and vowing to execute Vengeance upon all they should meet with afterwards, for the Indignity he put upon him.

The first Prey that they met with, after their Fight, was a small Sloop belonging to *Nantucket*, a Whale Fishing, about 80 Miles from Land; the Master of which, one *Nathan Skiff*, a brisk young Fellow, the Pirates cruelly whipp'd naked about the Deck, making his Torture their Sport; after which they cut off his Ears, and last of all shot him through the Head, and then sunk his Vessel; putting the rest of the Hands into their Whale-Boat, with a Compass, a little Water, and a few Biskets. Nevertheless, it being good Weather, they providentially got safe to *Nantucket*, beyond all Expectation.

There was another Whale-Boat, belonging to this Sloop last mentioned, which happened to be at some Distance from her, and, perceiving what was doing, fled with all Speed to another Sloop not far off, to acquaint her with the Misfortune, that the Men might take care of themselves; by which Means she happily got away in Time. Some Days after, *Lovv* took a Fishing-Boat off of *Block Island*, but did not perpetrate so much Cruelty on her, contenting himself with only cutting off the Master's Head: But after taking two Whale-Boats near *Rhode Island*, he caused one of the Master's Bodies to be ripped up, and his Entrails to be taken out; and cut off the Ears of another, and made him eat them himself with Pepper and Salt; which hard Injunction he comply'd with, without making a Word. Several other Persons he would have murdered, but Humanity prevailing in the Hearts of his Companions, they refused to obey his Orders in Execution.

From the Coast of *New-England*, *Lovv* sailed directly for *Newfoundland*, and, near *Cape Briton*,

took two or three and twenty *French* Vessels; one of which, of 22 Guns, he mann'd with Pirates, making a sort of a Man of War of her. With this Ship he scour'd the Harbours and Banks of *Newfoundland*, and took sixteen or eighteen other Ships and Vessels, all which they plunder'd, and some they destroyed.

Thus these inhumane Wretches went on, not contented to satisfy their Avarice only, and travel in the common Road of Wickedness; but, like their Patron, the Devil, they made Mischief their Sport, Cruelty their Delight, and damning of Souls their constant Employment. Of all the pyratcal Crews that were ever heard of, none of the *English* Name came up to this in Barbarity; their Mirth and their Anger had much the same Effect, for both were usually gratify'd with the Cries and Groans of their Prisoners; so that they almost as often murdered a Man from the Excess of good Humour, as out of Passion and Resentment; and the Unfortunate could never be assured of Safety from them, for Danger lurked in their very Smiles. An Instance of this had like to have happened to one Captain *Graves*, Master of a *Virginia* Ship which they had taken; for as soon as he came aboard of the Pirate, *Lovv* took a Bowl of Punch in his Hand, and drank to him, saying, Captain *Graves*, here's half this to you. But the poor Gentleman, being too sensibly touched at the Misfortune of falling into his Hands, modestly desired to be excused, for that he could not drink; whereupon *Lovv* draws out a Pistol, cocks it, and with the Bowl in t'other Hand, told him, he should either take one or the other: So *Graves*, without Hesitation, made Choice of the Vehicle that contained the Punch, and gutted down about a Quart, when he had the least Inclination that ever he had in his Life to be merry.

About the latter End of July 1723, *Lovv* took a large Ship called the *Merry Christmas*, and fitted her for a Pirate, cut several Ports in her, and mounted her with 34 Guns. He goes aboard of this Ship himself, assumes the Title of Admiral, and hoists a black Flag, with the Figure of Death in red, at the Main-topmast Head, and takes another Voyage to the *Western Islands*, where he arrived at the Beginning of September. The first Vessel he met with there was a Brigantine, formerly an *English* Sloop, commanded by *Elias Wild*, but lately bought by a *Portuguese* Nobleman, and altered. She was manned partly with *English*, and partly with *Portuguese*; the latter *Lovv* caused to be hang'd, by Way of Reprisal, for some of his own Men sent thither in a Sloop from the *Cape de Verd Islands*, as has been mentioned: The *English* Men he trust'd into their own Boat, to shift for themselves, and set Fire to the Vessel.

At *St. Michael's*, they sent in their Boats, and cut out of the Road a new *London* built Ship of 14 Guns, commanded by Captain *Tompson*, who was taken there the Year before, by *Lovv*, in the *Rose Pink*. The Boats had fewer Men than the Ship, and Captain *Tompson* would have defended himself; but his Men through Cowardice, or too great an Inclination of becoming Pirates themselves, refused to stand by him, and he was obliged to surrender. When he came aboard the Pirate, he had his Ears cut off close to his Head, for only proposing to resist Admiral *Lovv's* black Flag; they then gave him one of his own Boats, and burnt his Ship.

The next was a *Portuguese* Bark that fell into their Hands, whose Men came off somewhat better than usual, for they only cut them with their Cutlasses, out of Wantonness, turned them all into their Boat, and set their Vessel on Fire. When the Boat was going

going from the Side of the Ship, one of *Low's* Men, who, we may suppose, was forced into the Gang, was drinking with a Silver Tankard at one of the Ports, and took his Opportunity to drop into the Boat among the *Portuguese*, and lie down in the Bottom, in order to escape along with them: After he had stowed himself in the Boat, so as not to be seen, it came into his Head, that the Tankard might prove of some Use to him where he was going; so he got up again, laid hold of the Utensil, and went off, without being discovered: In which Attempt had he failed, no doubt his Life, if not the Lives of all the People in the Boat, would have paid for it: The Name of this Man was *Richard Hains*.

Low took his old Tour to the *Canaries*, *Cape Verd* Islands, and so to the Coast of *Guinea*; but nothing extraordinary happened till he arrived near *Sierraleon* in *Africa*, where he met with a Ship called the *Delight*, Captain *Hunt* Commander; the Ship the Pyrates thought fit for their own Purpose, for she had been a small Man of War, and carried Guns, however, they mounted 16 on board, and mann'd her with 60 Men, and appointed one *Spring*, who was then their Quarter-master, to be Captain, and, who, two Days after, separated from the Admiral, and went to the *West Indies* as a pyrating, upon some and particular Company's Account, where the present we shall leave them.

The LIFE of Captain JOHN JAEN.

IT cannot be amiss to conclude the Lives of the Pyrates with an Account of Captain *Jaen*, who was condemn'd by an High Court of Admiralty for the Murder of his Cabin Boy, and executed at Execution-Dock: For, tho' this Malefactor was no Pirate, yet the said Circumstances, and his suffering for a Crime committed on the High Seas, makes this a properer Place for what we have to say concerning him, than any other in the Book. We shall be as brief in our Relation as the Nature of the Case will admit, because of proceeding with the Highwaymen, &c.

The Parents of *John Jaen* liv'd in very good Circumstances at *Bristol*; they bred this their Son up in the Knowledge of every Thing that was requisite for a Youth whom they designed to put to a Trade; nor did he at all balk their Expectation in the Progress he made; for he became not only a Proficient in Writing and Accompts, but attained also a considerable Insight into the *Latin* Tongue. When he had finish'd the Course of his Learning, under the best Masters his Friends could provide for him, he was removed from his Pursuit of the Muses, and bound Apprentice to a Cooper in his native City, with whom he serv'd out his Time with Industry and Fidelity; tho' there was always a remarkable Severity in his Temper, which Disposition, we may suppose, at last prompted him to the barbarous Act for which he suffer'd, as soon as it found Scope to exert itself, of which it had too much at Sea, where the Master's Command is too absolute to be put into the Hands of any Man who wants Compassion.

After he had completed the Time of his Servitude, he apply'd himself to his Trade with the same Diligence he had discover'd while he was an Apprentice, going sometimes to Sea for the Advancement of his Fortune; which desir'd Effect happen'd in the Year 1724, when he became Master of a Ship called the *Burnett*, fitted out by some Merchants of *Bristol* for *South Carolina*. This was the first and last Voyage in which he was Commander; for it was in his Return home in *March*, 1725, that he committed the Murder of which we shall now give such Account as was deposed against him in Court.

Being apprehended as soon as he came on Shore, and sent up to *London*, he was indicted at the Sessions of Admiralty, where *Gow*, *Weaver*, their Companions, received Sentence of Death, for the Murder of *Richard Pye* on the high Seas, within thirty Leagues of *Carolina*, and within the Jurisdiction of the Admiralty of *England*, by beating striking the said *Richard Pye* with a Rope, on the Head, Shoulders, Arms, Back, Breast, and Sides, the 15th of *March* last; of which beating and striking the said *Richard Pye* did languish till the 21st of the same Month, and then dy'd: But the Prisoner making Affidavit in Court, that two of his mate, *Witnesses*, Captain *Samuel Jennings* and *John Misseth*, were absent at Sea, having been gone about a Fortnight before, the Court deferr'd his Trial to another Time. This Sessions of Admiralty, at which he was first indicted, was held on the 26th and 27th of *May*, in the same Year the Fact was committed, and not above nine Weeks after the Death of the Boy.

On the 27th of *April*, 1726, another Sessions of Admiralty was held at the *Old Bailey*, before the Honourable Sir *Henry Penrice*, Judge, assisted by the Honourable Mr. Baron *Hale*; at which Captain *Creagh* was indicted for feloniously sinking the good Ship the *Friendship*, of which he was Commadore; but there appearing no Evidence sufficient to condemn him of such a Charge, he was acquitted. Captain *John Jaen* was then set to the Bar again, and a second Time arraign'd on an Indictment for the Murder of his Cabin Boy *Richard Pye*, which Fact was set forth in the Words before related.

It appeared by the Evidence produced against him, that he either whipp'd the Boy himself, or caused him to be whipp'd, every Day during the Voyage; that he caused him to be ty'd to the Main Mast with Ropes for nine Days together, extending his Arms and Legs to the uttermost, whipping him with a Car, as it is commonly called, made of small Cords, till he was bloody, and then caug his Wounds to be several times wash'd with Brandy and Pickle; that under this terrible Usage the Boy grew speechless very soon; that the Captain, in
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withstanding, continued his barbarous Usage, stamping on him, beating him, and abusing him, nay even obliging him to eat his own Excrements, though it immediately forced its Way up again; that when the Boy, in his Agony and Pain, made Signs for a Dram, the said Captain in Derision took a Glass, carried it into the Cabin and made Water therein, and then brought it to the Boy to drink, who refused the same; that the lamentable Condition the Boy was in made no Impression on the Captain, who continued to treat him with the same Barbarity, by whipping, pickling, kicking, beating and bruising him, all the while he was lingering out his miserable Life; that on the very last Day of his said Life, he gave him eighteen Lashes with the aforesaid Cat of five Tails, in a little Time after which the unhappy Wretch dy'd.

The Evidences farther deposed, That when they were sewing up the Boy's Body in a Hammock, in order to its being thrown overboard, it had in it as many Colours as the Rainbow; that his Flesh was in many Places as soft as a Jelly, and his Head swell'd as big as two. Upon the whole it appeared, that a more bloody, premeditated, and wilful Murder was never committed; and Sir *Henry Penrice* declared, when he pronounced Sentence of Death, that in all the Time he had had the Honour of sitting on the Bench, he never heard any thing like it; and he added, that he hoped no Person who might sit there after him, would ever have a Parallel Case brought before him. In a Word, every Body was shock'd at the very Rehearful of this Action.

Under Sentence of *Death* he behav'd with a great deal of seeming Piety and Resignation, tho' he did not frequent the publick Chapel; for which he gave the Ordinary two Reasons, which were just enough: First, That the Number of Strangers, who were admitted thither, to stare at Persons under his unhappy Circumstances, was generally very great, and their Behaviour sometime very indiscreet. Secondly, 'Tis the Fact for which he was to suffer had procured him many Enemies, who would take a Pleasure in coming thither to insult him under his Misfortunes: As he was sure, (he said) these Things must of Necessity wholly interrupt his Devotion, he thought it more eligible only to receive the Assistance of a Minister privately in his Chamber; which he had daily till his Execution.

He was very open in confessing the general Offences of his Life, but took abundance of Pains to palliate the particular Fact for which he was to die: particularly he often professed, that he never intended to murder the Boy, but only to correct him as he deserved, he being exceeding wicked and ungovernable. When they first went out (he said) the Boy was very much given to thieving, and grew

worse continually; one Evening, for Instance, when they were upon their Return home, and he was asleep in the Cabin, the Boy broke open his Lockers, and took out a Bottle of Rum, of which he drank near a Pint, making himself therewith so drunk, that his Excrements fell involuntarily from him, and stunk so abominably that it awaken'd him. Upon this, he called in several Men, who found the Boy in a sad nasty Condition, and were obliged to sit down and smoke Tobacco, in order to overcome the Stench he had raised. This Action of the Boy's produced the terrible Punishment of tying him to the Mast for several Days, and offering him his Excrements, as had been deposed.

Notwithstanding the Captain owned all this, yet he could not forbear reflecting very hardly on those who had given in their Evidence against him, charging them with Perjury and a Conspiracy to ruin him; tho' nothing like it appear'd from the Manner in which they deliver'd their Testimony.

As the Time appointed for his Execution drew nearer, the Fear of Death, and that Remorse of Conscience which naturally attends Persons in his Condition, brought him into such a low and bad State of Health, that he could scarce speak to any Body, or attend to the Discourse of others; but he lay in a languishing Condition, frequently fainting away, and appearing in fine not unlike a Person who had taken something to procure a sudden Death, in order to prevent a publick and ignominious one. However, when these Suspicions were mentioned to him, he declared that they were utterly without any Foundation, and that he had never suffer'd such a Thought to come into his Head: His Wife also, who attended him constantly whilst he was in Prison, declared, she loved him too well to become his Executioner, being positive nothing unwholesome had been administered to him, since his Confinement.

He appeared to be so very much spent when he was carry'd to the Place of Execution, that it was thought he would hardly have lived to reach thither. There was present a Minister of Distinction, who assisted him, and pray'd by him till he was thrown off. His Execution was on the 13th Day of May, 1725, when he was about twenty nine Years of Age. As soon as his Body was cut down, it was put into Chains, in order to be hung up over against the King's Powder-House, as a Warning to Others who serve in the same Station, how they abuse the great Power, with which 'tis necessary they should be invested while they are abroad, for the Sake of Order and Decorum; but of which 'tis the Privilege of those that serve under them to require an Account when they come home, that so no Subject of *Great Britain* may be oppressed, much less murder'd, by another entrusted with a greater Share of Authority.

The LIFE of NED WICKS.

THIS wretched Person, *Edward Wicks*, was born of very good Parents, who kept an Inn at *Coventry*, and bestowed on him so much Education in Reading, Writing, and Casting Accounts, as qualify'd him to be a Clerk for extraordinary Business. He was an Exciseman about fourteen Month; but not thinking that a Post sufficient enough to cheat Her Majesty's Subjects, he was resolved to impose upon them more, by taking all they had on the Highway. Being well Equipp'd for such Enterprizes, he travelled the Roads to seek his Fortune, and had the good Luck to commit two Robberies without any Discovery: But a third Time being apprehended for a Robbery committed not far from *Croydon* in *Surrey*, he was sent to the *Marshall* *ja* in *Southbark*.

However, *Wicks* was not long under Confinement, before he obtained his Liberty, by his Friends making up the Business with his Adversary, to whom sixty Guineas were given, for taking from him but thirty Shillings. Then running *Jehu*-like to his Destruction as fast as he could, he kept Company with one *Joe Johnson*, alias *Sanders*; with whom going once on the Road, they met, between *Hounslow* and *Colebrook*, with a Stage Coach, having four Gentlemen in it; who seeing them come pretty near the Coach, and perceiving they had Masks on, were apprehensive of their Intention of robbing them; and upon that, to be beforehand with them, one of them shot *Joe Johnson* with a Brass Piece, or Blunderbuss, and lodged seven or eight large Shot in his Body. *Wicks* now rode clear off, without any Hurt, whilst his Comrade was apprehended, and, on Suspicion, sent to *Newgate*; where he was charged by one Mr. *Woolly*, with robbing him of a silver Watch, and some Money, on the Highway; for which he was hanged at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 17th of *February*, 1704-5, aged twenty two Years.

But the untimely End of this Fellow making no Impression on *Wick's* bad Manners, he still pursues his wicked Courses with a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and one Day the Duke of *Marlborough* being at *St. Albans*, after he was in Disgrace, *Ned* being then in the Town, and ruminating on the old Proverb, *Fallere fallentem non est fraus*, he thought it no Injustice to finger a little of his Grace's Money; but having too great a Retinue with him when he left that Place, our Highwayman durst not venture to make an Attack; whereupon, riding towards *Clebsant*, in the same County, he put into a bye sort of a House a little out of the Road, in which, finding only a poor old Woman, bitterly weeping, and asking her the Reason of shedding those Tears, she told him, That she was a poor Widow, and being somewhat indebted for Rent to her Landlord, she expected him every Minute to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin.

Wicks bid the old Woman rest contented, and he would make Things easy; so pulling off his rich lac'd

Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat which his Landlady lent him, and having also secur'd his Horse in an old Barn, presently after, the old Miser of a Landlord came and demanded his Rent: Hereupon, *Ned* rising out of the Chimney Corner, with a short Pipe in his Mouth, quoth he, *I understand, Sir, that my Sister here, poor Woman! is behind-hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her Goods; but as she is a desolate Widow, and hath not wherewithal to pay you at present, I hope you will take so much Pity and Compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be too severe: Pray let me persuade you to have a little Forbearance.* The Landlord reply'd, *Don't tell me of Forbearance, I'll not pity People to ruin myself; I'll have my Money; I want my Rent, and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.*

When *Ned* found that no Intreaties nor Persuasions would prevail with the old Cuff to have Patience with the poor Woman a little longer, he said, *Come, come, let's see a Receipt in full, and I'll pay it.* Accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid. Then the Landlord being upon going away, quoth *Wicks*, 'Tis drawing towards Night, Sir, and there is great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till To-morrow, and take the Day before you. *No, no*, reply'd the Country fellow, *I'll go home now; I shall reach seven Miles yet, by that Time it is dark.* Ah! Sir, said *Ned* again, but let me persuade you to tarry here; for indeed there is great robbing abroad. *I don't care*, cry'd the Landlord, *what robbing there is abroad, I'll go home now; besides, I don't fear being robbed by any one Man, let him be who he will.*

So taking his Horse, away the old Fellow rid, and *Wicks* after, dressed then in his fine Cloaths; and meeting him at a Pond where he knew he must pass by, he did not only bid him stand and deliver, but presenting him also with a whole Volley of first-rate Oaths, he so frightened him out of his Wits, that he delivered all the Money had lately received, and as much more to it.

Then *Wicks* riding back to the old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long after, 'ere the Landlord came to the House again, and knocking at the Door, quoth *Wicks*, *Who's there.* The Landlord said, 'Tis I, reply'd *Wicks*, *What I? Why, it is I*, quoth the Country Fellow again. At these Words, the old Woman cried, *O! 'tis my Landlord.* So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow; as how he was robbed by a Rogue in a laced Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly killed him, if he had not given him all his Money. Ay (quoth *Wicks*) *I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advice; now I hope you will stay here, Sir, till Morning.* However, he did not; for having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his Way homewards, having nothing more to lose.

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A little after the Performance of this Exploit, *Wicks* being in *London*, and going one Night along *Drury-Lane*, dressed much like a Gentleman, who should make a sham stumble by him, but one *Madam Toby*, a noted Jilt; whereupon, catching hold on her Arm to save her from falling, she returned him many Thanks, and for his Civility, invited him to her Lodging just by, in *Princes-street*, where she would also make him a suitable Return for his Courtesy. Now *Wicks*, by his Behaviour in not speaking, seemed to be dumb, but nevertheless, by the Signs he made, he intimated that he accepted of *Madam Toby's* Proffer; who thinking him to be really speechless, she said as they went along, *Oh! dear, Sir, 'tis a thousand Pities that such a handsome likely Man as you are, should be dumb.*

As soon as he came to her Lodgings, he made a Sign for Pen, Ink, and Paper, to be brought him; whereby signifying his Desire of having a Couple of Bottles of Claret and a Fowl for Supper, he gave the Maid a Guinea to provide it. Whilst she was gone to get what was ordered, he, by writing his Mind, desired to know of *Madam Toby*, who was very now and then crying, *What a Pity it is such a well-bred Gentleman should be dumb*, the Price of a Nights Lodging, which was two Guineas, as she signified by holding up two Fingers. — So the Bargain being made, after Supper they went very lovingly to bed; but in the middle of the Night, *Ned Wicks* rising, and taking a Couple of Pistols out of his pockets, which he presented to *Madam Toby's* Breast, to wit he, *You jilting B—b, I must have my two guineas again, and more to boot; therefore if you fear to make the least Noise, these fatal Instruments 'Death shall send your Soul to the Devil.*

Our Lady of Iniquity was in a great Surprise to see her suppos'd Cully use his Tongue; but not daring to speak for her Life, he did not only tie her and and Foot, but also took from her a very good Watch, a gold Locket, a gold Bracelet, a silver Cup, half a dozen silver Spoons, a velvet Hood, and velvet Scarf, and then left her in a deep Study how to get more. When *Wicks* was gone, she cry'd out, *murder and Thieves*, with such an audible Voice, as alarming all the House, the Landlord, Landlady, and Maid, came running naked into *Madam Toby's* Chamber; where finding her bound fast to her

good Behaviour, after they had set her loose, she told them of her irretrievable Loss, and swore that she would never pick up dumb Men again.

Another Time *Wicks* meeting with the late Lord *M——* on the Road betwixt *Windsor* and *Colebrook*, attended only with a Groom and one Footman, he commanded his Lordship to stand and deliver, for he was in great Want of Money, and Money he would have before they parted. His Honour pretending to have a great deal of Courage, swore he should fight for it then. *Wicks* very readily accepted the Proposal, and preparing his Pistols for an Engagement, his Lordship seeing his Resolution, he began to hang an Arse; which his Antagonist perceiving, he began to swagger, saying, *All the World knows me to be a Man; and tho' your Lordship was concerned in the cowardly murdering of M——d the Player, and Captain C——t, yet I'm not to be frightened at that; therefore down with your Gold, or else expect no Quarter.*

His Lordship now meeting with his Match, it put him into such a passionate Fit of swearing, that *Wicks*, not willing to be outdone in any Wickedness, said, *My Lord, I perceive you swear perfectly well extempore: Come, I'll give your Honour a fair Chance for your Money, and that is, he that swears best of us two, shall keep his own, and his that loseth.* His Lordship agreed to that Bargain, and throws down a Purse of fifty Guineas, which *Wicks* matched with a like Sum. After a quarter of an Hour's swearing most prodigiously on both Sides, it was left to my Lord's Groom to decide the Matter; who said, *Why, indeed your Honour swears as well as ever I heard a Person of Quality in my Life; but to give the strange Gentleman his due, he has won the Wager, if it was for a thousand Pounds.* Whereupon, *Wicks* taking up the Gold, he gave the Groom a Guinea, and rode about his Business.

But not long after this, *Wicks* being apprehended in *London*, for a Robbery done in *Warwickshire*, he was committed to *Newgate*; from whence attempting to break out, he was quickly removed to *Warwick Gaol*; where being try'd the next July, he was condemned to be hang'd. His Parents made great Intercession for this their only Child; but in vain; for he was executed on Saturday the 29th of August, 1713, aged twenty nine Years.

The LIFE of NAN HEREFORD.

WHETHER it be that we entertain a greater Regard for the Female Sex than for the other; or whether Instances of their falling into those Sorts of Vices that expose them to the Cognizance of the Law are less frequent, or whatever else may be the Cause of it, 'tis certain, that a Female Offender excites our Curiosity more than a Male, if she has any Way distinguish'd her self in the Course of her Actions. Some indeed will say, that we need not be at a loss to find the Reason of this; because a Woman always discovers more Art and Cunning than a Man, when she applies her self to the Practice of Fraud. We will not dispute any Point of Honour with the subtil soft fair Sex, since 'tis our Duty to yield to them, as we are taught by the Example of our common Father *Adam*: Let it be their finer Genius, or whatever else they, or their greatest Admirers will call it, that gives 'em this Advantage, we must still acknowledge it, and confess that an *Anne Bonny*, or a *Mary Read*, are greater Names than a *Blackbeard*, an *Avery*, or a *Roberts*; and that the Tricks of a *German Princess* leave stronger Impressions than the open Robberies of *Hind* and *Du Vall*, &c.

But not to amuse the Reader with a long Preface to a short Life, we would only observe, that *Anne Hereford*, the Person of whom we are now to write, was one of those Women who, in her Time, was more famous than almost any one of the Male Robbers, whose Actions have adorn'd, as well as fill'd, this Work; which extraordinary Reputation (if we may use a Word here that is commonly taken in a good Sense) was, we believe, chiefly owing to her Sex, and the Manner in which she imposed on Mankind. One Instance, out of many, shall suffice to give an Idea of her Cunning; and one Instance of this Kind is as good as one thousand, since, however they may be diversify'd by Circumstances, all these Sort of Stratagems tend to one Thing, and 'tis easy at the Beginning of a Story to know where it will end. But first take this short Account of her Original. She was born at *Ipswich* in *Suffolk*, of very honest Parents, who both died when she was about seventeen Years of Age. No sooner was she an Orphan than she came up to *London*, where she got a Service, and lived in it above half a Year: It was then her Misfortune to fall into bad Company, who seduced her from her Place, and brought her to be a Partner with them in their evil Courtes, which she pursu'd afterwards all the Days of her Life; taking Care still to keep herself genteely, and not to be seen among her Associates; by which Means she long escap'd unsuspected, and during which Time she executed the following Piece of Invention.

She took very good Lodgings in *King-street*, *Westminster*, where she entertain'd an experienced old Beldam as her Assistant, knowing very well, that she could not pursue her Enterprizes without Help. It was the Business of this old Woman to enquire about

for a rich young Novice in that Neighbourhood, who might be a proper Subject to work on. Upon a diligent Search, she found there was a young Shopkeeper, by Trade an Apothecary, who was both rich and covetous. These two Qualities were look'd upon as a sufficient Excuse for their taking him in; for first, as he was so very wealthy, he might spare a few Hundred Pounds without hurting himself; and then, secondly, his being covetous made it a Sort of Duty, in their Opinion, to take from him what they could use, though he had not the Heart to do it. There is a Sort of natural Antipathy between those Free-baters and an avaritious Person; whereas, in Reality, a Robber should at least speak well of a Miser, because 'tis through his Means that the other often gets so much Money at a Time. But *Nan* did not reason in this Manner; she used to say, 'twas a just Judgment upon them for their grievous Sins, when any such Person was stripp'd of his Gold, or, in other Words, of his God.

Nan kept herself up close at home, and the old Woman was sent of many an idle Errand to the Apothecary's Shop; one Time for *Pomatum*, another Time for *Mithridate*, another for *Diascordium*, and so continually for such Things as the Use of was well known. This frequent coming induced the Apothecary to take Notice of her, and talk to her in a more free and pleasant Manner than at first. She took Care to improve those Opportunities, which were all she came for, and to run from indifferent Things to his domestick Affairs; asking him, in particular, *Why he did not marry*? His Answer was such as might be expected from a Miser, *That the Times were hard, Trading dead, and Housekeeping expensive*. *That's true*, said she, *but a rich Wife, Man, would make amends for all this. A good one, and a rich one too*, quoth he, *would be a brave Thing indeed*. *I must confess, I should be glad to embrace such a Opportunity of altering my Condition*. The old Woman had now nothing to do, but to insinuate, that she was certain such Fortunes might be had, at raise a Curiosity in him of knowing farther what she meant. This Part she acted to Admiration, and she made the young Fellow stark mad to draw the Secret from her; and he was almost ready to throw himself at her Feet when she told him, *That she was a young Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance, who was Niece to a very eminent Citizen of London, and had Two Thousand Pounds to her Portion lodg'd in her Uncle's Hands, which must be paid up upon the Day of Marriage, if demanded*. The next Question was, *How he should get into the young Lady's Company*. To this 'twas as readily reply'd, *That the Uncle kept a strict Hand over her, and permitted her to go abroad but very seldom; but that she had not and then the Liberty of making our old Lady a Visit, she having been formerly a Nurse in her Father's Family: And every Time the poor Thing is at my Heel*, say: the crafty old Baggage, she complains of her

Uncle's Severity, and wishes she could meet with a good Opportunity of altering her Condition with a Man who would use her well, and take her entirely out of the old Man's Tutelage. The Apothecary was charm'd, and engaged the old Dame to do all she could for him.

Having taken down the Names both of the Uncle and the Damsel, he goes the next Day into the City, and makes Inquiry concernieg them, with as much Care as an old Usher would examine his Security before he put out his Money. He soon found that there was such a Man as had been describ'd, and that he had a Niece with Two Thousand Pounds. The old Woman had been very exact in these Particulars, for Fear he should give himself this Trouble; which she afterwards wish'd he might, the better to confirm his good Opinion of her Sincerity. He had no Business to enquire any further, than whether or no there were such Persons, and such a Sum of Money; because he had been before caution'd against letting the Uncle see him, or know any thing of his Design. To be sure he was now very earnest to see his good Angel again, as he afterwards call'd her, that they might concert further Measures, and that they might engage her more strongly to his Interest by a Promissory Note, to be paid as soon as ever he got the young Lady. Our Go-between was not long absent from his Shop; but when he made his Proposal to her, she seem'd more cold than before, and told him, that she would not for the World be concern'd in the Match, if he had nothing in View but getting the Money: *However, said she, since I have promised you, I'll bring you together; and if you like her Person, and she likes yours, then we will talk further of Conditions; for as I am but a poor Woman myself, a small Gratuity would not be unacceptable, if I do you any Service.*

In a few Days our Apothecary was introduced to the Company of *Nan Hereford*; who receiv'd him like a Girl that had never seen a Man in her Life before; such Modesty, such Silence, so many Blushes, were enough to deceive almost the Devil himself: The Interview was but very short; for the Lady was afraid of staying long abroad, lest her Uncle should be angry. Her Coldness made *Galen* the warmer, till the old Woman whisper'd him not to say too much at first, for Fear he should spoil all. In a Word, Miss went home, without so much as promising him positively that she would endeavour to come again; however, she gave him Room to hope a little. The next Time the old Woman saw our Gallant, he renew'd his Proposal to her, protest-ed, he liked her Choice beyond any Woman he had ever seen in his Life, and begg'd of her to proceed as vigorously for him as she was able. After a few Compliments, a Bond was drawn up for an Hundred Pounds, payable to the old Woman on the Day of Marriage, in Case she effected what she had undertaken. He seem'd to give this Bond more willingly than she receiv'd it, and would almost have doubled it, when, a few Days after his Angel told him, *That she had seen Miss, and perceiv'd she entertain'd a good Opinion of him; for she had promis'd to come to her House again.*

The next Meeting was something longer, and even long enough to finish the whole Affair. He told her plainly that he lov'd her, could maintain her handsomely, and would make her his Wife, if she pleas'd, without any further Ceremony. The Counterfeit Fortune seem'd to consent, but withal intimated, that she left her Uncle only because he did not use her well, and allow her any Money;

and that therefore she hoped he would not serve her in the same Manner. *I have been hitherto, says she, kept so short, as not to be allow'd Apparel suitable to my Condition, and I shall think it hard to be used so by you too: My Uncle will suspect some Design of leaving him, if I should now press him more than ordinary for a Supply, and as I am, I am unfit to appear as your Wife. My Fortune may be demanded when we are marry'd, and 'tis best not to trouble the old Man till all be secure.* Thus she ran on, talking at a Distance, but plain enough for him to see what she meant; and it was now proper to try his Mettle. If she found him bleed well, as the Phrase among these People is, 'twould be worth while to tickle him a little longer, and even marry him, if it were necessary; but otherwise Madam had nothing else to do, but to give him the Bag, and look out for fresh Sport. The Stratagem succeeded beyond her most extravagant Expectations; for he fetch'd Two Hundred and fifty Guineas, to give the more signal Proofs of his Sincerity, and leave her no Room to suspect his loving her. All this he threw into her Lap, told her he had three times as much more at home, and she should enjoy whatever was in his Power to procure.

In a Word, they were soon after marry'd, and bedded the same Day, because Madam durst not be absent from her Uncle's House all Night. When he had enjoy'd the Darling of his Soul, as she now began to be in Earnest, he sent her home with a thousand Sighs and Expressions of Fondness; promising to come in a few Days, and demand both her and her Fortune of her Uncle. In the mean while he continued very impatient, till Time would allow him in good Manners to make his Claim; and Madam and her old Procuress made off the Ground to fresh Lodgings, far enough from him, and where he was never like to see, or hear of her any more.

When three Days were over, our Apothecary dress'd himself up in his best Clothes (which were entirely new on the Wedding-Day, to answer what his Spouse had bought with his Money) took a Coach, and drove into the City, up to the Door of the suppos'd Uncle. He expected a warm Reception, and had fortify'd his Mind to bear it; so that, when he had knock'd, and was admitted to the old Gentleman's Presence, he peremptorily said, *He was come to demand his Wife. I know nothing of your Wife, nor you neither, quoth the old Man, and desire therefore that you'd explain your Meaning.* *Galen* smartly reply'd, *I mean your Niece, Sir, who is my lawful Wife. Your Wife, Man!* said t'other; *since how long, pray?* The Apothecary here named the Day and the Circumstances, to convince him of the Truth of what he said; but the old Man told him his Niece was not out on the Day specify'd, and that he could not comprehend his Drift. In short, they came at last to high Words; and the Apothecary seem'd so positive and sincere all the while, that the Uncle began to think he had been impos'd on; whereupon he ask'd him, *If he knew his Wife when he saw her? I should be glad, reply'd Mr. Gallipot, if you would try me.* The old Man agreed to lend for his Niece, and she came accordingly. *This is none of my Wife, said the disappointed young Man. But this is my Niece though, quoth the other; and all the Nieces I have in the World too.* They both stood aghast, and the young Lady is as much surpris'd as they, to hear herself talk'd of by the Name of *Wife*, when she was certain she had never had the Pleasure of being one.

The old Man having fully weigh'd the Case, *Friend*, says he, *be convinc'd that some Trick has been play'd you, and be so kind as to relate the Particulars of your Courtship, and every Thing that has pass'd between you.* This was no sooner demanded than consented to; and one particular clear'd up another through the whole Course of the Affair, till the Apothecary was as fully convinc'd as any Body that he had met with a Couple of Sharpers. All he had now to do, was to think of *Job*, go peaceably home, tell over the Money he had left, and advance one Penny per Shilling on his Medicines.

This Relation has been somewhat long; but as 'tis the only Story in this Life 'twill be the more excusable. We shall now conclude what we have to say of this Criminal in as few Words as possible. After this Adventure *Nan* grew enamour'd with one *Kirkham* a Player, who consented to live with her. To maintain their just Extravagancies, she went a Shop-lifting, and he on the Highway. He had the Fortune to be taken on his first Progress, and hang'd

for what he had done in good Time; but *Nan* continued her Occupation for six Years longer, stealing from Mercers, Linen-Drapers, and Lace-men, as much Goods as were suppos'd to be worth above Four Thousand Pounds. However, at last, she also was detected, at a Linen-Draper's Shop in *Cornhill*, as she was endeavouring to secure a Piece of Muslin, after she had come to the Shop in a Chair, with two or three Footmen at her Heels. Before the Sessions, 'tis said, she offer'd an Hundred Guineas to prevent her Adversary's appearing against her; but in vain, for he was resolv'd to prosecute her to the utmost. She also attempted to set *Newgate* on Fire, for which she was very heavily fetter'd and Hand-cuff'd. Being condemn'd at the *Old-Baily*, she was executed before the Prison she had endeavour'd to destroy, on *Monday*, the twenty second Day of *December*, in the 1690, aged twenty eight Years. Her Body was given to the Surgeons for a Skeleton.

The LIFE of TOM MARSH.

THIS Fellow being one who, (like all other Rogues) employ'd his Wits in all manner of Villany, to support himself in the Pursuit of his unlawful Appetites, he one while us'd an Ale-house in *Leicester Fields*, the Man whereof having a very handsome Wife to sit in the Bar, she brought a great many Customers, who were in Hopes of qualifying her Husband for Horn Fair. But the Hostess being as cunning as her Guests, she would not be like a Glove, for every one's drawing on; for if she had any Gallants, it was her Resolution that they should be of the best, and those she counted so, who had the most Money in their Pockets. Her Carriage in all Company seem'd to be varnished with a very great Modesty; but it was only counterfeited, for several having laid Siege to the Fortrefs of her Chastity, she had surrendered it for the Presents of fine Floods, Scarves, Gloves, Rings, or other such womanish Toys.

Among the Crowd of this Woman's Admirers, was *Thomas Marsh*, who discovering his flaming Passion to her, she as soon made him sensible by what means he must cool it, which was, by giving her a silk Night-Gown; so, after promising her one, they parted, and he went Home, to contrive how to be as good as his Word, whilst the other found out a Way to procure her Husband's Absence for a Night or two. This she accomplished by sending him fifteen Miles off, to *Watford* in *Hertfordshire*, to see her Mother, who then lay a dying.

In the mean Time *Tom* finding the Strength of his Pocket was not sufficient to accomplish his Promise, he supply'd that Defect by this Stratagem: Visiting a Woman of his particular Acquaintance, who had then lately stolen a very rich Gown (namely *Eleanor Jackson*, alias *Scotch Nell*, who was since hang'd at Tyburn, for stealing a calicoe Petticoat from one Mrs. *Margaret Stephens*) and acquainting her with his Design, which was more than mere Love, as you will find by the Sequel of the Story, he beg'd the Favour of her to lend it him, to facilitate his Intention. Accordingly she did as he desired, upon Assurance that he would see it forth coming; then sending it by a Porter to the Victualler's Wife, she accepted it and the following Letter, with a smiling Countenance.

My Dear,

HAVING sent you a Gown by the Bearer, this is also to acquaint you, that I must die or see you To-day. Never Man lov'd to such a Degree as I do; but it is true, never Man lov'd so amiable a Creature. You may be sure of my Company at the Time appointed. If I had a thousand Lives, I would expose them all for so dear a Blessing. How long will this Day seem to me! How many tiresome Minutes am I to pass, before that I arrive at that which is the Perfection of my Happiness! Thus dearly Love will make us pay for his Joy! But I shall owe him the more, if in this Time of my Pennance I can prevail upon you to believe that never Man deserved more to possess you! I shall give a Proof of it, and if you give all your Heart, I'll venture for mine.

Your humble Servant,

T H O. M A R S H.

Towards the Evening this passionate Lover paid her

her a Visit, being very merry at her House till late at Night, when preparing for Bed, they took up some good Liquors, as Cyder, Stout, and Brandy, to enjoy themselves in private; but *Tom* had put a small Dose of *Laudanum* into his Beloved's Cup, which made her, after but one Enjoyment, fall to fast asleep, that you might as well awake the Dead as her Ladyship. Now *Tom*, thinking it was good to make Hay while the Sun shin'd, took three gold Rings off her Fingers; then taking the Keys of a Chest of Drawers out of her Pocket, he rifled them of the best of her Cloaths, and forty Pounds in Money; which bundling up in his Friend's Gown, he left *Madam Nick-and-Frost* to retrieve her Loss by the old Way of scoring two for one.

After this he cheated the Country up and down, by pretending to be a disbanded Soldier, or shipwreck'd Seaman; for which Purpose he made false Passes, and counterfeited their Seals, after this Manner. Going to three or four Magistrates, and procuring their Warrants, signed and sealed, by swearing the Peace against *Tom a Nokes*, or *Jack a Stiles*, he would take a Piece of Clay, which being rubb'd with a bit of Butter, that it might not stick to the Wax, the Impression thereon would come off very clean; then dry it very hard, and it gives the same Impression on Wax. But *Tom* being once detected in this sort of Forgery, he was whipt at *Turtle-Fields Bridewell*; a Place where all the Senses of a Man may enjoy a peculiar Pleasure; by seeing nothing but the Marks of Poverty, smelling the fragrant Odour of that Commodity, which they often beat for their own Destruction, hearing the harmonious Noise made with Beetle and Punny, tasting Water without Adulteration, and feeling a good Bull's Pizzle in Case they won't work.

Once *Tom Marlb* lodging at one Mr. *Bennet's* House near *Mutton-Lane*, who and his Wife were strong Presbyterians, he seem'd to be a Precisian too, which made his Landlord and Landlady have a great Respect for their seemingly serious Lodger. *Tom* made Use of their good Opinion, and one Sunday in the Evening, coming Home from a Meeting-House, he sat down by the Fire, in a very devout Sort of a Posture, as having his Glove on his Head, and Arms a-crofs; then desiring the old People to fetch him a Bible, they, glad to see him in this godly Frame of Mind, brought him one presently. Taking it in his Hand, he pitch'd on that Chapter of the Gospel, which tells the Evangelical Story

of our Saviour's bidding the lame Man take up his Bed and walk, which he read with a great Emphasis; and afterwards going to his Repose, he, very early in the Morning, bundled up his Bed, which flung out of the Window, he carried clean away.

About Noon the Landlord's Daughter going to make *Tom's* Bed, she came down in a great Agony to her Mother; to whom telling what had happen'd, she made as terrible an Outcry of her Loss, in the Neighbourhood, as the People did of the wild *Irish* coming hither, a little before the Prince of *Orange* arriv'd at *London*; but her Husband being a moderate Man, and, for his Profession, a merry one too, he bid her be quiet, because *Tom* had been so civil as to prove over Night by Scripture, that he ought to walk away with it.

This wicked Person was born near *Ludlow* in *Shropshire*, a Mason by Trade, and coming up to *London*, married a very honest Woman, by whom he left a Girl behind him; but being of an idle lazy Disposition, he took to ill Courtes, and had not only been whipt at the Cart's Tail, for stealing Lead off *St. Paul's Cathedral*, but for a Trespass, in entering a Man's Yard, with a Design to rob him, he was also fin'd twenty Pounds, and committed to *Newgate* till he paid the Sum, where he remained 4 Years, except some little Time when he broke out, which he did twice, but was both Times soon retaken, and punish'd with Hand-Cuffs, the Neck-Collar, and double Irons.

Whilst he was under Confinement, he had a Child by one *Elizabeth Key*, a notorious Whore, a Prisoner in the same Goal for Debt, whom, as being of a fickle or rather lustful Temper, he slighted, for the sake of *Jane Hays*, another Prisoner there for Debt. It was not long after his Correspondence with the last, that he got his Fine remitted, and obtain'd his Liberty. But he did not enjoy it long; for committing a Burglary at *Hampstead*, he was committed to *Newgate* again, and on the 20th of *December*, 1710, hang'd at *Tyburn*, where he confessed 'twas he that murdered the Farmer at *Shipperton*, in the County of *Middlesex*, and not Mr. *Charles Dean* the Attorney, who, a little before was wrongfully executed for it, at that same Time that one Mr. *Crouch* was try'd on the same Account at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Bailey*, but was honourably acquitted.

The LIFE of JACK ADDISON.

THIS Fellow was born of very honest Parents, in the Parish of *Lambeth*, and for some Time had been in the Sea and Land Service; but for the most Part of his Life followed the Trade of a Butcher, to which he was brought up. He kept Company much with ill Women, especially one *Kate Speed*, a Person both Whore and Thief; and, for the Maintenance of her, he went upon the Footpad, committing several most notorious Robberies of that Nature, with one *William Jewel*, and *Peter Cartwright*, the latter of which was hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the 18th of *July*, 1711.

One Time meeting with a Parson between *Westbourne-Green* and *Paddington*, he took from him five Guineas; which putting in to his own Pocket, quoth *Jack*, 'Tis as safe there as in yours. That I believe, reply'd the Parson, but I hope, Sir, you'll be so civil as to give me some of it back again. Said *Jack* then, Alas! Sir, I wonder how a Man in your Coat can be so unconscionable as to desire any Thing out of this small Matter; but I tell you what, Sir, if you can tell me what Part of Speech your Gold is, I'll return it all again. The Parson, thinking the Money was his own again, told him it was a Noun Substantive, as any Thing was to which he could put A, or The. No, no, reply'd *Jack*, you are out now; I perceive you are no good Grammarian, for where your Gold is at present, it is a Noun Adjective, because it can be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood. So leaving the Parson to ruminate on his Mistake, away *Jack* went about his unlawful Business again.

A little while after this, meeting on the Road betwixt *Hammer-Smith* and *Kensington*, with one *Palmer*, a Victualler, who formerly kept the *King's-Head* Alehouse, in *King's-Head-Court*, in *Drury-Lane*, he took from him a silver Watch, and eighteen Shillings; and Mr. *Palmer* desiring *Jack* to give him some small Matter to bear his Charges up to *London*, quoth he, Had you been an honest Tradesman, perhaps I might have considered you; but as I know you wear a blue Flag, I will not give you a Farthing, because all of your Profession neither eat, drink, or think, but at other Mens Charges.

Another Time meeting with a Captain of the Foot Guards, betwixt *Marybone* and *Tottenham Court*, knocking him down, quoth *Jack*, Thou great Defender of Women, whose Sword is your Plough, which Honour and Geneva, two fiery mettled Jades, are ever drawing, I must make bold now to bid you Stand, and doubt not but you'll forgive my Rudeness, because your Charity goes beyond the Clergy's, in loving your greatest Enemies best, that is to say, much drinking. So running the Officer with a second Blow, he took three Guineas from him and a gold Watch.

One Evening meeting a Town Miss whom he knew well, coming from *Chelsea*, after he stopp'd

her, he said, Oh! you B—b of H—ll, where have you been all this while, that I must wait two or three Hours for your Strumpetship? I suppose you have been dressing all Day, to be tasted with the better Appetite at Night. Come, come, let's see what Money you have in your Pockets. So taking about three or four Shillings from her, he gave her a green Gown, by tying her Neck and Heels on the Grass, where she remained till next Morning before she was releas'd by some Hay-makers.

Afterwards meeting betwixt *Hampstead* and *Kensington-Town*, with a Barrister of *Lincolns-Inn*, and taking from him a gold Watch, a silver Snuff-Box, and two Guineas, quoth he to *Jack*, I'd have you take Care what you do, for I am a Lawyer; and if you should come into my Hands, I should be very severe upon you, *Addison* reply'd, I value not the Severity of all the Lawyers in *England*, who only learn to frame their Cases from publick Riddles, and imitating *Merlin's* Prophecies, and to let all the Cross Row together by the Ears, yet your whole Law is not able to decide *Lucian's* old Controversy 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. So binding the Lawye Hand and Foot, he left him to plead his Cause by himself.

Another Time *Jack* meeting with a Chamber-Maid, whom he knew belong'd to the Dutcheis of M——, betwixt *Kensington* and *Knightsbridge* he civilly desired her to Stand and Deliver; but squawling out, and making a great Clutter, rather than part with what she had, he laid violent Hand on her, saying at the same Time, 'You covetous B——h, how loth you are to lend an honest Man a little Money, to do him a Kindness; when I warrant you, if you had a good swinging Clap now you would divide it equally betwixt your M—— and his Footmen, as if you had cut out the getting of it by a Thread.' So taking about twenty three Shillings from her, he made the best of his Way to *London*.

Not long after this Exploit, *Jack* meeting a Sergeant of the Poultry Compter, coming from *Islington*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver, or else he would shoot him through the Head. The Fellow being surpriz'd, gave him forty Shillings, desiring, at the same Time, that he would be so civil as to return him what he pleas'd back again. But *Jack* knowing his rascally Function, quoth he Sirrah, was the tenth Part of a Farthing to save your Life, nay, your Soul, I would not give it, because thou art the Spawn of a broken Snop-keeper, who takes Delight in the Ruin of thy Fellow-Creatures! The Misery of a poor Man, is the Offals on which you feed, and Money is the Crust you leap at; your Walks in Term-Time are up *Fleet-street*, but at the End of the Term up *Holborn*, and so to *Tyburn*; for the Gallows is your Purlieu, in which you and the Hangmen are Quarter-Rangers, the one turns off, and the other

‘ other cuts down.’ At these Words, quoth the Serjeant, ‘ And I hope I shall have the Happiness of cutting you down too, one of these Days. Perhaps so, reply’d *Jack*, but you shall devour a great many more of the Sheriffs Cuffards first.’ So tying him Neck and Heels, he bound the Serjeant to his good Behaviour, till some Passengers came by to release him.

He had committed 56 Robberies thus on Foot, and at last being apprehended, upon the Information of one *Will. Jewel*, a Prisoner in the *Marshalsea* Prison, in *Southwark*, for robbing His Excellency the Duke D’Aumont, the French Ambassador here of late, he was committed to *Newgate*, and try’d at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old-Bailey*, for assaulting and robbing on the Queen’s Highway, Mr. *Matthew Beazly*, Mr. *William Winslow*, Mr. *Disney Stanniford*, Mr.

Robert Sherwood, and Mr. *Joseph Ashton*, on the 3rdth of November, and 20th of December, 1710, and the 6th of February, 1710-11; and for which being call and condemned, he was hang’d at *Tyburn* on Friday the 2d of March following, aged 23 Years.

But before I conclude this Fellow’s Life, I must not forget his once robbing mad *Wigmore*; whom meeting betwixt *Kentish-Town* and *London*, raving along with a Quarter-Staff in his Hand, and a great Pair on Boots on his Legs, he oblig’d him to Stand and Deliver, without much Opposition; for presenting a couple of Pistols at him, *Wigmore* was not so mad as to lose his Life for the Value of ten or twelve Shillings, which *Jack* took from him, besides cutting the Madman’s Boots to Pieces, so that he was obliged to go through Thick and Thin, it being then very dirty Weather, barefoot Home.

The LIFE of ANDREW BAYNES.

THIS *Andrew Baynes* was from his Infancy of a vicious Inclination, and tho’ he had the natural Sense to know he was in an Error, yet was he resolv’d his Heart should be still the same. When he first display’d his Vanity, he began with defrauding and cheating all he had to deal with, especially by taking great Houses, and then getting Upholsters to furnish ‘em, which when he had done, he would run away with their Goods by Night. Thus would he also trick Brasiers, Pewterers, Limners, Cabinet-Makers, and other Tradesmen; as particularly once by taking a House in *Red-Lyon-Square*, from whence he carried above four hundred Pounds worth of Goods into the *Mint*; but was took out from thence by Virtue of a *Posse Comitatus*, and sent to Gaol.

Another Time being in great Want of Money, (for what such Rogues get by Villany, is always spent in Luxury and Excess, he went to a Justice of the Peace at *Norwich*, before whom he swore (tho’ he had not lost a Farthing) that he was robb’d of one hundred and fifty Pounds, within five Miles of that City, betwixt Sun and Sun; and brought three or four as great Knaves as himself, to depose he had, to their Knowledge, so much Money when he left such a Place; then suing the County, he recovered his pretended Loss.

Afterwards his profligate course of Life tempting him to greater Villanies, he turned House-breaker with one *Tom Bets*, who was a notorious Offender in this kind. This *Bets* being cast once for a Felony at the Sessions-House in the *Old Bailey*, he was, by an Order of the Court, sent into the Foot Service in *Flanders*; after which he suffered a great deal of Hardship: For, being first commanded into *Germany*, he was there taken Prisoner by the French, and carried to *Lewk*. After a long starving Confinement, he made his Escape, and went to *Fern* in *Sweden*, where being list’d into that King’s Service to go into *Poland*, he ran away. Then coming into *Holland*, he entered himself on board a Dutch Man of War, that was

to convoy a Fleet from *Moscow*; where going ashore, he stole one of the Czar’s Bears in the Night, and returning to *Holland* again, shew’d it, after his Discharge from five Months Service, about *Amsterdam*; and getting Money thereby, he came over to *England*; where he was hang’d at *Tyburn*, on Wednesday the 15th of May, 1706, for robbing the House of the Lord *Georges* in *Covent-Garden*.

But his untimely End working no good Effects in his Comrade *Andrew Baynes*, he still followed the Faculty of House-breaking, till he was condemned for it in 1709, and had the good Fortune to be repriev’d; yet not making good Use of that Mercy, a little after his Liberty was obtain’d, he robb’d the Earl of *Westmorland*’s House, taking from thence several good Medals, his Lordship’s Parliament Robes, damask Curtains, Cloaths, Linnen, and other Goods, to the Value of five hundred Pounds; for which being apprehended upon the Information of one *Daniel Waters*, (a Shoemaker concerned with him in the same Fact, and hang’d in August, 1713, at *Maidstone* in *Kent*) he was committed to the *Marshalsea* Prison, in *Southwark*; from whence being removed by a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to *Newgate*, he was condemned again; but saved his Life once more, by a Restitution of most part of the Goods which he had stolen from that Peer.

Having obtain’d his Enlargement a second Time, and being so unsuccessful in House-breaking, he resolv’d to try his Fortune in turning Foot-Pad; so he and his Comrades (who likewise followed this Exercise, which is the high Road to Hell) meeting with one Mr. *Archer*, a Taylor, living in *Blackmore-street* by *Clare-Market*, coming one Evening from *Highgate*, they set upon him; but he having some Knowledge of *Andrew Baynes*, who was indebted to him for making a Coat, when once in *Newgate*, quoth he, Mr. Baynes, don’t you know me? Yes, reply’d Baynes, I know you well enough, and therefore am resolv’d to send you home like a Gentleman, for you shall have no Money in your Pockets.

Searching him, they found about eight Shillings in his Breeches, and a silver Watch; which taking from him, quoth Baynes, who had a good Bull-Dog with him, *By G—d I fancy it is pretty Sport to see a live Taylor baited; therefore I'll bait this Fellow to try the Experiment.* So stripping him stark naked, they bound him to a Tree; then setting the Dog at him, he flew like a Dragon on the Taylor, who cry'd and roar'd like a Bull indeed, and had had a Mischief done him, if Baynes's Companions had not been more merciful, in timely taking off the Dog, which had grievously bit him in several Parts of the Body: But for this Civility, they kept his Cloaths, as looking upon him to be a sort of an *Alchymist*, who could foon extract another Sute out of Customers Apparel.

Another Time *Andrew Baynes*, and his Associates, meeting, betwixt *Hampstead* and *London*, with one *Mr. Blachard* a Shoe-maker, formerly living in the *Strand*, they commanded him, with out much Ceremony, to Stand and Deliver; but not obeying the Word of Command, he begg'd 'em to use Conscience, and not to ruin him and his Family at once. Quoth Baynes, *You Son of a Whore, don't talk of Conscience to us, for we shall now stretch it as large as you do your Leather.* So rifling his Pockets, they found about sixty Pounds, molt in Gold, received that Evening of a Customer; then, as they were tying his Hands and Feet, quoth Baynes again, *Is this all the Money you have?* The poor Shoe-maker answer'd, *Yes, indeed.* *Mr. Baynes* cry'd, *You Son of a B——b, you ought to have every Bone in your Skin broke for bringing so more with you; for this small Matter is no more in our Pockets than a Man in Paul's.* In the mean Time the Shoe-maker begg'd and pray'd, that if they would not give him all his Money, they would give him but some; but Baynes said, *How can you be so unconscionable, Crispin, as to ask for our Charity out of this little Sum? Pray hold your chattering; for was you to stand as hard with us, as for a Piece of Carrot, we would not give you a Doit; so stay here till we come to unloose you, which may be about the Day of Judgment.*

Not long after this Robbery, *Andrew Baynes* and his Comrades meeting three Women, who were *Quakers*, coming from a little Way out of Town, they set upon these holy Sisters, and having first searched all their Pockets, in which was not above two Guineas, and twelve Shillings in Silver, they thought this a very small Prey, without taking their Cloaths too. So stripping them stark naked, quoth one of the Lambs, as they were tying her to a Tree, *Ye Men of Belial! what is the Meaning of all this Violence, in taking away our Garments? Andrew Baynes* reply'd, *Nothing at all, beloved ones, but only to make your Bodies as light as your Souls; and on my Word, if ye always keep in this manner, as ye came into the World, ye will never offend the Statute made against the Excess of Apparel.*

Now *Andrew's* Comrades, because they were tolerably handsome, were for untying them, saying.

'Twas easy to get away, without any Danger of their having us secured. But *Andrew Baynes*, in a great Passion, reply'd, They shall not be unt'y'd; for tho' I'm of no Religion myself, yet I mortally hate a *Quaker*, or any other *Precisian*, because he is a deniure Creature, only full of oral Sanctity, and mental Impiety. Though he will not swear, he'll lye confoundedly; nevertheless, his Presumption is so sure of his Salvation, that he will not change Places in Heaven with the *Virgin Mary*. He will not stick out from committing Fornication or Adultery, so it be done for the Propagation of the Godly; and can find in his Heart to lye with any Whore, but the Whore of *Babylon*. He thinks every Organist is in the State of Damnation, and had rather hear a Ditty of his own making, than the best Hymn a *Cherubim* can sing. In fine, he had rather see *Antichrist* himself, than Pictures in a Church Window; and prophanely thinks his Discourse is so good, that he durst challenge the Almighty to talk with him *extempore*. Truly this Character I have heard discreet Men give of this sort of Cattle; and for this Reason the Spirit moves me to shew no Favour here to these female Hypocrites, who we'll leave in the Dark, till their own Light conducts them to a better Place.' So his Companions being satisfy'd with what he said, they left the three *Yas and Nays* to hold forth by themselves.

Andrew Baynes being once impress'd by *Dent*, the informing Constable, (who was kill'd in *Covent-Garden*, by one *Tool*, a Soldier) and sent to *Flanders*, he ran away from his Colours into *England*, and being one Day at a House in *Chelsea*, where *Dent* was also drinking, and knowing him again, he and another way-laid him at *Bloody-Bridge*; where setting on him, quoth Baynes, *Thou insolent Rascal! who hast sold many a Man's Blood at twenty Shillings per Head, I am sensible you can use your long Staff well enough, I'll see how you can exercise your short one.* So pulling out his Generation-Tool, they applied a Blister Plaster to it, bought for that Purpose at an Apothecary's in the abovesaid Town, and tying his Hands and Feet, left him in that Condition till Morning, before any Passengers came by to release him.

This Malefactor, executed at *Tyburn*, in 1711, aged 26 Years, was born in *Essex*, and served as a Drawer last at the *Blue Posts Tavern*, at the Corner of *Portugal-street*, by *Lincoln's-Inn Back-Gate*. He was very undutiful to his ancient Mother, who went a begging; and the Woman he kept Company with, was called *Flum*, from her formerly selling *Flummery*; being the Leavings of one *George Purchas*, a Bailiff, condemned (but reprimed) for high Treason, with one *Dammary*, a Waterman, for the Insurrection made by the Rabble in *London*, when *Dr. Henry Sacheverell* was try'd by the Peers, upon several Articles exhibited against him by the House of Commons.

The LIFE of JAMES FILEWOOD.

THIS Fellow was often called *Vilet*, tho' *Filewood* was his right Name. He was born of honest Parents in the Parish of *St. Peters Cornhill*. His Father was a Poulterer; which Occupation he, and two or three other Brothers, pretended originally to follow; but finding the fiddling Work of scalding, picking, and gutting Cocks and Hens, and other Poultry, was not so beneficial as picking of Pockets, they took up that Employment, as knowing there was their ready Money as soon as they had done their Work.

When this Fellow suffered Death, 'twas thought there were some of his Brothers who deserved it more, one of them having been formerly condemn'd, gave Proof that the Mercy was ill bellowed, for he lived to do a great deal of Mischief; and another of them had been at *Old Bridewell* by *Fleet-Ditch*, where he was two Years at hard Labour; which going hard against the Grain, he and some others mutiny'd, with a Design to break out; but the Keepers and Blue-coat Boys soon quelled them. And in this rash Attempt, one *Isaac Rag*, a Prisoner then with him, and who was afterwards an Evidence against *White*, and another Person hanged with him, for the horrid Murder of *Mrs. Knap* in *Jockey-Fields*, had one of his Eyes shot out,

But to return to *James Filewood*. As soon as he had lifted himself under the Banners of Wickedness, he first went a *Clouting*, that is, picking Handkerchiefs out of Pockets; in which having pretty well improved himself, after often being duck'd in a Horse-pond, or pumped, he next ventured to pick Pockets and Fobs and Money and Watches. To which Purpose, he always gave his constant Attendance at the King's going to the Parliament-House, the Lord-Mayor's Show, the Artillery Men making a Mock-Fight, Entries of Ambassadors, *Bartholomew* and *Southwark* Fairs, *Drury-Lane* and *Lincoln's Inn* Play-Houses, or any other Place where a great Concourse of People is drawn together upon any Occasions; and to be sure he never miss'd going on *Sundays* to Church, tho' it was more to serve the Devil, than that omnipotent Majesty, to whose Honour and Glory the House of Prayer is erected; and here he would, as well as pick Pockets, change an old Hat or two for a new one.

In the late Queen's Reign, *Vilet* being try'd at the Assizes at *Oxford*, for a Matter in which he was allowed the Benefit of Clergy, being put to read his Neck Verse, a Student standing at the Bar, took so much Compassion as to instruct him. The Words were *Lord have Mercy upon us*: So he held the Book, and the Scholar bid him say after him: *O Lord*, says the Scholar; *O Lord*, says *Vilet*; and and his Thumb being upon the other Part of it, the Scholar said, *Take away thy Thumb*; says *Vilet* then, *O Lord, take away thy Thumb*. Quoth the Judge, *Legit, aut non legit, ut Clericus!* And he that was appointed to instruct, being pleas'd to instruct the

Criminal, reply'd, *Legit ut Clericus*; by which Means he saved his Neck this Time.

One Day this *Vilet* meeting with another of his own Profession, named *Clark*, *Come Clark*, quoth he, *since we have so happily stumbled upon one another, let us take a Pint together. A Match*, says the other; so they went into a Tavern in *Holborn*. But drinking about for a While, when they came to examine their Pockets, they found themselves deceived, one thinking the one had, and the other thinking the other had, Money enough to defray the Reckoning, when indeed both of them could make not above a Groat. *Hang it then*, (said the Inviter) *we had as good be in for a great deal as a little*. So they called lustily till it came to five or six Shillings, then looking out at the Window, as if they had been viewing the Descent, says one to the other, I have it now. Upon that, knocking and desiring to speak with the Master, up he came, *Sir, says Vilet, we came hither about a mathematical Business, to measure from your Window to the Ground: I have laid upon 13 Foot my Friend on 13 Foot 9 Inches, and you are to be Judge that I slip not this Line* (which was Packthread upon a Piece of Brass, which Joiners and Carpenters use in Mensuration) *till he goes down, to see whether from this Knot*, (showing it him) *which is just so much, it reaches to the Ground*. The Vintner was content. The other Sharper being below in the Street, cry'd, *It did not reach by eleven Inches*. *Pray, Sir*, said *Vilet* to the Vintner, *Hold it here till I step down and see; for I won't believe him*. So down he went, telling the Drawer he'd paid his Master, and away they both scoured, leaving the String for the Reckoning.

Once *Jemmy Vilet* having stolen an Alarm Watch, flily denied it before the Justice, so that upon the slender Evidence he was discharged; but before he got out of his Worship's Presence, the Alarm went, and he was ordered to be brought back again, and searched; at which he cry'd out, *What devilish Luck have I, that I should so easily baffle both Justice and Constable, and yet am trapped by the Watch!* But for all his Jestings, the Justice was in such good earnest now, that he committed him to *Newgate*, and had he not so far made it up with the Prosecutor to throw in a Bill of *Ignoramus* at Sessions, he might perhaps been hanged then.

Once *Vilet* having been at some Country Fairs, he got a pretty deal of Money; but falling into Play with a Shoemaker at *Lincoln*, it was his Misfortune to lose it, Cloaths and all. *Crippin* gave him his old Cloaths, and his leather Apron, and when he departed from *Lincoln*, was so civil, as to put twenty Shillings into his Pockets to bear his Charges. With this he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn betwixt *Grantbam* and *Stamford*, he puts in there, and spending four or five Snillings, the People provided him a good Lodging, and *Jemmy* went to Bed betimes. It so fell out, that they had several Guests

came

came to the Inn, which took up their Lodgings, so that a Parson coming in very late, they had no room for him. The Parson rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bedfellow; but there was none cared to be disturbed at that Time of Night but *Vilet* whom they took for a Shoemaker, and who was well enough pleased with the Honour of having such a Bedfellow.

Matters being thus accommodated, and the Parson a-bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Days Journey; but *Vilet* having slept well before, had no mind to sleep any more that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief; and seeing the Parson had a great deal of Money in his Pockets, which he pulled out to pay for a Pot of Beer which he called for to make his Bedfellow drink, he was contriving how to change Breeches with him, well knowing his own Pockets were but thin lin'd with that precious Metal. After having resolved what he would do, he gets up at the dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Parson's Breeches, but also all his sacerdotal Garments, finding they fitted him very well; and being rigg'd in those sacred Habiliments, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse.

Now the Hostler, not in the least mistrusting, but that *Vilet* being in that Dress, was really the Parson, brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn he must have? He told him half a Peck of Oats, which was accordingly given him; and *Vilet* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but in the mean Time, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he called to pay; and was answered he had paid all last Night but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn he was very much in Haste to be gone; but the Hostler asking what it was a Clock by his Watch, which he saw the Parson pull out the Night before, it put *Vilet* to a little Stand, not having so far examin'd his Pockets as to know whether he had or no, and therefore being loath to make a vain Essay, he answered that his Watch was down, and so got upon his Horse, and giving the Hostler a Shilling, rid away as fast as he could; and it being Summer Weather, he had a long Day before him. After he had rid a considerable Way, he examines his Pockets, and finds in them six Guineas, four Pounds odd Money in Silver, and a very good Watch; and having found himself so well provided, he rid away the merrily, resolving to live well as long as that lasted.

But let us return to the true Parson, whom he left fast asleep in his Bed, About Seven in the Morning, it being in *June*, the Parson awakes, and going to bid his Bedfellow good Morrow, he soon found not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he had flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing

there but some old Cloath's which he suppos'd belonged to his Bedfellow; whereupon he calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who suppos'd it to be only the Shoemaker, ask'd him, what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him quiet, or else they'd make him quiet. This vex'd the Parson, and made him knock the harder; till the Chamberlain came up, and threatened to thrash his Sides, if so he would not be quiet.

The Minister wondring at this rude Treatment, ask'd, *Where was his Cloaths?* The Chamberlain still taking him for St. *Hugh*, reply'd, *Where the Plague should they be but upon the Chair, where you left them? Who the Devil do ye think would meddle with your Cloaths? They an't so much worth I'm sure, you need not fear any Body's stealing them. The Man's mad, I think,* replies the Parson; *Do you know who ye speak to? Speak to,* says the Fellow; *Yes, sure, I think I do. If you did, you'd use better Words,* says the Parson. *Better Words,* says the Man; *my Words are good enough for a drunken Shoemaker. Shoemaker!* says the Parson; *I am no Shoemaker, I am the Minister that came in here last Night. The Devil you are,* replies the Chamberlain, *I am sure the Minister went away soon after three a Clock this Morning.* With that the Minister gets out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking hold of the Chamberlain, *Sirrah,* says he, *bring me my Cloaths, my Money, and my Watch, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.* With this Noise and Scuffle comes up the Master of the Inn, and some other of the Servants; who presently knew that was none of him whom they took for a Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that St. *Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Parson. Whereupon the Master of the Inn furnished him with a Suit of his own, and Money to bear his Charges, till they could hear what became of the Thief.

He was at length taken in picking a Pocket, and tho' the Value he took from the Parson did not come to ten Shillings, yet he was convicted thereof; and likewise upon another Indictment preferr'd against him by Mrs. *Frances Baldock*, for snatching from her a Pocket valued at one Shilling, and in which were twelve Guineas and two Pistoles. For these Facts he received Sentence of Death at Justice-Hall in the *Old-Bailey*; but no Report being immediately given in to the King of the Malefactors condemn'd the Sessions he was try'd, he remained in the *condemned Hold* till another Sessions; when the dead Warrant being signed for eight Criminals, he was one among them appointed for Death; and accordingly on the 31st of *October*, 1718, he took shipping at *Newgate*, sailed with a fair Wind up *Holborn River*, and striking against the Rock of St. *Giles's*, was cast away at *Tyburn*, in the 27th Year of his Age.

The LIVES of WILLIAM WARD, SAMUEL LYNN, RALPH EMMERY, ROBERT VICKERS, JOHN PRIOR, and FRANCIS PARQUET.

AS all these Malefactors were executed at the same Time, and as we have not many Particulars to relate of any one of them, we thought it best to put them all into one Chapter.

William Ward was born at *Drydocking* in the County of *Norfolk*. When he was but three Years old, his Parents removed from thence to the City of *Norwich*. His Father who was a Mill-Wright by Trade, made him, when capable, to work with him in that Occupation. Afterwards he came up to *London*, where he married a very honest Woman, and at *Bow*, and other Places thereabouts, followed the Business he was brought up to; but unhappily falling into ill Company, he was too easily seduced to follow their bad Examples. The first Fact he committed, was the taking off from a Hackney-Coach standing at the four *Swans-Inn* Door within *Bishopsgate*, a Portmanteau corded under the Coachman's Seat, in which there was a gold Watch and Chain, Cloaths, and several other Things of Value, which were sold together for fourteen Guineas, and shared between him and two others concerned with him in that Fact: However, the right Owner had them again for twenty one Guineas.

Another Time *Will Ward* riding thro' *Holborn* in a Hackney-Coach, and espying a Porter with a great Trunk on his Back, bids the Coachman stop, and call the Porter to him; accordingly the Man of Carriage comes, to whom giving a Shilling to step just by of an Errand, he bade him lay his Load into the Coach, of which he would take Care. No sooner was the Porter gone, but *Ward* calls to the Coachman again, who was feeding his Horses, and bids him drive to such a Place, where the Porter (he said) was to meet him. He is driven to an Alehouse in *Lutner's-Lane*, which harbours all Sorts of Villains; where opening the Trunk to find what Prize he had got, he found therein about eighty Pounds in Money, besides a great Quantity of rich Cloaths, both Woollen and Linnen; in the mean Time the Porter was making a great Outcry all thro' *Holborn* for his Loss, but all to no Purpose, for the Owner of the Trunk sued his Sureties, which all Ticket-Porters give, and they again su'd the Porter, who was put in Gaol for his Folly.

Not long after, *Ward* committed another Robbery at the four *Swans-Inn* in *Bishopsgate-street*, taking from another Hackney Coach a Portmanteau Trunk, but being presently stopped and seized with it, was carried to the Poultry Compter, from whence he was committed to *Newgate*, so that he had no Opportunity to know what was in it. At the Sessions held at the *Old-Bailey* in *October* 1718. he was try'd for it, and found guilty of his last Fact; which proving

but a single Felony, he was thereupon only ordered for Transportation; but whilst he lay under Confinement he was convicted upon two other Indictments. First for breaking open the House of *Thomas Lane*, and stealing ten Pounds Weight of Tea, on the 12th of *April* 1717; and Secondly, for a Burglary committed by him and *Samuel Lynn* hereafter mentioned in the House of *Mr. Julian Bailey*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*, from whence they took divers Pieces of Plate to the Value of forty Pounds, on the 24th of *July*, 1717, and on *Monday* the 16th of *February* 1718 19, he was executed, being twenty two Years of Age, at *Tyburn*, where he confess'd that about a Twelvemonth before then, he and *Sam. Lynn* took from off a Coach standing at the *Spread Eagle* in *Gracechurch-street* a Portmanteau with Goods in it, belonging to *Dr. Tilburg*; and had also been concerned together in several other Facts, but could not particularly recollect themselves about them.

SAMUEL LYNN was born at *Brampton* in *Norfolk*, and for some Time lived at a neighbouring Town called *Sherington*. When he was Young, his Father (a Grocer and Tallow-Chandler) removed to the City of *Norwich*, where he was bound Apprentice to him, and afterwards wrought Journey-work there, and then came up to *London*, where falling into ill Company, he soon took to picking or Pockets, for which he was brought to Justice; particularly for picking the Pocket of the Lady *Dorcas Roberts*, from whom he took a green silk Purse with three Guineas, and sixteen Shillings in it, on the 16th of *March*, 1713-14, and a little after was try'd and received Sentence of Death for the same, but afterwards received the King's gracious Pardon, and pleaded it at the *Old Bailey* on the 16th of *August* 1715, the Conditions of that Pardon (which he did not observe) being, that he should transport himself within six Months out of His Majesty's Dominions in *Europe*; but wanting Grace to improve this Mercy, he not only fell in again among his wicked Acquaintance, but returned to his former Trade of Thieving, till he was condemned for the same Fact as *Ward* abovementioned, and at the same Time hanged at *Tyburn*; aged 19 Years.

RALPH EMMERY, was executed at the same Time, for a Murder and Robbery committed by him on the Body of *Nathaniel Assef*, on the 23th of *June*, 1718. He was born in *Old-street*, in the Parish of *St. Giles's Cripplegate*. He was a Parish-Boy, and bound for nine Years to a *Chair-maker*, whom he served faithfully all that

Time, which when expired he followed that Business for himself, going about the Streets to get mending Work of that Sort, whereby he got a Livelyhood. The Murder he stood condemned for, was committed in *Stepney-Fields*, in Company with *William Audley*, and *Sarah Brown*, executed some Time before. *Emmery* took out of the Deceased's Pocket a Pocket-Book, and some Coffee; however, he deny'd the bloody Fact, saying, that he never was guilty of any Murder, but could not justify himself in other Matters, for he had lived a long Time in Fornication and Adultery, had been a prophane Swearer, a vile Drunkard, and all along neglected the Service of God; that he had abandoned himself to a sinful Course of Life, and for Six Years past made it his common Practice to pick Pockets, That for these and the like Wicked Facts he was committed once to the Gaol in *White-Chapel*, and six times to *Newgate*: that he had took several Trials, been thrice whipt, and sent twice to *Bridewell*, but none of those Corrections working any Reformation in him, he still pursued his wicked Course of Life.

The above-said *Ralph Emmery* had likewise been upon the Foot-pad, and with two others meeting just upon the Close of the Evening with a Nonjuring Parson just beyond the Halfway House to *Hampstead*, one of them jostled the honest Doctor, which the other two perceiving, they seem'd to take the Doctor's Part, saying, go along with us, Sir, for that's some Rogue without doubt. So these two Rogues went scolding along with the single Rogue, getting the Doctor betwixt 'em to protect him from robbing, till coming to a Ditch *Emmery* pushes the Doctor into it. Look you there now, said the other two, did we not tell you before that he was a Rogue; we hope you'll be pleased to bestow something on us for conducting you hither. The Doctor did not at all like his Guardians, and indeed he had no Reason, for taking his Peruke, Coat, and Sword, from him, they search'd his Breeches, in which finding about Eight Shillings, they then left him to get out of the Ditch.

JOHN PRIOR was born at *Caisoo* in *Bedfordshire*; of such poor Parents, that they could not bestow any Education upon him, insomuch that he could neither write nor read; for a Livelihood he follow'd Husbandry in the Country, but leaving both Husbandry and Country, he came up to *London* about the Beginning of the Year 1716. and list'd himself in the second Regiment of Foot-Guards, soon after which giving way to a lewd Life, he committed several most notorious Robberies on the Foot-pad, at many Country Places about the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

He was at last condemn'd for the following Robberies on the Highway, with *Robert Vickers* and *Francis Parquot*: First, for assaulting and robbing *William Spinnage*, Gent. and taking from him a Purse with Fourteen Guineas, and a Half Guinea, a Watch, value Eight Pounds, and other Things, as he was riding in a Hackney Coach in *Farringdon-Lane*, near *Hornsey*, on the eighteenth of August 1718. Next

for a like Assault and Robbery by them jointed committed on the Person of *George Floyer Esq;* on Horseback, near *Tottenham-Court*, in the Parish of *St. Pancras*, from whom they took a Pair of Pistols, value Forty Shilling, and a Gelding value Thirty Pounds on the eighteenth of September following. And lastly for such another Assault and Robbery, which the said *Prior* and *Vickers* committed on Mr. *William Squire* who was by them roughly handled, and threaten'd to be kill'd (besides their taking from him Five Guineas, a Watch with a Chain and Seal, and Ten Shillings in Silver, near the Turnpike at *Tottenham* without any Reward to the said Mr. *Squire's* Character, being one of his Majesty's Messengers. After his Condemnation he was very impudent in the Condemn'd Hold, and was in great Hopes of a Reprieve, but he was nevertheless hang'd at *Tyburn* on Monday the Sixteenth of February beforemention'd aged 34 Years.

ROBERT VICKERS, hang'd also at the same Time, aged twenty three Years, was born at *Nethercot* in *Warwickshire*, and when but very young going from thence to *Westbury* in *Buckinghamshire*, he was there bound Apprentice to a Baker. When his Time was expired, he came up to *London*, and was Journeyman to a Baker in *Cow Cross*, and afterwards to another in *Golden Lane*, in the Parish of *St. Giles Cripplegate*. But he growing weary of his Employment, list'd himself in the second Regiment of Foot-Guards, where he had not been very long before he began to be loose, and follow ill Courses, especially going on the Foot-pad.

The first Person whom he attack'd in this Manner was a certain *Irish* Barrister of the *King's-Bench-Wall* in the *Temple*, who was very well known for his neglecting the Oaths to the then present Government. This Lawyer *Vickers* meeting one Night walking from *Mary-le-bone*, cross the Fields towards *Southampton House*, he did not only take what Money he had, but also stript him to his Shirt, which dawbing all over with Dirt in a Pond, he put it on the Lawyer, saying, that now he looked something like a Limb of the Law, since he was in black. Then tying him Neck and Heels, he left him there to ponder till next Morning, on *Wingate's* Statutes, Coke upon *Littleton's Magna Charta*, old *Plowden*, *Lewin's* Reports and other musty Authors of the Law.

FRANCIS PARQUOT, hang'd also with the above mentioned Malefactors, aged thirty Years, was born in *France*, at a Seaport Town call'd *Marines*, near *Rochel*. When he was about fifteen Years old he came into *England*, where he lived three Years with a *French Jeweller*. Then leaving his Master he went to the City of *Bath*, and there kept a Shop for some time; but being in debt, was forced to leave that Place, and come up to *London*, where he privately follow'd his Occupation, till falling into ill Company, he betook himself to House-breaking, which he follow'd till his Acquaintance with *Prior* and *Vickers* brought him to share their Fates.

The LIVES of John Trippuck the Golden-Tinman, Robert Cane, Thomas Charnock, and Richard Shepherd.

THE first of these Offenders had been an old Sinner, and had acquir'd the nick Name of the *Golden Tinman*, in the same Manner as a former Practitioner in his wretched Calling, did that of the *Golden Farmer*. *Trippuck* had robbed alone and in Company for a considerable Space, till his Character was grown very notorious. Some short Time before his being taking up for his last Offence, he had by dint of Money and Interest procured a Pardon. However, venturing on the Fact which brought him to Death, the Person injured soon seized him, and being inexorable in his Prosecution, *Trippuck* was cast and received Sentence. But having still some Money, he did not lose all Hope of a Reprieve, but kept up his Spirits, by flattering himself with his Life being preserved, till within a very few Days of Execution. If the Ordinary spoke to him of the Affairs of his Soul, *Trippuck* immediately cut him short with, *D'ye believe I can obtain a Pardon? I don't know that indeed, says the Doctor, But you know one Counsellor such a one, says Trippuck, prithee make Use of your Interest with him, and see whether you can get him to serve me, I'll not be ungrateful Doctor.*

The Ordinary was almost at his Wits End with this sort of cross Purposes; however, he went on to exhort him to think of the great Work he had to do, and entreated him to consider the Nature of that Repentance, which must atone for all his numerous Offences. *Trippuck* upon this, opened his Breast, and shewed him a great Number of Scars, amongst which were two very large ones, out of which he said two Musquet Bullets had been extracted. *And will not these good Doctor, quoth he, and the vast Pains I have endured in their Cure, in some sort lessen the Heinousness of the Facts I may have committed. No, said the Ordinary, what Evils have fallen upon you in such Expeditions you have drawn upon yourself, and are not to imagine that these will in any Degree, make amends for the multitude of your Offences. You had much better clear your Conscience, by a full and ingenious Confession of your Crimes, and prepare in earnest for another World, since I dare assure you, you need no Hopes of staying in this.*

Trippuck as soon as he found the Ordinary was in the right, and that all Expectation of a Reprieve or Pardon were totally in vain, began, as most of those sort of People do, to lose much of that Stubbornness, they mistake for Courage; He now felt all the Terrors of an awakened Conscience, and therefore persisted no longer in denying the Crime for which he died; tho' at first he declared it altogether a falsehood, and *Constable* his Companion had deny'd it even to Death.

It had been reported, that this *Trippuck* was the

Man who killed Mr. *Hull* towards the end of the Summer before on *Black Heath*; but when this Story reached his Ears, he declar'd it was an utter Falstity, repeating this Assertion to the Ordinary a few Moments before his being turned off; pointing to the Rope about him, said, *As you see this Instrument of Death about me, what I say is the real Truth.* He died at last with all outward Signs of Penitence.

ROBERT CANE was a young Man, of about twenty two Years of Age, at the Time he suffered. Having a tollerable Genius when a Youth, his Friends put him Apprentice twice; but to no Purpose; for having got rambling Notions in his Head, he would needs go to Sea: There too but for his own unhappy Temper he might have done well, for the Ship of War in which he sailed, was so fortunate as to take, after eight Hours sharp Engagement, a *Spanish Vessel*, of an immense Value, but the large Share he got here did him little Service: *Robert* as soon as he came home made a quick Hand of it, and when the usual Train of sensual Delights, which pass for Pleasures in low Life, had exhausted him to the last Farthing, Necessity, and the Desire of still indulging his Vices, made him fall into the worst, and most unlawful Methods, to obtain the Means by which he might pursue them.

Sometime after this, the unhappy Man of whom we are speaking, fell in Love with a virtuous young Woman, who lived with her Mother, a poor well-meaning Creature, utterly ignorant of *Cane's* Behaviour, or that he had ever committed any Crimes punishable by Law. The Girl, as such silly People are wont, yielded quickly to Marriage, which was to be consummated privately, because *Cane's* Relations were not to be disoblged, who it seems did not think him totally ruined, while he escaped Matrimony. But the unhappy Youth not having Money enough to procure a License, and being ashamed to put the Expence on the Woman and her Mother, in a Fit of amorous Distraction, he went out from them one Evening, and meeting a Man somewhat fuddled in the Street, he threw him down, and took away his Hat and Coat. The Fellow was not so drunk, but that he cried out, and People coming to his Assistance, *Cane* was immediately apprehended; and so this Fact, instead of raising him Money enough to be married, brought him to Death in the most ignominious Way.

While he lay in *Newgate*, the miserable young Creature who was to have been his Wife, came constantly after him to cry with him, and deplore their mutual Misfortunes, which were encreased by the Girl's Mother falling sick, and being confined to her

her Bed through Grief for her design'd Son-in-Law's sad Fate. When the Day of his suffering drew on, this unhappy Man compos'd himself to submit to it with great Serenity: He profess'd abundance of Contrition for the Wickedness of his former Life, and lamented with much Tenderness those Evils he had brought upon the Girl and her Mother. The softness of his Temper, and the steady Affection he had for the Maid, contributed to make his Exit much pity'd; which happened at *Tyburn* in the 22d Year of his Age. He left a Paper behind him, which he also read at the Tree, containing a Confession of his Crime, a Vindication of his Sweetheart's Character, and a Profession of his Faith, and universal Charity.

RICHARD SHEPHERD was born of very honest and reputable Parents in the City of *Oxford*, who were careful in giving him a suitable Education, which he through the Wickedness of his future Life utterly forgot, inasmuch, that he knew scarce the *Creed* and *Lord's Prayer*, at the Time he had most need of them. When he grew a tolerable big Lad, his Friends put him out Apprentice to a Butcher, where having served a great Part of his Time, he fell in Love with a young Country Lass hard by, and his Passion growing outrageous, he attacked her with all the amorous Strains of Gallantry he was able. The Hearts of young uneducated Wenches, like unfortify'd Towns, make little Resistance when once besieged, and thereof *Shepherd* had no great Difficulty in making a Conquest. However the Girl insisted on honourable Terms, and unfortunately for the poor Fellow they were married before his Time was out. *An error in Conduct, which in low Life is seldom retrieved.*

It happened so here; *Shepherd's* Master was not long before he discovered this Wedding; he thereupon gave the poor Fellow so much Trouble, that he was at last forced to give him forty Shillings down, and a Bond for twenty eight Pounds more; which having totally ruined him, *Dick* fell unhappily into the Way of dishonest Company, who soon drew him into their manner of gaining Money, and supplying his Necessities at the Hazard both of his Conscience, and his Neck. He became an expert Proficient, yet could never acquire any Thing considerable thereby, but was continually embroiled and in Debt; his Wife bringing in every Year a Child, contributing not a little thereto.

When he first began his Robberies, he went on House breaking, and committed several Facts in the City of *Oxford* itself; but those Things not being so easily concealed there, as at *London*, report quickly began to grow very loud about him, and *Dick* was forced to make shift with pilfering in other Places, in which he was so unlucky, that the second or third

Fact he committed in *Hertfordshire*, he was detected and seized, and at the next Assizes capitally convicted; yet his Friends out of Compassion to his Youth, and in Hopes he might be sufficiently check'd by so narrow Escape from the Gallows, procured him first a Reprieve and then a Pardon.

But this proximity to Death made little Impression on his Heart, which is too often the Fault of Persons, who receive Mercy, and have too little Grace to make use of it. *Dick*, partly driven by Necessity (for few People cared after his Release, to employ him) partly through the instigations of his own wicked Heart, went again upon the old Trade, for which he was so lately like to have suffered; but thieving was still an unfortunate Profession to him. He soon after fell again into the Hands of Justice, from whence he escaped by impeaching *Allen* and *Chambers*, two of his Accomplices, and so evaded *Tyburn* a second Time; yet all this signified nothing to him, for as soon as at home, he was at work in his old Way, till apprehended and executed for his Wickedness.

No unhappy Criminal had ever more Warning than *Shepherd*, of his approaching miserable Fate, if he would have suffered any Thing to have deterred him; but alas! what are Advices, what are Terrors, what even the Sight of Death itself, to Souls hardened in Sin, and Consciences so seared as his. He was taken up, carried before Col. *Ellis* and committed to *Newprison* for a capital Offence. He had not remained there long, before he wrote the Colonel a Letter, in which (provided he were admitted an Evidence) he offered to make large Discoveries. His Offers were accepted, and both convicted capitally at the *Old-Bailey*, by him, were executed at *Tyburn*; whither *Shepherd* quickly followed them.

Shepherd had picked up while in *Newgate*, a thoughtless Resolution as to dying, not uncommon to old Malefactors, who having been often condemned, grow at last hardened to the Gallows. When he was exhorted to think seriously of making his Peace with God, he replied, It was done, and he was sure of going to Heaven.

THOMAS CHARNOCK, executed with these, was a young Man well and religiously Educated. He had by his Friends been placed in the House of a very eminent Trader, and being seduced by ill Company, yielded to a Desire of making a Shew in the World; and in order to it, robbed his Master's Accompting-House; which Fact made him indeed conspicuous, but in a very indifferent Manner from what he had flattered himself with. They died tolerably Submissive and Penitent; this last Malefactor especially, who had rational Ideas of Religion. The Day of their Execution was *January* the 29th, 1719-20.

The LIVES of JOHN HAWKINS and GEORGE SYMPSON.

JOHN HAWKINS at the Time of his Death was about thirty Years old. His Father was a Farmer at *Stains* in *Middlesex*, very honest, but poor; and therefore could not give his Son but a slender Education. At fourteen *John* waited on a Gentleman, but soon left him to be a 'Tapster's Boy at the *Red-Lyon* in *Brentford*, where he continued till he got into another Gentleman's Service: But being of an unsettled Temper, he seldom tarried long in a Place. The last Family he was in was Sir *Dennis Dutry's*, where he was Butler, and might have have lived happily; for being a handsome creditable Servant, he was approved of by his Master and Lady. But the Opinion he had of his own Person made him too assuming; and he thought it a small Fault to be out two or three Nights a Week at the Gaming Tables. By his repeated Neglect of his Master's Business, the Family was incens'd against him, he was turned away, not without a Suspicion of having first been a Confederate in robbing the House of a considerable Value in Plate. Having been instructed in the Nature of trading to *France* and *Flanders*, in Wines, Brandies, &c. He join'd with his Brother, a Captain of a Vessel or Sloop, in fetching those Commodities from those Places, and commonly paid the King's Customs for them. This Way of Life was very agreeable to him; but having a strong and violent Inclination to arrive at great Riches and Splendour, on a sudden, he left the uncertain Way of dealing at Sea, to deal in the *South-Sea*, and the Bubbles; from which he had recourse to Bubbling in another Way, as some others besides have done, in which vicious Courses he had Success for a considerable Time.

He was now twenty four. His first Expedition was to *Hounslow-Heath*, where he stopp'd a Coach, and eas'd the Passengers of about eleven Pounds. With this Booty he returned safe to *London*, and repairing immediately to the *King's-Head* at *Temple-Bar*, he threw it all off. Thus he went on a pretty while by himself, losing at Play what he had got up on the Road: But finding some Difficulties in robbing alone, he chose for his Companions *Ryley*, *Commerford*, *Reeves*, and *Leonard*, an *Irish* Captain. With these he committed several Robberies on *Hounslow* and *Bagshot Heaths*. But tho' he sometimes acquired considerable Prizes by such Means, they did him but little Service; for he still had such an Itching to Gaming, that he could never forbear till he had lost the last Penny; so that he was often put to the pitiful Shift of balking an Ordinary for a Dinner.

Having follow'd this Course about two Years *Leonard* was made a State Prisoner, for being concerned in the *Preston* Rebellion; and *Hawkins* and one *Woldridge*, for attempting to rescue him, were apprehend-

ed by the King's Messengers, but in a short Time they were both discharged. A few Days after this, *Commerford*, *Reeves*, and *Ryley*, were seized at *Guildford*. *Hawkins* had been with them, but could not get a Horse. The two former were executed, and *Ryley* transported, and the Government took Care of *Leonard*.

Hawkins now engaged with a new Gang, among which was one *Pocock*, who being apprehended, impeach'd all the rest: This quickly dispers'd them, and one *Ralphson*, to whom they had entrusted most of their Stock, went off with it to *Holland*. By which Means *Hawkins* was left without Money or Companions, for they had all forsaken the Town, except his Brother *Will* and *James Wright*. *Will* was taken on *Pocock's* Information, and *Wright* was in a Salvation. *Hawkins* himself skulk'd about Town, not daring to appear but in such Houses as he could confide in, one of which *Wilson*, who was Evidence against him at his Trial, frequented. They soon became as familiar as ever, and believing *Wilson* would not betray him for the sake of the Reward, *Hawkins* told him every Thing that we have related concerning him and his Companions, and other Passages that are omitted: As that he was present when Colonel *Floyer* shot *Woldridge*, and that he himself shot General *Evans's* Footman, which he said happened thus. He stopp'd the General and another Gentleman in a Coach; the General and the Gentleman both fired at him, upon which he shot directly into the Coach, but miss'd them and killed the Servant who was behind it.

Hawkins often lamented this Misfortune, and when he fell into Company with a Clergyman, would always be asking some casuistical Questions on Cases parallel to his own; but tho' he fancied this was no Murder because he had no Design against the Deceas'd, yet he was always told, that the Design against the Master made the Person as Guilty, as if it had been intended against the Man who was killed.

Wilson took so much Pleasure in hearing *Hawkins* relate his Pranks and Robberies, that he grew very fond of his Company. *Wright* being now recover'd, he and *Hawkins* fell to their old Sport, and when they came home at Night, *Wilson* used to drink with them. Their first Robbery after this Re-union was in *Richmond Lane*, upon the Earl of *Burlington* and the Lord *Bruce*, from whom they took twenty Pounds, two gold Watches, and a saphire Ring, for which his Lordship offered 100 *l.* to *Jonathan Will*. *Hawkins* pretended he sold it for six Pounds, and poor *Wright* thought that a good Price, and gladly accepted of three Pounds for his Share, tho' *Hawkins* then had the Ring in his own Possession, and afterwards sold it in *Holland* for forty Pounds.

James Wright was born of honest Parents, and bred a Barber. He was one of the best Temper, and greatest Fidelity to his Companions, that ever was known of a Highwayman. How his Acquaintance begun with *Hawkins* is uncertain, but they two for about a Month after *Wright's* Salvation, went on very prosperously together, before *Wilson* engaged with them.

About this Time a good natur'd Countryman lent *Wilson* ten Pounds, who had been starving for some Weeks; notwithstanding which, he made all the Hast he could to the Tables and lost it every Farthing. From the Table he went to *Hawkins* and *Wright*, and having drank freely, *Hawkins* began to talk about robbing, but said a third Man was necessary, and ask'd *Wilson* if he durst take a Pistol. *Wilson* answered, *Yes, as well as any Man, for the want of Money has made me ready for any Thing*. He, who was always glad of new Companions, professed very kindly to get a Horse against next Night. They agreed, and so went to Bed.

Hawkins was as good as his Word, and in the Evening they sat to drinking again. At a proper Hour *Hawkins* told us all was ready; and so they mounted about Ten a Clock, and soon after robbed Sir *David Dalrymple* near *Winstanley's* Water-Works: They put on upon stopping the Coach, to try how capable he was of becoming a Man of Business. And he perform'd so well, that *Hawkins* never after cared to part with him.

They took from Sir *David* about three Pounds in Money, a Snuff-Box, and a Pocket Book, for which last, Sir *David* offer'd sixty Pounds to *Wild*; but they return'd it by a Porter, gratis; for they had no dealings with *Wild*, nor did he know either of them.

The next Coach they robbed was Mr. *Hide's* of *Hackney*; they took from him ten Pounds and a Watch; but miss'd three hundred Pounds in Bank Notes. They seldom fail'd of committing two or three Robberies in a Week, for a Month together. They scarce ever went above five Miles out of Town, and when they returned to it again, they attack'd the Coaches in *Chancery-Lane*, another in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, and in going off stumbled upon my Lord *Westmoreland*, who had three Footmen behind his Coach. They had some Difficulty in robbing his Lordship, for the Watch pour'd in upon them; but at hearing a Pistol fir'd over their Heads, they retired as fast, and gave them an Opportunity of escaping.

Will Hawkins, the Brother of *John*, and *Wright*, were soon after both Prisoners, *Hawkins* could not impeach any Body, because he was impeached himself. *Wright* indeed might have taken that Advantage to have saved his own Life; but he told *Jack Hawkins's* Wife that he would hurt no Body, and much less her Husband, because of his Children. How well this Generosity was returned will appear hereafter. *Hawkins* and *Wilson*, to conceal themselves, went to *Oxford*, and staid there a Month; in which Time *Hawkins* defac'd some Pictures in the Gallery over the *Bodleian* Library. The University offered a hundred Pounds to any that would discover the Person who did it; and a poor Taylor, who had distinguished himself for a Whig, was taken up and imprison'd on Suspicion, and narrowly escaped a Whipping.

The Sessions at the *Old-Bailey* being ended, *Hawkins* was discharged, and *Wright* reserved for *King's* Assizes. The two Brothers then went to *Holland* with all *Wright's* Goods to the Value of fifty Pounds, and left him starving in Jail.

About the end of *October* they both returned to *London*, where *Wilson* joined with them, and they went on together 'till *Christmas*; when *Wilson* became of age, and was in Possession of a small Estate his Father left him, which he sold for three hundred and fifty Pounds. But he soon lost it all at play, except what he lent to *Jack* and *Will* to buy Horses.

One Night *Hawkins* and *Wilson* took a Ride to *Hamstead*, and being elevated with Wine, resolved, as they returned, to rob the first Coach they met. It happened that about a hundred Yards on this side *Fig-Lane*, they met a Chariot with two Gentlemen in it. As soon as they pass'd them they mus'd up with Cape and Handkerchief, and overtook 'em at the End of *Fig-Lane*. The Coachman stoop'd at the first Word, and down went the Sashes, *Wilson* on one side, and *Hawkins* on the other. The Gentlemen fired both at once. One of them lodg'd three Slugs in *Hawkins's* Shoulder, but the other miss'd *Wilson*, had they suffer'd them to come nearer they might have shattered them to pieces. However our Highwaymen thought it best to move off, to prevent Murder on both sides.

This Action was follow'd with such bad Weather, that they could do nothing; and when fair Weather came, their Horses Heads were so swell'd that they could not get 'em out of the Stable, and so they agreed to rob on Foot in *Hide-Park*. The first Coach they attempted there was Mr. *Green* the Brewer's but the Coachman whipt his Horses and left them. However *Wilson* shot one of his Horses, and endeavouring to fire again shot himself thro' the Hand, which made his retreat very difficult having the Wall to get over.

Being thus disabled *Wilson* had Leisure to reflect on his deplorable Condition, and was convinced that Vengeance would one Day overtake him, and such a Course of Life be finish'd with Scandal at *Tyburn*! These Reflections brought him to a Resolution of leaving the Town, pursuant to which he borrow'd Money of a Friend, took a Horse out of the Stable and set forward for *Yorkshire*, Feb. 1. 1721.

Thus prepared for an honest Life arrived at *Whitby*, where in a few Days he fell into his Mother's Business, and followed it diligently 'till the succeeding *August*, when one day being sent for to a Publick-House, to his great Surprise, he found his old Friend *John Hawkins*, and a new Companion *George Simpson*. After the usual Salutations, *Hawkins* told *Wilson* that as he had been like other Men, he was now as liable to suffer as any Body; for his Brother *Will* had impeached him and all the rest of his Companions, and he should be fetch'd away in a few Days. This startled *Wilson* so much, that he agreed to go with them. So they all bought Horses, and came to *London*. Then *Wilson* found that *Hawkins* had deceived, me, for I was not impeach'd nor was his Brother in Custody.

George Simpson was about twenty eight Years of Age when he died. He was born at *Putney* in *Surrey*, and brought up at *Cowre* in *Lincolnshire*. He had no Education, and but poor natural Parts: He was never capable of designing; but when any thing was contriv'd for him, no one was more speedy or bold in the Execution; for he was equally brisk and stout. He had been Bailiff of a Hundred in *Lincolnshire*; but for some Misdemeanor, flying the Country, he came to *London*, and served the Lord *Castlemain* and other Gentlemen in quality of a Footman. But discontented with that condition of Life, and becoming acquainted with *Jack Hawkins* he commenced Collector on the Highway.

However

However it was not long before *Hawkins* was in earnest taken by the Servants of Sir *Edward Lawrence*, whom he and *Butler Fox* had robbed in the *Huntington Coach*. *Will* impeached every Body that had been concerned with him, tho' none but *Fox* and *Wright* were apprehended. *Wright* was acquitted at *Kingston* the *Summer Assizes* before; and having obtain'd his Liberty, fell into an honest Employment, which he follow'd till *Hawkins* impeach'd him. He was convicted of a *Street-Robbery*, done about two Years before, and hanged. And thus was poor *Wright's* Generosity repaid. He saved *Hawkins* to be hang'd himself.

Butler Fox was a Porter in *Milk-street*. He had a Wife and three Children. His Acquaintance with *Will Hawkins* began at *Carter's* House by *London-Wall*, a Nest for Highwaymen. *Hawkins* impeach'd him of robbing *Colonel Hamilton*, and at the Trial swore, that himself and *Fox* committed that Robbery, tho' neither of them was concerned in it; for it was done by *Jack Hawkins* and *George Simpson*, and no other Person; and they, the same Night, informed *Will* of all the Particulars. This *Will* had from *Jack* himself, who own'd he had often exclaim'd against *Will* for swearing *Fox* into this Robbery.

All this Time the rest of the Gang play'd least in Sight; their most convenient House was by *London-Wall*. The Landlord knew all their Circumstances, and found his Account in that Knowledge; for they seldom committed a Robbery, but he had his Snack by way of Reckoning. As he kept a Livery-Stable, they had an Opportunity of riding out at all Hours, so that they harra's'd most of the Morning Stage-Coaches in *England*. One Morning they robb'd the *Worcester*, the *Glocester*, the *Cirencester*, the *Bristol*, and the *Oxford* Coaches all together. Next Morning the *Chichester* and *Ipswich*, and the third Morning the *Portsmouth* Coach. They were constant Customers to the *Bury* Coach; and touch'd it no less than ten Times. And for any of these they seldom rode further than the *Stones End*. When they met with any Portmanteaus, they carried them to *Carter*, and ransack'd 'em.

Their Evening Enterprizes were commonly between *Richmond*, *Hackney*, *Hampstead*, or *Bray*, and *London*; and often behind *Buckingham Wall*. They committed innumerable Robberies with great Success, and might perhaps, have continued much longer if they had not meddled with the Mails.

One Time as they were making up to the *Portsmouth* Coach, a Gentleman upon it fired at them, before they spoke to the Coachman; for their passing the Coach and immediately returning, was a plain Indication of what they aimed at. They were treated in the like Manner in attempting a mourning Coach, but with worse Luck; for *Wilson's* Horse received a Wound, of which he died. One Thing was remarkable enough, and that was their meeting *Mr. Green* and his Lady behind *Buckingham Wall*, and robbing them; because when they once before attacked the same Coach, and being on Foot the Coachman drove away, upon which *Wilson* told him they should have the Luck to meet him again, when they were mounted.

Thus they went on till the Beginning of *April*, 1722, when they began to talk of robbing the Mails. This Design was first concerted with their Landlord *Carter*. He propos'd to begin with the *Harwich* Mail, but that being as uncertain as the Wind, they could not agree to wait for it. At last, they pitched upon the *Bristol* Mail, and prepared every Thing for that Purpose.

On *Sunday*, *April* the 15th, they set out, and

next Morning they took the Mail; and ag in on *Wednesday* Morning. They robbed it the second Time, to get the Halves of some Bank Notes, the other Halves of which, they had taken the first Time.

On *Monday*, *April* the 23d, *Wilson* went after Dinner to see his Horse in *Fenchurch-street*; and from thence to *Carter's*, where he found two or three Men, whose Looks made him withdraw abruptly to *Moregate* Coffee House. — There he fell into a Sett of Company, among whom was one who appeared to be a *Quaker*, and told him there was great Enquiry made after the Robbers of the *Bristol* Mail, and that some were even then searching for them in the Neighbourhood. This confirming *Wilson's* Suspicion, he paid for his Gill, left the Coffee-House, and took a turn in *Bedlam*; where he determined in his Mind to take a Passage that Night for *Newcastle*.

With this Resolution he went towards *Moregate* Coffee-House again, and in his Way, met the Persons he had seen at *Carter's*. As soon as he pass'd 'em, they turned about and followed him, tho' not so closely but he got into the Coffee House unperceived by them; for they went thro' *Moregate* Arch. He then went out at the Fore Door, where they stood watching in the Street; and as soon as they saw him, they seized him. They carried him to the Post-Office, where he was examined by the Post-Master General, who could make nothing of him that Night. Next Morning he was carried before him again, four or five Times to as little Purpose, tho' *Mr. Carteret* used the most prevailing Arguments to procure a Discovery. All the Post-Officers, in short, were very pressing to no Purpose; till one of them called *Wilson* aside, and shewed him the following Letter.

S I R,

I AM one of those Persons who robbed the Mails, which I am sorry for; and to make amends, I will secure my two Companions, as soon as may be. He whose Hand this shall appear to be, will, I hope, be entitled to the Reward and his Pardon.

Wilson knew this to be *Simpson's* Letter, and so presently made a Discovery; whereupon *Hawkins* and *Simpson* were apprehended on the *Thursday* following.

At their Trial *Hawkins* pray'd the Court that all the King's Witnesses might be examin'd a-part, which the Court granted.

Thomas Green, the Postboy, depos'd thus. On *Monday* the 16th of *April*, about one in the Morning, as I was riding by the *Pyde-Horse* at *Slouth*, and blowing my Horn, I was overtaken by *James Ladbroke*, who was travelling the same Way. We rode in Company to *Langley-Broom*, where a Man on a Chestnut Horse made up to us, and went off again. We rode thro' *Colebrook*, and then perceived that two Men follow'd us at a Distance; and on this side *Longford* they came up to us, with Handkerchiefs in their Mouths, and their Wigs and Hats pulled forward over their Faces. The foremost of them was on a Chestnut Horse. He held a Pistol to my Head, and said, *You must go along with me*; and then taking hold of my Horse's Bridle he led me down a narrow Lane, and the other Man brought *Ladbroke* after me in the same manner. Then they making us both dismount, he on the Chestnut Horse said to me, *Are you the Lad that swore against Child?* No, I said, *I have been Post-Boy but a very little while. Have you ever been rob'd yet* says he, No, says I. *Why then*, says he, *you must pay Revenge now, for God damn my Blood and Ours I'll be revenged upon somebody for poor Child's sake.* Then

he cut *Ladbrook's* Horse's Bridle, and turned him adrift, and that being done, he went off with the Black Gelding I rode upon. As soon as he was gone, the other Man tied our Hands behind us, bound us Back to Back, and so fastened us to a Tree in a Ditch. Then he asked *Ladbrook* what Money he had about him. *Ladbrook* told him he had about 3s. 6d. He searched *Ladbrook's* Pocket, and finding no more, he did not take that nor any Thing else from him, but left us bound, and went after his Companions. *Ladbrook* and I, with a great deal of struggling, got from the Tree, but could not get from one another: And so ty'd back to Back, we went to an Inn in *Longford*, from whence the Hostler came with us, and we went down the Lane together, and there we found the Gelding I rode, and the Bags cut open. It was pretty dark, so that I cannot swear to their Persons or their Horses, only I could perceive that one was a Chestnut Horse.

James Ladbrook confirmed all the Post-boy's Evidence.

Ralph Wilson. I have known *John Hawkins* these two Years, but was not acquainted with *Simpson* till August last. We had often consulted together about robbing some Mail, but did not agree upon what Mail, till five Days before the Fact was committed, and then we resolved it should be the *Bristol* Mail. Pursuant to this Resolution, about 11 o'Clock on Sunday Morning, the 15th of April, we all three took Horse at the *Blue-Boar-Inn* in *Southwark*; *Hawkins* on a tall Bay, or Brown Gelding; *Simpson* on a Chestnut or Sorrel Mare; and I on a dapple Grey. We crossed the Water at *Kew Ferry*, dined at the *Three Pigeons* in *Brentford*, staid there till Six in the Evening, called at the Post-house at *Hounslow*, and loitered on the Road till we came to the Post-house at *Chesham*, where we lapped on Horse-back; we enquired of the Hostler what Time the *Bristol* Mail would come by, and he told us between one and two o'Clock in the Morning. We went thence and came to *Langley Broom* about Midnight, where we agreed to dispatch *Simpson* alone to meet the Mail. He went, and we loitered about, waiting for his Return: And about one o'Clock we saw the Post-boy and a Traveller with him, and *Simpson* following them. Then we met *Simpson*, and held a fresh Consultation, in which at last it was agreed, that he and I should follow the Mail, and that *Hawkins* should watch at a Distance, because he being pretty bulky, would be more remarkable. Then *Hawkins* and I changed Horses, and I and *Simpson* followed the Boy and Traveller through *Colebrook*; and on this Side of *Longford* we rode up to them, and taking hold of their Horses' Bridles, led them down *Harmenworth-Lane*, where we made them dismount. I left *Simpson* to bind them, and took the Boy's Gelding and Mail to the End of the Lane, where I found *Hawkins* waiting, and in a little Time *Simpson* came to us. We all rifled the Bags, and carried several of them to *Hounslow-Heath*, where we selected those of *Bath* and *Bristol*, and left the rest. Thence we rode thro' *Kingston* and *Wandsworth*, and going down a bye Road, we searched the Bags, took out what we thought fit, most of which we put in two riding Bags, and the rest into our Pockets, and what we thought would be of no Service to us, we put into the *Bristol* and *Bath* Bags again, and so threw them over a Hedge. Then taking our Way thro' *Camberwell*, we came along *Greenwich Road*, to the *Hand-Inn* in *Earnaby-street*, between Five and Six on Monday Morning. There we put up our Horses, and drank a Pint of burnt Wine, and after some Time took Coach, and drove to the *Minories*; where to avoid Suspicion, we parted, and went by different Ways to

Frank Green's at the *Chick and George* in the *Minories*. We went into a Room by ourselves, and to take off all Mistrust, we called for a Candle, Wax, Paper, Pen and Ink, and then locking the Door we examined our Prize. We reserved only the Bank Notes, and burnt all the other Notes and the Letters with the Candle which we set in the Chimney; we found three 20l. Bank Notes, one of 20l. and of a 50l. and two halves of 25l. each, which we equally divided. I was apprehended on the Monday following, and made this same Confession before Mr. *Carteret*, the Post Master-General, and by my Directions the Prisoners were taken at Mrs. *Bowen's* (a Midwife) in *Green-Arbour-Court*, in the *Little-Old-Bailey*.

The Hostlers at the several Inns where they had been, confirmed almost all the Circumstances of *Wilson's* Deposition.

Richard Mills, Constable. I went with *Richard Mills* and others, to apprehend the Prisoners at a Midwife's House in *Green-Arbour-Court*, in the *Little-Old-Bailey*, between Eight and Nine at Night. A Woman came to the Door, and asked what we wanted? We bid her not be frightened, but light a Candle, for we were come to search for stolen Goods. The Prisoners, who were above, overheard us, called out and said, *we are the Men you want, but Good d—n ye, the first that comes up is a dead Man*. We told them we were provided for them, let them fire as soon as they would. Then *Hawkins's* Brother came down foremost, and persuaded them to surrender quietly. I told them we were come upon *Wilson's* Information. *Are you so*, says the Prisoner *Hawkins*, *why then are you dead Men; but we had rather lose our Lives, than save them in such a base and infamous a Manner as that Villain Wilson has saved his*.

Richard Mills deposed the same in Substance. The Prisoners then brought several Evidences to vindicate their Characters; one of which gave the Court some Trouble, on Account of a Receipt which he produced; the whole Affair is too long to be rehearsed. In fine, at the second going out, the Jury brought them in Guilty.

The Verdict being recorded, *Hawkins* expressed himself to this Purpose. *I am altogether innocent of this Robbery; though I don't blame my Countrymen for their Verdict; for their Intentions were honourable, but they were over-ruled by a partial Judge. I have been ill dealt by: My Friend has been Brovvn-beat, and hardly suffered by: I expect to die, but yet I would not change Conditions with the Villain that has saved his own Life, by swearing away mine: For I prefer Death to a Life saved in such an infamous Manner. My Blood lies upon his Head, and upon some others. — I hope your Lordship is not concerned in it.*

When they were conveyed to Execution, not being allowed the Privilege of a Coach, they appeared in the Carts with uncommon Tokens of Repentance, scarce ever raising their Eyes from their Books to regard the Crowds about them, nor tarrying to drink Quantities of Liquor, as is usually done.

Being come to the Place of Execution, *Hawkins*, in some Confusion, was turned off, and died with prodigious Difficulty and Struggling, contrary to his Friend, who was more composed before he died, and more easily lost his Breath.

The same Day their Bodies were carried to *Hounslow-Heath*, and there hanged in Irons on a Gibbet erected for that Purpose, not far from that on which *Benjamin Child* was hanged in the same Manner.

He was convicted at *Milebury* Assizes, on the Evidence

where he lay that Night, and about Ten next Day was carried in a Coach to the Place of Execution.

THE first of these Villains was born in *Wall-Nut-Tree-Alley*, in *Tooley-street*, in *Southwark*, being a Waterman by his Calling; and the other was born in *Cross-Key-Alley*, in *Barnaby-freet*, being Apprentice to a Dung Barge-Man, living between *Vaux Hall* and the *Nine Elms*; but running away from his Master before he had served his Time, and taking ill Courses with *Ogden*, they first robbed several Ships, Hoys, and other Vessels below Bridge, for above two Years; when being very like to have been once apprehended for this sort of Theft, they left it off, and took to House-breaking.

Nevertheless, these hardened Rogues not making good Use of that Mercy which they had received, they turned Foot-pads; and one of them, namely *Ogden*, meeting one Night, when the Moon was up, with a Parson who lived at *Peckham*, pretending to be a Seaman, out of all Business, and in great Distress, he humbly begg'd an Alms of him; whereupon the Parson taking Compassion on the dismal Story which he told him of his extream Poverty, he gave him Six-pence, and so they parted. The Parson had not gone above the length of a Field before *Ogden* met him again, going over a Stile, and begging his Charity again, quoth the Gentleman, *You are the most impudent Beggar that ever I met with.* *Ogden* then telling him that he was in very great Want, and that the Six pence which he gave him would not relieve his pressing Necessities, he gave him half a Crown; whereupon *Ogden* saying, *These are very sad Times, for there's horrid robbing abroad; therefore if you have any Money about you, you may as well let me have it as another, who perhaps may abuse you, and binding you Hand and Foot, make you lie in the Cold all Night; but if you'll give me your Money, I'll take Care of you, and conduct you very safe Home.*

they were trudging along, out came two or three Fellows upon them, to whom *Ogden* crying, *The Moon shines bright*, they let them pass quietly : and shortly after two or three other Fellows came suddenly on to whom *Ogden* crying again *The Moon shines bright*, they also permitted them to pass by. At last *Ogden* brought the Parson to his Door, where the Parson invited him to walk in, with a Promise that he would not hurt a Hair of his Head on any Account ; but *Ogden* refusing the Parson's Proffer, he called for a Bottle of Wine, and drinking to *Ogden* to whom he gave the Bottle and Glass to help himself, he ran away with them, saying, he would carry the Wine to them that should certainly drink his Health.

Not long after this Civility shewed the Parson. *Ogden* and *Reynolds* one Evening meeting with *Beau Medicote*, walking near *Marybone*, they commanded him to stand and deliver. He made some Refusal at first, pretending as if he would defend himself by his Sword : but presenting their Pistols at him, and knowing how a Gentleman had once caused him for making 'Love to his Wife, quoth they, if you do not presently deliver your Money we shall serve you worse than *Sir Robert Atkins* did ; whereupon searching his Pockets, and finding therein two half Crowns, one of which was Brass, they most grievously thrashed the Spark for carrying bad Money about him.

Another Time *Ogden* and *Reynolds* in Company with one *John Bradshaw*, who was Grandson of that infamous Villain, Serjeant *Bradshaw*, who passed Sentence on King *Charles* the First to be beheaded watching for a Prey in a Wood near *Sooter's-Hill*, in *Kent*, one *Cecilia Fowley*, a Servant Wench, just come out of Service, happening then to be passing by with a Box on her Head, *Jack Bradshaw* went up to her by himself, being, as he thought, sufficient enough to deal with her, and taking her Box from her, in which was her Cloaths and fifteen Shillings in Money, which she had received for a Quarter's Wages, whilst he was rifling of it, after he had broke it open, a Hammer being therein, she takes it up, and striking him on the left Temple with it, the Blow felled him to the Ground on his Back: She then seconded it with the Claw of the Hammer, by striking it into his Windpipe, of which Wound the Rogue instantly died.

In a very short Time a Gentleman riding by, to whom she told the Story, he made up to the deceased, in whose Pockets he found eighty Guineas, and a Whistle, with which whistling, *Ogden* and *Reynolds* came presently running out of the Wood ; but

ceiving it to be a wrong Person that whistled, they as nimbly ran into the Wood again. Then the Gentleman carried the Maid before a Magistrate, where he was bound for her Appearance at the Assizes held at *Rocheſter*, in *March* 1714, when the came there to take her Trial, and was acquitted.

Once *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, meeting a Tallyman near *Camberwell*, very well noted for his dealing with moſt of the poor People in the Pariſh of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, eſpecially Hawkers, whom he lay with firſt, and ſent next to the *Marſhalſea*, they commanded him to ſtand and deliver; he uſ'd many Expoſtulations with them, hoping they would have Pity on a poor Man, who took a great deal of Pains for his Bread. Quoth *Ogden*, *thou Sparrow of Hell! have Pity on thee? No Sirrah, I know thee too well, and would almoſt as ſoon be kind to a Bailiff, or an informing Conſtable, A Tallyman and a Rogue are Synonymous, or at leaſt convertible Terms. Every Friday you ſet up a Tenter in the Marſhalſea-Court, upon which you rack and ſtretch poor Priſoners like Engliſh Broad-Cloth, beyond the Staple of the Wool, till the Threads crack, and that cauſes them with the leaſt Wet to ſhrink, and preſently wear bear. Money is ſo much thy Darling that for this you would fall down and worſhip the Image of a Nero, nay of a Devil, rather than want the ſingle Penny that bears it, yet you pretend to Honesty; but again, I ſay, that you, and all your Calling, are worſe Rogues then ever were hanged at Tyburn. So taking from him a ſilver Watch, two gold Rings, and twenty eight Shillings, they then ſtripped him, and binding him Hand and Foot, left him under a Hedge to ſhift for himſelf.*

Theſe Criminals were great Cronies of one *Thomas Jones*, a Viſtualler's Son at *Deptford*, and *John*

Richardſon; the former of whom was *Butler*, and the other Footman, to an Eſquire living at *Eltham*. Theſe Fellows one Day robbing a Gentleman on *Black Heath*, and leaving him there bound Hand and Foot, their Maſter, within ſome few Hours after, riding by the ſame Place, where he ſaw the Gentleman bound, he ordered him to be looſ'd, and taking him into his Coach, brought him to his Houſe; where reſreſhing him with a Glaſs of Wine, the *Butler* had no ſooner filled it out, whom he knew again, but he charged him with the Robbery. This ſurpriſing the Eſquire, he could ſcarce believe it, till he deſcribed what Horſe he rode on, and the other Horſe and Perſon on him, which proved to be one of his Footmen; and they not denying the Faſt, they were carried before a Magiſtrate, committed to *Maiſtſtone Gaol*, and hanged at *Rocheſter* on Friday the 2d of April, 1714.

As for *Ogden* and *Reynolds*, purſuing theſe wicked Courſes, without any Fear of the Laws, either of God or Man, they were at laſt apprehended for robbing one *Simon Haſey*, and one *John Boyout*, committed to the *Marſhalſea Priſon* in *Southwark* and hanged, the firſt aged twenty five Years, the other twenty two, at *Kingſton upon Thames*, on Saturday the 23d of April, 1714.

Whilst they were under Sentence of Death, they attempted to break out of the *Stock-Houſe*, in which they were confin'd at *Kingſton*; and as they were riding to the Place of Execution, *Ogden* flung a Handful of Money out of the Cart to the People, ſaying, *Gentlemen here is poor Will's Farewel*: And when he was turning off, he gave two ſuch extraordinary Jirks with his Legs, as was much admired by all the Spectators.

The LIFE of ZACHARY CLARE.

ZACHARY CLARE was a Baker's Son, born at *Hackney*, and by his Father bred up to his Trade; but becoming acquainted with *Ned Bonnet*, who learned him the Trade of robbing on the Highway, they practised it together with good Success for three or four Years, in the Counties of *Hartford* and *Cambridge*; and became such a Terror to the People of the Isle of *Ely*, that they durst hardly stir out far from home, unless they were half a Dozen, or half a Score in a Body together; but at length *Clare* being apprehended as robbing one Day by himself, to save his own Neck, he made himself an Evidence against *Ned Bonnet*, who being apprehended, was committed to *Newgate*, from whence was convey'd to *Cambridge*, and there hanged as before related.

One would think that untimely End of his Companion, would have reclaimed him, but instead of being reformed, he withdrew himself again from under his Father's Tuition, and took to his old Courses, with a Resolution of never leaving them off till he was hanged too. However, dreading a Halter, he was resolved to rob by Stratagem; and accordingly one Afternoon riding over *Bagshot Heath*, he falls to blowing of a Horn, just as if he had been a Post, whereupon three or four Gentlemen then on the Road gave him the Way, as is usual in such Cases, and being not rightly acquainted with the Place where they were, they made what Haste they could alter him for a Guide, promising to give him somewhat for conducting them to such a Town. *Clare* accepts of their Civility, and being come upon the Middle of the aforesaid Heath, where was a lone House upon the Side of the Road, pretending to be Thirsty, he crav'd the Favour of the Gentlemen to bestow a little Drink upon him, withal saying there was a Cup of very good Liquor. They acquiesced to his Request, and rid up to the House, where a Couple of his Companions being planted, ready mounted, they attacked the Gentlemen at Sword and Pistol, with such Fury, that after a short Resistance, they obliged them to pay their Postman about two hundred and thirty Pounds for safely conducting them into their Clutches.

Shortly after this Adventure, being thro' his Extravagance destitute of a Horse, Pistols, and Accoutrements, fitting for a *Gentleman-Thief*, he puts himself into the Disguise of a Porter, with an old Frock on his Back, Leather Breeches, a broad Belt about his Middle, a living Hat on his Head, a Knot on his Shoulder, a small Cord (an Emblem of what would be his Fate) at his Side, and a sham Ticket hanging at his Girdle; so going up and down the Streets to see how Fortune might favour his Designs, it was his good Luck one Evening to go thro' *Lombard Street*, when a Gentleman was sealing up a couple of hundred Pound Bags. He takes the Ad-

vantage to walk by just as the aforesaid Gentleman came to the Door, where calling for a Porter, he piques him, and the Money was delivered to him, to carry along with the Gentleman to one *Esq; Macklethwait's* living near *Red-Lyon-Square*. But *Zachary Clare*, being tired of his Burden, turns up *St. Martin's le Grand*, and made the best of his Way to lighten himself as soon as he could of his Load.

The Gentleman turning about and missing his suppos'd Porter, ran up and down like a distracted Lunatick broke out of *Bedlam*, out of one Street into another; in this Lane, and that Alley; this Court and that House; crying out, *Did you see the Man that's run away with my two hundred Pounds!* But all his Scrutiny was to no Purpose, for *Zachary* having a light Pair of Heels, made, no doubt, what Haste he could to such Quarters where he might have a safe Retreat from Justice.

Clare being thus recruited, he soon metamorphosed his Porter's Habit into that of a Gentleman's; and from a Man of Carriage, transform'd himself into an absolute Highwayman again. One of his Consorts buys him a good Horse in *West-Smithfield*, whilst another buys Pistols, and other Materials, requisite for a Person that lives by the Words *Stand and Deliver*. Being thus equipped, he bids *London* adieu for ever; for it was the last Time he ever saw it. His Progress now was towards the West of *England*; where he and his Associates rebbed the Welch Drovers, and several Waggons, besides Coaches; in so much that they were a Dread and Terror to all those Parts which border upon *Wales*.

But staying there till the Country was too hot for them, they steered their Course into *Warwickshire*; where they committed several Robberies, with very good Success; till one Day *Zachary Clare*, and only one more in Company with him, going to give their Horses a Breathing upon *Dunmore-Heath*, they attacked *Sir Humphry Jennison* and his Lady in their Coach, who had then above one thousand one hundred Pounds in the Seat of it, and the Knight being unwilling to lose it, he came out to give them Battle. An Engagement began betwixt the Highwaymen and *Sir Humphrey*, one of whose two Footmen was wounded in the Arm, and the other had his Horse shot in the Buttock. But still *Sir Humphrey's* Courage was not quell'd; he maintained the Fight more vigorously with what Pistols he had; till the Coachman discharging a Blunderbuss, shot *Zachary's* Horse dead on the Spot, and himself in the Foot. His Comrade seeing him dismounted, and wounded into the Bargain, he fled as fast as he could. *Clare* was now taken, and *Sir Humphrey* mounting his Footman's Horse, that was not wounded, pursued *James Lawrence*, the Highwayman that had left *Clare* in the Lurch, and took him.

Then

Then tying them behind one another, with the Legs of them under the Horse's Belly, they were brought into *Warwick*, and being examined before a Magistrate he committed them to Gaol.

Now being in close Confinement, they made several Attempts to break open the Prison; and in order thereto, they had Files, Chissels, Ropes, and *Aqua Fortis*, to facilitate their Escape. But being detected by one of their Fellow Prisoners, they were loaded with the heaviest Irons the Gaol afforded, and were stapled down to the Floor; under which strict Restraint they continued for above four Months, when the Assizes coming on, they were both brought to a Trial, having a great Number of Indictments exhibited against them, to the great Surprize of the whole Court, who try'd them upon no less than ten, of every one of which the Jury found them Guilty.

Being ask'd what they had to say for themselves, before Sentence of Death was past upon them according to Law, *James Lawrence* said, *He had always been an unfortunate Son of a Whore; however, if his Lordship would be pleas'd but to be hanged for him, for one half Hour or so, it should be the last Favour that ever he should ask of him any more.* Being told he was a hardened impudent Rogue, *Zachary Clare* was ask'd what he had to say for himself, who answered, *My Lord, I have hanged one Man already by swearing to save myself; and so save it once more, if your Lordship pleases, I'll*

swear right or wrong, against the whole Jury, to hang them too; for I vow they have done me the great Diskindness that ever any Men did in my Life.

Being condemned, they were remanded back to Gaol again, and secur'd in a dark Dungeon under Ground; where instead of preparing for their latter End, they did nothing but sing, swear, play at Cards, and get drunk from Morning till Night. So audacious were they, that a grave Minister coming to give them good Counsel, they had the Impudence to throw a Pot of Drink in his Face, crying out at the same Time, *Begone you old formal Son of Whore! Have we nothing else to do do you think, than stand to be surfrited with your damned Cant?* They were no less impudent when they were conveyed to the Place of Execution; and when they were there, they would neither pray nor make Confession. When the Sheriff ask'd them if they had any Thing to say before they were turn'd off, *Lawrence* reply'd, *I wish I was safe in Bed with your Wife now!* and *Clare* cry'd, *I wish I might have the getting of that young Woman's Maidenhead there!* The Ladder upon this was immediately drawn from under them, and so they miserably ended their Lives, in *August*, 1715, the first of them aged thirty two, and the other twenty six Years.

An Account of SARAH MALCOLM.

OF the following Paper its needs only be said, that it was written by this unfortunate Person with her own Hand in the *Press Yard* of *Newgate*, on *Tuesday* the 6th of *March*, 1732-3 the Day before her Suffering. She spent the greatest Part of the Day in writing it; and when it was finished she read it over several Times; being of ten admonished to be careful to write nothing but what was Truth. She then folded it up with her own Hands before the Rev. Dr. Middleton, Lecturer of St. Bride's, and Rowland Ingram, Esq; Keeper of his Majesty's Goal of *Newgate*, who both sealed it with their own Seals; in which manner she delivered it to the Rev. Mr. Piddington, with a desire that it might be published.

After the Execution was over, the Paper was opened before the worshipful the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Dr. Middleton, Mr. Peters, Mr. Broucker, and Mr. Ingram; and being read, was again sealed up, and produced two Nights after, before the Honourable the Masters of the Bench of the Inner and Middle Temples, who read and returned it to the said Reverend Person in the manner wherein it afterwards appear'd to the World, signed with his Name.

March, the 6th, 1732 3.

S I R,

YOU cannot be, nor are not unsensible that there is a just God, before whom we must give an exact Account of all our Actions, at the End of our Lives.

So as my Life is at an End, and I must appear before the All-seeing Judge of Heaven and Earth, to give an Account of mine, so I take that great Judge to witness, that what I here declare is true.

January the 28th, which was *Sunday*, after my Master was gone to Commons, *Mary Tracy* came to me, and drank Tea, and then it was I did give my Consent to that unhappy Act of Robbing Mrs. *Duncomb*, but I do declare before the Almighty, before whom I shortly shall appear, I did not know of the Murder.

And on *Saturday* the 3d of *February* was the Time appointed, and accordingly they came about ten a Clock at Night, and *Mary Tracey* came to Mr. Kerrol's Chambers, and I went to Mrs. *Duncomb's*, and on the Stairs I met the Maid, and she did ask me whether I was going to the old Maid, and I answered I was, and as soon as I thought she had got down Stairs, I would have gone in myself, but I thought that I should give some Suspicion, and so I asked which would go in, and *James Alexander* replied he would, and the Door being

left open for the Maid, against her Return, or otherways I was to have knocked at the Door, and after to have let them in, but it being open hindred it; and I gave *James Alexander* Directions to lie under the Maid's Bed, and desired *Mary Tracy* and *Thomas Alexander* to go and stay for me at my Master's Door until my Return, and according they did, and when I came, I desired they would go and stay for me at Mrs. *Duncomb's* Stairs, until my Return, and I went and lighted a Candle, and stirred the Fire in my Master's Chamber, and went again to *Mary Tracey* and *Thomas Alexander*, who were on Mrs. *Duncomb's* Stairs, and there we waited until after two a Clock on the *Sunday* which was the 4th of *February*, and then I would have gone in, but when *Thomas Alexander* and *Mary Tracey* interrupted me, and said if you go in, and they awake, they will know you, and if you stay on the Stairs, it may be that some one will come up and see you; but I made Answer, that no one lives up so high but *Madam Duncomb*.

And at length it was concluded that *Mary Tracey* and the other *Alexander* should go in, and shut the Door, and accordingly they did, and there I remained until between 4 and 5 a Clock, and then they came out, and said, *Hip*, and I came higher up, and they did ask, which way they should shut the Door and I told them to run the Bolt back, and it would spring into its Place, and accordingly they did, and came down, and having come down, they asked, where they should divide what they had got; I asked how much that was; they said, about three hundred Pounds in Goods and Money, but said they were forced to give them all.

I desired to know, where they had found it; they said, that fifty Guineas of it was in the old Maid's Pocket in a leathern Purse, besides Silver, that they said was loose; and above an hundred and fifty Pounds in a Drawer, besides the Money that they had out of a Box, and the Tankard and one silver Spoon, and a Ring which was looped with Thread, and one square piece of Plate, one pair of Sheets, and two Pillowbiers and five Shifts; and we did divide all this, near *Fig-Tree-Court*, as also near *Pump-Court*; and they did say unto me, before that you bury the Cole and Plate under Ground, until the Robbery is all over: For if you be seen flush with Cole, you will be suspected; and on *Monday*, before, about 3 or 4 a Clock, you come to the *Pewter-Platter* on *Holborn Bridge*.

I being apprehended on the *Sunday* Night, on the *Monday* Morning, when I was in the *Compter*, I happened to see one *Bridgewater*; he said, he was sorry to see me there, I also was sorry to see him a Brother in Affliction; he desired me to give him a Dram, for he was a great while in Prison, and I

threw him a Shilling and a Farthing: And I walking about the Room, I was surpris'd to hear me called by my Name, and looking about, I observed at the Head of the Bed something move, and I pulled back the Curtain, and there I saw this *Bridge-water*, and he asked, whether I had sent for any Friends; I told him I had, and not long after he called me again, and said, there was a Friend come to me; and I looked thorough the Hole in the Wall, and asked, whether that was *Will Gibbs*, and he answered me yes; and I asked him, how the *Alexanders* were; he said, they were well; he asked me how I came to be taken, and I told him, my Master having found the Tankard, and some Linnen, and he having seen ninety Pounds and sixteen Shillings on the *Sunday* the 4th of *February*, but it might through Surprize be forgot, but I had it all. He said, if I would give him some Money, he would get People that would swear that the Tankard was my Mother's according as I would direct; but said I, you must get some one to swear, that I was at their House; he said, it must be a Woman, and he said, she would not go without four Guineas, and the four Men must have two Guineas a-piece. So I gave him twelve Guineas, and he said, he and his Friends would be at the *Bull's Head* in *Breadstreet*, but when I asked for them, I could not hear of them, and when I came before the Worshipful Alderman *Brocas*, I was committed to *Newgate*.

And when I was brought up to the Common Side, I was bid to pull off my Riding-hood, and one *Peter Buck* a Prisoner observed a Bull in my Hair to hang down behind, and told one *Roger Johnson*, that I certainly had Money in my Hair; and Mr. *Johnson* brought me down in a Cellar, and told me that

Peter Buck said, I had Money in my Hair, and bid me take it out, and so I did, and he counted 36 Moidores and eighteen Guineas, and 6 broad Pieces, and two of them were 25 Shillings, and four were 23 Shilling Pieces, and half a 23 Shillings, and five Crowns, and two half Crowns, and one Shilling, and he said in the Condemned Hole, he would be cleared and get out of Gaol on that Account.

In the seal'd Cover, wherein the foregoing Paper was enclos'd, were these Words written also with her own Hand.

THE enclos'd contains six Sides of Paper, which I take Almighty God and my own Conscience to witness, is nothing but the very Truth, as witness my Hand,

Sarah Malcolm.

When this unhappy Malefactor was brought into Fleet-street, over-against Fetter-Lane End, the Place of her Execution, on Wednesday the 7th of March, she declared she died in Peace with all the World, and earnestly desired to see her Master *Kerrol*; but as she could not, protested that all Accusations and Aspersions concerning him, were entirely false, and that all Confessions, except those delivered as above, were entirely groundless, and likewise solemnly declared that the Contents of the foregoing Paper were true.

The LIFE of TOM DORBEL.

THE Person of whom we are now going to speak, was born of very good Parents at *Shaftsbury* in *Dorsetshire*, and put out by them an Apprentice to a Glover at *Blandford*, in the same County; but being very early of a vicious Inclination, he ran away from his Master before he had serv'd half his Time, and coming up to *London*, he soon became acquainted with ill Company, and as soon learnt their Vices. To support himself in an extravagant way of Living, he ventur'd to go on the Highway when he was but seventeen Years of Age; but in his first Attempt of that Nature, he had like to have been cropt in the Bud. The Story was as follows:

Meeting a sturdy *Cambro-Briton* on the Road, and demanding his Money, otherwise he would shoot him, quoth the *Welshman*, *Hur has no Money of hur own, but has Threescore Pounds of hur Master's, but Cots plood hur must not give away hur Master's Money; what would hur Master then say for hur doing so?* Tom Dorbel reply'd, *You must not put me off thus with your Cant, for Money I want, and Money I will have, let it be whose it will, or expect to be shot presently thro' the Head.* Hereupon the *Welshman* gave Tom his Money, withal saying, *What hur gives you is none of her own; and that hur Master may not think hur has spent hur Money, hur desires you to be so kind as to shoot some Holes thro' hur Coat Lap-pets, that hur Master may see hur was robb'd.* So the *Welshman* pulling off his Coat, and hanging it on a Tree, Tom was so civil as to fire his Pistol thro' it, which made Taffy say, *Cots splutter-a-nails, this is a pretty Pounce, pray give hur another Pounce for hur Money.* Tom fires another Pistol thro' Taffy's Coat, which made him cry out by St. Davy, *This is a better Pounce than t'other, pray give her one Pounce more.* Quoth Tom, *I have never another Pounce left.* Why then, reply'd Taffy, *Hur has one Pounce left for hur, and if hur will not give hur hur Money again, hur will pounce thro' hur Pody.* Tom finding himself thus outwitted, he quietly return'd the *Welshman* his Money, who rid away without troubling himself about taking our young Highwayman.

But after this ill Success, Tom was pretty successful in his Villainy for about five Years. During this Time a certain Gentleman's Son being in *Winchester* Goal for robbing on the Highway, and fearing he should be hang'd, because he had receiv'd Mercy once before for the like Crime, Tom undertook for Five Hundred Pounds to bring him off. The Gentleman's Father paid 250 Pounds in Hand, and the other half he was to have when he had perform'd his Bargain. At last the Assizes was held at *Winchester*, when the young Gentleman coming on his Trial, the Witnesses proved the Matter of Fact so plainly against him, that the Jury brought the Prisoner in guilty of robbing on the Highway. Then the Judge going to pass Sentence on him, quoth Tom, *Oh! what a sad*

Thing it is to shed innocent Blood! Ob! what a sad Thing it is to shed innocent Blood! And repeating it over and over, with an audible Voice, insomuch that the Court took Notice thereof, he was took into Custody, and the Judge asking him what he meant by his crying out. *What a sad Thing it is to shed innocent Blood!* quoth Tom, *May it please your Lordship, it is a very hard Thing for a Man to die wrongfully; but one may see how hard-mouth'd some People are, by the Witnesses swearing that this Gentleman here at the Bar now robbed them on the Highway at such a Time, when indeed, my Lord, I was the Man that committed that Robbery.*

Hereupon the Gentleman was acquitted, and Tom took into Custody, and sent to *Winchester* Gaol, where he remained till the Assizes following; when being brought to his Trial, and ask'd, whether he was Guilty or not Guilty, he pleaded not Guilty. 'Not Guilty!' replied the Judge, Why did not you last Assizes, when I was here, own yourself Guilty of such a Robbery? quoth Tom, I don't know how far I was Guilty then, but upon my Word I am not Guilty now; therefore, if any Person can accuse me of committing such a Robbery, I desire they may appear to prove the same. But no Witnesses appearing against him, because they must have proved themselves perjured in swearing against him, when they had sworn so positively before against another Person, he was acquitted.

Tom having lived at an extravagant Rate the six Months that he was in *Winchester* Gaol, he had not much of his five hundred Pounds left when he was at Liberty again; whereupon, endeavouring to recruit his Pockets, by following his old Trade, he attacked the Duke of *Norfolk's* Coach, as passing over *Salisbury* Plain: But his Grace refusing to gratify his Desire, an Engagement soon became betwixt them, in which Tom having his Horse shot under him, his Grace's Servants soon secured him; and carrying him, with his Arms pinion'd close down, into the City of *Salisbury*, he was there committed to Gaol; and when the Assizes came to be held there, he was condemned for his Life.

Whilst he was under Condemnation, finding a Lawyer in that Place who engaged to procure him a Pardon for fifty Guineas, he gave him a Bond to pay him so much Money as soon as he had obtained it. Accordingly the Lawyer rid to *London*, and by an Interest that he had with some Nobleman at Court, procured what he had promised; then making what Haste he could back again, he came with the Reprieve just as Dorbel was going to be cast off the Gallows. The Lawyer had rid so fast, that he had no sooner delivered the Reprieve to the Sheriff, but his Horse dropp'd down dead; nevertheless, when Tom was at Liberty, he was so ungrateful as not to pay the Lawyer a Farthing, who had thus saved his Life; whereupon they went to Law; but Dorbel cast him, by reason no Writing stands good in our Laws of *England*,

land, which is given by a Man under Sentence of Death.

Now *Dorbel* was so much affrighted by this narrow Escape of hanging, that he was resolved to live honest; and accordingly lived in several Places in the Quality of a Footman; but last of all he served for six or seven Years a Gentlewoman in *Ormond-Street*, near *Lambs-Conduit-Fields*; who prevailing upon her Brother *Nevil Thompson*, a Linnen-Draper in the City of *Bristol*, to send his only Daughter, who was entering the 16th Year of her Age, to *London*, to be bettered in her Education, he took a Place for her in the Coach, on *Monday* the 22d of *February*, 1714, and also for the Messenger *Tom Dorbel*, to whose Care, as being sent purposely to fetch her up, she was committed; for great Confidence was reposed in him, because he had been an old Servant of his Sitter's, who had sent him very frequently upon important Messages to this her Brother at *Bristol*.

Now the Villain being very sensible of the great Charge which this young Gentlewoman had about her, as a gold Watch, diamond Ring, and Jewels, to the Value of one hundred and ten Pounds, his wicked Inclination was to rob her; and in order thereto, being alone with her in the Coach, he very impudently pretended Courtship to her. This piece of Freedom the young Gentlewoman most sharply reprimanded; but little valuing her Anger, he took out a Penknife, and swore, that if she did not consent to lie with him, he would immediately cut her Throat. These mighty Threats frightening the young Gentlewoman into a Swoon, the Rogue took the Advantage thereof, by tying her Hands to each Knee, and in that Manner most inhumanly debauched her, and stole away all she had, excepting one Crown and her Cloaths. Then this barbarous Villain cutting his Way thro' the back of the Coach, he slipped out unknown to the Coachman.

Still the young Gentlewoman continued in her Swoon, from four of the Clock till six in the Evening, being the Time the Coach put up in its Inn. The Coachman opening the Coach Door, and finding the Gentlewoman in the aforesaid Posture, with

the Villain's Neckcloth also tied round her Mouth and her Face all bruised and bloody with the joggling of the Coach, he was frightened, and cried out to the People of the House for Assistance; who sending immediately for an able Surgeon, upon his coming to her, she seemed to be just expiring; but by the Skill he used, he brought her so much to herself by nine of the Clock, that she was able to speak, and declare the Abuse which had been done her.

Her surprizing Relation alarm'd the whole Town with the Horror of the Villain's inhuman Fact, and several good People pursuing the Villain several Ways on Horseback, they took him on the *Wednesday* following at *Hammer-smith*, near which Place he had but just robbed a Gentleman of three Pounds five Shillings. Being carried before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Newgate* in *London*, from whence he was removed within a Week after, by Virtue of a Writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to *Newgate* in *Bristol*.

In the mean Time, the young Gentlewoman, fearing the Reflections which the World might cast upon her, and thinking her Reputation was utterly lost, altho' the Loss of her Virginity was forced, she laid it so deeply to Heart, that at the Arrival of her Mother to her Bed-side the next Day, she only changed a few Words with her, and then she died, to the great Grief of the old Gentlewoman, who ran distracted, and her sorrowful Father soon lost his Senses too.

At length, the Villain being brought to Trial, he received Sentence of Death for the perpetrating this most inhuman Crime. All the while he was under Condemnation, he shewed not the least Remorse; and when he was hanged on *Saturday* the 23d of *March*, 1714, in the 45th Year of his Age, he died with a great deal of Impenitency, and was very obstinate in not hearkening to any wholesome Advice which was given him, in order to prepare himself as he ought, before he launched out into the unfathomable Gulph of Eternity. After he was executed on *St. Michael's-Hill*, he was cut down, and hanged up in Chains in the Road without *Lafford's Gate*.

The LIVES of JACK COLLINGS, KIT MOOR, and DANIEL HUGHES.

JACK COLLINGS, alias *John Collinson*, was born of mean Parents at *Fausbone*, near *Hull* in *Yorkshire*, and being brought up to no Trade, he had been a Footman to several Gentlemen, both in the Country, and here in *London*; where he was some time a Coachman to one Colonel *Kendal*. This Gentlemen sending *Jack* to sell a Pair of Coach-Horses, because they were not well match'd, *Jack* obey'd his Master's Orders, and ran away with the Money. Afterwards his Master taking him, he committed him to the *Marshal's* in the *Savoy*, from whence he sent him for a Soldier into *Flanders*, but quickly deserting his Colours, he came into *England* again, where being much addicted to keep Company with lewd Women, he got sadly pox'd.

Getting himself cur'd, when the Apothecary brought in his Bill, which came to Forty eight shillings and four-pence, *Jack* swore it was a very unconscionable Bill, and if he would not be contented with a Groat, he would never pay him a Farthing. The Apothecary swore and curs'd like a Madman, saying, he would never take that, and away he flounc'd out of the Room in a great Passion: But on the Stairs pausing to himself, and considering it was better to take that Groat than to lose all, he went up again, saying, *Come, Sir, since you'll pay me no more, let's see that Groat.* So having given *Jack* a Receipt in full of all Accounts, when he was going out of the Room again, quoth he, *Let me be d—n'd, Sir, if I have got any more than one poor Two-pence halfpenny by you.* *Jack* thinking the Profit large, and it being towards Evening, he follow'd the Apothecary towards the Halfway House betwixt *London* and *Hampstead*, where a good Opportunity favouring his Design, he commanded *Galen* to stand and deliver, or else he would shoot him thro' the Head. *Jack's* Orders being obey'd, he did not only take his Groat from him again, but also robb'd him of a good silver Watch, and Twenty four shillings.

In this Exploit he had like to have been taken, and made his Escape so narrowly, that being afraid to go on the Foot pad again, he follow'd House-breaking altogether, in which he was successful for many Years; but betwixt while he was a Soldier for six Years, and attain'd to the Office of a Serjeant in Colonel *Wing's* Regiment. However, being not satisfied with his Station, he still pursued unlawful Courses then too, even to the Time that he was disbanded; and then keeping Company with an ill Woman, he car'd not whom he wrong'd to support her; and yet that same Strumpet, whom he maintain'd by hazarding his Neck, was a Witness against him for his Life, as it appears in his Trial, which is partly thus:

He was indicted for breaking the House of *John Holloway*, and stealing from thence two *Exchequer* Notes, value a Hundred Pounds each, One hundred thirty seven Pounds ten Shillings in Money, and One hundred ninety four Pounds in Gold. It appear'd by the Evidence, that Mr. *Holloway* being at *London*, the Prisoner was at his House at *Chelsea*, to intreat his Favour for a Ticket of Re-entrance into the Royal Hospital there, and Mrs. *Holloway* permitted him to go up Stairs; and the Money and Bills being in a Closet in the Room, he found an Opportunity to break it open, and carry them off.

The Woman he kept Company with swore, That going to look for him, she met in a Coach, and upbraiding him for riding so, while she wanted, he gave her Money to pay off her Lodging, and bid her do it and come to him again; which she did; and she saw a great Bag of Money in the Coach, which he told her was worth Six hundred pounds, and that he had it, out of the Prosecutor's Closet. They then went to a Lodging at *Wapping*, and he bought her Clothes, and himself a Coat and Wig to disguise him.

Mrs. *Griffin*, their Landlady at *Wapping*, depos'd, That the Prisoner and the Witness having taken a Lodging at her House, she suspected them to be loose People; and that the Prisoner having sent her Man to borrow the *Gazette*, he look'd upon it, and laid it down, saying, *There was nothing in it*, and so went up Stairs; and that causing her Man to look over the *Gazette*, she found the Prisoner describ'd, and so got a Constable and secur'd him.

He had Seventy pounds seventeen shillings found upon him when taken, and Twenty two Guineas and a half, and a Broad-piece. He own'd to the Constable who took him, he had robb'd Mr. *Holloway*, but did not say of so much as was mention'd in the Indictment. The Fact being plainly prov'd upon him, he was found guilty.

He was also a second Time indicted for robbing Mr. *James Boyce* on the Queen's Highway, of a silver Watch, value Three pounds, and Ten shillings in Money.

Mr. *Boyce* depos'd, That coming out of *Bedshire* in a Coach, the Prisoner set upon him on this side *Kentish-town*, about three of the Clock in the Afternoon; and after he had got his Watch and Money, ask'd him for his green Purse; and he telling him had none, he made him turn his Pockets out, and pull off his Gloves, to shew he had no Rings.

The Prisoner call'd some Witnesses to prove he was at another Place when that was done, but none appearing, he was found guilty too of that Indictment, and hang'd at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 10th of *March* 1714, aged 42 Years.

On the same Day were also executed two other House-breakers, namely, *Kit Moor*, and *Daniel Hughes*.

Christopher Moor, the first of these, aged 20 Years, born in the Parish of *St. Giles's* in the Fields, for the most part of his Life had been a Tapster in some Victualling Houses in and about *London*; he confess'd that a little before that, he one Night robb'd a House in *Grey-Friers*, near *Christ's-Hospital*, by lifting up a Sash Window, and entering the Parlour; that he took from thence six Silver Tea-Spoons, and a Strainer, with a Silk Handkerchief Ell-wide, which he sold for Three Shillings; and as for the Plate, that he sold it with a larger Parcel, (amounting to a hundred Ounces) for four Shillings an Ounce. Furthermore he said, that he had wrong'd one *Mr. Johnson*, a working Silversmith, by swearing falsely heretofore that he had bought of him, and one *Roderick Audery*, another most notorious Rogue, some Plate that he had stolen out of the Lady *Edwin's* House. But the Fact for which he was condemn'd to die, was for a Burglary committed in breaking open the House of one *Mr. Thomas Wright*, in the Night, and taking thence a Pair of Silver Branches, and eight Tea-spoons, two Tea-pots, a Lamp, and a large Quantity other Plate. He would not discover where it might be found, that the right Owner might have it again; for when he was press'd by the Ordinary of *Newgate* to make a Discovery thereof if he could, he did not so much alledge his Incapacity, as he plainly shew'd his Unwilling-

ness of doing it; saying, *That tho' he could do it, yet he would make no such Discovery, if he was sure to be d—n'd for it.*

Daniel Hughes, the other Person, aged but Sixteen Years, born at *Gravesend* in the County of *Kent*, was brought up to the Sea, and condemn'd for the same Fact with *Kit Moor*; and such was their Impudence to the very last, that when they went into the Cart, which was to carry them to the Place of Execution, they were no sooner ty'd to the Copies, but they pull'd off their Shoes, and flinging them among the Spectators, repeated this common Speech of such Wretches: *Our Parents often said we should die on a Fifth Day, and with our Shoes on; but tho' the former part of their Prediction is true, yet we will make them all Liars in the latter part of it.*

It is to be observ'd, that tho' the Ages of these two unfortunate Lads together made but 36 Years, yet they were as vicious as more noted Rogues, taking pride in all manner of Lasciviousness, Sabbath-breaking, Drunkenness, Swearing, Cursing, Gaming, and all sorts of Vices whatever. They had committed between them above fifty Burglaries in *London*, *Westminster*, and *Southwark*. In fine, the Obstinacy of the two young Malefactors in their Iniquity, and their impudent Behaviour towards all who came to see them, was scarce ever parallel'd; so that it was very requisite Justice should lay hold of them, and prevent their doing further Mischief.

The LIFE of JOHN PRICE.

IT would be but little Benefit and Satisfaction to the Reader to have an Account of this Criminal's Extraction, because it is so extraordinary mean; 'tis enough to say, that he first drew his Breath in the Bag-end of the Suburbs of *London*; and, like *Mercury*, became a Thief as soon as ever he peeped out of the Shell.

Fortune having reduced his miserable Parents to such Extremity, that they could not bestow on this their Son, any Education, it was his Misfortune to improve himself in all manner of Wickedness, before he was turn'd of Seven. So prone was he to Vice, that as soon as he could speak, he would curse and swear with as great a Passion and Vilceness, as is frequently heard round any Gaming-Table. Moreover, to this unprofitable Talent of Prophaneness, he added that of Lying, at which he was so dextrous, that it was once a Means of his saving his Life.

For when *John Price* was about eighteen Years of Age, living with a Gentleman in the Country, he turned him out of his Service, purely upon the Account of his excessive Lying; when going towards *London*, and robbing a Market-Woman of about eighteen Shillings near *Brentwood* in *Essex*, he was taken by some Travellers coming suddenly on

him in the Fast, and committed by a Magistrate to *Chelmsford* Gaol; where at the Assizes pleading Guilty, he received Sentence of Death; but his late Master being then High-Sheriff of the County of *Essex*, and taking Compassion on his Servant's Misfortunes did not permit his Sentence to be put in Force against him; of which the Judges being informed the next Assizes, they severely blamed for his Neglect, especially since the Criminal had pleaded guilty to the Crime laid to his Charge. The Sheriff said, *He acknowledged that such a Man had been condemned the last Assizes; but then he knew the Fellow to be such an unaccountable Liar, that there was no believing one Word he said; so his pleading guilty to what was laid to his Charge, was, in his Opinion, an eminent Sign he ought to be believed innocent of the Fact, and he would not be guilty of hanging an innocent Man for the World.* This facetious Story of *Mr. Sheriff* making the Judges smile, the reprieved the Criminal, but with a severe reprimand, and strict Charge of never coming before them any more.

Soon after this Escape, *John Price* makes the best of his Way for *London*; where he associated himself with a Tribe of Pick-pockets, and Gypsies with whom he ran up and down the Country, frequenting

quitting all Fairs and Concourses of People, till he was catch'd diving in a Pocket that was none of his own, and committed to *Newgate* in *Bristol*. Being there severely whipt for his Fault, he went on board a Merchant Ship, and afterwards served in two Men of War, but not forbearing to piller from the Seamen, after having been whipt at a Gun, pickled with Brine, and Keel-hawl'd, he was discharged. Coming ashore at *Portsmouth*, he got to beloved *London* again, where he would never hearken to any wholesome Counsel, but was resolv'd to break thro' all virtuous Sentiments, and wholly to betake himself to all manner of Wickedness. Entering himself into a Gang of Foot-pads, they one Night divided themselves into three Bands, and an Attorney then falling into their Hands near *Hampstead*, his Money they demanded, with a Thousand Oaths and Cursets. According to their Demand he gave them what Money he had about him, which was eight Guineas, rejoicing howsoever that he had now pass'd, as he thought, all Danger. When lo, suddenly as he came up to the Halfway House, betwixt that Place and *London*, he was again surrounded with a second Band of these Rogues, who viewing him nearly, demand'd whence he came, and where he was going. He related his piteous Adventure, and into what cruel Hands he had fallen, *Cruel!* answered one of the Gang; *How durst you use these Terms? And who made you so bold as to talk to us with your Hat on? Pray, Sir, be pleas'd, henceforwards to learn more Manners.* Which saying, they snatch'd his Hat and Wig off his Head, and took a diamond Ring off his Finger, in all to the value of fifteen Pounds. What could our poor Lawyer now do? To return back again, was to leap out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire; wherefore he faintly puts on. When scarce he had got past *Kentish Town*, but the third Band, who lay as Centinels in this Place, made up to him, bringing along with them a Man who had not a rag of Cloaths on his Back, no not so much as a Shirt, a dreadful Thing, considering the Time of the Year, it being then in the Depth of Winter: *Sir, (said Price, who was in this Party.) You'll do a charitable Deed, to let this poor Wretch, whom we have just now stript, have your upper Coat, or rather both upper and under for you see he is almost dead with Cold.* The Lawyer would willingly have pleas'd that Charity begins at home, and that every Man is bound by the Laws of Nature to conserve his own Being rather than anothers: But Alas! his Judges were other kind of Men than to be moved by the Laws of the Land or Nature either; wherefore they took from him both his Coats and his Watlecoat, telling him it was a Favour that they took not from him his Life also, seeing that he made so much bad Use of it.

Not long after this, *Price* and one of his wicked Associates privately conveying themselves one Evening into a House in *Fleet-street*, crept up into a Garret fill'd with nothing but Lumber, with an Intent to rob the People; but in the Night bussing about in the Dark, as *Price* was going to a Table for a Pistol he had laid there, he no sooner laid his Hand on it, but it presently discharges, and awakened them of the House, who immediately began to rise to secure the Thieves; *Price's* Comrade flies presently to the Window, where they had fasten'd a Robe ready for their Escape, and efforts to slide down, when scarcely had he got above a Story and half but the Rope broke, and he fell down: However, as naught is never in Danger, he received no so much Hurt, but that he made a shift to scramble away.

In the mean Time *Price* being left behind, and

seeing himself alone three or four Stories high, without any Possibility of following his Companion, he resolv'd to venture Neck or nothing; so quickly removes the remaining Part of the Rope to another Window, whereby he might let himself down into the Balcony, whither he was no sooner got to, but all the People of the House were in an Alarm; upon which he jumps out full into a great Basket of Eggs, which a Man coming from *Newgate* Market had on his Head. The Eggs running all about his Ears, nay, all his whole Body, as he lay upon the Ground, there was then as great an Outcry of Murder, as there was of Thieves; but all to no Purpose, for *Price* having broke his Fall by his Jump into that brittle Commodity, he made his Escape likewise, to reign longer in his Villany.

Jack Price having got clear this Time, and beginning to be very much noted about Town, he takes a Journey into the Country, stripping all the Hedges he met with that had any Linnen on them, till he had reached *Cumberland*; where putting into a little Inn, the People whereof being none of the honestest, and finding by his Discourse that he was a Servant fit for their turn, he was entertained as their Tapster, and let into the Secret of their murdering Travellers that sometimes lay there, but long he had not been in this Employment, before a Gentleman happened to put into this Inn for Lodging; who being in his Chamber, was secretly informed by a Maid of the Danger he was in. Amongst other Things she told him, 'twas the Inn-keeper's Custom to ring a Bell, at the Sound of which several Rogues came running; when presently one of them feigning to be Servant to the Inn, comes to the Chamber where the Guests are, and making as he would snuff the Candle, puts it out, upon which the other Villains enter, and most cruelly murder them. This Gentleman considering with himself what to do, caus'd the Maid to bring him a Lanthorn, puts a Candle lighted into it, and hiding it under a Stool, lays ready his Arms, and stands upon his Guard. When scarcely had he sat himself down, but a great boorish Fellow enters, who very officiously so snuff the Candle, that he snuffs it out. But the Gentleman presently bid his Man bring out the Lanthorn, repell'd the Villains, kill'd two of them, and put the others to flight. Then he seiz'd on the Inn-keeper and his Wife, deliver'd them into the Hands of Justice, and at the Assizes being prov'd by the Maid they had murdered at several Times fourteen of their Guests, whose Bodies were found in an arched Vault in the Garden, to which they had a secret Passage out of a Cellar, they were both condemn'd and executed, the Inn-keeper himself being afterwards hanged in Chains.

Being at last committed to *Newgate* for Petit Larceny, he was only whipt at the Cart's Arse, and upon paying his Fees, obtained his Liberty again. Afterwards endeavouring to mend his Fortune by Marriage, he enter'd into the State of Matrimony with a young Woman called *Betty*, whose Employment was daily to attend the Gaol of *Newgate*, and to run on Prisoner's Errands. By this Means and his own good Behaviour, he quickly rais'd himself to Prebend, for he was made Hangman for the County of *Middlesex*. But the first Day he officiated at the Sessions in the *Old Bailey*, going to the Blue-Boar Alehouse, situated not far from Justice-Hall, it was his Misfortune to have his burning Irons pick'd out of his Pocket, for which he was forced to pawn his Watlecoat to have them back again. However, he soon retriev'd this Loss, for what with slightly putting a T, which was all the Letters he knew of the whole Alphabet, on a Thief's Hand,

Hand, and correcting others with a gentle Lash, he redeemed his Wastecoat, and bought a Shirt into the Bargain. Moreover, at the first Call of his Office he performed at *Tyburn*, he made as much of the executed Persons Cloaths among the Brokers in *Monmouth-Street* and *Chick-Lane*, as procured him several drunken Bouts. Though he was bad enough in many Things, yet he had one good Principle in him while he was hangman, for let him have owed Money to any Body, if he could not pay them, he was very willing to work it out whenever they pleased; a Principle indeed which every Rogue is not endued with.

Whilst he was in this Post, he took upon him a great deal of State, making every Geneva Shop his Office, and every Bawdy-house his *Seraglio*. Instead of one Wife he had two; and on every Execution-Day he had a great Levee as some Persons of Quality; being attended on by Broom-Men for old Hats, Perriwig-Makers for old Wigs, Brokers for old Coats, Suits and Cloaks, and Cobblers for old Shoes. Indeed, he was a Man every Way qualified for this Station, for he had Impudence in Abundance, Cruelty at his Fingers-end, Drunkenness to Perfection, and could swear as well without Book as within. However, these natural Parts could not protect him, for several envying his Felicity, they endeavoured to lower his Top-sail, and at last blew him out of the Haven of his reputable Business by his manifold Failings.

Some were glad he was to catch no body any more at *Hyde-Park-Corner*; and others as sorry, especially those whom he often obliged with an old Shirt or an Handkerchief; and indeed, that which most troubled him for the Loss of his Place, was only that he could not any more send Men out of the World, without being called to an Account for it. Now he was left to shift for himself again; and indeed, so long as he had any Fingers he could make as good a shift as any Body, for there was nothing, excepting it lay out of his Reach, but what he made his own.

What brought him to his End, was his going one Night over *Bunhill-Fields*, in his drunken Airs, when he met an old Woman, named *Elizabeth White*, a Watchman's Wife, who sold Pastry-Ware

about the Streets. This poor Creature he would have ravish'd, and, because she resisted the Heat of his Lust, he violently assaulted her in a barbarous Manner, almost knocking one of her Eyes out of her Head, giving her several Bruises about her Body, breaking one of her Legs, and wounding her in the Belly. Whilst he was acting this Inhumanity, two Men coming along at the same Time, and hearing dreadful Groans, supposed somebody was in Distress, and having the Courage to pursue the Sound as well as they could, at last came up to the distressed Woman, which made *Price* damn them for their Impudence. However, they secured him, and brought him to the Watchouse in *Old-street*, from whence a Couple of Watchmen were sent to fetch the old Woman out of *Bunhill-Fields*, who within a Day or two dy'd under the Surgeons Hands.

Price was sent to *Newgate*, where he seemed to be under a great Surprise and Concern for the Death of the Woman, till being try'd and condemned for her, he was no sooner confin'd in the *Condemned Hole*, but laying aside all Thoughts of preparing himself for his latter End, he appeared quite void of all Grace; and instead of repenting for his manifold Sins and Transgressions, he would daily go up to Chapel intoxicated with cursed Geneva, comforting himself even to the very last that he should fare as well in a future State, as those who had gone the same Way before him. Thus his Conscience was eas'd with the Pleasure of thinking he should have Company under the State of Damnation. At length the fatal Day came, wherein he was to bid Adieu to the World, which was on *Saturday* the 31st of *May* 1718. As he was riding in the Cart, he several Times pulled a Bottle of Geneva out of his Pocket, to drink before he came to the Place of Execution, which was in *Bunhill-Fields*, where he committed the Murder. Being arrived at the fatal Tree, he was upon *Mr. Ordinary's* Examination, found so ignorant in the Grounds of Religion, that he troubled himself not much about it; but valuing himself upon his former Profession of being Hangman, stil'd himself *Finishe of the Law*, and so was turn'd off the Gibbet aged upwards of forty Years; and the same Day was hanged at *Stone-Bridge* at *Kingstand* in Chains.

The LIVES of TOM GARRET, KIT BANISTER, and JOHN WHEELER.

WE are induced to put these Lives together, for the same Reason as the foregoing; for tho' these three Malefactors were not executed at the same Place, nor precisely the same Time, yet all their Exits happened within the Compass of a Month.

THOMAS GARRET was born at *Ipswich*, in *Suffolk*, his Parents living in good Credit and Reputation, and having no other Son but this, they put him Apprentice to an Ironmonger, in the City of *Norwich*, and when he had served his Time out, he was put up with a Thousand Pound Stock, and shortly after married a Wife with whom he had a Portion of eight hundred Pounds.

But ill Company enticing him to Gaming, making nothing to lose forty or fifty Pounds, and sometimes more, in a Night, he soon wasted his Stock; and in less than two Years breaking, to avoid the Prosecution of his Creditors, who plagu'd him with continual Duns, he sent his Wife, and one Child he had by her, to her own Friends, and came up to *London*, where he soon became acquainted with the several Vices of the Town, addicting himself to all manner of Lewdness and Whoredom to support himself, in which he took to the Highway.

He had committed several Robberies, which came to his Father's Ears, who thereupon came up to *London*, and finding him out, would have took him Home; which Kindness he refused, alledging he was so far crackt in the Country, that he was resolv'd not to see it for one While. His Father then, upon the Son's Promise of Amendment of Life, bought a Freedom for him in the City of *London*, and set him up with a Thousand Pounds more in *Leadenhall street*; but being corrupted with a vicious Inclination, he would still shake his Elbow, and now and then go out privately on the Road, with a certain Mercer in *Cheapside*, and take a Purse.

Garret and his Companion being at an Inn at *St. Albans* in *Hertfordshire*, a certain Gentleman put up there too for a Night, and gave his Portmanteau to the Inn-keeper to lay safe up for him till Morning. The Inn-keeper locking it up, came to *Garret* and his Friend, for he knew their Employment, and told them, *That he had a Portmanteau now in keeping, that he believed would be worth their While to take, for it was very heavy; I'll go, says he, and persuade the Gentleman to come in to you; and sifting him which Way he goes To-morrow, you know how to order Matters, I need not instruct you.* Accordingly going to the Gentleman, he said to him, *Sir, I see you are all alone, there are a Couple of honest Gentlemen, in the Parlour, whom I know very well, would be glad of your Company, if you please to accept it; follow me, Sir, and I'll introduce you.* Upon these Words, and the Recommendation of the Gentlemen by the Land-

lord, he was willing to participate of their Conversation till Bed-time. He was brought into the Parlour, where they respectfully saluted him, and had a great deal of Discourse without so much as an Oath, or any prophane Word in it. Supper was brought to the Table, after which they drank their Bottle of Wine a-piece, and the Reckoning coming to be paid, they would not let the strange Gentleman pay one Farthing towards it; which extraordinary Piece of Civility made the Gentleman return them many Thanks, adding, *That if they went his Way next Day, which was towards London, he should be glad of their good Company, and endeavour to retaliate their Kindness.*

They then went to their respective Beds: In the Morning took a hearty Breakfast, towards which *Garret* and his Comrade would not then let the Gentleman pay any thing; and then they proceeded on their Journey: When they came to *Coney-Hatch*, or thereabouts, seeing the Coast clear, they set upon the Gentleman, opened the Portmanteau, out of which they took one hundred Pounds, and rode off.

The Gentleman finding he had paid too dear for his Supper and Breakfast, alights off his Horse, and fills the Vacancy they had made in his Portmanteau with Stones, and then with a Penknife pricking the Horse so under the Hoof, as to make him go lame, he rid back again to the same Inn, and telling the Landlord he had a Mischance befell his Horse, ordered a Farrier to be presently sent for, and gave him his Portmanteau to lay up for him. The Landlord feeling it to be as heavy as before, suppos'd *Garret* and his Comrade had not took the Prize, out of which he was to have a snack for his Intelligence, and curs'd them heartily to himself. Whilst the Farrier was dressing the Gentleman's Horse, he desir'd the Landlords Company to drink with him, calling in very briskly for one Bottle after another. All his Discourse was on the two Gentlemen's great Favour shew'd him over Night and that Morning, drinking their Healths over and over, and saying also that if he knew their Names, and where they lived, he would make them amends for their Generosity; nay, he would bring them down shortly thither and give them a Treat of Ten Guineas with his Landlord and Landlady. These Words confirming the Inn-keeper's Suspicion that they had not robbed him, and being a little elevated with Liqueur, and having Hopes too of the ten Guineas to be spent at his House, made him then tell their Names and Places of Abode, for which the Gentleman seem'd to be extremely glad, for he said, *He was resolv'd to see them as soon as he could.* His Horse being dress'd by the Farrier who told him he might ride him safe enough to *London*, he mounts his Portmanteau, and arrived in Town by Night.

About Five the next Morning, he went to *Garret's* Houle

House first, and knocks at the Door, which being opened by a Servant, he told him, *He must speak with his Master.* The Servant told him, *He was not stirring, and believed would not till Ten or Eleven of the Clock, as being much weary and fatigued in coming off a Journey late last Night.* Quoth the Gentleman, *It is upon such extraordinary Business I want to see him, that I must and will speak with him just now.* Upon this Urgency the Servant went up to his Master and told him, *There was a Gentleman below Stairs, who says, he must and will speak with you presently.* Garret being conscious of somewhat ill approaching him, slips on his Night-Gown, and comes down, and being 'twas the Gentleman he had robbed the Day before, takes him into a back Room, where the Gentleman told him, *That he had lately borrowed a hundred Pounds of him, which if he did not then pay, he must expect to feel the utmost Severity of Justice.* Garret pays him the Money upon Sight; and then he went to his Comrade's House in *Cheapside*, where making the same Uproar as he did at the same Place from whence he came last, he got there another hundred Pounds, by which he was so much gainer.

Tho' the Gentleman told the Story among all his Acquaintance, yet he would not discover the Persons Names who robbed him: Nevertheless, the Matter being nois'd about so much, that it came to the Ears of Garret and his Comrade, and they having a Guilty Conscience and Dread that it would at last be disclos'd, they went off by Night, and pursu'd their old Courses more openly, till Garret began to be so publickly noted over moit Countries in *England*, that he left off robbing on the Highway, and turn'd House-breaker, as supposing he should thus longer screen himself from Justice; but long he had not practis'd the Art of Felony and Burglary, before he was apprehended for breaking open the House of one *Thomas King*, in the County of *Kent*, and taking thence Money, Rings and Plate, to the Value of three hundred Pounds and upwards; for which he was condemn'd at the Assizes held at *Rocheſter*, on *Monday* the 9th of *March*, 1718-19, before the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice *Pratt*, and receiving Sentence of Death, was hang'd on the *Saturday* Seven-Night following, aged twenty nine Years.

CHRISTOPHER BANISTER was born at *Colampton* in *Devonshire*, and put Apprentice to a Gun-Smith, and coming up to *London*, wrought for the Master of the Ordinance. He had lived near forty Years in *East Smithfield*, and other Places contiguous to the Metropolis of this Nation, in which Time he had also followed the Employment of a Bailiff, and of late Years that of lending Money upon Pawns.

He had been a most notorious Villain in all his Occupations, for when he belonged to the Tower, he was turn'd out by the Master of the Ordinance, for pilfering the royal Stores; when he turned Bailiff, he would set poor People together by the Ears, and encourage them to arrest one another for the Value of a Groat; take Bribes of them he were to arrest, to cheat their Plaintiff; and when he transformed himself into that most detestable and damnable Profession of a Pawn-broker, he would make the poor pay fifty *per Cent* for what they borrowed, and very often cheat them of their Pledges if any Thing valuable, especially silver Plate, Watches, or gold Rings.

Among the many Sins he was addicted to, Whoredom was very predominate in him, keeping a common Jilt under his Wife's Nose, even in his own House; against whom, one *Powel Revil* having a Writ, and serving it on her in *Banister's* House, he

ran up Stairs for a Dagger then lying in his Bed-Chamber, and coming down again, most barbarously murdered the aforesaid Officer, whose Brother some short Time afterwards was one of the Turnkeys to the Master Side of *Newgate*, and next a Tip-staff to one of the Courts of *Windsor-Hall*. This Murder was committed on the Eighth of *January*, 1712-13, and he received Sentence of Death for it the Sessions next ensuing in the same Month; but thro' the Exigence of a great deal of Money, which he then had by him, he obtained her late Majesty's Pardon for it, and pleaded it there on *Wednesday* the 12th of *August*, 1713.

He was no sooner discharged, but he returned to the wicked Course of Life he had been before addicted to; inasmuch, that in Process of Time, by his Progress in Iniquity, he brought himself under the Last of the Law again, as being burnt in the Hand, on *Saturday* the 4th of *June* 1715, for a Felony. He was a little after try'd at *Maidstone* in *Kent*, for robbing on the Highway; and tho' guilty of the Crime, was yet acquitted for Want of sufficient Evidence. But at last Justice pursuing this notorious Fellow, he was committed to *Newgate*, and at the Sessions held at the *Old Bailey* in *February* 1718-19, took his Trial for robbing on the Highway; which take as follows.

Christopher Banister, of *St. Botolph Aldgate*, was indicted for assaulting *Dorothy Thompson* on the Highway, putting her in bodily Fear, and taking from her a Muslin Hood, value four Shillings and ten Pence, the 21st of *January* last, about 10 o'Clock at Night. The Prosecutor depos'd, that as she was coming out of *Minories*, the Prisoner catch'd her by the Throat and said he'd Throttle her; but she crying out, a young Man came to her Assistance, whereupon the Prisoner snatched her Hood off her Head, and ran away with it. She was positive the Prisoner was the Person; and had on a laced Hat and white Cloak; that she saw him plainly by the Light of two Lamps, (one on each Side the Door) and knew him; he having lived some Time in the same Street.

The Prisoner deny'd the Fact, and pleaded in his Defence, that about fourteen Month ago he lent the Prosecutor one Pound one Shilling and Six pence, for which he had a Note under her Hand, and produced a Note in a Court, and that he arrested her a Month ago for the Money, which was the Occasion of this Prosecution. He called one *Mrs. Boon* to prove it, who swore, that the Prosecutor told her the Prisoner had arrested her, but there was a Hoop-Petticoat stole, and she would swear it against him. She farther depos'd, that the Prosecutor was a Woman of the Town, and that the House she lived in had been reputed a Bawdy-House above half a Year. He likewise called one *Mr. Dawnes* to discredit the Prosecutor, who did not; but gave him a very ill Character, and said that they had some Trouble to rout him out of the Neighbourhood, being afraid of being robbed by him every Night.

The Prosecutor deny'd the Note, or that she ever gave him one, or ever had any Dealings with him. She also called one *Mrs. Neal* to her Reputation, who said she was a very civil industrious Woman, and made Perriwig Cauls for her Livelihood, which she sold to the Barbers and Perriwig makers, and that she lived in a private House of good Repute. The Constable likewise depos'd, that he enquired after her in the Neighbourhood, and found a good Character of her; and that the Prisoner would have agreed it up both before and after they went before the Justice. The Jury found him Guilty.

Whilst he was under Sentence of Death, he was

no Changeling, for he would swear, curse, damn and sink in the *Condemned Hold*, as if he had not been to have died at all; and being convey'd in a Coach to *Tyburn*, on *Monday* the 23^d of *March*, 1718-19, he most blasphemously said, *He was as innocent as our Saviour*: And afterwards was turned off the Cart, aged sixty Years.

JOHN WHEELER was born in the Parish of *St. Bridget* in *London*, and at about sixteen Years of Age was put Apprentice to a Joyner in *Bartholomew-Close*, which is the Parish of *St. Bartholomew* the Great, and having served out his Apprenticeship, he became an Innmate in *St. Sepulchre's* Parish for the last nine Years of his Life, in all which While he wrought Journey-work at his Trade, whereby he maintained himself and his Family pretty well, for being a very good Workman he was commonly in Business, but only this was his Misfortune, that he never worked in any House, but what he would be sure to rob, as soon as Opportunity served.

He was induced to follow a vicious Course of Life by the Persuasion of a near Relation of his, who was an Accomplice with him in most of the Robberies which he committed. He was altogether for House-breaking, excepting once when he stole a Horse out of a Field at *Hackney*, from a Gentleman who set such a Value upon his Beast, which cost him forty Pounds, that he was daily cursing the Thief, whom he could not discover, for above a Twelvemonth.

But when the abovesaid *John Wheeler* was wont to go upon any Burglary, or breaking open a House in the Night-Time, he commonly carried a young Kitten in his Coat-Pocket, so that if he should happen to make any Noise that should occasion the People to go and hearken at the Chamber-Door in which he was, he would severely pinch the Kitten's Tail, which making it to Mew very loud, the Listners would return from hearkening, saying, *Is it you Mrs. Puss; e'en Mew and be poxt, what a clutter you make! the Devil is in you for catterwauling*. So by this Means the Thief proceeded in his Robbery, without any farther Interruption.

One Time *Wheeler* breaking into the House of one *Hodder* a Shoemaker, keeping a Bawdy-House in *Denmark Court* in the *Strand*, and there being at that Time a Covey of no less than half a dozen

Whores sleeping and snoring in their Beds, he pack'd up all their Mantles, Petticoats, Linnen, and every Thing that was worth taking, as silk Stockings and laced Socks, which throwing out to his Comrade, he jump'd after, and went off. But in the Morning when the Strumpets came to rise, and found all their Cloaths gone, what a Holobo-loo was there! worse than what the wild *Irish* make at the Funeral of a *Bogtrotter*. There was swearing and cursing, by Wholesale, till quite weary with venting Imprecations, they were obliged to lie in Bed till they could agree with a Tally-man to new rig them.

Another Time he broke into the House of one *Mrs. Clark*, an eminent Midwife, living in *Exeter-street*, out of which he stole a large silver Cup, a dozen of silver Spoons, a dozen of silver Forks, a dozen of silver-hafted Knives, besides Money and rich Apparel. He also robbed one *Szead* a Taylor, in the *Strand*, of two rich Suits of Cloaths, which were made for a Person of Quality, worth above eighty Pounds. Likewise he robbed one *Mr. Cook* an Upholliester near the Star-Inn in the *Strand*, of a set of rich Tapestry Hangings, worth two hundred and fifty Pounds. And he robbed one *Mr. Atkinson* a Taylor in Fountain-Court in the *Strand*, of forty Pounds in Money, and a silver Tankard and Punch-Bowl.

Whilst he followed Thieving, with his Relation aforementioned, he broke open above a hundred Houses in the Night-time, and robbed them; but at last being apprehended, and committed to *Newgate* for his most notorious Villanies, he was try'd, convicted, and condemn'd, at the Sessions-House in the *Old Bailey*, upon two Indictments; first, for breaking open the House of one *Samuel Mead*, and stealing thence ten pewter Dishes, thirty six Plates, a brass Porridge Pot, two Stew Pans, and other Goods, on the 20th of *January*, 1718-19; and secondly, for another Burglary committed in the House of one *Joshua Winesmore*, out of which he took three silver Spoons, a silver Cup, and a silver quartern Pot, *March* the 4th, 1718-19. Whilst he was under Sentence, he gave Satisfaction to some whom he had injur'd, particularly to a Gentlewoman whom he had robb'd of her wearing Apparel. He was executed alone at *Tyburn*, on *Monday May* the 25th, 1719, aged 32 Years.

The LIFE of CATHERINE HAYES.

Catherine Hall, afterwards Catherine Hayes, was born in the Year 1690, at a Village on the Borders of *Warwickshire*, within four Miles of *Birmingham*. Her Parents were so poor as to receive the Assistance of the Parish, and so careless of the Daughter, that they never gave her the least Education. While a Girl she discovered Marks of so violent and turbulent a Temper, that she totally threw off all Respect and Obedience to her Parents, giving a loose to her Passions, and gratifying herself in all her vicious Inclinations.

About the Year 1705, some Officers coming into the Neighbourhood to recruit, *Kate* was so much taken with the Fellows in Red, that she strode away with them, till they came to a Village called *Great Ombersley* in *Warwickshire*, where they very ungenerously left her behind them. This Elopement of her Sparks drove her almost mad, so that she went like a distracted Creature about the Country, till coming to Mr. Hayes's Door, his Wife in Compassion took her in out of Charity. The eldest Child in the Family was *John Hayes* the Deceased, who being then about 21 Years of Age, found so many Charms in this *Catherine Hall*, that he quickly made Proposals to her of Marriage. There is no Doubt of their being readily enough received, and as they both were sensible how disagreeable a Thing it would be to his Parents, agreed to keep it secret. They quickly adjusted the Measures that were to be taken, in order to their being married at *Worcester*. Mr. *John Hayes* pretended that he wanted some Tools in the Way of his Trade, viz. that of a Carpenter, for which it was necessary he should go to *Worcester*; and under this Colour he procured also as much Money as was sufficient to defray the Expence of the intended Wedding.

Catherine having privately quitted the House, and meeting at the appointed Place, they accompanied each other to *Worcester*, where the Wedding was soon celebrated. The same Day Mrs. *Catherine Hayes* had the Fortune to meet with some of her Acquaintance, who had dropped her at *Ombersley*; who understanding where the Nuptials were to be solemnized, consulted among themselves how to make a Penny of the Bridegroom. Accordingly, at Evening, just as Mr. *Hayes* was got into Bed to his Wife, they coming to the House where he lodged, forcibly entered the Room, and dragged the Bridegroom away, pretending to impress him for her Majesty's Service. This Proceeding broke the Measures Mr. *John Hayes* had concerted with his Wife, to keep their Wedding secret; for finding no Redemption without a larger Sum of Money than he was Master of, he was necessitated to let his Father know of his Misfortune. Mr. *Hayes* hearing of his Son's Adventure, his Resentment did not extinguish his Affection for him as a Father, but he resolved to deliver him from his Troubles; and accordingly taking a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood along with him, he went for

Worcester. At their Arrival there, they found Mr. *John Hayes* in the Hands of the Officers, who insisted upon the detaining him for her Majesty's Service; but his Father, and the Gentleman he brought with him, soon made them sensible of their Error, and they were glad to discharge him immediately. But Mrs. *Catherine*, who better approved of a travelling than a settled Life, persuaded her Husband to enter himself a Volontier, in a Regiment then at *Worcester* which he did, and went abroad with them, where he continued for some Time.

Mr. *John Hayes* being in Garrison in the *Isle of Wight*, and not content with such a lazy, indolent Life, solicited his Father to procure his Discharge, which at length he was prevailed upon to consent to; but the several Journeys he was necessitated to take, and the Expences of procuring such Discharge, amounted to about sixty Pounds. The Father then, the better to induce him to settle himself in the Country, put him into an Estate of ten Pounds *per annum*, but Mr. *John Hayes* representing to his Father, that it was not possible for him and his Wife to live on that, persuaded his Father to let him have also a Leasehold of sixteen Pounds *per annum*; upon which he lived during the Continuance of the Lease.

The Characters of Mr. *John Hayes* and his Wife were vastly different: He had the Repute of a sober honest peaceable Man, and a very good Husband; the only Objection against him was, that he was of too frugal a Temper, and rather too indulgent of his Wife. She was on all Hands allowed to be a very turbulent Person, never free from Quarrels in the Neighbourhood, and somenting Disputes to the Disturbance of all her Friends. They lived in the Country for the Space of about six Years, until the Lease of the last mentioned Farm expired; about which Time, Mrs. *Hayes* persuaded her Husband to leave the Country, and come to *London*.

In the Year 1719, upon their Arrival in Town, they took a House, Part of which they let out in Lodgings, and sold Sea Coal, Chandlery Ware &c, whereby they lived in a handsome creditable Manner. In this Business they picked up Money, and Mr. *Hayes* received the yearly Rent of the first mentioned Estate, tho' in Town, and by lending out Money in small Sums amongst his Country People improved the same considerably. She would frequently, in speaking of Mr. *Hayes*, give him the best of Characters; tho' to some of her particular Cronies, who knew not Mr. *Hayes's* Temper, she would exclaim against him, and say, that it was no Sin to kill him, and that one Time or other he might give him a Poit. Afterwards they removed into *Tottenham Court-Road*, where they lived for some Time, following the same Business as formerly; from whence about two Years afterwards they removed in to *Tyburn Road*, a few Doors above where the Marther was committed. There they lived about twelve Months,

Months, Mr. *Hayes* still supporting himself in lending out Money upon Pledges, and sometimes working at his Profession, and in Husbandry, till it was computed he had picked up a pretty handsome Sum of Money. About ten Months before the Murder, they removed to the House of Mr. *Whinyard*, where the Murder was committed, taking Lodgings up two Pair of Stairs. There it was, that *Thomas Billings* a Taylor, who wrought Journeywork about *Monmouth-street*, under Pretence of being Mrs. *Hayes's* Countryman, came to see them. They invited him to lodge with them; he died so, and continued in the House till about six Weeks before the Death of Mr. *Hayes*. About the same Time *Thomas Wood*, who was a Neighbours Son in the Country, and an intimate Acquaintance both of Mr. *Hayes* and his Wife, came to Town, and pressing being at that Time very hot, he was obliged to quit his Lodgings, whereupon Mr. *Hayes* very kindly invited him to accept of the Conveniences of theirs. *Wood* accepted the Offer, and lay with *Billings*. In three or four Days Time Mrs. *Hayes* having taken an Opportunity, opened to him a Desire of being rid of her Husband, at which *Wood* as he very well might, was exceedingly surprized, and demonstrated the Baseness as well as Cruelty there would be in such an Action, if committed by him, who besides the general Ties of Humanity, stood particularly oblig'd to him as his Neighbour and his Friend. Mrs. *Hayes* in order to hush these Scruples, persuaded him that her Husband was void of all Religion and Goodness, an Enemy to God, and therefore unworthy of his Protection; that he had killed a Man in the Country, and destroyed two of his and her Children, one of which was buried under an Apple-Tree, the other under a Pear-Tree, in the Country. To these fictitious Tales, she added another, which perhaps had the greatest Weight, viz That if he were dead she should be Mistress of fifteen hundred Pounds, And then, says she, you may be Master thereof if you will help to get him out of the Way, *Billings* has agreed to it if you'll make a Third, and so all may be finished without Danger.

A few Days after this, *Wood's* Occasions called him out of Town: On his Return, which was on the first Day of March, he found Mr. *Hayes* and his Wife, and *Billings*, very merry together. Amongst other Things which passed in Conversation, Mr. *Hayes* happened to say, That he and another Person once drank as much Wine between them, as came to a Guinea, without either of them being fuddled *Billings* upon this proposed a Wager on these Terms, That half a dozen Bottles of the best Mountain should be fetched, which if Mr. *Hayes* could drink without being disordered, then *Billings* should pay for it, but if not, then it should be at the Cost of Mr. *Hayes*; who accepting of this Proposal, Mrs. *Hayes* and the two Men went to the *Brown's Head* in *New Bond-street* to fetch the Wine. As they were going thither, she put them in Mind of the Proposition she made them to Murder Mr. *Hayes*, and said they could not have a better Opportunity then when he should be intoxicated with Liquors; whereupon *Wood* made Answer, that it would be a most inhuman Act to Murder a Man in cool Blood, and that too when he was in Liquor. Mrs. *Hayes* had recourse to her old Arguments, and *Billings* joining with her, *Wood* suffer'd himself to be over-power'd. When they came to the Tavern they called for a Pint of the best Mountain, and after they had drank it order'd a Gallon and a Half to be sent home to their Lodgings; which was done accordingly, and Mrs. *Hayes* paid Ten Shillings and six Pence for it, which was what

it came to. Then they came all back and sat down together to see Mr. *Hayes* drink the Wager, and while he swallowed the Wine, they called for two three full Pots of Beer, in order to entertain themselves.

Mr. *Hayes* when he had almost finished his Wine, began to grow very merry, Singing and Dancing about the Room, with all the Gaiety which is natural. But Mrs. *Hayes* fearful of his not having his Dose, sent away privately for another Bottle, of which having drank some also, it quite finished the Work, by depriving him totally of his Understanding; however, reeling into the other Room, he there threw himself a-crois the Bed, and fell fast asleep. No sooner did his Wife perceive it, than she came to the two Men to go in and do the Work; then *Billings* taking a Coal-Hatchet in his Hand going into the other Room, struck Mr. *Hayes* therewith on the Back of his Head, which Blow fractur'd his Skull, and made him, thro' the Agony of the Pain, stamp violently upon the Ground; infomuch that it alarmed the People who lay in the Garret; and *Wood* fearing the Consequence, went in and repeated the Blows, tho' that was needless, since the first was mortal of itself, and he already lay quiet. By this Time Mrs. *Springate*, whose Husband lodged over Mr. *Hayes's* Head, on hearing the Noise, came down to enquire the Reason of it, complaining at the same Time, that it disturbed her Family, that they could not tell: Mrs. *Hayes* thereupon told her, That her Husband had had some Company with him, who growing merry with their Liquor were a little noisy, but that they were going immediately, and desired she would be easy. Upon this she went up again for the present, and the three Murderers began immediately to consult how to get rid of the Body.

The Men were in so much Terrour and Confusion, that they knew not what to do; but the Wife of the Deceased quickly thought of an Expedient in which they all agreed. she said, That if the Head was cut off, there would not be near so much Difficulty in carrying off the Body, which could not be known.

In order to put this Design in Execution, they got a Pail, and she herself carrying the Candle, they all entered the Room where the deceased lay, Then the Woman holding the Pail, *Billings* drew the Body by the Head over the Bed side, that the Blood might run the more freely into it; and *Wood* with his Pocket Penknife cut it off. As soon as it was severed from the Body, and the Bleeding was over, they poured the Blood down a Wooden Sink at the Window, and after it several Pails of Water in order to wash it quit away, that it might not be perceiv'd in the Morning; however, their Precautions were not altogether effectual, for *Springate* the next Morning found several Clods of Blood, but not suspecting any thing of the Matter, threw them away; neither had they escaped letting some Tokens of their Cruelty fall upon the Floor, stained the Wall of the Room, and even the Ceiling, which it may be supposed happened at the giving the first Blow. When they had finished this Decollation, they again consulted what was next to be done. Mrs. *Hayes* was for boiling it in a Pot, till nothing but the Skull remained, which would effectually prevent any body's knowing to whom it belonged; but the two Men thinking this too dilatory a Method, they resolved to put it in a Pail, and go together and throw it in the *Thames*. *Springate* hearing a bustling in Mr. *Hayes's* Room for some Time, and then somebody going down Stairs, called again to know who it was, and what was the Occasion of it, (it being then about Eleven a Clock) to which Mrs. *Hayes*

answered, *It was her Husband, who was going a Journey into the Country.*

Billings and *Wood* being thus gone to dispose of the Head, went towards *Whitehall* intending to have thrown it into the River there; but the Gates being shut up, they were obliged to go forward as far as *Mr. Macretb's Wharf*, near the *Horse-Ferry* at *Westminster* where *Billings* setting down the Pail from under his Great Coat; *Wood* took up the same with the Head therein, and threw it into the Dock before the Wharf. It was expected the same would have been carried away by the Tide, but the Water being then ebbing, it was left behind. There were also some Lighters lying over-against the Dock and one of the Lightermen walking then on board, saw them throw the Pail into the Dock, but by the Obscurity of the Night, the Distance, and having no Suspicion, did not apprehend any thing of the Matter. Having thus done, they returned home again to *Mrs. Hayes's*, where they arrived about Twelve a-Clock, and being let in, found the Wife of the Deceased had been very busily employed in washing the Floor, and scraping the Blood off from it, and from the Wall, &c. After which they all three went into the Fore-Room; *Billings* and *Wood* went to Bed there, and *Mrs. Hayes* sat by them till Morning.

In the Morning of the Second of *March*, about the dawning of the Day, one *Robinson* a Waichman saw a Man's Head lying in the Dock, and a Pail near it: His Surprise occasioned his calling some Persons to assist in taking up the Head, and finding the Pail bloody, they conjectured the Head had been brought thither in it. Their Suspicions were fully confirmed therein by the Lighterman, who saw *Billings* and *Wood* throw the same into the Dock, as beforementioned. It was now Time for *Mrs. Hayes, Billings* and *Wood*, to consider how they should dispose of the Body: *Mrs. Hayes* and *Wood* proposed to put it in a Box, where it might lay concealed till a convenient Opportunity offered for removing it; this being approved of, *Mrs. Hayes* brought a Box, but upon their endeavouring to put it in, the Box was not big enough to hold it. They had before wrapped it up in a Blanket, out of which they took it. *Mrs. Hayes* proposed to cut off the Arms and Legs, and they again attempted to put it in, but the Box would not hold it; then they cut off the Thighs, and laying them Piece-meal in the Box, concealed them till Night. In the mean Time *Mr. Hayes's* Head, which had been found as before, had sufficiently alarmed the Town, and Information was given to the neighbouring Justices of the Peace. The Parish Officers did all that was possible towards the Discovery of the Persons guilty of so horrid an Action; they caused the Head to be cleaned, the Face to be washed from the Dirt and Blood, and the Hair to be combed, and then the Head to be set upon a Post in publick View in *St. Margaret's Church-Yard, Westminster*, that every Body might have free Access to see the same, with some of the Parish Officers to attend, hoping by that Means a Discovery of the same might be attained. The High-Constable of *Westminster* Liberty, also issued private Orders to all the petty Constables, Watchmen, and other Officers of that District, to keep a strict Eye on all Coaches, Carts, &c. passing in the Night through their Liberty, imagining that the Perpetrators of such a horrid Fact would endeavour to free themselves of the Body, in the same Manner as they had done of the Head. These Orders were executed for some Time, with all the Secrecy imaginable, under various Pretences, but unsuccessfully; the Head also continued to be exposed for some Days in the Manner before described, which

drew a prodigious Number of People to see it, but without attaining any Discovery of the Murderers.

On the Second of *March* in the Evening, *Carherine Hayes, Thomas Wood, and Thomas Billings* took the Body and disjointed Members out of the Box, and wrapped them up in two Blankets, viz. the Body in one, and the Limbs in the other: Then *Billings* and *Wood* first took up the Body, and about Nine a Clock in the Evening carried it by Turns into *Mary-le bone Fields*, and threw the same into a Pond, (which *Wood* in the Day time had been hunting for) and returning back again about Eleven, took up the Limbs in the other old Blanket, and carried them by Turns to the same Place, throwing them in also. About Twelve o'Clock the same Night, they returned back again, and knocking at the Door, were let in by *Mary Springate*. They went up to Bed in *Mrs. Hayes's* Fore-room, and *Mrs. Hayes* staid with them all Night, sometimes sitting up, and sometimes laying down upon the Bed by them. The same Day one *Bennet*, the King's Organ-maker's Apprentice, going to *Westminster* to see the Head, believed it to be *Mr. Hayes's*, he being intimately acquainted with him, and thereupon went and informed *Mrs. Hayes*, that the Head exposed to View in *St. Margaret's Church-Yard*, was so very like *Mr. Hayes*, that he believed it to be his; upon which *Mrs. Hayes* asserted him that *Mr. Hayes* was very well, and reproved him very sharply for forming such an Opinion, telling him he must be very cautious how he rais'd such false and scandalous Reports, for that he might thereby bring himself into a great deal of Trouble. This Reprimand put a Stop to the Youth's saying any thing more about it. The same Day also *Mr. Samuel Patrick* having been at *Westminster* to see the Head, went from thence to *Mr. Granger's* at the *Dog and Dial in Monmouth street*, where *Mr. Hayes* and his Wife were intimately acquainted, and told that the Head in his Opinion was the most like to their Countryman *Hayes* of any he ever saw.

Billings being there then at Work, some of the Servants replied it could not be his, because there being one of *Mrs. Hayes's* Lodgers there they should have heard of it by him if *Mr. Hayes* had been missing, or any Accident had happen'd to him; to which *Billings* made Answer that *Mr. Hayes* was alive and well, and that he left him in Bed when he came to work in the Morning. The third Day of *March*, *Mrs. Hayes* gave *Wood* a white Coat and a pair of Leathern Breaches of *Mr. Hayes's*, which he carried with him to *Greenford*, near *Harrow* on the Hill. *Mrs. Springate* observing *Wood* carrying these Things down Stairs bundled up in a white Cloath told *Mrs. Hayes*, who replied it was a Suit of Cloaths he had borrowed of a Neighbour, and was going to carry them home again. On the Fourth of *March*, one *Mrs. Longmore* coming to Visit *Mrs. Hayes*, enquired how *Mr. Hayes* did and where he was: *Mrs. Hayes* answered, that he was gone to take a walk, and then enquired what News there was about Town. Her Visitor told her that most Peoples Discourse run upon the Man's Head that had been found at *Westminster*. *Mrs. Hayes* seemed to wonder very much at the wickedness of the Age, and exclaimed vehemently against such barbarous Murderers, adding, here is a Discourse too in our Neighbourhood, of a Woman who has been found in the fields mangled and cut to pieces. It may be so reply'd, *Mr. Longmore*, but I have heard nothing of it. On the Sixth of *March*, the Parish Officers considering that it might putrify if it continued longer in the Air, agreed with one *Mr. Westbrook*, a Surgeon, to have it preserved in Spirits. He having accordingly provided

a proper Glass put it therein, and shewed it to all Persons who were desirous of seeing; yet the Murderer remained still undiscover'd; and notwithstanding the Multitude which had seen it, yet none pretended to be directly positive to the Face, tho' many agreed in their having seen it before.

In the mean Time Mrs. Hayes quitted her Lodgings, and removed from where the Murder was committed to Mr. Jones's a Distiller in the Neighbourhood, with Billings, Wood, and Springate, for whom she paid one Quarters Rent at her old Lodgings. She now employed herself in getting as much of her Husband's Effects as possible she could; and amongst other Papers and Securities, finding a Bond due to Mr. Hayes from John Davis, who had married Mr. Hayes's Sister, she consulted how to get in that Money: To which purpose she sent for one Mr. Leonard Myring a Barber, and told him, that she knowing him to be her Husband's particular Friend, and then being under some Misfortunes, thro' which she feared he would not presently return, she knew not how to recover several Sums of Money that were due to him, unless by sending fictitious Letters in his Name, to the several Persons from whom the same was due, Mr. Myring considering the Consequences of such a Proceeding, declining it. But she prevailed upon some other Person to write Letters in Mr. Hayes's Name, particularly one to his Mother, on the 14th of March, to demand Ten Pounds of the above-mentioned Mr. Davis, threatening if he refused, to sue him for it. This Letter Mr. Hayes's Mother received, and acquainting her Son-in-Law Davis with the Contents thereof, he offered to pay the Money on sending down the Bond, of which she by a Letter acquainted Mrs. Hayes on the Twenty-second of the same Month.

During these Transactions, several Persons came daily to Mr. Westbrook's to see the Head. A poor Woman at Kingsland, whose Husband had been missing the Day before it was found, was one amongst them. She at first Sight fancied it bore some Resemblance to that of her Husband, but was not positive enough to swear it; yet her Suspicion as first was sufficient to ground a Report, which flew about the Town in the Evening, and some Enquiries were made after the Body of the Person to whom it was supposed to belong, but to no Purpose. Mrs. Hayes in the mean While took all the Pains imaginable to propagate a Story of Mr. Hayes's withdrawing on Account of an unlucky Blow he had given a Person in a Quartel, and which made him apprehensive of a Prosecution, though he was then in Treaty with the Widow in order to make it up. This Story she at first told with many Injunctions of Secrecy, to Persons who she had good Reasons to believe, would tell it again. It happened in the Interim, that one Joseph Ashby, who had been an intimate Acquaintance of Mr. Hayes's, came to see her: She with a great deal of pretended Concern, communicated the Tale she had framed to him. Mr. Ashby asked whether the Person he had killed was him to whom the Head belonged. She said, No; the Man who died by Mr. Hayes's Blow, was buried entire, and Mr. Hayes had given, or was about to give, a Security to pay the Widow fifteen Pounds per annum, to live it up. Mr. Ashby enquired next, Where Mr. Hayes was gone. She said, to Portugal, with three or four foreign Gentlemen; and he thereupon took his Leave. But going from thence to Mr. Henry Longmore's, Cousin to Mr. Hayes, he related to him the Story Mrs. Hayes had told him, and expressed a great deal of Dissatisfaction thereat,

desiring Mr. Longmore to go to her and make the same Enquiry as he had done, but without taking Notice they had seen one another. Mr. Longmore went thereupon directly to Mrs. Hayes's and enquired in a peremptory Tone for her Husband. She in Answer said, She supposed Mr. Ashby had acquainted him with the Misfortune which had befallen him. Mr. Longmore replied, He had not seen Mr. Ashby for a considerable Time, and knew nothing of his Cousin's Misfortune. He then asked if he was in Prison for Debt? She answered him, No, 'twas worse than that. Mr. Longmore again importuning her to know what he had done, to occasion his absconding so, saying, I suppose he has not murdered any Body? she replied, He had, and beckoning him to come on the Stairs, related to him the Story as beforementioned. Mr. Longmore being inquisitive which Way he was gone, she told him into Herefordshire, and that he had taken four Pistols with him for his Security, one under each Arm, and two in his Pockets. Mr. Longmore answered, 'twould be dangerous for him to travel in that Manner, because any Person seeing him so armed, might cause him to be apprehended on Suspicion of being an Highwayman. She assured him, that once he was apprehended on Suspicion of being an Highwayman, but that a Gentleman who knew him, accidentally came in, and seeing him in Custody, passed his Word for his Appearance, by which he was discharged. Mr. Longmore made Answer, that it was very improbable he was ever stopped on Suspicion of being an Highwayman, and discharged upon a Man's only passing his Word for his Appearance. He then demanded which Way he was supplied with Money for his Journey? She told him, she had sewed twenty-six Guineas into his Cloaths, and that he had about seventeen Shillings in new Silver. She added, that Springate who lodged there was privy to the whole Transaction, for which Reason she paid a Quarters Rent for her at her old Lodgings, and the better to maintain what she had averred, called Springate to justify the Truth of it. In concluding the Discourse, she reflected on the unkind Usage of Mr. Hayes towards her, which surprized Mr. Longmore, more than any Thing else she had said, because he had often been a Witness to her giving Mr. Hayes the Character of a most indulgent tender Husband.

Mr. Longmore then took his Leave of her, and returned back to his Friend Mr. Ashby; when after comparing their several Notes together, they judged that Mr. Hayes must have had very ill Play shewn him; upon which they agreed to go to Mr. Eaton a Lifeguardman, who was also an Acquaintance of Mr. Hayes's, which accordingly they did, intending him to have gone to Mrs. Hayes also, to have heard what Relation she would give him concerning her Husband. They went and enquired at several Places for him, but he was not then to be found; upon which they went down to Westminster to see the Head at Mr. Westbrook's. Mr. Ashby first went up Stairs to look on it, and coming down, told Mr. Longmore he really thought it to be Mr. Hayes's Head; upon which Mr. Longmore went up to see it, and after examining it more particularly, confirmed their Suspicion. Then they returned to seek out Mr. Eaton, and finding him at Home, informed him of their Proceeding, with the Reasons on which their Suspicions were grounded, and compelled him to go with them to enquire into the Affair. Mr. Eaton pressed them to stay Dinner with him, which at first they agreed to, but after altering their Minds, went all down to Mr. Longmore's Home;

House, and there renewed their Suspicions, not only of Mr. *Hayes's* being murdered, but also that his Wife was privy to the same; but in order to be more fully satisfied, they agreed that Mr. *Eaton* should in a Day or two's Time go and enquire for Mr. *Hayes*, taking no Notice of his having seen them. In the mean Time *Longmore's* Brother interfered, saying, *That it seemed apparent to him, that his Cousin Hayes had been murderer, and that Mrs. Hayes appeared Guilty, with Wood and Billings, who, she told him, had drank with him the Night before his Journey.* He added, moreover, *that he thought Time was not to be delayed, because they might remove from their Lodgings upon the least Apprehensions of a Discovery.*

His Opinion prevailed as the most reasonable, and Mr. *Longmore* said, *they would go about it immediately.* Accordingly to Mr. Justice *Lambert* he immediately applied, and acquainted him with the Grounds of their Suspicions, and their Desire of his granting a Warrant for the Apprehending of the Parties. The Justice, on hearing the Story, not only readily complied with their Demand, but said also, he would get proper Officers to execute it in the Evening, about Nine o'Clock; putting Mrs. *Hayes*, *Thomas Wood*, *Thomas Billings*, and *Mary Springate*, into a special Warrant for that Purpose. At the Hour appointed they met, and Mr. *Eaton* bringing two Officers of the Guards along with him, they went altogether to the House where Mrs. *Hayes* lodged. They went directly in, and up Stairs, at which Mr. *Jones* who kept the House, immediately demanded who and what they were? He was answered, that they were sufficiently authorized in all that they did, desiring at the same Time to bring Candles, and he should see on what Occasion they came. Light being brought, they went all up Stairs together. Justice *Lambert* wrapped at Mrs. *Hayes's* Door with his Cane. She demanded who was there, for she was in Bed, on which she was bid to get up and open the Door, or they would break it open. After some little Time taken to put on her Cloaths, she came and opened it, and as soon they were in the Room, they saw *Billings*, who was sitting upon her Bed-side, without either Shoes or Stockings on. The Justice ask'd whether he had been in Bed with her? She said no, but that he sat there to mend his Stockings. Why then, replied Mr. *Lambert*, he had very good Eyes to see to do it without Fire or Candle. Hereupon they seized him too, and leaving Persons below to guard them, went up and apprehended *Springate*; and after an Examination, in which they would confess nothing, committed *Billings* to New-Prison, *Springate* to the Gate-house, and Mrs. *Hayes* to Tothill Fields Bridewell.

Mrs. *Hayes* was very Assiduous in contriving such a Method of Behaviour as might carry the greatest Appearance of Innocence. She entreated Mr. *Longmore* that she might be admitted to see the Head, and Mr. *Lambert* ordered her to have a Sight of it as she came from Tothill Fields Bridewell to her Examination. Accordingly Mr. *Longmore* attending the Officers ordered the Coach to stop at Mr. *Westbrook's* Door, and as soon as we was admitted into the Room she threw her self down upon her Knees, crying out in great Agonies, Oh it is my dear Husband's Head! it is my dear Husbands Head! and embracing the Glass in her Arms, kissed the outside of it several Times. Mr. *Westbrook* coming in, told her, that if it was his Head she should have a plainer View of it, so taking it out of the Glass by the Hair he brought it to her: She taking it in her Arms, kissed it, and seemed in great Confusion, withal begging to have a Look of his Hair; but Mr.

Westbrook replied, that he was afraid he had had too much of his Blood already; At which she fainted away, and after recovering, was carried to Mr. *Lambert*, to be examined before him and some other Justices of the Peace. While these Things were in Agitation, one Mr. *Huddle* and his Servant walking in *Mary-le-bone Fields* in the Evening, espied something lying in one of the Ponds, which after they had examined, found to be the Legs, Thighs, and Arms of a Man. They being very much surprized at this, determined to search farther; and the next Morning getting Assistance drained the Pond, where to their further Astonishment they pulled out the Body of a Man wrapped up in a Blanket, with the News of which, while Mrs. *Hayes* was under Examination, Mr. *Cresley* a Constable came down to the Justices, not doubting but this was the Body of Mr. *Hayes*. Yet tho' she was somewhat confounded at the new Discovery made hereby, she could not be prevailed on to make any Acknowledgment of her knowing any thing of the Fact; whereupon the Justices who examined her, committed her that Afternoon to Newgate, the Mob attending her thither with as loud Acclamations of Joy at her Commitment, as if they were already convinced of her Guilt.

Sunday Morning following, *Thomas Wood* came to Town from *Greenford* near *Harrow*, having heard nothing of the taking up of Mrs. *Hayes*, *Billings*, or *Springate*. The first Place he went to, was Mrs. *Hayes's* old Lodging, where he was answer'd that she was removed to Mr. *Jones's* a Distiller, a little farther in the Street; thither he went, where the People, knowing him to be suspected of the Murder, said Mrs. *Hayes* was gone to the *Green-Dragon* in *King's-street*, which is Mr. *Longmore's* House, and a Man who was there told him moreover that he was going thither and would shew him the way. *Wood*, being on Horseback followed him, and he led him the way to Mr. *Longmore's* House; when Mr. *Longmore's* Brother coming to the Door, and seeing *Wood*, immediately seized him, and unhorsing him dragged him in Doors, sent for Officers and charged them with him on suspicion of the Murder. From thence he was carried before Mr. Justice *Lambert*, who asked him many Questions in Relation to the Murder, but he would confess nothing, whereupon he was committed to Tothill-Fields Bridewell. While he was there he heard the various Reports of Persons concerning the Murder, and Judging it impossible to prevent a Discovery or evade the Proofs that were against him, he resolved to make an ample Confession of the whole Affair; of which Mr. *Lambert* being acquainted, he, with *John Mohun* and *Thomas Salt*, Esqrs. two other Justices of the Peace, went to Tothill-Fields Bridewell, to take his Examination, in which he seem'd very ingenious and ample, declaring all the particulars before mentioned, with this Addition, that he had been drawn into the Commission thereof partly thro' Poverty, and partly thro' her crafty Insinuations, who by feeding him with Liquors, had spirited him up to the Commission of such a Piece of Barbarity. He farther acknowledged, that ever since the Commission of the Fact, he had had no Peace, but that every Day, before he came from *Greenford*, he was fully persuaded within himself, that he should be seized for the Murder when he came to Town, notwithstanding which, he could not refrain coming, tho' under a kind of Certainty of being taken, and dying for the Fact.

Having thus made a full and ample Confession, and signed the same, on the 27th of March, his Mitimus was made by Justice *Lambert*, and he was com-

committed to *Newgate*, whether he was carried under a guard of a Sergeant and eight Soldiers, with Muskets and Bayonets, to keep off the Mob, who were so exasperated against the Actors of such a piece of Barbarity, that without that Caution it would have been very difficult to have carried him thither alive.

was in 1726

On Monday the 28th of March, after Mrs. Hayes was committed to *Newgate*, being the Day after Wood's Apprehension, Joseph Mercer going to see Mrs. Hayes, she told him as he was Thomas Billings's Friend as well as he's, she desired he would go to him and tell him, 'twas in vain to deny any longer the Murder of her Husband, for they were equally guilty, and both must die for it. Billings hearing this, and that Wood was apprehended, and had fully confess'd the whole Affair, thought it needless to persist any longer in a Denial, and therefore the next Day, being the 29th of March, he made a full and plain Discovery of the whole Fact, agreeing with Wood in all the Particulars; which Confession was made and signed in the Presence of Gideon Harvey and Oliver Lambert, Esqrs; two of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, whereupon he was removed to *Newgate* the same Day that Wood was. Wood and Billings acquitting Springate of the aforesaid Murder, she was soon discharged from her Confinement; but this Discovery making a great Noise in the Town, divors of Mrs. Hayes's Acquaintance, went to visit her in *Newgate*, and examin'd into the Reasons that induced her to commit the said Fact. Her Acknowledgment in general was that Mr. Hayes had proved but an indifferent Husband to her; that one Night he came home drunk and struck her; that upon complaining to Billings and Wood, they, or one of them, said, such a Fellow ought not to live, and that they would murder him for a Halfpenny. She took that Opportunity to propose her bloody Intentions to them, and her Willingness that they should do so; that she was acquainted with their Design, heard the Blow given to Mr. Hayes by Billings, and then went with Wood to them into the Room; that she held the Candle while his Head was cut off, and in Excuse for this bloody Fact, said, the Devil was got into them all that made them do it. When she was made sensible that her Crime in Law was not only Murder but petty Treason, she began to shew great Concern indeed, making Enquiries into the Nature of the Proof which was necessary to convict, having possessed herself with a Notion, that unless it appeared she murdered him with her own Hands, it would not touch her Life; and therefore she was very angry that either Billings or Wood should acknowledge her guilty of the Murder, and subject her to that Punishment which of all others she most feared; often repeating it, that it was hard they would not suffer her to be hanged with them.

There are a Set of People about *Newgate*, who get their Living by imposing on unhappy Criminals, and persuading them that Guilt may be covered, and Justice avaded, by certain artful Contrivances in which they profess themselves Masters. Some of these had got access to this unhappy Woman, and had insinuated into her a Notion, that the Confession of Wood and Billings could no Ways affect her Life. This made her vainly imagine, that there was no positive Proof against her, and that Circumstantial only, would not convict her. For this Reason she resolved to put herself upon a Trial contrary to her first Intentions. Accordingly being arraigned, she pleaded not Guilty, and put herself upon her

Trial. Wood and Billings, both pleaded Guilty to the same Indictment; at the same Time acknowledging their Guilt, and desiring to make Attenuation for the same by the Loss of their Blood; only praying the Court would be gracious, please to favour them so much as to dispense with their being hanged in Chains,

Mrs. Hayes having thus put herself upon her Trial, the King's Council opened the Indictment, setting forth the Heinousness of the Fact, the premeditated Intentions, and inhuman Method of acting it. Then Richard Bromage, Robert Wilkins, Leonard Myring, Joseph Mercer, John Blakeley, Mary Springate and Richard Bows were called into Court; the Substance of whose Evidence was, that the Prisoner being interrogated about the Matter, when in *Newgate*, said, *The Devil put it i to be Head; but however, John Hayes was none of the boys of Husbands, for she had been half starved ever since she was married to him; that she d. not in the least repent of any Thing she had done, but only drawing those two poor Men into this Misfortune; that she was six Weeks importuning them to do it, that they denied it two or three Times, but at last agreed; that she was in the Fore Room on the same Floor when he was killed; that when he was quit dead, she went in and held the Candle whilst Wood cut his Head off; that it would signify nothing to make a long Preamble, she could hold up her Hand, and say she was guilty, for nothing could save her, no body could forgive her; that the first Occasion of this Design to murder him was, because he came home one Night and beat her; upon which Billings said, this Fellow deserves to be killed, and Wood, said he'd be his Butcher for a Penny.* Many other Circumstances equally with these appeared, and a Cloud of Witnesses, many of whom, the Thing appearing so plain, were sent away unexamined. She herself confessed at the Bar, her previous Knowledge of their Intent, yet foolishly insisted on her Innocence, because the Fact was not committed by her own Hands. The Jury without staying long to consider on it, found her Guilty, and she was taken from the Bar in a very weak and faint Condition. On her Return to *Newgate*, she was visited by several Persons of her Acquaintance, who were so far from doing her any Good, that they rather interrupted her in those Preparations which became her. One old Gentleman indeed, who seemed to have no other Motive in coming to see her, took an Opportunity of discouraging to her in a suitable and very rational Manner. This Discourse was taken down, but is too long to insert.

When they were brought up to receive Sentence, Wood and Billings renewed their former Request to the Court, that they might not be hung in Chains. Mrs. Hayes also made Use of her former Assertion, that she was not guilty of actually committing the Fact, and therefore begged of the Court, that she might at least have so much Mercy shewn her, as not to be burnt alive. The Judges then sentenced the two men, with the other Malefactors to be hanged, and Mrs. Hayes, as in all Cases of Petit-Treason, to die by Fire at a Stake; at which she screamed, and being carried back to *Newgate*, fell into violent Agonies. Perhaps no Body ever kept their Thoughts so long and so closely united in the World, as appeared by the frequent Messages she sent to Wood and Billings; and that Tenderness which she expressed for both of them, lamenting in the softest Terms, her having involved those two poor Men to the Commission of a Fact, for which they were

now to lose their Lives : In which indeed, they deserved Pity, since they were Persons of unblemished Characters until misled by her.

As to the Sense she had of her own Circumstances, there has been scarce any in her State known to behave with so much indifference. She said often, that Death was neither grievous nor terrible to her in itself, but was in some Degrees shocking from the Manner in which she was to die. Her fondness for *Billings* hurried her into Indecencies of a very extraordinary Nature, such as sitting with her Hand in his at Chapel, leaning upon his Shoulder, and refusing upon being reprimanded, to make any Amendment in Respect of those shocking Passages, between her and the Murderers of her Husband. One of her last Expressions was to enquire of the Executioner, whether he had hang'd her dear Child; and this, as she was going from the Sledge to the Stake, so strong and lasting were the Passions of this Woman.

The Friday Night before her Execution, being assured she should die on the Monday following) she had procured a Bottle of strong Poison, designing to have taken the same; but a Woman who was in the Place with her touching it with her Lips found it burnt them to an extraordinary Degree, and spilling a little on her Handkerchief, perceived it burnt that also; upon which suspecting her Intention, she broke the Viol. On the Day of her Execution she was at Prayers, and received the Sacrament in the Chapel, where she still shewed her Tendernefs for *Billings*. About Twelve the Prisoners were severally carried to Execution; *Billings* with eight others for various Crimes were put into three Carts; and *Catherine Hayes* was drawn upon a Sledge. *Billings* with eight others, after having had some Time for their

private Devotions, were turned off. After which, *Catherine Hayes* being brought to the Stake, was chained thereto with an iron Chain, running round her Waist, and under her Arms, and a Rope about her Neck, which was drawn thro' a Hole in the Post; then the Faggots, intermixed with light Brush, Wood, and Straw, being piled all round her, the Executioner put Fire thereto in several Places, which immediately blazing out, as soon as it reached her, with her Arms she pushed down those that were before her, when she appeared in the Middle of the Flames as low as her Waist.

The Executioner got hold of the End of the Cord which was round her Neck, and pulled it tight, in order to strangle her, but the Fire soon reach his Hand and burnt it, so that he was obliged to let go again. More Faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four Hours she was reduced to Ashes: In the mean time *Billings's* Irons were put upon him as he was hanging on the Gallows; after which being cut down, he was carried to the Gibbet, about one hundred Yards Distance, and there hung up in Chains.

Mrs. *Hayes* some time before her Execution, confidently averred, that *Billings* was the Son both of Mr. *Hayes* and herself; that his Father not liking him, he was put out to Relations of hers, and took the Name of *Billings* from his God father: But Mr. *Hayes's* Relations confidently deny'd all this, and he himself said he knew nothing more, than that he called a Shoemaker, Father, in the Country, himself being put Apprentice to a Taylor, with whom he served his Time, and then came up to London to Work Journey-work.

*This was in 1726 and by J. W. Rich
Day observed a bare*

The LIFE of Mr. ROBERT FOULKES.

THIS 'unhappy Gentleman was a Divine of the Church of *England*, and had been very much esteem'd for his Learning, and Abilities: Few Men were more capable of shining in a Church, or had a greater Share of that sacred Eloquence, so requisite in a Preacher. He was Minister of *Stanton-Lacy* in the County of *Salop*, where he was exceedingly follow'd and admir'd till his Crimes came to be known; and where he might have been belov'd till Death in a natural Way had taken him hence, and then universally lamented, if his Heart had been as well furnish'd with Grace, as his Head was with Knowledge, and his Tongue with Expressions.

A young Gentlewoman of a considerable Fortune, who had been left an Infant by her Parents, was committed to his Care by her Executors, as to a Man who they trusted, would not only deal justly by her, but also instruct her betimes in the Principles of Religion, and her several Duties as a Christian. But, alas! how weak is human Nature, and how soon are we tempted aside from the Ways of Piety! Mr. *Foulkes*, instead of answering the Purpose of the young Woman's Friends, was soon smitten with her Charms, and took an Opportunity of discovering a criminal Passion for her, tho' he had at that Time a virtuous Wife and two Children living. The young Lady too easily consented to gratify his Lust, and they continued their Conversation together till she became pregnant.

All the Means he could think of to procure Abortion were now try'd, and they all prov'd ineffectual, so that they must be both expos'd to Scandal, unless she could be remov'd to some convenient Place, remote from the Eyes of the World, and from the Jealousies of Mrs. *Foulkes*, where she might be deliver'd of her Burden, which was not yet perceiv'd. A plausible Excuse for his going up to *London* was soon form'd, and for his taking Miss along with him, who at that Time was under twenty Years of Age. When they were arriv'd in *Town*, they took a Lodging in *Tork-Buildings* in the *Strand*, where she lay in, and where (thocking to think of!) the Child was privately murder'd, to prevent the Infamy that might follow.

But divine Vengeance would not suffer this horrible Deed to remain long conceal'd; for before Mr. *Foulkes* went out of *Town*, the Girl was examin'd upon the Suspicion of some Women, when she confess'd the whole, and charged Mr. *Foulkes* with the Murder; who was thereupon apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; in a short Time after which he was condemn'd at the Sessions-House in the *Old-Bailey*, upon the Evidence of the young Woman. On the thirty first of *January*, 1678-79, he was executed at *Tyburn*, when he made the following Speech to the Spectators.

Good Christian People,

I Intend not to make any long Discourse at this Time, and I hope no Body will expect it of me! What I have to say more particularly is express'd in a Paper which I have sent to the Reverend Dr. *Lloyd*, Dean of *Bangor*, and which I have desir'd him to publish. As I shall by and by answer to the God of Truth, there is nothing but the Truth therein contain'd, and my Case is set in a better Light than I could possibly have shewn it in here.

In a few Words therefore,

You may see in me what Sin is, and what it will end in: You may see in me the lamentable and irreparable Mischiefs of Uncleanneſs and Hypocrisy; and in particular, what it is for one who was a Member of Christ, to make himself the Member of an Harlot. It is a Sin that seldom goes singly and alone: It is the Mother-Sin to a great many more, and they more ugly and deformed than itself: I have found so by fatal Experience. It led me to Lying, Oaths, and Execrations, to conceal and defend it: Nay, I went further, to advise, contrive, and assist in, what might procure Abortion; which certainly, in the Sight of God, was Murder in Intention. Nor stopp'd I there, but went forward to Murder in Act and Execution; for which crying Sin I am come hither to satisfy the Laws of the Kingdom, and I acknowledge the Justice of my Sentence. And Oh! that you may fear and tremble at God's holy and righteous Judgments, which have now overtaken me; and that, from my Example, you may be warned to avoid the Snare of a whorish Woman, and keep the Marriage-Bed undefil'd.

Beware of hypocritical Pretences to Religion, and of coming to the holy Sacrament while you live in any filthy Practices. Do not grieve nor quench the good Spirit of God, nor stifle the Convictions of your own Consciences; lest God should leave you, as he did me, to work all Uncleanneſs with Greedineſs; and lest at last ye be brought to this most miserable Condition into which he has suffer'd me to fall. His Judgment is righteous, and I humbly submit to it! I forgive all the World as I desire to find Mercy at the Hands of God through Jesus Christ. Be intreated to take Warning by me not to continue in Sin; for (let me repeat it) Justice will find you out.

With respect to my Crimes, I have but two Things to say, with which I shall conclude.

First, That I have Cause to lament exceedingly for the great Scandal I have thereby brought upon Religion, and the sacred Function of the Ministry. This I look upon to be the most heinous and aggravating Circumstance of my wicked and licentious Life; which by this last Sin will be all laid open to the World. Let me beg of you there-

fore,

'fore, not to entertain any Prejudices against the Ambassadors of the Gospel upon my Account; they are generally holy and good Men, and they grant no Licence at all to such ungodly Practices as I have been guilty of. This I am obliged to say in Justice to their Order.

'In the second Place I must express my Joy that I hope my Sins, however great and numerous, are all pardon'd by God, and atton'd for by the Merits of Jesus Christ. 'Tis true, the Crime I die for has expos'd the whole Nation to Judgment; for *thro' Blood the Land is desl'd*: But as I suffer the Sentence of God and Man, the Judgment falls upon my own Head; and I hope, through divine Mercy, it will proceed no farther than my Body. All I have to add, is, Be admonish'd by me, to *cease to do Evil, and learn to do well*.

Now the Lord have Mercy upon my poor departing Soul! In this Petition I desire you to join with me, and pray for me to the last Moment of my Life.

A genuine Copy of the Paper sent by Mr. Foulkes to the Reverend Dr. Lloyd, and mention'd by him in the foregoing Speech.

S I R,

I send the following Account to you, as to my once very good Friend; though now, alas! no good Man can be fond of that Appellation from me. I desire you would publish it, that those who are Spectators of my End might not be disappointed in what they expected to hear from me, and that my Example may be transmitted to Posterity, as a Terror to the Workers of Iniquity.

Such have my Irregularities always been, that I have long ago deserv'd to smart under the Severity of God's Reproof; but these Things were hitherto conceal'd. Now the Hand of Justice has found me out, and I am to become a publick Spectacle of Shame and Reproach. I have no Interest therefore any longer in hiding my Iniquities from the World: No, I will confess them to Mankind, that they may be warn'd and instructed, and that God may be vindicated in my Punishment.

My Birth and Education was not amongst them that are Aliens from the Commonwealth of Israel, and Strangers to the Covenant of Promise; but within the Pale of the Church of England; a Church not supported by Error and Superstition; a Church so refin'd and reform'd, that it is become the purest upon Earth. Nor was this all neither; for God, by the outward Ministration of his Word, and the inward Operation of his holy Spirit, so wrought upon my Heart, that for some Time his Fear was before my Eyes: I serv'd him in secret, and study'd to glorify him in my whole Life and Conversation.

In this Path I walk'd when I was dedicated more immediately to the Service of my Creator, by the Imposition of Episcopal Hands: God had also blessed with competent Abilities for the Discharge of that Office; so that had I prosecuted my Studies with the same Diligence and Industry as I did my Follies, I might not only have been a learned and judicious Man myself, but an useful Instrument in the Hand of God for enlightening the Understandings of others. Providence also supply'd me with the Favour of a noble and honourable Patron, thro' whose Means I was settled very comfortably as to the Concerns of human Life. My Portion was so far from being scanty, that I had enough and to spare: I was belov'd by my Parishioners, and re-

spected by my Neighbours. The same bountiful Providence bleis'd me with as worthy Relations; a very faithful and affectionate Wife, tender of my Person, careful and industrious about my Affairs: One, in short, that had as good a Right as any Woman to Solomon's Character in the last Chapter of *Proverbs*; one that blest me with four sweet Children, and was to me as a *fruitful Vine*.

In a Word, to God's Glory and my own Shame I confess, that the Hand of Heaven had been exceeding liberal to me upon all Accounts; and that I had no Reason to murmur, as if my Heritage had been sparing, either in spiritual or temporal Things.

And now I come to the last and worst Part of my melancholly Story. That Tenderness that was on my Conscience was not long liv'd: My Corruptions, with the Devil's Temptations, soon overcame it: Then I forfeited my Baptismal Vow, and my Ordination Engagements; then I renounc'd the Faith of Wedlock, and *bad my Eyes full of Adultery that could not cease from Sin*. The Devil had prepar'd for me a fatal Companion and Partner in my Debaucheries; one who was easily tempted by me, and was afterwards a constant Temptation to me, till she prov'd the great Occasion of this dismal Conclusion of my wretched Course of Life. Open your Eyes, therefore, O Adulterers and Adulteresses! contemplate this woful and tragick Instance; be not enamour'd with a Whore's Charms; trust not to her Kindness, tho' confirm'd with Oaths, Excommunications, and Tears: They lead on to all manner of Sin, they will waste your Estate, divide your Family, ruin your Health, destroy your Soul, and, if ever you need her Friendship, she will most perfidiously betray you.

I thought my Sin well secured under the Protection of seeming Religion, and vainly fancy'd it was done in secret, and that it should never be brought to Light: but I was deceiv'd: a Suspicion of my Guilt was whisper'd about, and came to the Ears of my Right Reverend Diocesan, the Lord Bishop of Hereford, who reprov'd and admonish'd me for it. This made me more constant and positive in my Denials, which I confirm'd in the most solemn Manner I could, using such Expressions for my Purgation as I trembled to think of, when I consider how jolly I was accus'd. As for my Neighbours, I threaten'd such of them with Prosecutions as should defame my Character, and was mighty exact with them upon Points of Law, which I thought would have borne me out. But all this while I was a very Slave to my Lust, though I briskly receiv'd the Assaults of all my Accusers, and promis'd my self as compleat a Victory over them as I had obtain'd over my own Conscience, whose Warnings I had almost perfectly stifled.

I was now arriv'd at the very Height of Impiety, to which I had ascend'd by a long Course of Adulteries, Falshoods, and Hypocrisy. When there was no other Way of hiding my Shame, from my injur'd dear Wife, and from all the World, I found my Conscience so fear'd, and so past feeling, that I was not afraid to commit the horrid Murder for which the Law has so justly adjudg'd me to die: A Crime that not only bids Defiance to God and all Religion, but to the very Dictates and Principles of Nature and Humanity! To destroy an innocent Babe had Cruelty enough in the Act itself, but to offer Violence to the Fruit of one's own Body was a great Aggravation of the Crime, and makes it, in Truth, a monstrous Piece of Barbarity. God grant my Repentance may bear some Proportion to my Sin, and be acceptable to him whom I have offend-

Now

Now I have made this full Confession, be pleas'd, Sir, to hear my short Apology against the several Colonies, which my Partner in Guilt, though not in Condemnation, has been pleas'd to load me with.

First, It was aliegd, that she was committed to my Charge and Government by her Father, in her Minority, which has been thought a great heightening of my Sin: To this I declare, that her Father was a Gentleman I never saw, or had the least intercourse with; she being put into my Hands only as a Boarder by her Guardians.

Secondly, It was said, that I attempted to vitiate her at nine Years of Age, and bad for that Purpose corrupted her Judgment, by informing her that Polygamy was lawful: This I also declare to be a Falshood, and protest that I never prostituted the sacred Word of God to serve the Turn of any Lust, nor ever had such a Thought in my Soul.

Again, she has said, she knew nothing of the Fact for which we were jointly question'd, and I condemn'd: In Answer to this I call God to witness, that she both saw, and acted in, all that was done.

I have now done with the World, and have no more Part to act therein; I pray God therefore, who

has suffer'd me to be taken out of it in this ignominious Way, that if he has not already open'd my Eyes by this severe Course of Providence, and alarm'd me sufficiently to repent, he would now be pleas'd to do it, ere all will be too late! I thank God for giving me Time considerable, and great Assurances, to turn to him withal! I might have been surpriz'd with some sudden Death, and infidibly sent into Hell headlong; from which I have now some Hope to be preserv'd, thro' the Mercy of God, and the Merits of my Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, to whom be Glory for ever.

The preceding Speech and Paper, though somewhat long, were thought proper to be inserted, as they give more Light into the Case than any other Help we could obtain 'Tis difficult to account for the severe Reflections he has thrown on the young Lady, who could hardly be more than Second in the Crime at worst; and doubtless the Influence of such a Man wrought much on her in all their criminal Acquaintance. We can say no more at this Distance of Time, than that we hope he obtain'd the Mercy he seem'd so confident of.

The LIFE of Colonel JAMES TURNER.

THIS Gentleman was born in the City of Worcester, in the Year 1659, of very wealthy Parents, who plac'd him with a Goldsmith of Reputation in London, as soon as of Years for a Trade. With this Man he serv'd his Apprenticeship very faithfully, and had the Character of being a young Man well qualify'd for Business. When his Father thought proper to put him into Trade for himself, he gave him a Stock of no less than Three Thousand Pounds, to which he soon added Two Thousand Pounds more by Marriage. He had great Success in Business for some Years, and was esteem'd the wealthiest Man in his Neighbourhood, so that his Word would have pass'd for almost any Sum.

Mr. Turner had always a considerable Inclination for Pleasure and Company, taking peculiar Delight in associating himself with the Gentlemen who were Officers of the City Militia. Among these he was complimented with a Captain's Commission, then a Major's, then a Lieutenant Colonel's, and at last with the Command of one of the Regiments, in which he continu'd till the unhappy Action that brought him to his End was discover'd, to the Surprise of all the World.

The Colonel's Temper was very generous and noble, which, 'tis thought, in some measure, brought on him that Decay of his Fortune which he afterwards labour'd under. In his Post, particularly, whenever he march'd out with his Regiment, he was very liberal in his Entertainments, and commonly run himself to four times the Expence that was necessary. 'Twas the same on every other Occasion; no Man was more free with his Money, or more ambitious of living in Splendor and Reputation, than Colonel Turner.

This Disposition had with him the same Effect as it commonly has with others who ruin themselves by their Generosity: He had no Notion of retrenching his Expences when he perceiv'd his Substance waste; but was resolv'd to support himself with the same Pomp as usual, however he came by the Money. 'Twas easy for such a Man to commit a great many little secret Actions, that were in themselves dishonourable, before he lost his Character, on Account of his great Business. Several of these Things discover'd themselves after he was convicted, which even the Persons that were wrong'd did not suspect before. One Instance in particular will be well worth relating; and was as follows.

He apply'd himself one Day to a Merchant, and bought of him as much Train-Oil and Rice, as came to Three hundred and sixty Pounds, which he promis'd to pay for as soon as the Goods were deliver'd. Accordingly the Day after he went to the Merchant's Houle, and gave him the full Sum in Money and Notes; for which the Merchant wrote a Receipt, while it all lay on the Desk. Two of Turner's Accomplices (or he made use of Assistants) came just at this Time, and pretended some urgent Business with the Merchant, and, in short, play'd their Part so well, that one of them got off with the greatest Part of Turner's Payment, while the other kept the innocent Man in Discourse. Neither of them took any more Notice of the Colonel than if they had not known him, nor did the Merchant imagine he had any Concern in the Matter till he was found guilty of another Crime, of which take this short Account.

There was one Mr. Francis Tryon, a great Merchant, who liv'd in Lime street, whom Colonel Turner knew to be very rich. In order to rob

this Man, one of the abovemention'd Fellows convey'd himself into his Cellar in the Dark of the Evening, and as soon as Mr. Tryon was abed, and as he thought asleep, he let the Colonel in at the Door. They went up together to his Bed-Chamber, bound him, gagg'd him, and us'd him in a very barbarous manner; and then going into his Warehouse, they took from thence, a large Quantity of Diamonds, Saphires, Rubies, &c. which *Turner* knew where to find: Then they took all the Money in the House, which amounted to a vast large Sum; so that the whole Booty was reputed to be the Value of Five Thousand nine hundred and forty six Pounds, four Shillings, and three Pence. They made off with all this quietly. Mr. Tryon had a Man and a Maid-Servant, but they both lay abroad this Night by Permission, of which the Colonel had before receiv'd Information.

Strict Enquiry was made after the Thieves, and all such Jewels as were remarkable were particularly describ'd, while *Turner* thought himself secure in his Character, which had so long screen'd him. But some of the Things describ'd were seen in his House, and the Discoverers were resolv'd to examine further: Whereupon the Colonel, his Wife, and his three Sons, *John*, *William*, and *Ely*, were apprehended, and upon Search almost all the Jewels were found. There was now no Room for Evasion; the whole Family was carry'd before Sir *Thomas Allen*, Knight and Alderman, and all committed to *Newgate*.

At the next Sessions they were all indicted for the said Robbery; but after a full Examination of

what Evidence they had, and considering what the Colonel himself said in his Defence, 'twas thought proper by the Court to acquit the Wife and Sons, and to bring the Colonel in *guilty*; whereupon the usual Sentence of *Death* was pass'd on him, and executed on the Twenty first of *January*, 1662-63; when he was drawn in a Cart from *Newgate* to the End of *Lime-street* in *Leadenhall-street*, and there hang'd on a Gibbet erected for that Purpose; being 53 Years old.

The Colonel left a Paper behind him full of Expressions of Piety and Contrition, too long to be inserted here: We would only observe, that tho' all who knew him, wonder'd at the Fact, yet every one believ'd him *guilty*, because the Proofs were so clear.

There was a Robbery in his Life-time, which no Body could then find out; but after his Death 'twas generally thought he was the Manager. A Letter was sent to a wealthy Dealer at *Chichester*, sign'd with the Name of a Merchant his Acquaintance in *London*, informing him of a profitable Purchase in his Way, and inviting him to Town. The *Chichester* Man had before receiv'd Advices of this Kind from the same Friend, and found them of Service, therefore scrupled not, but set out the next Day with what Money and Notes he had in the House; but before he got half Way to *London*, he was robb'd of all by two Men in Disguise. He soon found his Correspondent had not sent to him, and was astonish'd. However, Colonel *Turner's* Death clear'd all, he knowing both their Circumstances.

The LIFE of HARMAN STRODTMAN.

THE following Account was taken in Writing from the Criminal's own Mouth, the Day before he was executed at Tyburn, which was on Wednesday the 18th Day of June, 1701. The Relation seems to be made with so much Sincerity, that we thought it best to use his own Words, in which he has express'd his Case, and given us a Sketch of his Life, as briefly, and yet as fully as can be expected.

In the Year 1683, or a little before, I was born at Revel in *Liesland*, and had the Happiness to come of a good Family; my Parents being Persons of some Account in the World, and also godly and religious People, who took great Care of my Education.

About the Year 1694, my Father sent me to School to *Lubeck*, where I continued till *Michaelmas*, 1698. From thence I went to *Hamburg*, and stay'd there till I set out for *England*. I arriv'd at *London* the 18th Day of *March* following, together with one *Peter Wolter*, who came with me from my native Place. We were both bound Apprentice to Mr. *Stein* and Mr. *Dorien*, Merchants and Partners in *London*.

Peter Wolter and myself having been Fellow-Travellers, and being now Fellow-Prentices, we liv'd for some time very friendly and lovingly together, till about *August* last, when his Sister was married to Mr. *Dorien*, one of our Masters. Then he began to be so proud, and so very domineering over me, and abusive to me, that I could not bear it. We had several Fallings-out, and he did twice beat me; once before the Maids of the House in the Kitchen, and at another Time in the Compting-House; and did, besides that, often complain and tall Tales of me to my Masters; thereby raising their Displeasure against me, and creating me their ill-will; so that they kept me close at home, and would not give me the same Liberty which my Fellow-Apprentice, and myself before, had, of going abroad sometimes for Recreation. Upon this Account I conceived an implacable Hatred against him, and the Devil put it into my Heart to be reveng'd on him at any rate.

First I design'd to do it by Poison, having to that purpose mixt some *Mercury* with a certain white Powder, which he had always in a Glass in the Chamber, and of which he us'd to take a Dose very often, for the Scurvy. But it being then Winter-time (I think the latter End of *December*, or Beginning of *January*) I found he had left off taking his Powder; and so I might wait long enough before I could see the Effects of my Poison, if I stay'd till the Time he was to take that Powder again. Therefore I thought of another Way to dispatch him, and that was by stabbing him.

On Good-Friday Morning, my Masters sending me on an Errand, I took from thence Opportunity to go to *Greenwich*, from whence not returning till the Thursday following, my Masters were so very angry with me, that they bid me be gone. Upon this I went away, and took Lodgings in *Moor-fields*. And

two Days after I took other Lodgings at the Sign of the Sun, an Ale-house in *Queen-street*, in *London*.

Now I had a Key of the Fore Door of my Master's House, which I got made for me a long time before *Christmas*, by that which was my Masters; and this was for my private Use, that I might, unknown to my Masters, go in and out at any time when I had a Mind to it; but at last the Devil taught me another Use of this Key; for by the Help of it I came to my Masters House on *Saturday*, about half an Hour past eight at Night; and being got in, I went up two Pair of Stairs, and having got into an empty Room, adjoining to *Peter Wolter's* Chamber, I shut myself in there, and some time after fell asleep.

About twelve o'Clock being awake, after I had been some time hearkening, perceiving all was very quiet in the House, I went down to a Room one Pair of Stairs, where a Tinder-Box lay, and having lighted a Candle, enter'd the Compting-House, and there took out several Notes and Bills, and some Money too. Then I went up again two Pair of Stairs, carrying with me a certain Piece of Wood, where-with they us'd to beat Tobacco, which I found in my Chamber. When I was got up Stairs, I sprang into *Peter Wolter's* Room, and coming to his Bed-side, open'd the Curtains, and with my Tobacco beater knock'd him on the Head, giving him four or five Blows on the left Side of it, and another on the right. Thus it was that I most barbarously murder'd this poor Creature, whom I intended, had this fail'd, to have shot to Death; having brought with me two Pistols, ready charged, for that wicked Purpose.

When I perceiv'd *Peter Wolter* was quite dead, I proceeded to search his Breeches, and Chest of Drawers, and took a Note of Twenty Pounds, with some Money, out of his Pocket; which Money, with that I had taken in the Compting-House, amounted to eight or nine Pounds. Then I pack'd up some of his Linnen and Woollen Cloaths, and having made a Bundle of them, went down with it one Pair of Stairs, and out of a Window there threw it into the next House, where no body dwelt. Then I went up Stairs again, and having cut my Candle in two, both Pieces being lighted, I set one in the Chest of Drawers, and the other on a Chair, close by the Bed-Curtains, intending to have burnt the House, in order to conceal by this heinous Fact, the other two of Theft and Murder, which, thro' the Insigation of the Devil, I had now most barbarously committed. Then I went thro' a Window, out of the House, into that where I had slung the Bundle; and slaying there till about five in the Morning, went away with the Bundle, and what else I had taken, to my Lodgings in *Queen-street*, where I put on clean Clothes, and then went to the *Swedes* Church in *Trinity-Lane*.

The next Day, being the second Monday after *Easter*, I went to a Goldsmith, one that I knew, in *Lombard-street*, where I found my Master *Stein*, with another

another Gentleman. My Master ask'd me, whether I would go willingly to his House, or be carried thither by two Porters: I said I would go. So, after some Questions about the horrid Facts I had committed at his House, and my denying of them, I was search'd, and the Bill of twenty Pounds, which was in the Deceased's Pocket, was found upon me.

Then my Master asking me where I lay, I told him in *Moor Fields*; so we went thither, and came to my former Lodging, but the People of the House told him, I did not lie there now. By this my Master finding that I was unwilling to let him know where I had lain, or how I had dispos'd of the Things which I had stol'n out of his House, he promis'd me, that if I would confess, no harm should come to me; for he would take care to send me presently beyond Seas. Upon this I free'y told him the Truth; where I lay, and where those Goods of his were, as we were walking together. So he presently took Coach, and carried me first to my Lodgings in *Queen-Street*, where he received the Bills, Clothes, Money and all that I had thus stol'n, and then he carried me to *Sir Humphry Edwin*; who upon his Examination of me, and my own Confession of all these

Facts, did most justly commit me to *Newgate*; where I must leave it to others to relate how I behaved myself during my Confinement.

I have freely given this true and impartial Account of myself, and my sinful Actions, to the World, that all Men, both young and old, might take warning by me, who once little thought I should ever be capable of committing such foul and enormous Crimes. And now I am going to leave this World for ever, before I have lived long enough in it (as being but about eighteen Years of Age) to know either it or myself: But I thank the divine Grace, that has open'd my Eyes, and set me in a clearer Light, by which I am come within Sight and Apprehension of better Things. Let me therefore, for once and ever, advise all Men to be warn'd by my Fall, and take great care to their Ways, that they do not stumble upon the Snares of *Satan*, as I have done; for perhaps all may not have the same divine Mercy and Help given them for their Recovery, as I have had; for which I love and praise my great Maker and Redeemer, and will adore him to all Eternity.

The LIFE of JACK COLLET, alias COLE

THIS unfortunate Person was the Son of a Grocer in the Borough of *Southwark*, where he was born, and from whence at fifteen Years of Age he was put out Apprentice to an Upholsterer in *Cheapside*. He did not serve above four Years of his Time before he ran away from his Master, and took to the Highway. We have not an Account of abundance of his Robberies, tho' 'tis said he committed a great many; but there is this remarkable Particular recorded of him. That he frequently robb'd in the Habit of a Bishop, with fore or five of his Companions at his Heels in the Quality of Servants, who were ready to assist him on Occasion. Some, who love to make themselves merry with the Reverend and the Right Reverend the Clergy, would be apt to insinuate, that 'tis no very uncommon Thing to see a Thief in the Habit of a Clergyman. For our Parts, we are so far from making any such prophane Observation, that we think the sacred Order give daily Proofs, that *England* has but very few Wolves in Sheep's Cloathing. Give us Leave to add however, concerning our Adventurer, that he generally got much larger Booties on the Road than most of our Lay Highwaymen.

Collet had once the ill Fortune to lose his Canonical Habit at Dice, so that he was forced to take a Turn or two on the Road to supply his present Necessities, in unsuitably'd Garments: But it was not long before he met with a good Opportunity of taking Orders again, and becoming as holy as ever. Riding from *London* down into *Surrey*, a little on this

Side Farnham, he met with Dr. *Mew*, Bishop of *Winchester*, and commanded his Coachman to stop. The Bishop was not at all surpriz'd at being ask'd for his Money, because when he saw his Coach stopp'd he expected that would follow: But when *Collet* told him he must have his Robes too, his Lordship thought him a Madman. There was no resisting however; the old Doctor was obliged to strip into his Waistcoat, besides giving him about fifty Guineas; which *Collet* told him he had now a Right to demand, by having the Sacerdotal Habit in his Possession: For that, you know, Doctor, quoth he, is a Proof of my indelible Character, and the Property I have in the Revenues of the Church; and as good a Proof, I believe, as many Others can shew, who have just as much Learning and Honesty as I have, and yet are acknowledg'd to be good Clergymen, and some of the Receivers General of Heaven.

Collet follow'd this Trade till he was about thirty two Years of Age, and, as if he had been determin'd to live by the Church, he was at last apprehended for Sacrilege and Burglary, in breaking open the Vestry of *Great St. Bartholomew's* in *London*, in Company with one *Christopher Ashley*, alias *Brown*, and stealing from thence the Pulpit Cloth, and all the Communion-late. For this Fact he receiv'd Sentence of Death, and was executed at *Tyburn*, on Friday the fifth of July, in the Year 1691. This *Brown* and *Collet* had before robb'd *St. Saviour's Church* in *Southwark* in Conjunction.

The LIFE of JOCELIN HARWOOD.

EVERY Day's Experience may serve to confirm the old *English* Proverb, *That a good Father may have a bad Son*. Virtue is not convey'd in the Channels of Nature, and two Men may be of the same Bond, yet very different in respect of their Actions. It must be allow'd indeed, that the Son of a virtuous Father if he falls into Excesses, commits a much greater Crime than one who has never had the Advantage of good Instruction, and, what is still more powerful, good Example. But this is only a moral Reflection, and does not at all invalidate what we have said, the Truth of which is proved by continual Observation.

Jocelin Harwood was a degenerated Plant from a good Tree. His Father was honest, moderately rich and of undoubted Reputation: And the greatest Misfortune of his Life was the having a Child so unworthy of him. *Jocelin* was born in the Year 1663, at *Watrinbury* in *Kent*, where he was educated with all the Caution necessary in such Cases: Nor did he at first seem to neglect the Care that was taken of him, but rendered himself deserving of it by his Improvements, promising a much better Manhood than he afterwards afforded. But no Body can account for these Changes.

When he grew towards seventeen Years of Age, he ran away from his Father, carrying off with him about sixty Pounds. Children often begin the Practice of Thieving upon their Parents; because the Crime there seems less to them; or at least, because they hope, if they are detected, to meet with more Mercy than from other Hands. But this is only an Artifice of the great Deceiver of Mankind, who knows the Temper of our Souls too well, and in what Manner to lead us on from Step to Step till we arrive at the very Height of Iniquity.

Thus *Harwood*, when he had wasted what he took from his Father in Luxury and Wantonness, made no Scruple of getting more in the same dishonest Way. Being now in *London* also, he had every Disadvantage that a young Man can have, who has given Way a little to the Allurements of Vice. His Money brought him into bad Company, and then that bad Company persuaded him to seek for more Money. He submitted at first only to pilfering and picking of Pockets, which he followed for about three Years, and then he resolved to move in a higher Sphere, make a greater Blaze in the World for a Time, and receive his Fate, when it came, with more Honour.

The ill Success of his first Adventure on the Highway was enough to have reform'd him and deter'd him from ever attempting the like again. He had stolen a Horse, Bribe, Saddle, Holders, and Pistols, with which he set out on *Black Heath*, and was so hardy as to order two Men at once to stand and deliver. The Gentlemen engaged him, that his new Horse, and had certainly taken him, if the Wounds they receiv'd in the Encounter had not disabled them

from exerting themselves. *Harwood* was terribly frightened at the Bravery of his Antagonists, and was glad he could get off without a Horse.

The next Night he broke open a Stable at *Dartford* in *Kent*, and remounted himself, though but indifferently. He had not been many Hours upon the Road before he overtook one Mr. *Payne*, a Lifeguard man, with whom he fell into Discourse upon the Goodness of their two Horses. Mr. *Payne* laugh'd at *Harwood* for mentioning such a despicable Beast as the other. Pray, says *Harwood*, what may be the extraordinary Qualities of your Horse, that you boast of him so? I confess he has a better Appearance than mine, but I will undertake to leap with you for what you dare, or travel a Day's Journey.

The Lifeguard-man could not help admiring what *Harwood* said; though he did not believe but 'twas all Lies: He would not however tell him so, but thought to convince him genteely of his Mistake the first Opportunity that offer'd. They came at last to a Gate, that led into a By-Road, but was always fast except on particular Occasions. *Harwood* knew whither 'twould carry him, though the other did not. When Mr. *Payne* saw this Gate, he immediately gave his Horse a Kick, and over he went, coming back again with the same Ease. You surprise me, Sir said *Harwood*, I could never have believ'd such a Thing if I had not seen it. But pray would your Horse do the same with another Person on his Back? Certainly, says the Soldier; you shall try him if you please. *Harwood* seem'd afraid of being thrown off, however he accepted the Offer for the Sake of saying he had rid such a Horse.

In a Word, *Harwood* got upon the Lifeguard-man's Horse, and leap'd the Gate, with the same Ease as it had been done just before. And now pray Sir, says he, at what do you value this fine Beast? At forty Guineas, said *Payne*. Well, I confess you are very reasonable, said *Jocelin*, but I have not so much about me: However the first time I see you after your Horse has earned so much, you shall have the Money. And so away he rode, the Soldier being able to pursue him only with his Eyes and his Oaths.

Jocelin continued to rob on the Highway for about two or three Years, during which Time he lived in all manner of Excess, passing from County to County as it suited either with his Pleasure or his Safety. If he had been any thing frugal, he might in this Time have amass'd a prodigious Sum of Money; but he was too much of a Gentleman not to spend all as fast as he could after he had got a Booty.

The last and worst Action of his Life was committed at the House of Sir *Nehemiah Bourroughs* in *Shropshire*; where he was informed of an immense Treasure, in Plate and Money. In Company with two more, he went one Night, and broke open this Houle; g gging and banding all the Servants as fast as they could get into their Chambers. When the

rest of the Family was secure, he went to the Knight, and bound him and his Lady; and then going into his Daughters Room, one of the young Ladies said to *Hartwood*, *Pray Sir, use us civilly; which if you do, we will use you in the same Manner, in Case you and your Companions should be taken; for I am sure we shall know you again. Shall youso?* said the inhuman Wretch, *I'll take Care then to prevent your doing any Mischief.* Upon this he cut them both in Pieces with his Hanger, and then running into the old People's Room again, *What,* says he, *and do you know me too?* They told him *No*. *D—n you,* said he, *you are only a little more artful than the B—s your Daughters, but I shall trust you.* Then he run them both thorough, and let them wallowing in their Blood, seeming as if he had done a meritorious Deed.

His Companions were so astonished at the Barbarity of the Fellow, that they stood like Stocks, unable either to prevent him in his bloody Attempt, or to apprehend him for them on the Place, which latter they had most Mind to. But the Horror continued to strike on their Minds, that, tho' they were both old Offenders themselves, they could not help exposing him to Justice as soon as they had left the House of this unhappy Family. Being on the Road, one of them by Agreement shot his Horse, and then they joined to bind him Hand and Foot, and leave him on the Ground, with a Piece of the Knight's Plate by his Side; telling him 'twas but a just Requital for his Inhumanity.

The next Day, an Enquiry being made all over the Country, he was found in the Condition he had been left by his Companions. The Excute he made to those who discover'd him, was, that he had been

robb'd himself by some Rogues, who dropp'd that Piece of Plate by him in their Hurry. But this Pretence did him little Service; for upon searching his Pockets they found a great deal of Money there; besides Cords, a dark Linthorn, Watche, and a Tinder-Box, all which made his Case very suspicious. When he came into the Presence of the Servants of the Family, they all swore he was one of the Men who had bound and gagg'd them. What made the Proofs yet stronger was a Letter, which his Companions sent with an exact State of the Affair, and the Manner of their leaving him.

Upon all this Evidence he was sent under a strong Guard to *Shrewsbury* Jail, where he behaved very audaciously. At his Trial he was even so impudent as to spit in the Faces of the Judge and Jury, and talk to them without any Regard to Decency. The Matter of Fact being plainly proved against him, he was condemn'd to be first hang'd on the Gallows till he was dead, and then to have his Body hang'd in Chains on a Gibbet, for a publick Spectable. This Sentence made no Impression on him; so that he continued the same horrid Course of Oaths, Profaneness, and Blatphenies, till his Death. By these Methods, and his getting drunk the very Morning he was to die, he so exasperated every Body aginst him, that the common People of the Place would have executed Justice on him, if the Law had not, the first Time they could have laid Hold of him. When he was at the Gallows, with a stiddy Countenance, he said, *That he should act the same Murder again, in the same Case.* This was all he would say to any Body. 'Tis shocking to think that such a Wretch should be but twenty three Years of Age at the Time of his Death, which was in the Year 1692.

The LIFE of RICHARD WALTON, commonly call'd the CONJUROR.

THIS Criminal was several Years confined to his Bed, notwithstanding which, he was drawn from the same by a Rope, and executed at Warwick, on Friday the 10th of August, 1733. For promoting and encouraging *Humphry Moulfall*, *Morris Walker*, and *William Coley*, to commit several Robberies, &c. Of which he gives the following Account of himself when under Sentence of Death, and delivered to the Sher-iff at the Place of Execution.

I WAS born in the City of *Litchfield* in the County of *Stafford*, the 15th of November, 1691, when the Sun was in the Meridian, i. e. Noon. I had the Happiness to be born of honest and reputable Parents, by whose Care I was early instructed in the Principles of the Episcopal Religion. My Learning was Mean, but I sufficiently instructed in all moral Duties, and in the Flower of my Youth was shew'd the undoubtful Punishment that would certainly be inflicted upon those that practis'd Iniquity, and the blessed Reward for such that I will.

When I came to M'ss's Place I was Servant three Years to one of those People call'd Quakers; and about one Year of that Time, I assiduously frequented their Meetings, being a goodly Company with a Book call'd *B Barclay's Appeal*, but when my Service dropt, my appearing at their Meetings ceas'd. Yet I cannot say, that I went amongst them to please my Master, or from any hope or Favour from him, for I was much afflicted with some of their Writings, particularly the Book above mentioned, which without doubt is an excellent Performance, and does certainly point the very Root and Substance of the Gospel Commandments, and shew'd us how from empty Shadows, which in themselves are no Life, being but little (my none at all) better than the Prophet's Hask. But notwithstanding these Things with their tale of Communion, to their very great shame be it spoken; I have been a mean Covetousness, Self-endeavour'd, Deceit, and Promises of Vain-glory amongst them, as my Tongue will shew: And even in the place where I was educated, many of them full well show how they had lost their Chambering and Wantonness, desiring to filter themselves (in committing their Natives) under my Roof; tho' thanks be to God, none of them did find their wicked Ends. I try no more of them, only wish with all my Spirit, notwithstanding the Illumination they bring themselves of, that they would take a little further into their own Hearts, and not pretend to so much Outwardness in their being Followers of Christ and his Apostles, even pretending to the very Substance thereof whilst secretly they practise the reverse.

In the 19th Year of my Age I married a Wife,

very much against the Consent of my aged Parents, for which I am heartily sorry, and beg that my heavenly Father will graciously forgive me the Sin of Unthankfulness, which I was too much guilty of.

'Tis about twenty Years since my Country was some small sufferer by my imitating the King's Stamp, and tho' it was not alledg'd against me, yet who knows but this may be one Thing that may be a Means of bringing me to this funereal Death; from whence we may see that capital Crimes seldom go unpunish'd.

In 1731, I was indicted as a Promoter and Encourager of *Humphry Moulfall* and *Morris Walker*, to steal two black Mares the Property of *William Guest* in *Worcestershire*. The Witnesses to prove me a Promoter or Encourager was *Morris Walker*, who said he asked me to look in the Almanack, to see whether he shou'd come to any Damage, by going with *Humphry Moulfall* that Night. This Depo- nent farther said, that he heard me tell *Moulfall*, that he need not want Money.

The next Evidence was a Piece of Parchment produced by *Moulfall*, who said that I gave him that to protect him in Horse-stealing, and that would keep him from all Harm. By the aforesaid Evidence of *Walker*, and the producing of the Parchment. I was by the Jury found Guilty, and by the Judge sentenc'd to Die.

Now as near as I can remember the Mares of *William Guest* were rode away by *Moulfall* and *Walker* on the 12th of January last, and on the 13th of the same Month were brought back by the same Men, and turn'd up near the same Place they were taken from, and on the third Day the Owner had his Mares again: Nor was it ever known who rode them away till about three Months after: when *Moulfall* being in custody on Suspicion of other Matters, of his own accord acknowledged that he and *Walker* rode away with the Mares.

And as to the Parchment that was produc'd against me, there was wrote in it, the first six Verses of the first Chapter of St. *John's* Gospel, and several other Sentences out of the Scriptures. All which, if the untinking Gentlemen of the Jury would have seriously consider'd, would not in the least have suppos'd that to have any Appearance in it of a *Protection for Horse stealing*; especially if they had consider'd the Words that it was concluded with, viz. *That the Angel of God would preserve from Witchcraft or evil Tongue, all that did belong to Ham- pny Moulfall*. And as I am a dying Man, I will declare the true intent for which this Parchment was given, which is as follows.

Towards the latter end of the Year 1731, *Humphry Moulfall* came to my House, and told me that he had a Heiffer that was ill, being handled or af- flicted

listened after a strange and surprizing Manner, and that he and his Neighbours which saw her, did imagine that she had Damage done her by Witchcraft, or the unlawful Tricks of a neighbouring Woman, whereupon I gave him that Parchment, written, as before-mention'd, bidding him bury it in the Corner of the Garden, towards Sun rising, about a Foot deep in the Ground, laying a green Turf upon it, and then fill up the Hole again. This is the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth, as I hope for Mercy in and thro' the Merits of Jesus Christ my Redeemer.

This Day seventh Day is my last and solemn Farewell to this World, therefore I will leave behind me a frank Acknowledgment of what I was really privy to, and in relation to what I did certainly know touching the Facts which we committed by *Humphry Mousfall* and *Morris Walker*.

About November 1732, *Humphry Mousfall* came to my House, and told me the great necessity he was in for some Money to discharge a Debt of about 12 Pounds, desiring me if possibly to consider of some proper Person that was likely to supply his present Occasion, till he could raise some Money out of his own Stock of Cattle: Now I had made fruitless Application to Mr. F— and Mr. C—, Attornies at Law on the like occasion for him not long before, therefore I tried several other People, but the like Success, at last a Writ came out against him, and through a mistake of the Bailiffs his Brother *Andrew Mousfall* was arrested in his stead, which gave *Humphry* Notice to avoid the Danger, which accordingly did, by sheltering himself at my House, (it being in another County) two or three Days a Week, for the space of two Months, sometimes Cursing and Swearing, other times he would Weep and seem sorrowful on the account of his Children, and then again cursing his Relations for not making his Matters up, often protesting Revenge on them, saying, he would ride away with a Horse of his Cousins, and sell him, tho' by me often persuaded to the contrary; at last he and *Morris Walker* takes a turn in the Cotes adjoining to my House, and in the Evening returning back, *Walker* softly asked me if he might safely go with *Mousfall* that night? the Almanack lying before me, I carelessly cast my Eye thereon (not having respect to the Question he asked me) and answer'd Yes. So away they both went from me, it being on Thursday Night the 11th of January, 1732-3. And about 7 o'Clock on Saturday Night following, *Mousfall* came again to my House, and finding me engaged in Company, he took an Opportunity of whispering to me, that *Walker* and he rode away with two Mares down to *Stafford*, but there being no Fair that Day, they brought them back and turn'd them up again, and so *Mousfall* went home to his own House, I being Glad in my Heart that they had been so disappointed.

On the next Day came a Stranger to me (which proved to be Mr. *Guest*), who own'd the two Mares, and asked me if I could give any Intelligence which way he shou'd seek his Mares, whereupon I gave him Directions, and he accordingly had them again. The Day following being *Monday*, he came and gave me two Guinea's, which Reward he had promised in a printed Advertisement, published before he came to me. This is the Truth, and altho' I knew no more of it than what is here express'd, yet I was most notoriously to blame for taking the Money of him.

About a Month after this, *Mousfall* brings one *William Coley* to my House, and when my Servant was gone to Bed, as we were drinking share of a

Mug or two of Ale, they told me their Intentions, viz. that they designed to steal Mr. *Hill's* Mare that Night, which was in a Stable adjoining to my House, I said but little against it I own, verily thinking to put it by another way: And betwixt ten and eleven of the Clock they both went out together to put Matters in order for their Design, leaving me a Candle before me, which immediately I put out, thrusting the Candlestick and other things which were before me, on my board, upon the Ground; whereupon I earnestly told them that *Sarah* (which was my Servant's Name) had been down Stairs, and finding them not with me, said she was sure they were gone to do some Mischief, and that the world certainly be the first that should discover it, strictly charging that they should bear their attempts, assuring them that she would u'ely tell, whereupon *Coley* look'd as pale as Death, and sat himself down, saying, he would not needle, but alas! it had not the same Effect on *Mousfall*, he was resolute, notwithstanding *Coley's* unwillingness and all that I could say; so away they went, and when the Morning came found to my vast uneasiness the Mare was gone.

Some few Days after this, *Mousfall* came again, and told me he had sold the Mare for six pounds, and gave me Ten Shillings, to which I replied, *Humphry*, Do not think I will have any share of the Money you sold the Mare for, for I will be under no Obligations, nor will I have any share of stor'n Goods, further adding, *Humphry*, My Nativty look a little Dangerous, that I should suffer by the Sentence of a Judge, was I ever to come before one, tho' for ever so small a Matter, I should certainly die: And as sure as the Sun is in the Firmament at Noon-Day, I utter'd these Words to him more than ten Times. To which he replied, He did not desire me to take it on that Account, he freely gave it me in part of the Money he ow'd me. This is the real Truth as I am now Alive, and yet to I must Die!

An Elegy on the Death of Richard Walton.

DEATH is the common Lot impos'd on all,
The Brave and Virtuous with the Vulgar fall;
Immature Power! the scientific Head,
Strip'd of its Honours sinks among the Dead,
D'Escartes and *Newton* whom the World regret,
And *Walton* late has paid the mighty Debt,
Sages who shew'd us Nature as she was,
And from effects could latent causes trace.
See in the Womb of fate a future Birth,
And paint the Time when it shou'd issue forth.

Much suffering *Walton*! much lamented Name!
Immortal as thy Knowledge be thy Fame,
For Arts and Arms, eternal Honours grow,
And wreaths undying Grace the learned Brow.
Ere might thy Precedence with thy Cause die,
And thy Arts buried in Oblivion lie.

Oh! if the learn'd Associate, as below,
And kindred shades releas'd, each other know;
Methinks I see thee in Assembly met,
With *Gadbury*, *Partridge*, and with *Lilly* set;
Despising Death, informing every Sage,
Thy Genius, Conduct, Morals and thy Age,
How when you last survey'd in clouded Shades,
(On agonizing Sight!) proud *Leo* rise,
His Tail the true emblem of a *Kepe*,
Hung gaping like a hempen Noose alope,
'Twas late: and who contemns that great Decree?
It summon'd you, and late has summon'd me.

E P I T A T H.

To some near Cloud, if thou hast Power, repair,
(Variety may please above, as here)
See every Moth is busy with thy Name,
And Songsters publicly rehearse thy Fame.
Walton is Dead! In vain the Virgin Dreams,
In vain, with Joys her pregnant Fancy Teems;
In vain, at morn diviner slumbers spread,
A train of Visions round *Corrinna's* Head,
Walton is Dead! and who shall dare t'explain,
The crude Conceptions of her sleeping Brain,
Who, but a cunning Wizard cou'd foresee
That Peace and Plenty were decreed for thee?
In th' Field the Soldier leaves his fleeting Breath,
And sinks, and bravely Triumphs over Death;
The Vulgar die in Beds: to thee 'twas given,
To swing in open Air the nearest Heaven.

HERE on his Back old *Walt*
Who yet to's Power looks to
Weep not for him, tho' he cou'd tell,
Your Fortunes when on Earth so
I dare engage if's Grave you'll see
(Who'd know your Fortune) once a
This Earth which bears his Body's pri
You'll find has so much Vertue in't;
That it will all your Doubts remove
Concerning Stolen Goods or Love,
As well as he could when above.

on lies,
ards the Skies,
well,
Week,

The LIFE of JOHN STEVENS, alias
HENRY COOK.

THE following Account this Criminal gave of himself, and of the several Robberies he had committed, which he deliver'd to his Friend, and desired it might be publish'd, after his Execution, which was at *Tyburn* on *Wednesday* the 16th of *September* 1741.

I *HENRY COOK*, aged 27 Years, was born in *Houndsditch*, of honest, reputable Parents, who still live there; my Father having a great Number of Children, at least 19 or 20, now but Eight living, all which he has handsomely brought up.

When I was of proper Age, I was put to School to a Gentleman in *Sandy Court*, near *Houndsditch*, with whom I continued, and was instructed, till I could write tolerable well, and had learnt Arithmetick, as far as the Rule of Three and Practice. My Father being in the Leather-Cutting Business, he instructed me in that Art, so far that I thought I was sufficiently qualified to act for myself. There being a *Shoemaker's* Shop to be Let at *Stratford* in *Essex*, my Father hearing thereof, at my Request immediately took it for me, stock'd it with Leather, and other Necessaries, for me to begin Trade; and at the same Time furnished me two Rooms with Goods.

Here I lived very well, and had good Business for about two Years; then I got acquainted with the eldest Daughter of one *Joseph Alexander*, Beadle of *Stratford*, to whom I have been married about five Years, which, with the additional Expence of three Children, by that Time, had reduced me to so low an Ebb, and involv'd me so much in Debt, that I could no longer stand my Ground, for fear of being Arrested. Where to go for Refuge I could not tell, my Father's in *Houndsditch* being an improper Place, on Account I had taken up Goods in his Name, of as many of his Dealers in *London*, as I could get to Credit me; at which my Father was very much displeased, as I did it without his Consent and Knowledge.

By this Time I had contracted an Intimacy with most of the loose and disorderly Sparks in and about *Stratford*, but particularly with one *Y—g*, an *Apothecary*, who then kept a Shop in *Stratford*, (now in *London*, near *Mounth-street*.) With him, &c. of Nights, (after I had been secreted all Day for Fear of a Knap.) I used to go robbing of Gentlemens Fish Ponds, stealing Fowls, &c. till Mr. *Montk*, a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, advertised two Guineas Reward for some Ducks he had lost, as also a Farrier in the Town half a Guinea, for some he had lost, &c. Being suspected by every Body to be guilty, and knowing myself so, I made up what Money I could, and retired to a Relation of mine, who keeps the Sign of the *Rose* and *Crown*, at *Grays*, down the River, where I was concealed about two Months. I diverted myself a-days in shooting of Rabbits, &c. which was a good Pretence for my carrying a Gun, to secure myself from the Bulliffs, if they had scented where I was; not that I had any particular Malice against them, more than one who lives at the Foot of *Bow-Bridge*, he having Actions against me, protesting he would catch me, if I was above Ground, of which I was informed; whereupon I sent him Word to take Care of himself, for that I was provided with Pistols, &c. and that if he did not desist his Resolution in taking me, I would certainly make it my Business to lay wait for him, and blow his Brains out; of him I heard no more.

Two Months being gone, and my Money all spent, I was at a Loss what Course to steer; however I resolved to venture Home to my Wife again, which I did about Eleven o'Clock at Night, when to my expressible Surprize and Grief I found a certain Person in the House, which at that Time gave me great Uneasiness, tho' I have since reflected I had no great Occasion to be so, however the World must imagine it did not a little surprize and confound me; but as my Circumstances

were then so bad, I was obliged to be silent, but determined never to live with her more, for a Contumacy.

The next Morning about five, I went into the Shop, strip it of what I could conveniently carry off, and came directly to *London*, where I pawn'd them for two Pound ten Shillings.

Not daring to go to my Fathers, I went to one *R——S——*, a Gardener in *Shoreditch*, who married one of my Sisters: He very kindly received me, telling me he had heard before of my bad Circumstances, and would do all in his Power to serve me, with whom I staid about six Weeks, in which Time I had pretty well made even with my two Pounds ten Shillings; how, or which Way to get more, I was in a Consternation to know, resolving not to go to my Wife again.

As I was walking over *Moorfields* one Day, I espied a Brace of second-hand Pistols at a Broker's Shop, which I cheapen'd, and bought for seven Shillings and six Pence. After I had provided myself with Powder, Balls and Flints, I return'd to my Sister's, where I dined, and soon after took my Leave, and went towards *Newington*; and a little on this Side the Town, I stopped a Man in the Dusk of the Evening, in the Foot Path, from whom I took fifteen Shillings, this being the first Robbery of that Kind I ever committed, the World must needs think it a little startled me.

From thence I turned off for *Finchley-Common*, intending there to stop the first Man I met, rob and take his Horse from him; which, luckily for me, fell out just as I would have it. I had not been on the Common ten Minutes, before I met a Man well mounted, who was agoing towards *Coney-Hatch*, it being dark, I sat down on the Road Side till he came up with me; I then rushed up, and seized his Horse's Bridle, demanded him to dismount and deliver his Money: He at first spur'd his Horse and would have forced him over me; but upon my threatening to blow his Brains out, he surrendered both Horse and Money, desiring I would send his Horse to an Inn at *St. Alban's*, where three Guineas should be left for the Person who brought it. I promised him I would, but after I had rode him a little Way, I thought him of more Worth to keep for my Business, than return to the Owner.

I accordingly went forward that Night with my Horse and Booty, which was about two Pounds fifteen Shillings to my Brother-in-Law, *S——*'s Mother, who kept an Alehouse the Side of *Enfield-Chase*. Here I was kindly receiv'd, telling them I was obliged to fly for Debt, and must keep close that nobody must see me.

Here I tarried two Days, and as they kept a Publick House, I lived after a very extravagant Manner. From hence I went down the Chace to *Forty-hill*, from thence towards *Tottenham*, between which Place, I stopped a Gentleman, from whom I took about six Pounds, went on to *London*, set up my Horse at an Inn in *Bishopsgate-street*, and went and staid all Night at my Brother *S——*'s, who was surprized to see me have so much Money, and strictly examined me how I came by it. I desired him to be silent, which he was. The next Morning I took my Leave, and went and bought a Pair of Boots, &c. After which I set out for *St. Alban's*, and just on this Side the Turnpike, I stopp'd the *St. Alban's* Stage Coach, from whence I took about eight Pounds.

At Night I returned to *S——*'s Mother at *Enfield-Chase*, where I got the News-Papers, upon Perusal of which, I found my Horse was advertised

with a full Description, and three Guineas Reward, to have it paid by the Master of the *White-Hart-Inn* at *St. Alban's*.

A few Days after I turned out again with an intent to take the first sightly Horse I could meet on the Road, which happened that Night upon *Hadly-Common*, where I overtook a Gentleman, as I then thought him to be, whom I robbed of about four Pound, and then exchanged Horses with him. He told me what he was and where he liv'd, which was at a Publick House near *Moorgate*, as well as I can remember.

A short Time after this, crossing the Country from *Mims* to *St. Alban's*, and being at the *Bull* at *Mr. French's*, one of the Passengers, an elderly Woman, who I had robbed in the Stage-Coach, was in the Kitchen, where I at my alighting went. I recollected her Face the Minute I saw her, as I perceived she did mine, whereupon I directly ran to the Stable, and having saddled my Horse I set out for *Barnet*.

On the Road I struck in with some Company who were coming the same Way, with whom I joined myself. We had not rode together a Mile, before one challenged by Horse to be advertised, and that it was taken at such a Time and Place by a Highwayman, and he knowing the Horse and Owner very well, demanded of me to give an Account of myself, and how I came by the Horse, which I soon would have done, but there being in Company seven or eight, all well mounted, and who, if I had either shot him or his Horse, would inevitably have taken me; I therefore told him I lived in *London*, but had bought the Horse a few Days before, of a Man at the *Bell-Inn* at *Edmonton*, where, if he would go with me, he might be satisfied of the Truth of what I said, I thinking thereby to get him to go over *Enfield-Chase*, by which Means, as it was out of the strait Road to *London*, I thought the rest of his Company would have kept on, which if they had, I intended to have given him his Friend's Horse to carry Home, and have taken his in the stead, with what Cash he had about him: But in this I was disappointed, by all the Company going with us.

When we came near the *Bell*, I was in a flutter to guess which was the best Method to disengage myself from my new Companions; when just as we all came to the Gateway of the said Inn, I clapt Spurs to my Horse, and turned down a Lane the Corner of the Inn, which came from *Finchley-Common*. Their Horses being fresher than mine, very closely pursued: I took to the Fields, and made for a Wood, when I wanted to have got therein, but could not get my Horse to leap; in which Time four Men came within twenty Yards of me; whereupon I turned about, and fired a Pistol at them, (which did no Damage) and demanded them to keep off; at which they stopped. I called out and told them, there was their Friend's Horse; so I quitted him, and ran into the Wood; by which Means, with the Darkness of the Evening, I then escaped.

After this miraculous Deliverance I went home as I then called it, to my Brother-in-law *S——*'s, in *Shoreditch*, who judged something to be the matter with me, by the Confusion I appeared to be in. He taxed me hard with going on the Highway, but to no Purpose; I desired his Silence, or otherwise I must seek a new Lodging; after which Time, go or come when I would, he said nothing.

Here I continued a Week, or 9 Days, without doing any one Thing to get a Shilling, in which

Time my Money was near exhausted, the major part of which, I spent in Bawdy-houses, in and about *Shoreditch*, when I determin'd upon *Finchley Common*, being the Place of Action; when I came there, I saunter'd some Time upon the Common without doing any Business, being a little fearful from the narrow Escape I had the last Time I was out, I suffer'd several to pass by unmolested, till it was almost dark, when I espied an old Man poorly mounted with a Basket on his Arm coming towards me; he I thought might have been at *London* at Market, and able to replenish my empty Purse I therefore prepared for an Attack, when he came up with me after the Word of Command, to stop and deliver, I dismounted him, he portrelling for some time to have no more Money than 5 s. whereupon I search'd him, and found above four Guineas, I took both his Horse and Money tho' a poor one, mounted and was going to my old Lodging near the Chace, intending to do no more that Night, but before I got off the common, just at the End of the Road which leads to *Finchley Town*, I met a Man going but easily along, I stop'd and robb'd him of some Silver, and his Silver Buckles, exchanged Horses, as his seem'd much better then mine, and so I soon found and left him mine to carry him home, he had not got half way over the Common, before he met the old Market-Men, I had just before robb'd of both Horse and Money, the old Man thinking it was me, said I wish you a good Night, and good Success the other answer'd, I hope better then I have just now met with, the old Man perceiving it not to be me tho' his Horse, desired the Man to dismount telling him, that was his Horse, and if he did not immediately deliver it, he should charge him with the Robbery, the other began to *D—m* and swear there was nothing but Thieves and Highwaymen upon the Road; however, he gave the old Man his Horse and walked home on Foot, to the *Ace Inn*, in *Aldermanbury*, he being *Chamberlain*, his Name was *Thomason*, who in a short Time after had my Life in his Power, as I shall soon relate; I directly proceeded from hence to my Lodging on the Chace, where I spent that Night and the next two Days in Boozing and Carousing with my Acquaintance, a pretty many by that Time I had there, the third Day in the Morning, I sent for the News-Papers, wherein I found my Mare advertised with a full Description of her I put the News-Papers in my Pocket, saddled my Mare and came for *Finchley Common*, in order to rob, and exchange my Nagg with the first Man I Met, and should like his; when I came within 500 Yards as near as I can guess of the Place I took the Mare and robb'd the Man, I to my Astonishment! was seiz'd by him and three more before I saw them; the first Salutation I met with was a Knock on the Head, which brought me to the Ground, when being surrounded by a Mob before I could recover, I was forced to submit; they immediately upon searching me, found a Brace of loaded Pistols, Powder and Bullets, a Silver Watch and some Money, I was directly carried before a Magistrate, who committed me to *Newgate*, but upon my requesting him, to return me my Money, he readily did, leaving my Watch (which was never own'd) and Pistols in the Custody of the Constable, a Person who liv'd about *Finchley*, and in *October* Sessions, 1740. I was Try'd at the *old Bailey* for the said Offence, when by the Favourableness, of my then Protector, in not Swearing I was the Man who robb'd him, altho' I was taken upon the Mare he lost, and I am well assur'd he could, had he been inclinable to it; I had

nothing to say in my own Defence; but that I found the Mare turn'd up in the Road, and seeing the Advertisement which I then had about me, was bringing her Home, and as that was the first Time of my being call'd before a Court of Justice, my Father and Neighbours at *Stratford*, appear'd in my Behalf, tho' I had my Landlady and four more from *Enfield-Chace*, to have swore if there had been a Necessity that I was at her House the Time the Robbery was committed, but as I was not positively sworn to be the Man, I was discharged without their Assistance.

Being thus happily deliver'd, to the great Joy of my Father, and seemingly of all my Acquaintance and Neighbours at *Stratford*, I was by them prevail'd upon to return Home to my Wife and Family at *Stratford*, which I thought was the least Return of Gratitude I could make them, after shewing their Friendship in serving me.

The very Day I was discharged I accompanied my Neighbours to *Stratford*, where for that Night we were very merry, they all hoping my narrow Escape would be a Warning to me for the future. I on my Part, promis'd to return to my Wife, and by my more than ordinary Diligence for the Time to come, to repair not only my Reputation, but my Circumstances; when we parted they went to their separate Homes, I to mine to my Wife, who was that Day Church'd. The next Day I examin'd how Matters stood in the Shop and Book, which I found if possible, in a worse Condition than when I left them, by her lying in, and *William Taylor* the Man who managed Business, neglecting it in coming after me to *Newgate*, this I thought a poor Prospect, to perform my Promises in retrieving my Reputation and Circumstances. I examin'd the said *Taylor*, if there were any good Debts, which might be immediately collected, he reply'd not one as he knew of; how to act in this Case I knew not, whether to stand my Ground, or turn out again on the Road, when I resolv'd with myself to come to *London*, and purchase a Brace of second Hand Pistols, which when I had done, I thought I could have gone an Evening and robb'd betwixt my House and the Forest, and return Home unsuspected, which I did for about a Fortnight, in which Time I had got and saved about 30 l. this I had a Thought of laying out in a Stock of Leather, &c. when consulting with the said *William Taylor* what was most wanting, and telling him what Sum I had to lay out, he freely told me how I came by it, and instead of advising me for the best as an honest Man, he reply'd, what signifies that Sum, lets go with you and make it ten Times as much, and then think of buying Leather.

This was no sooner by him propos'd, than by me accepted, I well knowing from his former Scene of Life in Smuggling, that I could have no proper Person for a Companion; he and I came directly to *London*, where we equipt ourselves with what was wanting and necessary for Gentlemen of our Profession, as we then stiled ourselves; that Night we return'd Home to *Stratford* without doing any Thing; the next Day I and my Man, as he insist'd I should call him, not only from being the Manager of my Business in the Shoemaking Way, but from my Experience and Seniority in our new Profession. Going as far as *Rumford*, &c. with an Intent, as it was my fixed Maxim, to stop the first Man we met on Horseback, rob and dismount him, till we were both mounted, then stop and rob both Coaches and Horsemen, till we came near Home, and then turn up our Horses.

The Sweets and Benefits arising from this new Profession, my Man *Will* soon found, for he could of-

ten say when he had taken any Thing of a Booty, is not this better than Shoemaking Maſter? In this audacious Manner did we continue both Night and Morning, to ſtop moſt or all the Stage-Coaches, &c. on that Road, of which one Capt. *Mawley*, who had been before robb'd was appriz'd, he coming that Road in the *Colcheſter* Stage-Coach, had provided himſelf with Fire Arms, and conceal'd himſelf in the Basket behind the ſaid Coach, in Expectation of our meeting 'em as uſual. My Man *Will* and I had been out about two Hours before the *Colcheſter* Coach came by, in which Time we had ſtop'd and robb'd ſeveral that paſſed and repaſſed, of whom we could get no Horſes, and knowing the ſaid Coach was a coming, we agreed to take two Horſes which were at Graſs in a Field joining to the Road, having two Bridles, and one Saddle concealed in a Hedge near the Field, but before we could catch the ſaid Horſes, or either of them, we heard the Coach coming, when we left the Horſes and ran to meet it, and juſt at *Gal-lows Green* we ſtopp'd it, I giving the Word of Command to ſtop, *Will* on the other Side demanding their Money, which he had no ſooner done, than Capt. *Mawley* in the Basket behind ſhot him thro' the Head, upon which he dropp'd, which I ſeeing ran directly towards the Captain in the Basket, who ſaluted me with a Brace of Balls from a Piſtol, which took me directly upon the right Shoulder, in which Hand my Piſtol was, I being at ſome Diſtance, the Balls did not penetrate the Skin, only knocked me backwards, and numm'd it for the preſent; notwithstanding which I took up my Piſtol in my left Hand, ran to the Captain, and would have ſhot him, but my Piſtol miſſed Fire, by the Dirt getting in the Pan by the Fall; however I robb'd him of about 19 s. all in Silver, though I underſtand he denies looſing any Thing; however I declare it to be true, and as ſoon as I had done, I bid the Coachman drive on, which he did as faſt as poſſible.

I looked at my Man *Will*, and ſaw he was juſt expiring, he had then about 7 l. in his Pocket, which we had taken that Morning and the over Night, and which I wanted to have taken from him, but the Mob coming, I jump'd over a Gate, and croſſed the Fields towards *Upton*; but before I got there, it came in my Head to return Home, and as it was very early in the Morning, to go to Bed to prevent a Suſpicion of my being concern'd with my Man *Will Taylor*.

I had not croſſed two Fields before I heard a Thouſand People were alarmed with *Will's* being ſhot, and that I muſt certainly be the Man who was with him, and was eſcaped; however I ventured ſo near the Place as the other Side of the Hedge, where the Mob was gather'd, and carrying *Will* out of the Road. I had it ſtill in my Head to go Home and to Bed, but ſome of the Mob called out, let's go and ſearch *Cook's* Lodgings, at which ſaying, I thought it the moſt prudent Way to make of, which I did to the Sign of the L— and C— at N— G—.

Here I ſecreted myſelf about three Days, in which Time I lived in ſo extravagant a manner, as to ſpend 5 l. by which I was well eſteem'd there, and might have been ſecreted to this Day had I Money ſufficient to have maintain'd me in the ſame Manner. Here I ſent for my Brother-in-law S——, and deſired he would go to *Stratford*, and enquire how Matters ſtood there; he readily comply'd, and at his Return told me, the Juſtice had been ſo good as to let my Man *Will* be buried, in as decent a manner as the Money he had in his Pocket when ſhot would admit off; and that there was Warrants againſt me,

and I ſhould certainly be taken if I went near *Stratford*.

I promiſed him I would not, but on the contrary go to Sea, at which he was ſeemingly well pleaſed, and ſaid, he would go to Doctör? — in *London*, and try to get me ſome Money as he ow'd me, about 25 l. which I had lent him when living at *Stratford*, my Brother uſed his Endeavours but to no Purpoſe.

Whilst I was here it came in my Head to go in Purſuit of the Conſtable who had got my Watch and Piſtols, ſince the Time of my being taken, who I had ſuch a Spite and Hatred againſt, that I was determin'd if ever I met him to have his Life; but Providence directed to the contrary, for I never could hear what was become of him.

Going to Sea I thought a Hardſhip, eſpecially for a Gentleman as I then thought I was entituled to by my Profeſſion, and therefore reſolved to continue as ſuch, and revenge the Death of my poor Man *Will*, for whom I had a very great Regard and Eſteem, not only from his Valour and Courage in the Profeſſion of a Gentleman Collector, but for his civil Behaviour and good Nature, and had he not depended ſo much upon his Strength, his Reign might have been longer.

When upon the Road, he inſtead of clapping a Piſtol to a Man's Breaſt, would often take a Man by the Collar, and once as he ſtopt a Gentleman's Servant near *Burntwood* upon his Reſiſtance ſeeing no Piſtol, they both tumbled from their Horſes into a great Ditch, I ſtood looking on ſome Time, till the Gentleman's Servant was too many for *Will*, I came up and preſented a Piſtol, which ſoon ended the Diſpute, from whom we took a Basket, wherein was a Pound or thereabouts of Hyſon Tea, Sugar and Plumbs, &c. and ſeveral Pounds of Starch, this was a Preſent for a Lady, as ſeveral other Things had been before, that I had robb'd People of, all which ſhe was thankful for, and willing to take, had there been a thouſand Times as much, notwithstanding ſhe well knew how I came by them.

Thus, to revenge the Death of my poor Man *Will*, I provided myſelf with a good Nag, &c. went down to *Rumford*, in hopes of hearing there who was the Perſon that was in the Basket and ſhot *Will*, but could hear no further, than it was one Capt. *Mawley* of *Colcheſter*. I was at the Inn all Night when the whole Talk was about me, nothing but *Cook* was their Subject throughout the whole Houſe.

The next Morning ſeveral ſetting out from that Inn for *London*, who had lain there, and at private Houſes in the Town, among whom was a Gentleman I had a great Suſpicion was my bitter Enemy, *Mawley*. I let the Coach go on about half an Hour, I then call'd for my Horſe, after paying my Reckoning, the Landlord bidding me a good Morning, and a ſafe arrival in Town, hoping I ſhould eſcape the noted *Cook* and his Gang, I thanked him and ſet out after my prey, the Stage-Coach, wherein was gone the very Antidote of my Soul; I perſuaded with a Reſolution, not only to ſhoot the Man I ſuſpected, but for a certainty all in the Coach, when I came up with them, my Soul was ſo full of Envy, Hatred and Malice againſt him, that I ſcarce could bid the Coachman ſtop without blowing his Brains out; when I came to the Door of the Coach, I demanded which was Capt. *Mawley*, who had ſhot my Companion, and endeavour'd the ſame to me, I told them, they who were not He, had better diſcover which he was, otherwiſe I would deſtroy them all; when a beautiful young Lady who was in the Coach, fell upon her Knees, imploring my

my Mercy, and protesting he was not there, as did all the rest the same; this instantly excited my Compassion, and moved me to Pity. As I always had, and professed a great Veneration for the Fair-Sex, I put up my Pistol, desiring the Gentlemen to be speedy in giving me their Money, &c. which they did to the amount of above 30*l.* all I demanded of the Fair-one, was a kind Salute, which she readily complied with, with which I took my Leave, telling the Gentlemen if Capt. *Marzey* was amongst them, for him never to venture out without Arms, for that I was resolved tho' at the Loss of my own Life, to have him, ——— and for that end, as well as to be revenged on some others, I went to *London*, sent for two old Companions in Vice, and Iniquity from *Stratford*, who had before wanted me to admit them into my Company; they no sooner receiv'd my Message, than they complied therewith, they having each an Acquaintance in *London*, who were hearty, stout Fellows, and would be glad to be admitted of the Society, which I readily consented to; they being short of Money, proposed going a Street robbing, till they had raised a Bank sufficient to equip them for the Road; this I rejected, as being Generalissimo, and having the Command over them, by Seniority, and Election, after a short Debate, it was my Resolution to take the Road, which we all did, I having no Horse no more than they, *Epping Forrest* being the Place appointed, as I knew little or nothing of any other Road, except *Finchley*, about *London*, and beg that all the injured Part of the World who have been robb'd on any other round *London*, will believe the same; when I declare upon the Words of a dying Man, it's Truth.

From hence I went to *Woburn* in *Hertsfordshire*, between which Place and *Bedford* Town in the Road I was overtaken by a Countryman well mounted, the Bridle of whose Horse I laid hold of, presented a Pistol to him, demanded him to dismount and deliver his Money; he with a great Stick he had in his Hand struck at me, which Blow I received with my Arm, at which I gave the Bridle a Snatch, which brought my Countryman down, notwithstanding which he resisted and had once like to have snatch'd my Pistol out of my Hand, but finding I was resolute and swearing I would shoot him, he surrender'd both Money and Horse, which was to the amount of about 50*l.* but beg'd hard to have his Horse again, which was the principal Thing I wanted, so I mounted and road off telling the Countryman to sue the County, which I heard and saw in the News-Papers he did.

From hence, I went to *Birmingham*, where I put up at the *Swan* Inn, having about 40*l.* and liking the Town I was determin'd to stay there some Time; in a few Days I sold my Horse for 10 Guineas tho' he was worth more, and never should have desired a better for my Business.

Here I took a Lodging, at a Publick House, having a Liking to my Landlord, who was a merry Companion, he and I talking about Trade and Business, thereby understanding I was a Shoemaker, he said, Mr. *Stevens*, (I then going by that Name) there is a Shop to be let over the Way, which will do for your Purpose; the next Day I took it and laid out most of my Money in Stocking it, and my Room, which when I had done, I was at a Loss for a House-keeper, but that Piece of Furniture as well as any other I was soon provided with, whose Name was soon changed by all that knew her, from that of *Molly Barrett*, to that of Mrs. *Stevens*. Here I had a fair Prospect of doing well, and was encouraged and esteem'd by all who knew me in the Town, but I and my new Wife

as I then called her, minded the Gaiety and Pleasures of Life, in going from Place to Place to see Horse-racing and other Diversions, more than Business, till I had run and raced away not only my ready Money, but my Stock in Trade, which put me in Mind of the old Saying, *What is got over the Devil's Back, is spent under his Belly*; and now to deceive the World in repairing my Circumstances to prevent any Suspicion of my being a Highwayman? I told my Spouse Mrs. *Barrett*, and the rest of my Acquaintance, that I had an old rich Aunt who liv'd in *Hertsfordshire*, and allow'd me sometimes a Hundred Pounds a Year, and sometimes more, which I received Quarterly, this every Body believ'd, I told of it. I thereupon prepared for my Journey, as they thought, to *Hertsfordshire*, to my pretended Aunt, leaving Mrs. *Molly* my House-keeper in Care of the Shop, telling her, I should return in a Fort-night or 3 Weeks; from hence to *Northampton*, I went in the Stage Coach, intending to visit my Lucky County of *Bedford* again, I stay'd here 2 Days in Hopes of meeting with an Opportunity to replenish my empty Pockets, when I was informed most of the *London* Dealers went the other Way, that is through *Dun Church*, with that, I set out for the same Place, where both Roads come into the main *Chester* Road; here I stop'd a Man, robb'd him of 16*l.* and took his Horse, which was a very good one, with which Booty I thought to return to *Birmingham*, but being overtaken that Night, by a *Manchester* Dealer, at the *Horsehoe-Inn*, at *Daintry*, who was going in the County to buy Goods, we going both to the same Inn, supp'd together of a boil'd Rabbit smother'd with Onions and a roasted Fowl, after Supper, we drank two or three Bowls of Punch, a Bottle of Wine and smok'd several Pipes of Tobacco, I knowing who must smoke for it the next Day, I us'd all the Arts and Means I possibly could to sound the Depth of his Pockets, which he was too close to let me that Night; the next Morning we breakfasted together, (as I had told him the over Night I would accompany him to *Liverpool* in *Lancashire*) set forward for *Coventry*, where at the *White Bear* we din'd, it being the Post-House, as that was a fixed Rule with me to do, for the Benefit of the News-Papers. Here after Dinner we refresh'd ourselves with a Bottle of Wine, and smok'd a Pipe 'till it was near 3 o'Clock in the afternoon, whilst we was a drinking our Bottle after Dinner, I told my Fellow Traveller, it was a dangerous Road we had to pass that Evening, and therefore thought it very advisable to conceal our Money in our Boots or some other secure Place; he at first refus'd, but upon seeing me put my Purse down my Boot, he drew out his B. g. which revived my drooping Spirits, my with was granted to a few Miles riding for Opportunity. He answer'd and I will put mine down my Side-pocket, which he did; about 3 as I said before, we set forward intending to go that Night to *Litchfield*, we rode very lovingly 'till we came to a Place called *Cookhows-Corner*, which parts the Roads; here I told my Companion I was at my Journey's End, telling him he must draw to his Side pocket directly for there was no Time to dispute, his Answer was I really thought as much, and suspected it from the first Hour I came into your Company, I took his B. g. wherein was contain'd (besides some Silver in his Pocket, which I left him, to carry him to his Journey's End,) the Sum of 35 Guineas, besides his Watch, which I took, dismounted him and turn'd up his Horse; I should have taken him but thought my own better, from hence I had not above 7 Miles to *Birmingham*, where I went that Night; my House-keeper was surpris'd to see me returned so soon, as was most of my Ac-

quaintance; believing every Thing I had related about my Aunt was true; with this Cash, I restock'd my Shop, which by that Time look'd naked, and paid what Debts I had contracted in the Town, which put me in the good Esteem of all who knew me there, soon after I sold my Horse for 6*l.* after this, I contracted a Friendship with one Mr. *Infal*, who was very Friendly, and told me when ever I wanted a Horse to ride out, he had one at my Service; accordingly, I made bold with a Mare of his the next Time I wanted to make a Visit to my pretended Aunt, leaving mine to ride when Occasion offer'd, for which I must now pay no less a Ransome than my Life.

This my so speedy leaving of *Birmingham* the second Time, was in some Measure owing to a *London* Dealer, who was there, enquiring who I was, and how long I had been there, which I did not greatly like. From whence I crossed the Country for *London*, just as Fancy led me, picking up what I could towards defraying travelling Charges, till I met Mr. *Zachary*, as he related on my Trial, (for the Particulars whereof I refer to the same) whose Testimony, as I am a dying Man, I declare to be true and just in every Particular.

Being thus near *Stratford*, and finding myself well mounted, I was determined to ride through the Town, which I did, seeing several that I knew, and who knew me, to many of whom I spoke, as they did to me. At Night I returned to my Lodging, the C— and L—, where I sent for my Brother S—, who was not then at Home.

The next Morning I went to his his House, but not soon enough to catch him at Home. I saw my Sister, his Wife, with whom I talked, and desired her to send her Husband to me at the C— and L—, when he came in: She thereupon gave me to understand, that somebody had given Information of my resorting to that House when about *London*, and advised me to leave it, which I accordingly did, and by her Directions went to one S—, a Relation of her Husband's, who keeps the Sign of the *Badger* at *Mims* Wash, where I was kindly received, upon letting them know who I was, and making use of their Names. Here I continued from *Thursday* to *Sunday* for my Brother-in-law S—'s coming, which he then did; after some Talk, I told him that I had five Watches, which I begged he would take and secure for me. He then refused them, but told me if I would come on *Tuesday*, and send for him in the Neighbourhood, he would take them. When he was for going Home, I ordered my Horse to be got ready to accompany him, which I did as far as *Finchley-Common*, where we parted, and whilst we were a talking, a single Horse Chaise passed us for *London*, with two Men in it, which as soon as we had parted I pursu'd, and about the *Red Lion* on *Ilighgate* Hill I overtook them, which being near the Houses, I desisted from stopping them there, but followed them thro' the Town and Turnpike, till they came within a Hundred Yards of *Whittington's* Stone.

I rode by them, and gave them the Meeting and Word of Command, which they were so far from complying with, that they whipt my Horse, and would have forced me into the Ditch; they kept whipping their own Horse, and went at a great Rate, notwithstanding which I got up with them a second Time, when I told them I certainly would blow the Brains of both of them out, if they made any further Resistance, which they not regarding, I fired and shot one through the Arm with a Brace of Balls, and would have served the other the same, had they not drove up to an Alehouse in the Road, the Sign

of *Old Mother Red Cap* and alarmed the People of the House by making a great Noise.

Thus disappointed of my Booty, (which I was inform'd after was about 50*l.*) I return'd to my Lodgings at *Mims*, and staid there till ten a Clock on *Monday*, then went for *St. Alban's* and came to *London* that Night by the Carravan, leaving my Pistols as well as my Horse at *Mims* Wash, which was never before done by me to leave my Pistols.

On *Monday* Night the 17th of *July*, I lay at the *Bell* Inn in *West-Smithfield*, and on *Tuesday* Morning the 28th, according to my Promise, I went to meet my Brother-in-Law S—, about my five Watches; and the Reason of my going down *Cheapside* from *Smithfield* to *Norton-Folgate*, was, that I repented leaving my Pistols at *Mims*, and thought to have bought a Brace behind the *Royal Exchange*, which I should have done, had the People of the Shop been up.

When I came to Mr. *Taylor's*, the Sign of the *Wise Man of Gotham*, I called for a Pint of Ale, and wrote a Letter to my Brother-in-Law S—, that I was there according to Appointment, and called a Porter and sent it to him, when *Martha Underwood* who formerly knew me at *Stratford*, saw me pass by *Bow Church* in *Cheapside*, who dogg'd and fixed me at the abovesaid Mr. *Taylor's*, the immediately acquainted *Haines* the Constable therewith, who with Assistance came and seiz'd me, and upon searching me took my five Watches and 9*l.* odd Money from me, and carried me before Justice *Chandler*, who upon my being proved to be Cook the *Stratford* Shoemaker, by some out of that Town, and Mr. *Zachary* swearing to his Watch, I was committed to *Newgate*, which had been my old Lodging, about eleven Months ago, for five Weeks.

This I declare upon the Words of a dying Man, to be the Truth and Substance of my Life, as near as I can, through my Infirmary of Body, since my Conviction, recollect.

The following Letter was sent by Mary Barret, at *Birmingham*, to Cook, viz.

THIS is to let you know that I receiv'd your Letter with some Satisfaction, and am glad to hear that you are in good Health, and had Pleasure in your Journey, for that is more than I have had at Home ever since you went, till now as I receiv'd your Letter, for I thought that Pens, Ink and Paper was very hard to find, and your Hands and your Thought was very much confin'd, that you could not write before, tho' I did excuse the first Poist day with a great deal of Uneasiness, for I was very sorry to think that I was forc'd to write to you, first upon such an Account as I did, the very Day after you set out; I wrote to you to let you know the Report and Scandal that was raised on you when you was gone, for some said you had stoid a Horse, and rode away with him, and got a Hanger. and a Brace of Pistols, and was turn'd Highwayman, and durst not come no more to *Birmingham*; it was best known to yourself, how that was, but I think you have got a very fine Character, by your going in such a silly Manner; by your Writing, you have not receiv'd the Letter, and if you have not, I desire you will go to Mr. *Wilson*, at Mr. *Ward's*, in *Salisbury-Court*, at the *Black-Lyon*, where you was to take that Letter for my Mother, and they will give it you, I could tell no other Way to write to you then, and not hearing from you so long after promis'd, I was afraid that you was under Confinement, for you was promised
very

very fair for it by Mr. *Infal*: I am very glad to hear that your four leg'd Horse carried you easy to your Journey's End; you bid me be a good Girl and mind Shop, till you come Home; I told you when you went, that I would as well as I could, and what I promise if I can, I will perform till you return, which I hope will not be long before you do, for you must think it is very lonesome, for to have the Shop open from Morning till Night, and nobody in it but myself, except my Mother, and that you may think is but little concerning you, and you said your Thoughts was always on me, but I believe I have thought as much on you as you could on me, for my Uneasiness has been so great that I could not avoid it, but I hope you will think of me and these Letters, and return as soon as possible you can, for I am sure that it will be more to your Profit and my Satisfaction, to have you here, and I hope that your next Letter will let me know how long it will be before you return. I have ne-

ver been at Mrs. *Cotton*'s but twice since you went, for who could think of its being nothing else but a parcel of false Reports from the first beginning of it. My Father and Mother both join in Love to you, and long to have you at Home, that you may convince the World. All Friends desire to be remembered to you; let me know if you will have the Room kept till you come again, for Nurse wont let it to nobody while you are away, unless she hears from you or me.

So no more at present from your loving and sincere Friend till Death,

Mary Barrat.

Pray let me hear from you the next Post after you receive this, and I will make myself as easy as I can till I see you again; pray excuse my Writing, for I never wrote so much to any one before.

July 18 1741.

N. B. I hope this will be a Companion for the Handkerchief.

(The E N D.)

A COMPLETE

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SEP 28 1915

